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HISTORY OF FRANCE,

BY

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M.DCCC.LIX.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

YOUTH OF CHARLES VI.—A. D. 1380–1383.

IF the grave abbot Suger,* and his devout king, Louis VII., could have been aroused in the depths of their sepulchral vaults by the uproar of the strange festivals held by Charles VI. in the abbey of St. Denys, and have returned but for a moment to look on new France, they would have been dazzled certainly, but, at the same time, as cruelly surprised: they would have crossed themselves from head to foot, and would have willingly stretched themselves once more in their coffins.

What, indeed, could they have gathered from the sight? In vain would these men of feudal times, grave students of heraldic signs,† have scanned the overpowering medley of the scutcheons hung on the walls; in vain would they have sought for the descendants of the barons of the crusades, who had followed Godfrey, or Louis-le-Jeune: most of these families were extinct. What had become of the great sovereign fiefs of the dukes of Normandy,—the kings of England; of the counts of Anjou,—the kings of Jerusalem; of the counts of Toulouse and Poitiers? They would have been much at a loss to discover their armorial bearings, contracted or effaced as they had been by the fleurs-de-lys in the forty-six royal scutcheons.‡ On the other hand, a host of nobles had started up, with a chaos of doubtful blazons. Formerly simple, as being emblems of fiefs, but now become family ensigns, these blazons became daily more intricate and confused by the quarterings arising from new alliances, inheritances, and genealogies, true or false; the animals of heraldry were most singularly matched; and the shield became at last one strange masquerade. Devices or mottoes, a poor modern

invention,* attempted to distinguish these mushroom nobles, one from the other.

As were the blazons, so were their owners. Our king and abbot of the twelfth century could not have seen without humiliation—what do I say? without horror, their successors of the fourteenth. Great would have been their scandal on seeing the hall filled with the monstrous costumes of the day, with the fantastic and immoral dresses, impudently worn—here, men or women, finically tricked out, and effeminately trailing on the ground robes twelve ells long; there, others, whose figures are distinctly defined by their short Bohemian jackets, and tight pantaloons, though with sleeves floating down to the ground; here, men-beasts, embroidered all over with animals of every kind;† there, men-music, pricked over with notes,‡ from which one could sing before or behind; while others placarded themselves with a scrawl of signs and letters,§ which, no doubt, said nothing good.

This motley crowd whirled round in a kind of church: the immense wooden hall looked like one. Heavenly arts had condescended to subserve the pleasures of man. The most worldly ornaments had taken sacred forms. The chairs of fine ladies seemed little ebony cathedrals, gold shrines. Precious veils, which, formerly, would have been taken out of the treasury of the cathedral, only to adorn Our Lady's brow on the day of the Assumption, fluttered around on pretty worldly heads. It looked as if God, the Virgin, and the Saints had been laid under contribution for the festival; but the devil had contributed most. Rational beings did not

* Modern; that is, recently revived. The ancients also used mottoes. See Spenser, and my *Origines du Droit*.

† *Litteris aut bestiis intextas*. Nicolai Clemang. Epistol. t. ii. p. 149.

‡ Order of Charles, duke of Orléans, for the payment of 276 livres, 7 sols, 6 deniers tournois, for 960 pearls for the ornament of a robe:—"On the sleeves is embroidered the whole of the song, *Ma dame, je suis plus joyeulx*, the notes of the air covering both sleeves, and taking up 568 pearls, there being 142 notes, each marked by four pearls," &c. From the catalogue of the collection of M. de Courcelles, sold May 21, 1834.

§ Nic. Clemang. Epistol. t. ii. p. 149.

* (The restorer of the abbey of St. Denys. See, above, vol. i. p. 231.)—TRANSLATOR.

† See, above, b. iv. c. 3, the character of Godfrey of Bouillon.

‡ Le Laboureur, *Histoire de Charles VI.* Introduction, p. 41.

hesitate to disguise themselves in the satanic, bestial shapes which grin down upon us from the eaves of churches. Women wore horns on their heads, men on their feet—the peaks of their shoes were twisted up into horns, griffins, serpents' tails. They, the women, above all, would have made our spirits tremble; with their bosoms exposed, they haughtily paraded high above the heads of the men their gigantic *hen-nin* with its scaffolding of horns, requiring them to turn round and stoop as often as they went in or out of a room. To see them thus beautiful, smiling, and fat* in all the security of sin, one doubted whether they were women; whether they were not, in all its terrible beauty, the beast foreshadowed and foretold; and it was remembered that the devil was frequently painted as a beautiful woman, with horns.† . . . This interchange of dress between men and women, this livery of the devil worn by Christians, and these vestments of the altar on the back of ribalds, formed altogether a splendid and royal sabat.

One dress alone would have found favor with our spirits. A few, of discreet deportment, of meek and crafty physiognomy, wore, with all humility, the royal robe, the ample scarlet robe, furred with ermine. Who were these kings? honest burghesses of the city, domiciled in the street la Calandre, or in the court of the Sainte-Chapelle—at first, scribes to the king's baronial parliament; next, judges, with seats in that parliament; and finally, judges of the barons themselves, in the king's name, and attired in his robes; which the monarch, quitting for a lighter habit, has thrown on their good broad shoulders. Here are two disguisements: the king dons the dress of the people; the people, that of the king. Charles VI. will know no greater pleasure than to confound himself with the crowd, and take his share of the blows of the constables‡ staves. He can scour the streets, dance, and joust in his short jacket, while burghesses judge and reign for him.

The existing confusion of ideas was after all but feebly imagined by this Babel of costumes and of blazons. Political order was born; intellectual disorder about to be born. Public peace was established; moral war was about

to be declared. Phantasy seemed one morning to have broken loose in the grave, feudal, and pontifical world; and this new queen of the day indemnified herself for her long penance, like a runaway schoolboy, eager to do all the mischief he can. For the middle age, her worthy father, who had so long held her in, she had much respect; but, under pretence of doing him honor, she so tricked him out that he no longer recognised himself.

It is not commonly known that the middle age, in its lifetime, had quite forgotten its own features.*

Already, the hard Speculator Durandus, the inflexible guardian of the antique symbolism, declares with grief that the priest himself no longer comprehends the meaning of the rites and practices of the Church.†

St. Louis's counsellor, Pierre de Fontaines, thinks it his duty to consign to writing the law of his day—"For," he says, "the ancient customs which were followed by the prud-hommes, are now disused . . . so that the land remains almost without customs."‡

Had the knights, who so piqued themselves on fidelity, remained faithful to the rites of chivalry? We read, that when Charles VI. armed his young cousins of Anjou, knights, and followed as minutely as he could the ancient ceremonial, there were many who "thought it all strange and extraordinary."§

Thus, before the year 1400, the great thoughts of the middle age, and its most cherished institutions, are ever shifting their signs, or becoming obscurer as regards their spirit.

* This is not the place for developing this great subject. Elsewhere, I hope to give superabundant proofs of my assertion; here, I must be content with citing a few facts in its support.

† "Proh dolor! ipsi hodie, ut plurimum, de his qui usu quotidiano in ecclesiasticis contractant rebus et præstant officiis, quid significant et quare instituta sint modicum apprehendunt, adeo ut impletum esse ad litteram illud propheticum videatur: 'Sicut populus, sic sacerdos!'" (Oh, grief! they who daily handle things ecclesiastical, and set them forth in the offices of the Church, are now-a-days mostly ignorant of their signification, and of the intent to which they were appointed, so that the prophecy, "As is the people, so the priest," appears literally fulfilled.) Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum, folio 1, A. D. 1459, in folio. Mogunt.—All later editions have *proferunt* for *præferunt*: the first editor, one of the inventors of printing, has been the only one to perceive that *præferunt* recalls the *prælati* of the preceding sentence, *contractant* referring to the *sacerdotes*. Compare the editions of 1476, 1480, 1481, &c.

‡ Li anchienes coustumes, ke li pseudommes soloient tenir et user, sont moult ancieintes . . . Si ke li pais este a bien près sans coustume. De Fontaines, p. 78, at the end of Ducange's Joinville, 1668, in folio.—Brussel says and shows very clearly, that "As early as the middle of the thirteenth century, the meaning of some of the principal terms of the law of fiefs began to be forgotten." Brussel, t. i. p. 41.—The young and learned Klimrath (*Revue de Législation*) has proved that Bouteiller was ignorant of the true meaning of *seisin*.

§ Quod peregrinum vel extraneum valde fuit. Chronique du Religieux de Saint-Denis, edited by MM. Bellaguet and Magin, 1839, t. i. p. 590; a correct edition and elegant translation.—This grave historian is the principal authority for the reign of Charles VI. Le Laboureur awards him the following praise:—"When he speaks of the exactions of the duke of Orléans, you would think him a Burgundian; when he describes the duke of Burgundy's fatal connection and dealings with infamous assassins, as I with the dregs of the Paris mob, you would think him an Orléanist."

* Obesity is a characteristic of the figures of this sensual epoch. See the statues at St. Denis: those of the fourteenth century are clearly portraits. See, in particular, the statue of the duke of Berri, in the subterranean chapel of Bourges, with the ignoble fat dog lying at his feet.

† "Les dames et demoiselles menoient grands et excessifs estats, et cornes merveilleuses, hautes et larges; et avoient de chacun costé, au lieu de boursées, deux grandes oreilles si larges que, quand elles vouloient passer l'huys d'une chambre, il falloit qu'elles se tournassent de côté et baissassent." (Both married and single women wore large and outrageous head-tires, and marvellously high and broad horns; and, on each side, for lappets, two great ears, so large, that when they wanted to leave the room, they were obliged to go out sideways, and stooping.) Juvénal des Ursins, p. 386.—Quid de cornibus et caudis loquar? . . . Adde quod in effigie cornute femina Diabolus plerumque pingitur. Nic. Clemang. Epist. t. ii. p. 149.

‡ See, further on, the description of queen Isabella's entry into Paris.

We know now-a-days what we were in the thirteenth century, better than we knew it in the fifteenth; like one who has lost sight of his family, kindred, and younger years, and who afterwards turning to look back upon them, is astonished that he has ever dropped such old recollections.

The great Themistocles being one day offered an art of memory, bitterly replied, "Give me rather the art of forgetting." Our France needs not such an art; she forgets but too quickly!

That he spoke this seriously, I will never believe of such a man. Had Themistocles really thought so, and despised the past, he would not have deserved Thucydides' grave eulogium of being "the man who knew the present, and could foresee the future."*

Whoever neglects, forgets, and despises, will be punished by the spirit of confusion. Far from desecring the future, he will be blind as regards the present: in which he will only see a fact without a cause. A fact, and nothing to make that fact! What more calculated to confound the senses? . . . The fact will appear to him without reason, or law of existence. Ignorance of the fact, obscurity of the law, are the scourge of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Unable to explain these things, the chroniclers see in them the punishment of schism; and, in one sense, they are in the right. But the pontifical schism was itself only an incident in the universal schism which then fermented in every mind. This intellectual and moral discord spoke out in civil wars:—war in the Empire, between Wenceslaus and Robert; in Italy, between Durazzo and Anjou; in Portugal, for and against the infants of Inez; in Aragon, between Peter IV. and his son; while in France, are preparing the wars of Orléans and of Burgundy; in England, those of York and Lancaster. There is discord in each state, discord in each family:—

"So that two men arising from one bed,
Falling to talk, from one another fly . . .
And this ■ York, that Lancaster doth cry . . .
And for their farewell when they leaves they take,
They their sharp swords at one another shake."†

Such is the state of parents, brothers. But whoever had penetrated deeper still, and laid open a human heart, would have found in it a whole civil war, a raging contest of discordant sentiments and ideas.

If wisdom consist in self-knowledge and peace of mind, no epoch has been naturally madder. Man, bearing about within himself this furious war, escaped from thought into passion, from confusion into trouble. By degrees, spirit and sense, soul and body, unhinged, not ■

part of the human machine but was soon out of its place. And how is it that man, proceeding from ignorance to error, from false ideas to bad passions, from drunkenness to phrensy, loses man's nature? We will tell the cruel tale. The history of individuals explains the history of nations. The madness of the king was not his only: the kingdom had its share.

Let us return to Charles VI. in his infancy, at his accession.

GLANCE AT EUROPE.

The little king, only twelve years of age, already madly fond of the chase and of war, was one day hunting the stag in the forest of Senlis. Our forests were then far different in extent and profundity from what they now are; and they had grown vaster still through the decay of the population for the last forty years. On this day, Charles encountered a marvellous sight; he met with a stag which bore, not the cross, like St. Hubert's stag, but a handsome collar of brass gilt, on which was engraved the words, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit*," (Cæsar's present to me.)* That the stag should have lived so long was, every one agreed, a prodigy and a great omen. But how was it to be interpreted? Was it a sign from God, announcing a victorious reign to his chosen one; or one of those diabolical visions by which the tempter secures his victims, luring them over precipices until they fall and are killed?

However this might be, the feeble mind of the royal child, already injured by the romances of chivalry, was deeply impressed by this adventure: he again saw the stag, in a dream, before the victory of Rosbecque. From that day, he placed the marvellous stag under his scutcheon, and made the unlucky figure of this horned and fugitive animal the supporter of the arms of France.

It was not a cheering sight to see a great kingdom intrusted, like a plaything, to a child's caprice: something strange was looked for, and marvellous signs appeared.

What did these signs threaten—the kingdom or its enemies? The solution might well admit of doubt: never was there a weaker king, but never had France been stronger. During the whole of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and through success and disaster, France had ever been gainer. Shot up fatally into greatness, she grew in victories; vanquished, still she grew. After her defeat at Courtrai, she gained Champagne and Navarre;† after Crécy, she gained Dauphiny and Montpellier; and after Poitiers—Guyenne, both Burgundies, and Flanders. Strange power; ever succeeding, in despite of its faults, by its faults.

Not only did the kingdom enlarge its bounds,

* Τῶν τε παραχρῆμα . . . κράτιστος γνώμων, καὶ τῶν μελλόντων ἐπιπλεῖστον τοῦ γενησομένου ἄριστος εἰκαστής.
Thucydides, lib. i. cap. 138.

† Michael Drayton's *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*,
pam iv

■ Chronique du Religieux de Saint-Denys, edit. de M Bellaguet, t. i. p. 71.

† By the death of queen Jane, wife of Philippe-le-Bel.

but its king became more a king. The barons had given up to him their swords both of justice and of battle.* They waited but for a sign from him to mount their horses, and follow him the world over. A glimpse seemed to be got of the great thing of modern times—an empire moved as a single man.

What direction was this enormous force about to take; whom was it about to crush? It floated uncertainly in a young, awkward, violent hand, that did not even know what it held.

Wherever the blow fell, there was, apparently, in all Christendom, nothing to resist it.

Italy, beautiful as she looked, was already weak and sinking. In one quarter were the tyrant successors of the Ghibellines; in another, the Guelphic cities, tyrants as well, which had drunk up all life. Naples was, as it now is, a mass of different elements, a big head without a body. Alleging in excuse queen Joanna's long-past crime, some called in the Hungarian princes of the first house of Anjou, founded by St. Louis's brother; others claimed the assistance of the second house of Anjou, that is to say, of Charles the Sixth's eldest uncle.

Germany was in no better condition. She was with great labor freeing herself from her old state of feudal hierarchy, without having yet attained her new state of federation. This great country was reeling, as unsteady and heavily drunk as her emperor Wenceslaus. Apparently, France had only to seize on any part of her at will: and so the duke of Burgundy, the youngest and ablest of Charles's uncles, urged the king towards this quarter. By marriage, by purchase, or by war, that portion of the empire which was least united to it, that is, the Low Countries, might be severed from it.

Beyond the Low Countries, the duke of Burgundy pointed out England. The moment was auspicious. Proud England was laboring under raging fever. The king, the barons, and their man, Wickliff, had let loose the people against the Church. But once "fleshed," the bull-dog turned upon the barons. At this crisis, all having power or property—king, bishops, barons—united and made common cause. The king, young and impetuous, struck down the people, strengthened the barons; then repented, and drew back. France might take advantage of this false step, and strike in.

France, strong for any attempt, was shackled by herself. The king's uncles drew contrariwise, to the south and to the north. The first point to be settled was, who should govern the little Charles. These princes, who, while their brother was on his death-bed,† had arrived at

the head of two armies to dispute the regentship, nevertheless consented to submit their claims to the parliament.* As eldest, the duke of Anjou was regent. But an ordinance of the late king's was produced, which reserved the guardianship of his son to the duke of Burgundy and the duke of Bourbon, his maternal uncle. Charles VI. was crowned immediately.‡

Another difficulty in the way was, that if the country had a little recovered towards the end of Charles Vth's reign, yet the finance department was neither more orderly, nor skilfully conducted. The little levied threw the people into despair, and did no good to the king.

The people had deluded themselves with the notion, that the late king had rescinded the new taxes for the welfare of his soul; they next jumped to the conclusion, that they would be remitted by his successor as a coronation boon. But his uncles led their ward straight to Reims, without suffering him to pass through the cities, for fear of his hearing complaints;‡ and on his return, he was even taken a round so as to avoid St. Denys, where the abbot and monks had prepared him a splendid reception: being thus hindered from paying his devotions to the patron saint of France, as customary with every king on his accession.

The royal entry was showy, and fountains played, of milk, of wine, and of rose-water: yet Paris wanted bread. The people lost patience. Already, the towns and country all around were on fire. The provost thought to gain time by convening the notables to the *Parloir aux Bourgeois*; but many others came besides, and a tanner§ asked if they were to be cajoled in that fashion. Willingly or not, they forced the provost to the palace. All trembling, the duke of Anjou and the chancellor mounted the marble

played in this work had not since been heard of. His treasurer had sworn to keep the place a secret. The duke, finding his arguments fail, sent for the executioner. "Strike off that man's head," he said: the treasurer pointed out the spot. See the *Religieux de Saint-Denys*.

* *Deputatos antistes, barones et eminentis scientiæ viros, cum quibus ardua semper disposerat negotia, (Carolus Quintus) . . . cameris regalis palatii presidentes. . . . Ibidem, p. 6.*

† Charles the Sixth's three uncles were quite as ambitious and as grasping as Richard the Second's uncles. Like them, they wanted crowns. That of France might become vacant: the young children of the sickly Charles V. might follow their father to the tomb. The duke de Berri's motto, as it ran on the walls of his beautiful chapel at Bourges, was significant of these vague hopes, "*Oursine, le temps venra!*"—(The time will come.)—See, in the ordinances of August and of October, 1374, how full of distrust of his brothers the wise Charles V. was, years before his death: he does not mention the duke de Berri. As to the eldest of his brothers, the duke of Anjou, he feels compelled to leave him the regency; but he fixes the royal majority at fourteen, and limits the regent's power, not only by reserving the personal guardianship of his son to the queen-dowager, and the dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, but by authorizing his personal friend, the chamberlain, Bureau de la Rivière, to accumulate until the young king's majority, all savings out of the revenue of the cities and domains appropriated to his support, as Paris, Melun, Senlis, the duchy of Normandy, &c. He calls to the council bold Duguesclin, Clisson, Coucy, Savoisy, Philippe de Maizières, &c. Ordonnances, t. vi. p. 26, and pp. 49–54, August and October, 1374.

‡ *Religieux de Saint-Denys*, t. i. p. 32.

§ Or sellmonger: "*alutarius*." *Ibidem*, p. 44.

* As regarded appeals, and without speaking of the indirect influence of the royal judges. See further on.

† Scarcely had the king breathed his last, when Louis, stepping from an adjoining apartment in which he had been sequestered, laid hands upon the crown jewels, plate, and moveables, by virtue of his primogeniture.—The late king was said to have had a deposit of gold and silver, in bars, built into the walls of his palace of Melun. The masons em-

table,* and promised the abolition of the taxes laid on since the reign of Philippe de Valois, nay more, since that of Philippe-le-Bel. From the palace, the populace hurried to the Jews and tax-gatherers, pillaged, and murdered.†

The only means of diverting these raging beasts from these excesses, was to throw a man to them; and the choice of the princes fell upon one of their personal enemies, one of the late king's counsellors, the aged Aubriot, provost of Paris.‡ They had other reasons, too: Aubriot had lent money to more than one great lord, whose debt would be cleared if he were hung. This provost was a rough justicer, one of those men whom the mob love and hate at the same time, because, while severe on the people, they are yet one of themselves. He had carried into effect immense works, the quay of the Louvre, the wall round the suburb St. Antoine, the bridge St. Michel, and the first sewers—all by compulsory labor, (*par corvée*), by forcing those to work, who were before idling in the streets. He did not treat either church or university more mildly, and never would understand their privileges. He had two dungeons made in the Châtelet, expressly for the reception of scholars and of clerks.§ He had given vent to his hatred of the university, "as the nurse of priests." He often told Charles V. that kings were fools for having endowed the churchmen so well.|| He never communicated. A mocker, blasphemer, and, despite his sixty years, a debauchee; he was on excellent terms with the Jews, and better with the Jewesses, restoring them their children who had been torn from them in order to be baptized.¶ It was this which ruined him. The university brought its charges against him before the bishop. A century before, he would have been burnt. He was quits for the *amende honorable*,** and perpetual penance—which was but of short duration.

To abolish the taxes laid on since Philippe-le-Bel's time, would have been to suppress the government. At two separate times, the duke of Anjou endeavored to reimpose them, (October, 1381, March, 1382.) On his second attempt, he took every precaution. He put up the taxes to auction; but with closed doors, within the

bounds of the Châtelet. There were men bold enough to bid; but none who durst proclaim the reimposition of the taxes. At length, by dint of money, a determined man was found, who rode his horse into the market-place, and at first cried out, in order to attract the crowd, "Stolen, the king's plate! Whoever shall recover it, shall be rewarded!"* Then, as all were intently listening, he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off, crying out, that on the following day the market dues would be collected.

The next morning one of the collectors ventured to demand a sou from a woman who was selling water-cresses;† he was knocked down. So great was the alarm, that the bishop, the principal burgesses, and the very provost who should have restored order, fled from the city. The enraged multitude scoured the streets with new *mallets*, which they had taken from the arsenal. They tried their temper on the collectors' heads. One of them, who had taken refuge in the church of St. Jacques, and had thrown his arms round the image of the Virgin, they slaughtered at the altar, (March 1, 1382.) They plundered the houses of those they killed; then, under the pretext that there were collectors, or Jews, in St. Germain des Prés, they forced and pillaged that wealthy abbey. Yet they who violated monasteries and churches, respected the palace of the king.

Having forced the Châtelet, they found Aubriot there, set him free, and put him at their head: but the old provost was too wise to stay with them. They spent the night in drinking, and in the morning found their leader gone. The only man who opposed, and who managed in some degree to restrain them, was the aged Jean Desmarests, the advocate-general. This good man, who was much beloved in the city, hindered many excesses; and but for him they would have destroyed the bridge of Charenton.

Rouen had risen up before Paris, and submitted before it. Paris began to take alarm. The university and the good old Desmarests interceded for the citizens, and obtained an amnesty for all, with the exception of the ring-leaders, who were quietly thrown, by night, into the river. However, it was found impossible to speak of taxation to the Parisians. The princes convened at Compiègne the deputies of several other cities, (the middle of April, 1382,) who asked time to consult their respective towns, which would hear nothing of the matter.‡ On this, the princes had perforce to yield; and they sold peace to the Parisians for a hundred thousand francs.

The arrangement was precipitated by the necessity the regent was under of leaving: he could no longer defer his Italian expedition

* Super mensam marmoream. Ibid. p. 48.

(This was a great table which extended across the whole breadth of the hall of the palace, and which gave its name to several tribunals or jurisdictions: thus summonses were issued "to appear before the parliament at the table of marble."—*Encyclopédie*, tom. vii.)—TRANSLATOR.

† Many debtors, noble and ignoble, took advantage of the confusion to get possession of the acknowledgments they had given. Ibid. p. 54.

‡ Ibid. pp. 98–106, *passim*.

§ Tetrissimos carceres composuerat, uni *Claustri Brunelli*, alteri *Vici Straminum* adaptans nomina. Ibid. p. 104.

¶ Fatuos fertur vocasse, dum eas tot rebus dotassent. Ibidem.

‡ Repentibus . . . filios baptizatos . . . restituit. Ibid. p. 102.

** (The *amende honorable* was going, naked to the shirt, carrying a taper or torch, and with a rope round the neck, into a church, or a court of justice, and begging pardon of God, the court, and the injured party.)—TRANSLATOR.

* Quasdam scutellas in regis curia furatas. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, p. 134.

† . . . que *cresson* Gallice nuncupatur. Ibid. p. 136.

‡ Their answer was, "We will die sooner than suffer an impost to be levied." Ibid. p. 150.

Queen Joanna of Naples, threatened by her cousin, Charles of Durazzo, had adopted Louis of Anjou, and had been summoning him these two years.* But, as long as he could extract any thing out of his own country, he had been unwilling to set off. These two years, he had spent in plundering France and the French Church. The pope of Avignon, in the expectation that he would rid him of his adversary of Rome, had abandoned to him not only all that the holy see could receive, but all that it could borrow, pledging for repayment the whole of the church lands.† In order to levy the sums so granted, the duke of Anjou had quartered on the churchmen the king's sergeants, bailiffs, devourers, (*mangeurs*,) as they were termed, and had reduced them to the necessity of selling the books belonging to their churches, their ornaments, chalices, and even the lead off their roofs.

At last the duke of Anjou set off, laden with money and with curses, (the end of April, 1382.) He set off, when the time had passed for succoring queen Joanna. Fascinated by terror, or bowed down by years or the remembrance of her crime, she had waited the arrival of her enemy. She was already a prisoner, when she had the pain of seeing appear before Naples the Provençal fleet, whose arrival a few days sooner would have saved her. The fleet hove in sight early in May; on the 12th, Joanna was suffocated under a mattress.

Louis of Anjou, who cared little about avenging his mother by adoption, had wished to remain in Provence, and so to reap the easiest part of the succession—the pope egged him on to Italy. To remain passive with such an army, and such a mass of money, seemed, indeed, disgraceful; but army and money came to nothing. Louis had not even the consolation of seeing his enemy. Charles of Durazzo shut himself up in his strongholds; and trusted to the climate, to famine, and the hatred of the people. Ten times did Louis of Anjou send him formal defiance. After a few months, army and money were gone. The noble war-horses had died of hunger; and the haughtiest knights were glad of asses to carry them. The duke had sold all his plate, all his jewels, and then

his crown. All his coat of arms over his cuirass was a sorry strip of painted cloth.* He died of fever, at Bari. His followers begged their way home as they could, or never returned home, (A. D. 1384.)

While Charles's eldest uncle, the duke of Anjou, was thus meeting his death by seeking a kingdom in Italy, his second, the duke de Berri, had created one for himself in France, governing in the most absolute manner Languedoc and Guyenne, and never interfering with the rest. The third, the duke of Burgundy, freed of the two others, was left to do what he liked with king and kingdom. Through his wife, he would inherit Flanders; and he led the king thither in order to end a revolution which endangered all his hopes.

There was at this epoch a great sensation throughout all Christendom. It seemed as if a universal war was beginning, of the little against the great. In Languedoc, the peasants, maddened with want, fell upon the nobles and priests, slaying without pity all whose hands were not hard and callous like their own: they had taken a madman as their leader.† The White Hoods of Flanders followed a burgess of Ghent; the Ciompi of Florence, a wool-comber; the companions of Rouen had made a draper, a fat, weak-headed man,‡ their king, whether he would or not; in England, a tiler§ led the people up to London, and dictated to his king the general enfranchisement of the serfs.

The alarm was great. Those of gentle birth, attacked everywhere simultaneously, knew not whom to trust. "It was feared," says Froissart, "that all gentility would perish." In all this, however, there was no mutual understanding or concert; and although the *maillotins* (mallet-men) of Paris attempted to enter into correspondence with the Flemish White Hoods,||

* Religieux de Saint-Denis, t. i. p. 336.

† He was called Pierre de la Bruyère. (Peter of the Moors.) He gave orders "to kill at once all among them who had smooth, soft hands," &c., and they forthwith killed a Scotch squire, after placing a crown of red-hot iron on his head, and a monk of the order of the Trinity, through whom they ran an iron spit. The next day, encountering a priest on his way to Rome, they chopped off the ends of his fingers, stripped the skin of his tonsure from his head, and burnt him. This was in 1384. Le Religieux de Saint-Denis, t. i. p. 308. See, also, D. Vaissette, Hist. du Languedoc, t. iv. p. 382, and Preuves, p. 378.

‡ "Two hundred insolents, and more, drunk, perchance, with wine, and who followed mechanical employments, chose, to be king over them, a simple-witted burgher, but rich, a seller of cloth, called on account of his exceeding bulk—Crassum, (the Fat.) Seating him on a throne, in a car, they paraded him through the street, singing his praises in barbarous fashion, and then, taking him to the large market-place, pray him to ordain that the people be freed from all taxes . . . sitting as tribune, he was forced to hear the opposing wishes of all." Le Religieux de Saint-Denis, t. i. p. 130.

§ Wat Tyler. See the fine description of this revolt given by Augustin Thierry.

|| At the sack of Courtrai, letters were said to have been found, written by citizens of Paris, establishing the fact of their correspondence with the Flemings.—"During the time the king of France was encamped on the hill of Ypres, news was brought that the Parisians were in rebellion, and that they had resolved, as it was then reported, to pull down the castle of Beauté, which is situated in the wood of Vincennes, and the castle of the Louvre, as well as all other castellated

* Charles V. had at first proposed to the king of Hungary a marriage between his second son and the king's daughter, and to coerce queen Joanna, so as to compel her to leave her kingdom to them. See the instructions given by Charles to his ambassadors. Archives, Trésor des Chartes, J. 458; and, in particular, the document 9.

† In the incredible treaty which they contracted, and which is extant, the pope grants the duke all tenths in France and out of France, at Naples, in Austria, in Portugal, in Scotland, besides all debts and arrears, all biennial quitrent, all spoil out of prelates deceasing, all emoluments of the apostolic chamber, in which the duke is to have an agent. The pope, moreover, is to raise loans from churchmen and church treasurers. He is to give as security for what the duke shall expend, Avignon, the Venaissin, and other demesnes of the Church. He gives him in fee, Benevento and Ancona. The duke not trusting his word, the pope swears to all this on the cross.—See, the project of a kingdom to be enfeoffed to the duke of Anjou, the reclamations of the cardinals, &c. Archives, Trésor des Chartes, J. 495.

all these movements, apparently analogous, proceeded from causes so substantially different, that they could not be brought into co-operation, and were fated to be all crushed separately.

In Flanders, for instance, the crisis had been determined by the government of a French count, by his acts of violence and his exactions: but a graver and deeper evil still, was the rivalry between the cities of Ghent and Bruges,* and their tyranny over the smaller towns and the rural districts. The war began by the count's covetous imprudence in selling to Bru-

houses in the neighborhood of Paris, to prevent being in future oppressed by their means. One of their leaders made a speech, to excite to mischief, but which, however, as it appeared afterwards, turned out quite the contrary:—"My fair sirs, let us abstain from doing this, until we see how the king's affairs turn out in Flanders. If the Ghent men succeed, as I truly hope they will, then will be time to destroy all these castles. Let us not begin any thing which we may repent of afterwards." It was Nicholas le Flamand who, by this speech, made the Parisians give up their intentions of committing outrages. They kept within the walls of Paris, which they had amply supplied with every thing, and had as rich and handsome armor, as if they had been great lords. There were upwards of thirty thousand armed from head to foot, like true men-at-arms, and more than thirty thousand armed with mallets. They worked day and night in forging helmets, and purchased armor wherever it was sold.

"Now consider, what a sad devilment it would have been, if the king of France, and the gallant chivalry with which he was accompanied, had been defeated in Flanders: it may readily be supposed, that then all the nobility would have been destroyed in France, as well as in other places; for the *Jacquerie* were never so ferocious, as they would at such a time have been. In like manner, the peasants began to rebel at Reims, at Chalons, in Champagne, and down the river Marne, and to menace those gentlemen, ladies, and children, who had remained at home. At Orléans, Blois, Rouen, and in the Beauvoisis, the devil had entered their heads to prompt them to murder every one, if God had not provided a remedy, as you will soon have related." Froissart, b. ii. c. 119.

"All took to imitating the Ghenters, and all the commonalities throughout the world then said, that the Ghenters were true men, and had valiantly maintained their franchises, for which they were deserving of honor and love from all." Id. l. viii. c. 103, ed. Buchon.

"The gentlemen of the country . . . said, and still said and maintained, that if the commons of Flanders gained the day against the king of France, and the nobles of the kingdom of France should be slain, pride would wax so great in all commonalities, that all gentlemen would have to beware, and that the proof had been seen in England." Id. l. viii. c. 367-8.

* "Before the commencement of these wars in Flanders, the country was so fertile, and every thing in such abundance, that it was marvellous to see; and the inhabitants of the principal towns lived in very great state: you must know, that this war originated in the pride and hatred that several of the chief towns bear to each other: those of Ghent against those of Bruges, and others in like manner, vying with each other through envy. However, this could not have created a war without the consent of their lord, the earl of Flanders, who was so much loved and feared, that no one dared to anger him. The earl, being wise and prudent, carefully avoided encouraging a war between his vassals; for he foresaw, that if any difference should arise between him and them he would be much weakened, and less formidable to his neighbors. He carefully avoided war, for another reason, considering it as destructive to all possessions, although at last he was forced to it: he had hitherto reigned in great prosperity and peace, and had as many pleasures and enjoyments as any earthly lord can have. The wars which ensued were caused by so trifling an event, that if any prudence had been exercised, it ought not to have produced that effect; and those who read this book, or who may have it read to them, will say that it was the work of the devil. You know wise men think the devil, who is subtle and full of artifice, labors night and day to cause warfare wherever he finds peace and harmony; and seeks by distant means, and by degrees, how to accomplish his ends." Id. b. ii. c. 36.

ges the right of turning the Lys into its canal, to the prejudice of Ghent.* This overgrown city of Bruges, at this period the first trading mart in Christendom, had established a pitiless monopoly all around her; debarring the ports from being entrepôts,† and the rural population from carrying on manufactures,‡ and having forced twenty-four neighboring towns into submission to her policy. But Ghent resisted her every effort. Better situated, and lying at the intersecting point of rivers and canals, Ghent had a more numerous population; distinguished, moreover, by their heady temper, and readiness to appeal to the knife. The Ghenters fell upon the men of Bruges as they were turning the course of their river: slew the count's bailiff, and burned his castle. Ypres and Courtrai followed their persuasions and example. Liege, Brussels, and even Holland encouraged them, and regretted the distance they were off:§ Liege sent them six hundred wagon loads of flour.

Ghent did not lack able leaders; the more were killed, the more started up. The first, Jean Hyoens, who directed the movement, was poisoned; the second traitorously decapitated. Pierre Dubois, a servant of Hyoens, succeeded; and, finding affairs go on badly, he persuaded the Ghenters, in order that they might be made to act with more unity, to choose a tyrant;|| recommending Philip Artaveld, son of the famous Jacquemart, and, if not as able, at the least as

* . . . To take away our river, by which our good city of Ghent would be utterly ruined. Id. l. vii. c. 232, ed. Buchon.

† In 1358, the count of Flanders "granted and promised those of Bruges, that he would erect no other city than theirs into a staple for goods and merchandise, and even that he would deprive of their offices the water-bailiffs of Sluys, whenever five of the *échevins* of Bruges should be able to prove that they had acted to the injury of the said right of staple." Oudegherst, folio 273, ed. in 4to. —Then, the men of Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, and Courtrai marched to Sluys, by general agreement, and pulled down several houses near the port, where merchandise was bought and sold; saying that such traffic was to the prejudice of the merchants and of themselves, and that therefore they did so." *Chronique de Sauvage*, p. 223.

‡ *Interdictum petitione Brugiensium*, (1384) no post hac Franconates per pagos suos lanificium faciunt. Meyer, p. 201.—So Froissart says, "The inhabitants of the Franco-nate have always been more attached to their earl than the rest of Flanders." B. ii. c. 65.

§ "The Brabanters and Liegeois were very favorable to them, more particularly the citizens of Brussels. The Liegeois wrote to them, to keep up their spirits,—'Good men of Ghent, we are well aware that at this present you have enough to do; that you are pushed by the earl, your lord, and by the gentry and the rest of the country, which we are extremely sorry for: know, that if you were only five or six leagues from our frontiers, we would send that succor which ought to be given to our brothers, friends, and neighbors.'" Id. *ibid.* c. 66.

|| Peter asked, "Can you be cruel and proud? for a great man among the commonality, and in particular among such as we shall have to do with, will not be thought any thing worth, if he be not feared and dreaded, and, at times, renowned for his cruelty. It is thus the Flemings wish to be governed; and among them, men's lives should be no more valued, nor should they have more pity shown to them than swallows or larks, which are caught in the proper season for the table." "By my troth," answered Philip, "I know well how to act this part." "All then goes well," said Peter, "you are just such a one as I want, and the chief I look for." On saying this, he took leave, and departed to his own house. Id. *ibid.* c. 70.

bold as his father. Besieged, without hopes of relief, without provisions, he takes all that remained—five wagon loads of bread, two of wine—and, at the head of five thousand Ghenters, marches straight to Bruges, where the count was. The Brugeois, mustering forty thousand, sally fiercely out of the town, and fly at the first exchange of blows. The Ghenters enter the town along with the flying, and plunder and slay, directing their especial vengeance against the large manufacturers.* The count escaped by hiding himself in an old woman's bed, (May 3, 1382.)

The duke of Burgundy, son-in-law and heir to the count of Flanders, had no difficulty in making the young king believe that nobility was dishonored if such scoundrels were allowed to retain their advantage. Besides, they had ravaged the district of Tournai—French ground. War with wealthy Flanders was ever hailed with joy by the soldiery of the day: and Burgundians, Normans, and Bretons flocked in crowds to the royal standard.† Ypres took fright; the fright was catching, and the towns surrendered. There was nothing for the plundering soldiers to do but to take clothes, linens, sacking, hammered plate, which they sold or packed up, and sent off all to their own homes.

The Ghenters, with no allies on whom they could rely,‡ dependent on their own militia, and with but few knights in their ranks, set out on their march, without cavalry, and arrayed, as usual, in a dense battalion. They had taken up a good position, (Rosebecque, near Courtrai;) but the season was setting in severely, (November 27, 1382,) and they were in haste to return to their stoves. Besides, defection began to manifest itself: the lord de Herzele, one

of their leaders, abandoned them. So they forced Artaveld to give battle.

To make sure of charging in one firm body, not liable to be broken by the men-at-arms, the Flemings linked themselves one to the other. This dense mass advanced silently, bristling with boar-spears, which they pushed forward vigorously with their breasts and shoulders. The more they advanced, the further they wedged themselves in between the lances of the men-at-arms, who out-flanked them at either wing. Gradually, the wings closed in. The lances were longer than the spears; and the Flemings were run through the body without being able to touch the enemy. The first rank was driven back on the second; the phalanx was crushed closer; a slow, terrible pressure, acted on the pent-up mass; and this enormous body cruelly closed in upon itself. Blood flowed only at the extremities; the centre was suffocated. The ordinary tumult of battle was not heard, but the inarticulate cries of men losing the power of breathing, dull groans, and the crashing of breaking ribs.*

The king's uncles, who had kept him out of the action, and on horseback, then led him to the spot, and showed him all. The field was hideous to look upon; presenting a mound of thousands of bodies of suffocated men. They told him that it was he who had gained the battle, since he had given the order and signal to engage. It was observed, too, that just as the king had ordered the oriflamme to be unfurled, the sun rose after five days' darkness and fog.

* "the Flemings, inflamed with pride and courage, came on with vigor, and pushing with shoulders and breasts like enraged wild boars. They were so strongly interlaced, one with the other, that they could not be broken, nor their ranks forced. . . . When the Flemings found themselves enclosed on two sides, there was an end to the business, for they could not assist each other. The king's battalion, which had been somewhat disordered at the beginning, now recovered. The men-at-arms knocked down the Flemings with all their might. They had well-sharpened battle-axes, with which they cut through helmets and disbrained heads; others gave such blows with leaden maces, that nothing could withstand them. Scarcely were the Flemings overthrown, when the pillagers advanced, who, mixing with the men-at-arms, made use of the large knives they carried, and finished slaying whoever fell into their hands, without more mercy than if they had been so many dogs. The clattering on the helmets, by the axes and leaden maces, was so loud, that nothing else could be heard for the noise. I was told, that if all the armorers of Paris and Bruxelles had been there working at their trade, they could not have made a greater noise than these combatants did on the helmets of their enemies, for they struck with all their force, and set to their work with the greatest good-will. . . . The crowd was now so great and so dangerous for those enclosed in it, that the men-at-arms, if not instantly assisted, could not raise themselves when once down. By this were several of the French killed and smothered, but they were not many, for when in danger they helped each other. There was a large and high mound of the Flemings who were slain; and never was there seen so little blood spilt at so great a battle, where such numbers were killed. . . . " Froissart, b. ii. c. 124.—"And there was in Flanders great horror, and evil smell in the place where the battle had been fought, from the dead bodies, which covered a great league . . . and dogs and numerous large birds devoured them which were seen in that place, at which the people greatly marvelled." *Chronique inédite*, MS. 801, D. de la Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, (at Brussels,) folio 153. This curious chronicle is not that which Sauvage has modernized; besides, it goes further back

* To humble Bruges, they bore off to Ghent the great dragon of gilt brass, which Baldwin of Flanders, emperor of Constantinople, had taken from the church of St. Sophia, and which the Brugeois had placed on the beautiful tower of their cloth hall.—This disputed tradition is discussed, and finally adopted, in the interesting summary of the *Annals of Bruges*, by M. Delpierre, p. 10, ed. 1835.

† The Religieux de Saint-Denis asserts, that this army amounted to more than a hundred thousand men. One contractor alone, a citizen of Paris, Nicholas Boulard, supplied with provisions of every kind, for four months, the market held in the camp:—*Rogatus regis, unicus civis Parisiensis, negotiator publicus, Nicolaus Boullardi nuncupatus, suis sumptibus exequendum suscipiens, terrestri itinere navalicque subsidio atque nautarum studio, subsidio tantum copiam adduxit, quod quatuor mensium spatio, centum millibus et eo amplius viris pro victu commerciorum non defuerit lex communis.*

‡ The Ghenters had applied for aid to the English: but fearing they should be asked to pay for it, they requested the return of the large sums which Flanders had formerly lent to Edward III. They got neither aid nor money. "When the lords had heard this speech and demand, they looked at each other, and some began to smile. The duke of Lancaster, addressing them, said, 'My fair lords of Flanders, what you have said requires counsel.' . . . They then quitted the council-chamber, leaving the lords of the council behind, who began to laugh among themselves, and say, 'Did you notice those Flemings, and hear the request they made? They ask assistance, saying, they are in very great want of it; and, besides, demand our money. It is by no means reasonable that we should pay, and assist them into the bargain.' They looked on the Flemings as proud and presumptuous, in thus demanding a debt of two hundred thousand old crowns, of so very ancient a date as forty years." Froissart, b. ii. c. 106.

To contemplate this fearful spectacle, to believe that it was he who had done all this, to experience, despite the shrinking of nature, unnatural delight in this wholesale murder, was enough to unsettle and inflame so young a mind; and the duke of Burgundy learned this to his cost: for when he led the boy-king back to Courtrai, his heart drunk with blood, some one having incautiously mentioned to him the five hundred pairs of French spurs which had been kept as trophies ever since Philippe-le-Bel's defeat, he ordered the city to be sacked and burned.

Animated with this disposition, the king desired to push on the war, and to hasten and lay siege to Ghent. But Ghent was prepared; the month of December had arrived; and the rains were incessant. The princes preferred to make war on the submissive Parisians rather than on the armed Flemings. Paris was still in commotion, but disposed to obey. The advocate-general, Desmarets, had had the address to keep all quiet, giving good words, promising more than he could perform, and, out of virtue, betraying both parties, as is ever the case with the moderate. On the king's return, the citizens, in order to give him a handsomer reception, thought they were doing a fine thing by meeting him in battle array: they might, too, entertain a hope, by this display of their numbers, to obtain better terms. They paraded before Montmartre in long files: one body consisting of crossbow men; another, armed with swords and bucklers; and another with mallets—these *maillotins* alone numbered twenty thousand men.*

The sight did not produce the impression which they expected. The barons who conducted the king, returned swollen with pride by their victory of Rosebecque. The first thing which the men-at-arms did, was to pull down the barriers; they next tore the city gates from

their hinges, and threw them down *on the king's highway*—so that the princes and the whole array of nobles had the satisfaction of marching into Paris over its gates.* They continued the triumphant procession as far as Nôtre-Dame; and the young king, well taught to play his part, rode lance on thigh, saying not a word, and saluting no one, majestic and terrible.

The soldiers were quartered on the citizens, and proclamation was made for all to bring in their arms to the Palais or the Louvre. So great was the quantity brought in, in their terror, that the report ran, there was enough to arm eight hundred thousand men.† The city being thus disarmed, it was resolved to hem it in between two forts; and the Bastille St. Antoine was finished, and a large tower added to the Louvre, dipping into the river. Once fixed in this vice, it was thought that Paris could not stir.

Then began the executions. Those who had most signalized themselves by their violence suffered first;‡ then, the worthy citizens who had restrained them, and who had rendered the state the greatest services, as the poor Desmarets,§ who was not to be pardoned for having intervened between the king and the city. After some days of executions and terror, a scene of mercy was got up. The university and the aged duchess of Orléans had already besought clemency; but the duke de Berri's reply had been, that all the citizens deserved death. At last, a magnificent tent was erected on the summit of the steps of the palace, in which the young king sat with his uncles and high barons, while the suppliant crowd filled the court. The chancellor enumerated all the crimes of the Parisians since king Jean's time, cursed their treason, and asked what punishments they did not deserve. The wretched multitude, seeing the bolt about to fall, crouched down, and the air was filled with cries, especially of those wives whose husbands were in prison, and who burst out into sobs and wailings. The king's uncles, and his brother, too, were touched; they cast themselves, as had been arranged, at his feet, and prayed that the penalty of death might be commuted into a fine.

The effect was produced: fear opened their purses. All who had enjoyed places, who were rich or in easy circumstances, were amer-

* Consult, on all relative to this, the narrative of the Religieux de Saint-Denys.—“The Parisians, on learning this, resolved to arm themselves, and show the king, on his entrance into Paris, the force that was in the city, armed from head to foot ready for him, if he pleased to dispose of it. It would have been better for them to have remained quiet in their houses, for this display cost them dearly. They said they had done it with good intentions, but it was taken in an opposite sense. The king lodged at Louvres, and from thence went to Bourget: it was immediately reported in Paris, that the king would be instantly there; upon which twenty thousand Parisians armed themselves, and took the field, and drew up in a handsome battalion between St. Ladre and Paris, on the side of Montmartre. Their cross-bowmen had large shields and mallets, and all were prepared as for instant combat. The king was still at Bourget with his lords, when this news was brought them, and an account of the state of Paris. ‘See,’ said the lords, ‘the pride and presumption of this mob! what are they now making this display for? if they had thus come to serve the king when he set out for Flanders, they would have done well; but their heads were only stuffed with prayers to God, that none of us might return.’ To these words some, who would have been glad to have gone further and attacked the Parisians, added, ‘If the king be well advised, he will not put himself into the hands of such people who meet him fully armed, when they ought to have come in all humility, with a procession, ringing the bells of Paris, and returning thanks to God for the great victory He has been pleased to give ■ in Flanders.’” Froiss. b. ii. c. 128.

* E cardinibus evulsas super stratum regiam prostraverunt, super quas pertranseuntes, quasi leoninam civium superbiam conculcarent. . . . Religieux de Saint-Denys, t. i. p. 234.

† Ibidem. This exaggeration serves to prove the idea already entertained of the population of this great city.

‡ The Monday after the king's return, a goldsmith and cloth merchant were executed, and several others in the course of the next fortnight; among them, one Nicolas the Fleming, (Nicolaus Flamengi,) notorious in king Jean's time for having assisted in the murder of Robert of Clermont. Ibid. t. i. p. 240.

§ At his execution, he is said to have refused to beg the king's mercy, but would beg mercy from God alone. He was the author of a collection of noted judgments rendered by General Inquest, (Décisions notoires, établies par enquestes par tourbes,) from 1300 to 1387, (in continuation of Brodeau.)

ced in heavy sums, from three to six and eight thousand francs each. Many paid more than they had. When it seemed impossible to extract any thing more, it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that henceforth the old taxes would be levied, with additions; and a surcharge of twelve deniers was laid on the sale of all merchandise. The city had not a word to say: there was no longer city, provost, aldermen, (*échevins*,) commune of Paris.* The chains that used to be stretched across the streets were carried off to Vincennes: the gates remained open night and day.

Rouen,† Reims, Chalons, Troyes, Orléans, and Sens, were treated almost in like manner, and were likewise held to ransom. The greater part of this money, so roughly extorted, was finally sunk in the pockets of a few lords; little remained to the treasury.‡ But what did remain was the overweening presumption of this nobility, who fancied they had conquered Flanders and France: but what did remain was the infatuation of the young king, henceforward ready for every foolishness, his head irremediably turned by his triumphs of Paris and of Rosebecque, and launched headlong in the full career of folly.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTH OF CHARLES VI.—A. D. 1384-1391.

So far from Flanders being tamed and conquered, as it was said to be, it required two campaigns more, besides granting her all that had been at first refused.

Poor Flanders was plundered at once by the French, her enemies, and by the English, her friends; who, irritated by the success of the former at Rosebecque, got up a crusade against

them as schismatics and partisans of the pope of Avignon; and which crusade, said to be directed against Picardy, fell upon Flanders. In vain did the Flemings represent to its leader, the bishop of Norwich, that they were friends of the English, and not schismatical, but, like them, adherents of the pope of Rome. The bishop, who, for all his ecclesiastical dignity, was only a rude man-at-arms, and greedy plunderer, would profess to believe that Flanders was conquered by the French, and had become thoroughly French. He took by assault Gravelines, a friendly town, unprepared and defenceless. The English then plundered Cassel; and the French burned it. Bergues opened her gates to the French king, to no end; for the young monarch, never having taken a town, would order an assault, sealing the undefended walls, and forcing the open gates.

The count of Flanders insisted on these follies being left off, and the war brought to a conclusion. But all were worn out. The country began to be drained; and nothing was to be had without blows. But what it was essential to have, if possible, was that huge city,

upon Clement; and he saw no surer means of crushing his adversary, than by preaching a crusade against him among the English. He began by bribing the avarice of the nobles through the impost of a tenth upon the clergy; and he then appealed to the credulity of the people at large, by a lavish promise of indulgences. So brisk was the market for pardons, that in the single diocese of London 'a large Gascony tun full of money was collected,' and 'no persons of either sex thought they should end the year happily, nor have any chance of entering Paradise, if they did not give handsomely to the expedition as pure alms.' The sum in which the English thus cheerfully taxed themselves, during the winter and the ensuing Lent, is estimated at the enormous amount of two millions and a half of francs.

"The single condition which Urban stipulated in return for the absolution, which he unsparingly dispensed, was, that he might nominate a churchman to command the expedition; and he knew that England contained a clerical paladin, well adapted to the purpose. Not long before, Henry le Spencer, bishop of Norwich, at the head of only eight lancers, and of a very small body of archers, had seized the ringleaders in a popular insurrection at Newmarket, and afterwards armed to the very teeth, wearing a steel skull-cap, brandishing a double-edged sword, and spurring his charger over a palisaded intrenchment, he completely routed the followers of Jack Straw, who, not content with spreading sedition through his diocese, had ventured to offer him battle at North Walsham. To this martial prelate, still in the flower of youth, and gifted with no ordinary courage, Urban intrusted the guidance of the crusade.

"Six hundred men-at-arms, and about fifteen hundred infantry, proceeded under the bishop to Calais; and among these troops, were numbered some of the adventurers most distinguished in the military annals of the times; Sir Hugh Calverly, Sir Thomas Trivet, and others not inferior in notoriety. The object of Urban was to overthrow the Clementists, that of the English regency, which had assisted in the outfit, to attack the French in Picardy; but the bishop had different views; he contended that Picardy was an exhausted field, which offered no promise of booty; that, although the count of Flanders and his followers were Urbanists, like themselves, nevertheless, that the king of France, who had waged war in the Flemish territory, was a Clementist; and, therefore, that all the purposes of the crusade would be fulfilled, by at once opening a campaign in that country. The reasoning, perhaps, was not altogether conclusive; but it was strengthened by the plunder of Gravelines, upon which the crusaders directed their march, and which they took by assault. Stores and provisions were found abundantly in that town, which had never contemplated an attack; and so richly provided were its stables, (which the French had stocked with a fleet and generous breed,) that a horse was to be purchased for a shilling." Smedley, *History of France*, p. 241.)—TRANSLATOR.

* "It was ordered, that the provostship should be administered by the king's authority, and not by that of the citizens.—Even the confraternities, established in the view of increasing church-funds and other holy purposes, and where the citizens used to meet and feast . . . were suspended until the further pleasure of the king." *Le Religieux de Saint-Denys*, t. i. p. 242.—*Ordonnance du 27 Janvier, 1382*, t. vi. du *Recueil des Ordonn.* p. 685. A passage in this ordinance alludes to the indirect assistance given by the Parisians to the Flemings: "They hindered our baggage-wagons, and those of our dear uncle, the duke of Burgundy, with many other things, from reaching us."

† Rouen was very severely treated, its bell taken from it, and given to the king's pantlers. This is proved by a charter, for the knowledge of which I am indebted to the friendship of M. Chéruel, a distinguished professor and antiquary of that city:—"As by our letters patent has been made known to you, that we have given to our well-beloved pantlers, Pierre Debuën and Guillaume Heroyal, a bell which used to be in the guildhall (*mairie*) of Rouen, named *Rebel*, which was confiscated at Rouen during the late disturbances there." *Archives de Rouen, registre MS. coté A. folio 267*.

‡ Nec inde regale ærarium ditatum est. *Religieux de Saint-Denys*, t. i. p. 23.

§ "The schism in the church still raged with undiminished virulence; and France and England espoused opposite pretenders to the tiara. Urban, whom his opponents called in matters of faith a dog, retorted the foul title

Ghent, and this required a siege, a long, troublesome siege, which no one cared to undertake. The duke de Berri, in particular, was heartily sick of being kept so long from his beautiful south, of spending all his winters in mud and fog, and transacting the duke of Burgundy's and the count of Flanders' business. Luckily, the latter died. The Flemings, in their hatred to the French, asserted that the duke de Berri had stabbed him to the heart with his dagger.* Had this prince, who was naturally of mild disposition, and addicted to pleasure, committed this evil act, which is not very credible, he would have served the duke of Burgundy—the deceased's son-in-law, and his heir—better than he would have been anxious to do. The Flemings did not find their new duke hard as to terms of peace. He entertained neither hatred nor rancor towards the Flemings: all that he desired was possession of his new inheritance. Therefore he granted them all they wished, and swore to all the charters which they presented him for oath. He even dispensed with their addressing him on their knees; a ceremonial customary, however, between vassal and lord, and which had nothing humiliating to feudal minds, (December 18, 1384.)

The duke of Burgundy was the only politician of the family. He strengthened himself in the Low Countries by a double marriage of his children with those of the house of Bavaria,† which by its possessions of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand, hemmed in Flanders on the north and south, and had the address not only to marry the young king, but to marry him into this very house. The daughters of the dukes of Bavaria, Lorraine, and Austria were proposed for his choice, and a painter dispatched to take their portraits. The Bavarian princess proved to be the most beautiful, as was required by the interests of the duke of Burgundy. She was conveyed with great pomp to Amiens.‡ The marriage was to be solemnized at Arras. But the king declared that he would have his little wife directly,§ and they found they must give her to him. They were mere children—he but sixteen, she fourteen.

* Froissart merely says, that the count was taken ill and died, t. ix. p. 10, ed. Buchon.—The Religieux de Saint-Denis, that grave and severe historian, who disguises no crime committed by the princes of the age, does not accuse the duke de Berri. Meyer (lib. xiii. fol. 200) relates the story of the assassination, only on the faith of a Flemish chronicle of the fifteenth century, which refutes itself by the cause it assigns to the act: being a quarrel touching the count's doing homage for the countship of Boulogne, the inheritance of the duchess de Berri. Now, the duke de Berri did not marry the heiress of Boulogne till five years afterwards. L'Art de Vérifier les Dates, Comtes de Flandre, ann. 1384, t. iii. p. 21.

† (His eldest son, John the Fearless, (*Sans Peur*), count of Nevers, married Margaret of Bavaria, daughter of Albert, count of Hainault; and William, count of Ostrevant, eldest son of Albert, at the same time married Margaret of Burgundy.)—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "The young lady, standing up, kept perfectly still, and moved neither eyelid nor mouth; and, at this time, knew not a word of French." Froissart, t. ix. c. 227, p. 99, ed. Buchon.

§ Id. ibid. pp. 101-2.

Behold the duke of Burgundy powerful, indeed; one foot in France, one in the empire. He wanted to do yet more, to do a great, an immense, and, still, at that moment, feasible deed—to conquer England. The English were ravaging the whole south of France, and invading Castile, our ally. Instead of dragging on this interminable war on the continent, how much better would it not be to face them on their own island, and carry on the war at their own doors, and at their expense. They were occupied at the time with another war among themselves, a stifled, silent, fearful war, in which they had engaged with such furious hate and rabid eagerness to worry each other, that one might come upon, defeat, and slay them unawares.*

The effort was great; worthy of the design entertained. All the vessels that could be bought or hired, from Prussia to Castile, were brought together, until a fleet had been raised of thirteen hundred and eighty-seven sail.† Transports, rather than ships of war, all the world was anxious to embark; and it seemed as if the French nobles were about to embark in a body. Sure of indemnifying themselves ten times over on the other side of the strait, the barons did not hesitate to ruin themselves in preparations. They piqued themselves upon crossing over in gallant trim, and dressed out their ships as they would their mistresses. They had their masts silvered, the prows gilded; and immense silken flags, floating in full heraldic pride, gave to the wind the lions, dragons, and unicorns, which were to affright the leopards.

The wonder of the expedition was a wooden city, which was brought all ready made from the forests of Brittany, and which loaded seventy-two vessels. It was to be put together the moment they landed, in order to lodge the army, and would have extended over a diameter of three thousand paces.‡ Whatever the fate of battle, this would have secured the French the surest result of disembarkation—a place in England to receive malecontents, a sort of British Calais.

All this was rational enough. But the duke of Burgundy was not king of France. The scheme had the misfortune of being too useful to him. The successful invasion of England would have benefited the master of Flanders more than any one else. He was, therefore,

* (The dissensions between the king and his parliament ran high at this period. Froissart makes the earl of Salisbury say at a council, "called to consider how they might appease the great discontents which appeared in the country,"—"It is perfectly well known in France that we disagree among ourselves, and are torn by faction, which makes them (the French) imagine their enterprise cannot fail of success." Froissart, b. iii. c. 37.)—TRANSLATOR.

† . . . "And, still, the constable's fleet had not joined," says Froissart, t. x. c. 24, p. 160, ed. Buchon.—"Such large purveyances arrived in Flanders from all parts, of wines, salted meats, hay, oats, barrels of salt, of onions, of biscuits, verjuice, of flour, of lard, of yolks of powdered eggs in barrels, and of all things the imagination could devise, as had never yet been seen, or could be believed." Id. ibid. p. 158.

‡ Knighton, p. 2679.—*Quemdam murum ligneum . . . altitudinis viginti pedum, qui semper ad duodecim passus haberet turrim.* Walsingham, p. 323.

obeyed slowly, and with ill-will. The wooden city did not arrive in time, and then came half broken up by a storm. The duke de Berri detained the king as long as he could by the preparations for the marriage of his son with the king's little sister, who was only nine years of age. Charles VI. did not set out before the 5th of August; and he was then taken slowly from place to place in Picardy, so that he did not reach Arras before the middle of September. The weather was quite favorable for the passage; but the English negotiated. The duke de Berri was waited for, and was in no haste to come: nor letters, nor messages could quicken him. He did not arrive until the time of year rendered crossing almost impossible,* for it was December, with its bad weather and long nights. This time, too, ocean guarded his child; as he did against Philip II., and against Bonaparte.†

Our best arm against Great Britain is Brittany. Our Breton sailors are the fitting opponents of the British; as firm, less cool, perhaps, but making up for this by their quickness in seizing the critical moment. The constable de Clisson, the king's man, and leader of the Breton opposition to the duke of Brittany, took up the expedition, and made it the business of his province. Clisson aimed high. He had just ransomed from the English the young count of Blois, the aspirant to the duchy of Brittany, had married his daughter to him, and would have made him duke. Jean de Montfort, the reigning duke, detected Clisson's treason; but was hindered by his barons from executing him.‡ However, this petty accident broke up the English expedition for the second time.

The English, now aroused and on their guard, took precautionary measures. They disarmed their king, who was suspected by them; while their new government found us occupation in Germany. There were a swarm of petty, needy princes, to be bought at a cheap rate. The duke of Gueldres, who had more than one ground of quarrel with the houses of Burgundy and of Blois,§ sold himself to the English for a yearly pension of twenty-four thousand francs, did them homage,¶ and, all the bolder as he had less to lose,|| proudly defied the king of France.

* The duke de Berri coldly replied to the duke of Burgundy's reproaches on the inutility of these prodigious expenses:—"Fair brother, if we have money, and our people have it too, the greater part will come back into France; money ever comes and goes, and we had better risk it than our bodies." Froiss. t. x. p. 271, ed. Buchon.

† "And ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child."

Coleridge.

‡ The lord de Laval said to the duke of Brittany, "There will not be a knight, squire, nor honest man in all Brittany, who will not mortally hate you, and do every thing they can to drive you out of your duchy. Neither the king of England nor his council will thank you; and would you thus disgrace yourself for the life of one man?" Froiss. b. iii. c. 67.

§ Rymer. vii. 433.

¶ And more to gain. "The more rich and powerful he (the duke of Burgundy) is, the better to make war on . . . for one blow I receive, I wish to give six." Froiss. b. iii. c. 99.

The duke of Burgundy was delighted with the opportunity of extending his influence, by making the Low Countries and these northern lands feel the full weight of the great kingdom. He caused as great preparations to be made against this almost invisible duke of Gueldres, as if the conquest of England were meditated. Fifteen thousand men-at-arms, and eighty thousand foot soldiers* were got together; the difficulty was not to levy men, but to transport them to their place of destination. The duke of Burgundy, whose interests the war was undertaken to advance, did not choose to lead this vast, devouring army through his rich Brabant—an inheritance that would devolve on him; so it behooved to deflect through the deserts of Champagne, and to plunge into the Ardennes, following as best might be done, the paths tracked by hunters, through low, damp, boggy forests. Two thousand five hundred pioneers went before to clear the way, throw bridges over the streams, and fill up marshes. The rains came on; the country was gloomy and monotonous. There was nothing, and no one, not even enemies, to be taken. Sick and weary of the whole, the mediation of several princes—the archbishop of Cologne, the bishop of Liege, and the duke of Juliers, was at length listened to. Charles VI. was especially touched by the prayers of a great lady of the country, who professed herself enamored of the invincible king of France.† Under this soft patronage, the duke of Gueldres was admitted to make his excuses. He spoke kneeling, and protested that the defiances had not been written by him, but had been forged by treacherous secretaries.

The result was great for the duke of Burgundy, little for the king. Two words of excuse in payment of so much trouble and expense, was little. However, the other expeditions had turned out no better. France had invaded Italy, threatened England, touched Germany; had made vast movements; had labored and sweated; and had got nothing. She was unlucky, nothing turned out well. The king, early spoiled by the battle of Rosebecque, had thought all was easy; and only encountered obstacles.‡ Whom could he blame for this,

* The greater number, it is true, were dismissed as unfit for the service. Those retained had certainly not to suffer from want of provisions. The same Colin Boulard, of whom we have already spoken, (see, above, the 2d note at p. 10,) was the contractor. He sent his agents with a hundred thousand crowns of gold to the countries bordering the Rhine, and they were well received everywhere on account of the repute of their master, "ob magistri notitiam." The sailors of the Rhine exerted themselves zealously in carrying the stores they collected down the river to the Low Countries. Religieux de Saint-Denis, l. ix. c. 7, p. 532.

† Her love was chaste, says the Religieux de Saint-Denis, who informs us that she came from the burgh *Amour*, (love.) Ibid. p. 538.—See the original treaties with the lords of the Low Countries, and their excuses to the king. Archives, Trésor des Chartes, J. 522.

‡ An expedition, solicited by the Genoese, and commanded by the duke de Bourbon, failed in Africa, (A. D. 1390.) The count d'Armagnac, collecting the vagabond soldiers who were then plundering France, crossed the

except his uncles ; his uncles, who had always counselled him to his loss and their own profit.

It was now the turn of his father's peace-loving counsellors ; of the sire de la Rivière, the bishop of Laon, Montaigu, and Clisson. Child as he was, Charles VI. had ever loved these men. He had early had Clisson appointed constable. He had saved the life of the gentle and amiable sire de la Rivière, threatened by his uncles. La Rivière had been the friend and personal attendant of Charles V. ; and when he died, was buried in the abbey of St. Denys, at his master's feet.

The king had reached his one-and-twentieth year ; but his uncles held the reins of power. It required address to take them out of their hands. The affair was well managed.* On his return from his luckless Gueldres expedition, a grand council was assembled at Relms, in the archbishop's palace. The king inquired how he might best secure his people the blessings of peace, and called on those present for their advice. Then the bishop of Laon rose, skilfully touched upon the king's qualities, bodily and mental, the dignity of his person, his prudence and circumspection ;† and ended by saying that all that was wanted was that he would reign himself. His uncles not daring to say a word to the contrary, Charles replied that he accepted the prelate's advice, thanked his uncles for their good services, and ordered them to repair to their provinces, the one to Languedoc, the other to Burgundy. He retained with him only his maternal uncle, the duke de Bourbon, who was, in fact, the best of the three.

The bishop of Laon died poisoned. But he had rendered his country a double service. The uncles, dismissed to their provinces, devoted some of their time to them, and cleared them of the brigands by whom they were overrun. The king's new counsellors, those humble men, those *Marmousets*, as they were termed, restored the city of Paris its *échevins*, and its provost of merchants. They were desirous of reforming the financial administration of the kingdom, and began by lowering the taxes ; but were soon obliged to reimpose them.

The government was wiser, but the king more foolish. In default of battles, he required fêtes. It had been his misfortune to begin his reign by one of those successful chances that turn the wisest heads : when only fourteen, he had gained a great victory, and had seen him-

self saluted conqueror on a battle-field, strewn with twenty-six thousand corpses. Each year he had looked out for war ; each spring, his banner was unfurled in search of deeds of glory : and it was at twenty years of age, when he had attained his fulness of strength, and was acknowledged to be a knight, accomplished in every kind of warlike exercise, that he was condemned to repose. He was interdicted from high hopes and vast thoughts by a government of *Marmousets*. . . . How many tournaments did he not require to indemnify him for real combats ; how many festivals, balls, exciting and ever-varied affairs of the heart, to make him forget the dramatic nature of warlike life, its joys, and hazards !

He plunged headlong into festivals, and made rude war on his treasury, lavishing as a youth, and giving as a king. His goodness of heart was a public calamity. The Chamber of Accounts, not knowing how to refuse the orders upon it, sadly noted down each royal gift with the words—" *Nimis habuit,*" or " *Recupetur.*"* Its prudent auditors bethought themselves of devoting the residue left, after all expenses, to the making a beautiful stag of gold, in the vain hope that the image so loved by the king would be respected. But the stag still fled, ever melted, and was never finished.†

First, as the duke of Anjou's sons were about to leave to assert their rights to their unlucky kingdom of Naples, the king was anxious to confer on them the order of knighthood previously to their departure. The ceremony took place at St. Denys, with incredible magnificence, and in the presence of countless numbers of the nobility of France, England, and Germany. The venerable and silent abbey, the church of tombs, had to throw open her portals to welcome these worldly pomps ; her cloisters to re-echo with the jangling of gilded spurs, and the poor monks to become the hosts of lovely ladies ; for they were lodged in the very abbey itself,‡ and the pages of the chronicler monk seem still to thrill with the recollection.

As the abbey had no hall large enough for the royal banquet, one was built on purpose in the large court-yard of the abbey, fashioned like a church,§ and no less than thirty-two toises long. The interior was covered in and hung with an immense canvass, of white and green stripes alternated ; and, at the end, rose a spacious, lofty tent, of precious tapestries, all covered with fantastic embroidery, which might have been taken for the altar of the church : it was the throne.

Outside of the abbey walls, the ground was levelled for lists, || hundred and twenty paces long, and closed in with barriers : one side was

Alps, attacked the Visconti, and was made prisoner. (A. D. 1391.) The king himself projected a crusade into Italy, to establish the young Louis d'Anjou on the throne of Naples, and to terminate the schism by taking Rome.

* This event had been long preparing. No opportunity was lost of indisposing the king towards his uncles. . . . "I have heard them at various times consulting, and they would say to the king, 'Sire, you have only six years' servitude before you,' at another time, 'you have but five,' and so as years passed on, and the time of his majority drew nigh." . . . Testimony of Jean de Berry, in the *Analect. Histor.* de M. Le Glay, Lille, 1838, p. 159.

† *Refulgens dignitas . . . vigilantissimus animus . . . nil Inconsulte aut ex precipiti agere consuevit. Religieux de Saint-Denis, l. ix. c. 11, p. 538.*

* See further on.

† "They got no further than the neck." *Ibid.* t. i. p. 609

‡ "The abbey was devoted to the reception of the queen and a bevy of illustrious ladies." *Ibid.* p. 586.—"To gaze on their exceeding beauty . . . you would say the meetings of the heathen goddesses were renewed." *Ibid.* p. 594.

§ *Ad templi similitudinem. Ibid.* v. 588.

occupied with galleries and towers for the ladies, the judges of the prize of gallantry.

The festival was kept up for three days ; beginning, each day, with hearing mass and attending other church ceremonies, banquets and jousts followed, and, at night, a ball : the whole was wound up with a ball, but a masked one, to hide blushes. Neither the king's presence, nor the sanctity of the spot, was any restraint. The crowd was intoxicated with three days of ardent expectation. The ball was a true *pervigilium Veneris*, (wake of Venus.) May had just begun. "Many a damsel forgot herself ; many a husband suffered." . . . Could it have been on this fatal night that the young duke of Orléans, the king's brother, fascinated—to his own ruin—his cousin, Jean Sans-Peur's wife, as he afterwards imprudently boasted ?*

This bacchanal revel, so close to the vaults of death, was succeeded by a strange morrow. It was not enough to disturb the dead with the noise of these festivities ; they were not let off so easily. They had to play their parts as well. To awaken pleasure by contrast, or to beguile the languor of dissipation, the king had a funeral show got up for him : and his hero,† he, the story of whose exploits had amused his infancy, Duguesclin, who had now been ten years dead, had the sad honor of amusing by his obsequies the silly and luxurious court.

Fêtes provoke fêtes. The king would have his queen Isabel make her *first entry* into Paris ; she who for these four years had entered Paris a hundred times. After the noble, feudal fête of St. Denys, the populace was to have a fête of its own, a gay, noisy one, enlivened by vulgar and visible incidents, and all the bewildering whirls of great crowds. The citizens were mostly attired in green ; the courtiers in rose color ;‡ the windows were crowded with lovely women clad in scarlet, and with girdles of gold ; fountains ran with wine and milk ; musicians played at every door the queen passed by ; and children enacted pious mysteries at each cross-road. The queen proceeded along the street St. Denys ; at the gate, two angels, let down by ropes, placed on her head a golden crown, singing—

Dame enclose entre fleurs de lis,
Etes-vous pas du paradis ?§

* This tradition occurs only in Meyer, and other comparatively modern writers. But the contemporary chronicler alludes to it, when he adverts to "other causes of ill-will, not sufficiently certain for me to mention them," (alias *displacitæ radices utique non sic cognitæ quod scriptu dignas reputem*.) *Religieux de Saint-Denys*, MS. 388, verso. —Juvénal des Ursins, writing at a later period, writes more unreservedly—"And it was the common rumor, that of these jousts came dishonorable results in the way of love-passages, out of which many evils have since arisen." Juvénal, p. 73, ed. Godefroy.

† In his will, he leaves a considerable sum—three hundred livres—to be expended in prayers for the soul of Duguesclin, who had died twelve years before. Testament of Charles VI., Janvier, 1393. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, t. 404.

‡ . . . Coloris viridis . . . roseis vestibus . . . *Religieux de Saint-Denys*, t. i. p. 612.

§ "Lady, shut up in flower de lûces, come you not from

When she reached the bridge Notre-Dame, to the astonishment of all, a man was seen to glide down, a torch in either hand, along a cord, from the summit of the cathedral.

The king enjoyed the fête as a spectator, and mixed with the crowd of citizens in order to see his beautiful young German pass ; and, in the evening, he boasted to high-born dames of having received "more than one buffet"* from his own peace-officers, for having pressed too close upon the procession. Aware, too, that there were many strangers attracted by the fête who had never seen the king joust, the good-natured monarch bore a part in the tourney simply to please them.

Shortly afterwards, the king's young brother, the duke of Orléans, married the daughter of Visconti, the rich duke of Milan.† Charles VI. would have the nuptials celebrated at Melun ; where he gave a magnificent reception to the charming Valentina, who was to exercise so gentle, but lasting an ascendancy over his weak mind.

The citizens of Paris had believed that the queen's entry would be worth a diminution of taxes to them : it was just the contrary. In order to defray the expenses of the fête, the gabelle was raised ; and, in addition, the twelve and four denier pieces were cried down, and forbidden to be passed, under pain of the halter. These were the coins in use among the lower orders, the poor ; who, for fifteen days, were in a state of despair, being thus hindered from purchasing the necessaries of life.‡

Meanwhile the king grew weary. He bethought himself of a change of scene. He had not yet made the tour of his kingdom, his royal *chevauchée* ; had not yet seen his southern provinces, from which he had received unwelcome tidings. A pious Bernardine had come up from the solitudes of Languedoc, to denounce to him the oppressive administration of his uncle de Berri. This monk had surmounted all obstacles, forced the royal doors, and, in the presence of the king's own uncle, addressed him with Christian boldness. The king, whose heart was good, listened patiently, took him under his protection,§ and promised to go himself and see the unhappy province. Besides, he desired to visit Avignon, and to concert measures with the pope for the suppression of the schism.

After having, according to the custom of our kings on such occasions, made his devotions at the abbey of St. Denys, he set out by way of

Paradise?" Froissart, t. xii. p. 12, ed. Buchon. Barante, t. ii. p. 78, 3d edition.

* En eut le roy plusieurs coups et horions sur les espaulles bien assez. Et au soir, en la présence des dames et damoiselles, fut la chose sçue et récitée, et le roy mesme se feroit des horions qu'il avoit reçus. *Grandes Chroniques de Saint-Denys*, copied by Juvénal des Ursins, p. 72.

† This marriage was followed by important results, which will be noticed hereafter. She brought Asti as her dowry, together with 450,000 florins, &c., January, 1390. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 409.

‡ Religieux de Saint-Denys, t. i. l. x. c. 7, p. 616.

§ In regium accepit custodiam. Ibid. l. ix. c. 24 p. 574

Nevers, where he was received with the lavish magnificence of the house of Burgundy. But he would not allow his uncles to follow him;* he would not have them shut his ears against the complaints of the people. Perhaps, also, he felt himself less at liberty, in their presence, to give himself up to his youthful fancies. For the same reason he did not take his queen with him: he wished to taste and enjoy, unrestrainedly and royally, all the pleasures France could afford.

He first stopped at Lyons, that large, pleasing, half-Italian town. Here he was received under a dais of cloth of gold, by four young and lovely damsels, who led him to the archbishop's palace. For four days it was one series of sports, balls, and gallantries.

But nowhere did the king pass his time more agreeably than at Avignon, with the pope. None were more profoundly versed than these priests in all the arts of pleasure. Nowhere did life glide on more easily; nowhere was the mind lighter: and, did a grave thought intervene, the visitor was at the fountain-head of indulgences, the pardon cradled with the sin. On his departure, the king left rich remembrances among Avignon's lovely dames, "who were loud in their admiration!"†

He left, great friends with the pope, and thoroughly gained over to his party. Clement VII. bestowed on the young duke of Anjou the title of king of Naples, and placed at the king's own disposal seven hundred and fifty benefices; among others, that of the archbishopric of Reims. But the archbishop chosen by the king, who was a celebrated opponent of the pope's, and of the Dominicans, died, soon after, poisoned.‡

Arrived in Languedoc, the king heard only complaints and cries of distress. The duke de Berri had reduced the country to such despair, that above forty thousand men had fled to Aragon. Good and gentle in his own Berri, this prince had given up Languedoc to his agents, like an estate to be made the most of. Greedy and lavish, he was detested in one province, blessed in the other. He was a man who would throw two hundred thousand francs to his jester: it is true he gave to clerks as well, and built churches. He reared those turrets in the air, and had carved at immense expense that lace-work of stone, which we admire, but which his subjects cursed. Precious manuscripts, costly miniatures, seals of marvellous

engraving—he denied himself nothing. Lastly, though sixty, he had just married a child of twelve years of age, niece to the count de Foix. How many fêtes must it not have cost the sexagenarian to get the poor infant to forgive his years!

The king, retained twelve whole days at Montpellier by the lively and frolicsome (*frisques*) damsels of the country,* next repaired to Toulouse, to be present at the execution of Bétisac, his uncle's treasurer. This man confessed all his crimes, but added that he had done nothing except by the duke de Berri's orders. At a loss how to withdraw him from under the shelter of this powerful protection, they persuaded him that he had no other resource than to declare himself a heretic, and that then he should be delivered over to the pope, who would save him. He believed the treacherous counsel, and was burned alive; the execution taking place under the king's windows, amidst the acclamations of the people. The king gave this satisfaction to the complaints of Languedoc.

To do another agreeable act by his good city of Toulouse, Charles VI. exempted courtesans from the obligation of wearing a distinguishing costume, allowing them henceforward to dress as they liked.† He would have them share in the general joy at his visit.

He returned direct to Paris, satiated with pleasures, wearied of fêtes; and purposely avoided those prepared to welcome his return. He wagered with his brother which of the two would gallop the distance and get there first. He could now only be at rest, while hurried out of thought. Only two-and-twenty, he was worn out; he had gone through two lives, one of war, one of pleasure. His head was dulled, his heart empty: his senses began to fail him. What remedy for the desolateness of this state?—The agitation, the whirl of a furious race—"the dead ride fast."

Life is a battle, no doubt; but we must not complain: 'tis a misfortune when the battle ends. The internal warfare of the twofold man is precisely what buoys us up. Let us contemplate this warfare, no more in the king, but in the kingdom, in the Paris of that day, so true a mirror of the kingdom at large.

The Paris of Charles VI. is our northern quarter of Paris, that large, deep Paris of the plain, stretching with its gloomy streets from the royal hôtel St. Paul, to the hôtel de Bourgogne and the markets, (*halles*.) In the heart of this Paris, towards the Grève, there rose two churches, two ideas—those of Saint-Jacques and Saint-Jean.

St. Jacques de la Boucherie was the parish church of the butchers and Lombards, of

* On this point, I follow the authority of the Religieux de Saint-Denis, p. 618. But the contradictions of historians with regard to this tour are not irreconcilable.

† Qui s'en louèrent toutes. Froiss. t. xii. p. 45, ed. Buchon.—"The king of France, the duke of Touraine, and the count de Savoye, being young and giddy, neither could nor would refrain from dancing, carolling, and amusing themselves with the ladies and damsels of Avignon, though they were in the pope's palace, and among the cardinals; and the count of Geneva, brother to the pope, was their master of the revels." Froissart, b. iv. c. 5.

‡ According to the Benedictine of Saint-Denis, the Dominicans were generally suspected of the act. P. 626.

* "He entertained them with handsome suppers and banquets, and presented to those most in his favor rings and clasps of gold." Froissart, b. iv. c. 7.

† "With the exception of wearing a garter of a different color, on the arm." . . . Ordonnances, t. vii. p. 327, Dec. 1389.

money and of meat. Fitly begirt with shambles, tanneries, and other filthy businesses, this foul and wealthy parish extended from the rue Troussevache to the quay des Peaux or Pelle-tier. Under the shadow of the butchers' church, under the protection of its guilds, in a sorry stall, there wrote, chicaned, and amassed money, Flamel and his aged Pernelle, crafty folk who passed for alchemists, and who from this infectious slime could, indeed, extract gold.*

Opposed to the materialism of Saint-Jacques, there rose, two steps off, the spiritualism of Saint-Jean.† Two tragic events had raised this chapel to be a great church, a great parish—the miracle of the street des Billettes, where “God was boiled by a Jew,”‡ and the ruin of the Temple, by which the parish of Saint-Jean-en-Grève was extended over that vast and silent quarter. Its curate was the great doctor of his day—Jean Gerson, that man of contest and of contradictions. A mystic, the enemy of the mystics, but still more the enemy of the men of matter and brutality, the poor and powerless curé of Saint-Jean's, standing between the fol-

* Saint-Jacques's was the Saint-Denys, the Westminster of the trades' corporations, (*confréries*;) it was the ambition of the butchers and armorers to be buried there. The first benefactor, or rather, benefactress of this church, was a female who had carried on the trade of dyeing. The butchers enriched it. These rude men loved their church. We see by the charters that the butcher, Alain, purchased a skylight (*lucarne*) in it, in order that he might see the celebration of the mass from his own house. The butcher, Haussecul, paid a large sum of money for the privilege of having a key to the church.—This church, lying between Notre-Dame and St. Martin's, which both laid claim to it, was exceedingly independent, and constituted a redoubtable asylum, not to be violated with impunity. It was this induced the crafty Flamel, who exercised his profession of writer or copyist, without belonging to, or authority from the university, to sit down under the shadow of Saint-Jacques, where he could be protected by the curé of that day, a man of consideration, clerk (*greffier*) to the parliament, and who enjoyed the cure, though not a priest, (see the letters of Clemengis.) Flamel squatted there for thirty years, in a stall five feet long and three wide; and thrived so well by his labor, ready ingenuity, and underhand practices, that, at his death, it took a chest larger than his stall to hold the title-deeds of his property. Beginning, with his pen and a fine handwriting as his sole capital, he married an old woman with some money. Under cover of one trade, he drove on many. While copying out the beautiful manuscripts which we still admire, it is probable that in this quarter, inhabited by rich, ignorant butchers, Lombards, and Jews, he contrived to get many other documents written. Work, too, would be brought him by a curé, who was *greffier* to the parliament. The value of instruction beginning to be felt, the lords to whom he sold his beautiful manuscripts employed him to teach their children. He bought a few houses. At first, worth little on account of the flight of the Jews and the general misery, these houses gradually rise in value. The tide setting in from the country to Paris, Flamel turned the times to account. He converted these houses into lodging-houses, (hospitia, hospices;) letting them out at moderate rents. The gains which thus came in to him from so many sources, gave rise to the saying, that he could make gold. He let them say so, and, perhaps, favored the report, in order to increase the sale of his books. However, occult arts were not without their danger, and hence Flamel's unceasing anxiety to placard his piety on the doors of churches; where he was ever seen, carved in basso-relievo, kneeling together with his wife, Pernelle, before the cross. And, in this, he found a double advantage: he sanctified his fortune, and increased it by giving publicity to his name. See the learned and ingenious abbé Vilain's *Histoire de Saint-Jacques la Boucherie*, 1758, and his *Histoire de Nicolas Flamel*, 1761.—See, too, further on.

† Lebeuf, *Histoire du Diocèse de Paris*, t. i. p. 137, et

§ Félien, *Preuves*, part i. pp. 296-7.

lies of the parish of Saint-Paul, and the violence of that of Saint-Jacques, censured the princes on the one hand, attacked the butchers on the other, and wrote against the dangerous material sciences which were silently undermining Christianity,—against astrology and alchemy.

His task was a difficult one, for the enemy was powerful. Nature, and natural sciences, kept in check by the spirit of Christianity, were about to have their *revival*, (*renaissance*.)

This dangerous power, long a captive in the crucibles and matrices of the disciples of Averroës, and transformed and spiritualized* as it were by Arnaud de Villeneuve, was still repressed in the thirteenth century; in the fifteenth it flamed forth. . . .

How pale did the old eristicism grow before this dazzling apparition; that eristicism which had wholly occupied man, then left him wholly void. In the interlude of spiritual life, eternal nature revives, ever young and charming, takes possession of sinking man, and draws him to her bosom.

She returns after Christianity, and in Christianity's despite, returns in the guise of a sin; with added charms, and more provocative to the senses on that very account. As yet not understood, and being, not science, but magic, she exercises a murderous fascination over man. The finite hurries to lose itself in the infinitely varied charm of nature; giving, and giving again, without reckoning its gifts: she, lovely and unchangeable, ever receives and smiles.

She must have all. The alchemist, growing old in his pursuit of gold, and meager and pale over his crucible, will puff on at his bellows to the last. He will burn his moveables, his books; he will burn his children; . . . others will track nature in her more seductive forms, and will languish in pursuit of beauty. But beauty takes wings as gold does; each of her graceful appearances eludes man's grasp, and vain and empty, thoroughly vain as she is, she does not the less bear off the richest gifts of his being. . . .

So does insatiable, indefatigable nature, triumph over ephemeral being. She absorbs its life, its strength; resumes it; resumes man and his desire within herself, and resolves love and lover in her eternal chemistry.

And if life does not fail, and only the soul gives way, the evil is aggravated. All of life man then enjoys, is the consciousness of his death. Having destroyed his internal divinity, he feels himself abandoned by God, and as if alone passed over by his all-embracing providence.

Alone . . . in the middle age, one was not long alone. At such a moment the devil quickly steals in, in place of God. The prostrate soul is a plaything for him which he turns and bandies to and fro . . . and this poor soul is so

* See his works, printed at Lyons, 1504, and his *Life*, (by Haitze,) Aix, 1719.

sick, that it chooses to remain sick, digging its own mischief, and exploring for evil enjoyments—*mala mentis gaudia*. Lured by foolish beliefs, beguiled by darkling lights, led from one side to the other by vain curiosity, she gropes her way in the night; she fears, and she seeks. . . .

'Tis a strange epoch; where all is denied, yet all believed. A feverish atmosphere of skepticism¹ superstition envelopes the gloomy towns; its shadow increasing in their narrow streets, while their fog is thickened by the smoke sent up by alchemy and deeds of darkness. The oblique casements cast sidelong looks. The black mud of the crossways oozes with evil words. All day long the doors are shut; but they well knew how to open at night to receive the man of evil, the Jew, the sorcerer, the assassin.

Expectation, then, is on the lookout; for what? None know. But nature gives warning; the elements seem changed. For a moment, the report ran, in Charles the Sixth's day, that the rivers were poisoned.* Vague thoughts of crime preoccupied all minds.

CHAPTER III.

MADNESS OF CHARLES VI.—A. D. 1392–1400.

THE story of these brutal times, which is about to bring under our notice so many proud, bold crimes that affront the light of day, begins with a villanous night crime, an ambushade. This was an attack of expiring feudality upon feudal right, traitorously made by an *arrière-vassal* on his suzerain's officer, and in the very palace of his suzerain; and, to aggravate the crime, the assassin had chosen the *Fête-Dieu* as the day on which to strike his blow.

The *Marmousets*, the little become masters of the great, were mortally hated; Clisson, in addition, was feared. In France, he was constable, the king's sword against the barons; in Brittany, on the contrary, he was leader of the barons against the duke. Closely allied with the houses of Penthièvre and of Anjou, he only waited his opportunity to expel this duke, and dismiss him to his friends, the English. The duke, who knew Clisson thoroughly, lived in constant fear of him, and dreamed only of the terrible man with one eye,† could never forgive himself for having had his enemy in his hands, having held him, and not having had the courage to make way with him. Now, there was one who had an interest in Clisson's death,

having every thing to fear from the constable and the house of Anjou. This was an Angevin lord, Pierre de Craon, who, by his theft of the treasures of the duke of Anjou, his master, during his Neapolitan expedition, was the cause of his perishing unsuccored.* His widow never lost sight of this man; and Clisson, the ally of the house of Anjou, never met the thief without treating him as he deserved.

These two fears, these two hates, came to an understanding. Craon promised the duke of Brittany to rid him of Clisson. Returning secretly to Paris, he entered the city by night—the gates being constantly open since the punishment of the *Maillotins*. He filled his hôtel in the market Saint-Jean with cut-throats; and here they waited many days, with doors and windows closed. At last, on the 13th of June, the *Fête-Dieu*, a grand gala being given in the hôtel Saint-Paul, with jousts, supper, and dances till after midnight, the constable returned from it almost alone to his hôtel, rue de Paradis. The vast and silent Marais, desert enough now, was much more so then; great hôtels, gardens, and convents, being scattered here and there over it. Craon stationed himself on horseback with forty bandits, at the corner of the rue Sainte-Catherine. On Clisson's coming up, they extinguish their torches and fall upon him. At first the constable took it to be a freak of the king's younger brother; but Craon would add to death the bitter pang of letting him know by whose hand he died. "I am your enemy," he cried, "I am Pierre de Craon." The constable, who had no other weapon than a small cutlass, defended himself as well as he could; but, at length, a blow on the head felled him, and, in falling, he luckily struck against a half-open door—a baker's, who was heating his oven, the night being far advanced. He had fallen, head-foremost, half into the shop, so that to complete the murder it would have been necessary to enter it. But not one of the forty durst alight; and preferring to believe that the deed was done, they escaped, full gallop, through the gate Saint-Antoine.†

The news was instantly brought to the king, who had retired to bed. He would not wait to dress himself; but throwing a cloak over him, hurried off, without waiting for his attendants. He found the constable come to himself, and promised to avenge him, swearing that nothing should ever be more dearly paid.

Meanwhile, the murderer had secreted himself in his castle of Sablé au Maine; and then in some nook of Brittany. The king's uncles, who were overjoyed at the event, and who had had some intimation of it beforehand, to put off the king and gain time, asserted that Craon was

* According to the Benedictine chronicler, it was still the Dominicans who were accused of this crime: "They knew not the poisoners; but they knew that they wore a *white* dress, like monks, under a long, black gown." *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, t. i. l. xi. c. 5, p. 684.

† He had lost an eye in the battle of Auray, in 1364.

* The duke de Berri accosted him one day—"Wicked traitor, thou wert the cause of our brother's death," and gave orders to arrest him; but no one obeyed. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, t. i. l. x. c. 7, p. 340.

† Froissart, t. xii. pp. 358, 359; and t. xiii. p. 58, ed. Buchon.

in Spain. But the king was not to be deceived; it was the duke of Brittany whom he desired to punish. This duke was far off; and was only to be come at in his poor, rude country, through the forests of Mans, Vitré, and of Rennes. The king's uncles were obliged to support him with their vassals, that is, to aid in punishing the crime of their friends, if not their own;* and the king, at a loss how to put an end to their repugnance and delays, went to the length of restoring the duke de Berri that Languedoc which he had on such just grounds deprived him of.†

He was languishing, sick with impatience. A short time previously he had been attacked with a raging fever, from which he had not yet quite recovered. Something wild and strange was observable in him. His uncles wanted him to take care of himself, keep quiet, and abstain from attending the council; but they could not overrule him. He was on horseback in spite of them, and led them as far as Mans; where they managed to detain him three weeks. At last, believing himself to be better, he would listen to no dissuasion, and ordered his standard to be unfurled.

Summer was at its height—the burning days and heavy heats of August. The king was buried in a dress of black velvet, and his head loaded with a scarlet hood, likewise of velvet. The princes sullenly lagged behind him, leaving him alone, in order, as they said, that he might be less incommoded with dust. Alone, he traversed the wearisome forests of Maine, stunted and affording no shade; alone, the sultry heaths and dazzling mirages of the southern sand. It was also in a forest, but how different! that twelve years before he had encountered the marvellous stag, a rencontre so full of favorable augury. He was then young, full of hope, his heart beating high, and ready for great thoughts. But how far below had he fallen! Out of the kingdom, he had failed everywhere,

tried every thing, missed all. Even in the kingdom, was he really king? Why, every one, princes, clergy, and university, had set upon his counsellors. The last insult had been offered him, his constable had been slain; and no one stirred. In such a case, a simple gentleman would have had the offer of their swords from twenty friends. The king's very relatives had not stepped forward. They had waited until summoned to discharge their fendal service, and then haggled about it: he had to pay them beforehand, and distribute provinces to them, as Languedoc, and the duchy of Orléans. His brother, the newly-made duke of Orléans, was a handsome young prince, possessing but too much spirit and audacity, and who flattered all who came near him: he had just placed among his fleurs de lys, the beauteous snake of Milan*—thus he had near him no firm friend or sure dependence. Men who had not feared to attack his constable at his very gate, would not be over-scrupulous about laying hands on him. He was alone among traitors. . . . What, however, had he done, to be thus hated by all, he, who hated none, but rather loved all the world? His desires were for the alleviation of his people's burdens—at the least, his heart was good; and this all the right-minded knew full well.

As he was traversing a forest on this wise, a man of strange and uncouth appearance, whose only garment was a sorry jacket of white russet, suddenly rushed out from among the trees, and seized the bridle of the king's horse, screaming out—"Stop, noble king, go no further, for thou art betrayed." He was forced to let go his hold of the reins, but was suffered to follow and cry out after the king for half an hour.

It was noon when he was clear of the forest, and the king then entered upon an extensive sandy plain, with a burning sun right above his head. All suffered from the heat. A page who bore the king's lance fell asleep upon his horse, and the lance slipping out of his hand, struck the king's helmet, which was carried by another page. At this clash and glimmer of steel, the king gives a convulsive start, draws his sword, and clapping spurs to his horse, cries out, "Forward, forward on these traitors, who seek to give me up!" He fell with his drawn sword on the duke of Orléans, who effected his escape; but the king had time to kill four men before he was secured.† They were obliged to let him tire himself out; and then one of his knights came behind him, and seized him in his

* They were not long in obtaining Craon's pardon, (March 13, 1395.) Letters of grace granted to Pierre de Craon:—"By our command and ordinance he has been to the Holy Sepulchre, and since, by our permission and license, and under our safe conduct, has come into our kingdom, and abided about a month and a half in the abbey of Saint-Denis, in the hope of arranging terms of peace and agreement with the said lord de Clignon . . . and has, besides, been lately banished our kingdom: and has, too, been cast at the suit of our very dear and well-beloved aunt, the queen of Sicily, by decree of our parliament, through the which banishment and other sentences, he, his wife, and children are altogether reduced to want and penury . . . inasmuch that they have been obliged . . . to apply for the means of living to their relatives and friends. . . . Being willing in this case to prefer pity and mercy to the rigor of justice, and in order to pleasure our very dear and well-beloved daughter Isabel, queen of England, who . . . on the day of her betrothal has besought us, and in consideration of the said petitioner's being of our lineage, We, on sound and ripe deliberation with our very dear and well-beloved uncles and brother . . ." *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 37.

† I follow, step by step, the Religieux de Saint-Denis. This grave historian is deserving of the more attention here, since he accompanied the army, and was an eye-witness of the occurrences he describes. Froissart's testimony is of much less importance; and that of Juvénal inferior to his, except where he follows the Religieux.

* He had just married a daughter of the duke of Milan's, on whose arms was a snake.

† Quemdam abjectissimum virum obviam habuit, qui eum teruit vehementer. Is nec minis nec terroribus potuit cohiberi, quin regi pertranseuntē terribiliter clamando fere per dimidium horam hæc verba reiteraret: "Non progrediar ulterius, insignis rex, quia cito perdetus es." Cui cito assensit ejus imaginatio jam turbata. . . . Hoc furore perdurante, viros quatuor occidit, cum quodam insigni milite dicto de Polegnac de Vasconia, ex furtivo tamen concubitu oriundo. *Le Religieux de Saint-Denis*, folio 189, MS.

arms. He was disarmed, dismounted, and gently laid on the ground. His eyes rolled strangely in his head; he recognised no one, and did not utter a word. His uncles and brother came round him; and none were hindered from approaching and seeing. Among the rest, the English ambassadors came to where he was lying, which gave general discontent; and the duke of Burgundy, in particular, stormed at the chamberlain, La Rivière, for having allowed the enemies of France to see the king in this state.

When he came a little to himself, and knew what he had done, he was horrified, sought pardon, and confessed himself. His uncles took all into their own hands, and threw La Rivière and his other counsellors into prison. Clisson alone escaped. However, the king forbade them to be hurt, and even had their property restored to them.*

The royal patient had no scarcity of physicians; but they did not do much. At that early period medicine was, as it has remained to this day, materialist; caring for the body without thinking of the mind, and attempting to cure the physical without investigating the moral evil; which, however, is commonly the primary cause of the other. The middle age had acted on quite a contrary system, knowing little of material remedies; but being marvellously skilled to sooth, to *charm* the patient, and prepare him for the working of a cure. The art of physic was conducted Christianly, and practised at the holy water-vessels of the churches.† Frequently, the patient was first made to confess himself, and a knowledge of his life and habits was thus arrived at. Then, the communion was administered to him; which assisted in composing his troubled mind. When the patient had overcome his passions and bad habits, had put aside the old Adam, then some remedy was applied; generally, some absurd prescription, but, with one so well prepared, any thing succeeded. In the fourteenth century, these preliminary precautions were no longer understood; the body was at once, and brutally attacked: it was put to the torture. The king, soon sick of treatment of the kind, in a lucid interval dismissed his physicians.

His courtiers persuaded him to seek his cure in amusements and festivals; to cure madness by folly. A happy occasion presented itself; the queen was about to celebrate the marriage of one of her German ladies, a widow. The weddings of widows were considered *charivaris*, mad fêtes, at which it was allowable to do and say any thing. In order to exceed, if possible, the customary license, the king and five knights disguised themselves as satyrs. The inventor

and arranger of obscene absurdities of the kind, was one Hugues de Guisay, a loose character, one of those wretches who sprout up into something by amusing the great and trampling upon the little. He dressed up these satyrs in cloth smeared with resin, on which was stuck a thick covering of tow, to make them resemble goats. While the king, thus disguised, teases his young aunt, the infantile wife of the aged duke de Berri, his brother, the duke of Orléans, who had been passing the evening elsewhere, returns, along with the count de Bar, and these thoughtless youths take it into their heads, in order to frighten the ladies, to set fire to the tow: in an instant, the satyrs were one flame. The linen or cloth dresses on which the tow had been fastened with resin, had been sewn on their bodies—there was no saving them. It was a horrible sight to see these living, howling flames running madly about the hall. . . . Luckily, the young duchess de Berri laid hold of the king, prevented his stirring, and rolled her robe round him, so that no spark could fall upon him. The others were half an hour burning, and then lingered three days before they were released from their suffering.*

Had not the king escaped, the princes had every thing to fear: the people would have torn them to pieces. When the news of the accident was rumored through the town, there was a general outburst of indignation and of pity. The honest burgesses of Paris shuddered as they thought of their innocent and simple king having been left to the chance of follies of the kind, exposed to such a risk, and so nearly included in this terrible visitation of God's vengeance on such shameful scenes, and more than five hundred of them repaired in a body to the hôtel Saint-Paul: nor could they be quieted until shown their king under his royal dais, when he thanked them for this proof of attachment in gracious terms.

A shock of the kind could not fail to bring on a relapse. It was a violent one. He took it into his head that he was not married, and had no child. Another notion of his, and not the maddest, was that he insisted upon his no longer being himself, upon his not being Charles or a king. If he noticed lilies on the casements or the walls, he would mock at them, dance before them, dash them to shivers, or efface them. "My name is George," he would cry; "my arms are a lion transfixed by a sword."†

* The deviser of the masquerade was one of those who were burnt, to the great joy of the people. He had always treated the lower orders with the most cruel insolence, beating them like dogs, forcing them to bark, trampling them under foot with his spurs, and when his body was borne along the streets of Paris, many called out after it in the words common to his mouth—"Bark, dog!" *Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 202.*

† Non solum se uxorum liberosque genuisse denegabat, imo suimet et tituli regni Franciæ oblitus, se non nominari Carolum, nec deferre lilia asserebat; et quotiens arma sua vel reginæ exarata vasis aureis vel alicubi videbat, ea indignatissime deiebat. *Idem, ann. 1393, folio 207.*—Arma propria et reginæ si in vitreis vel parietibus exarata vel depicta percepisset, inhoneste et displicenter saltando hæc

* Such humanity was far from being understood. The Parisians went every day to the Grève in the hope of seeing them hung:—*Multis diebus incolæ Parisiensis ad communem platform ad hoc aptam convenerunt. Idem, folio 192.*

† See Lebeuf, *Histoire du Diocèse de Paris*, t. i. p. 15, for Notre-Dame, and p. 19 or 20 for the church of Saint-Jean-le-Rond.

Women alone retained any influence over him; with the exception of the queen, whom he now could not endure. A woman had saved him from a fiery death. But she who had most power over him was his sister-in-law, Valentina, duchess of Orléans. He could recognise her, and address her as his "Dear sister." He insisted on seeing her daily; could not bear her to be absent; and, if she did not come to him, would go to her. This young wife, already deserted by her husband, had a singular attraction for the poor madman: they were both unhappy. She alone could manage to make him listen, and he would heed her words: she was to him his reason.

No one, that I am aware, has yet satisfactorily explained the phenomena of infatuation, of that strange fascination which is allied to, but which still is not love. It is not exercised by persons only; places exert a kindred influence, as, for instance, that lake from which Charlemagne is said to have been unable to divert his eyes. If nature, if mute forests, if cold waters, captivate and fascinate us, what must it be when woman is the charmer? What power must she not exercise over the suffering soul, which seeks from her the charm of solitary conversations, and of voluptuous compassion?

Sweet, but dangerous medicine, which soothes, but troubles. The people, who judge grossly, and who judge well, felt that the remedy was itself an evil. This Visconti,* they said, come from the land of poisoning and sorcery, has bewitched the king. . . . And, indeed, there might be enchantment in the words of the Italian, and subtle poison in the glance of this lady of the South.

A better remedy for mental trouble, a wiser means of restoring the equilibrium of our moral powers, is to resort to the supreme source of peace, and take refuge in God. The king vowed himself to St. Denys, and made an offering to him of a large golden shrine. He was taken to Brittany, on the melancholy pilgrimage to Mont-Saint-Michel, *in periculo maris*; and some time afterwards to the horrid volcanic mountains of Puy en Velay. He was also induced to issue severe ordinances against the blasphemers, the Jews.† This time, at least, they were better treated than had been their fate before, for, though expelled the kingdom, they were suffered to take their property with them. By another ordinance, condemned criminals were allowed to have a confessor, so that while the body was killed, the soul at least might be saved. All sports were prohibited, with the exception of the useful exercise of the

crossbow. One of the king's daughters was offered up to the Virgin, and vowed a nun from her birth. It was hoped that this innocent being would be accepted in expiation of her father's sins, and obtain his cure.

Of all the good works of kings, peace is the most kindly: so judged St. Louis.* Kings are only here below, in order to preserve God's peace. It was generally believed that the house of France had incurred this severe visitation in the person of the monarch, by having introduced war and schism into the Christian world. Peace, then, was the remedy—peace in the Church, between Rome and Avignon, by the cession of the two popes; peace in Christendom, between France and England, by a fair treaty between the two sovereigns and a spirited crusade against the Turk. This was the consummation universally desired, and given utterance to aloud in the sermons of the preachers, and in the harangues of the university, whispered with tears in the prayers of the wretched, and which was the common family prayer which mothers taught of an evening to their little children.

See with what impulsive joy Jean Gerson celebrates this great gift of peace, in one of those moments of hope when it was believed that both popes would retire. His sermon is more hymn than sermon. The ardent preacher turns poet, and rhymes without knowing it; no doubt, these rhymes were eagerly caught up, and sung by the excited multitude that heard them:—

"Allons, allons, sans attarder,
Allons de paix le droit sentier . . .
Grâces à Dieu, honneur et gloire,
Quand il nous a donné victoire.†

"Let us lift up our hearts, oh, devout Christian people! let us cast aside all other care, and give ourselves up at present to the contemplation of the glorious gift of coming peace. How often have we, for nearly thirty years, ardently besought and sighed for peace! *Veniat pax!*"‡

The kings were easier to reconcile than the popes. The English did not desire peace,§

* See his beautiful words on this subject, in his Instruction to his son:—"Dear son, I exhort you to labor to compose whatever wars and dissensions may arise in thy territories, or betwixt thy people; for it is highly acceptable to our Lord; and messire Saint-Martin has set us a fine example of this, for, when warned by our Lord that he was about to die, he set off to restore peace among the clerks of his archbishopric, conceiving that he would depart this life becomingly so occupied."

† "Forward, forward, without delay, Forward in the straight path of peace. . . . Give thanks, honor, and glory to God, for he has given us victory."

‡ However, Gerson still doubts. If the cession be effected, it will be God's gift, not man's work; there are too many examples of human frailty to expect otherwise; as Ajax Cato, Medea, even the angels "who fell from heaven;" lastly the apostles, and especially St. Peter, "who at a silly woman's voice denied our Lord," (qui à la voix d'une femmelette renya Notre-Seigneur.) Gerson, édition de Du Pin, t. iv. p. 567.

§ See, as regards previous negotiations, from 1380, the Journey of Nicolas de Bosc, bishop of Bayeux, printed in the *Voyage Littéraire de Deux Bénédictins, Second Part*, pp. 307-360.

delebat, asserens se Georgium vocari, et in armis leonem gladio transformatum se deferre.—They were obliged to wall up all the entrances into the hôtel St. Paul. *Idem*, ann. 1395, folio 292.

* Thus the influence of Diana of Poitiers over Henri II. was attributed to a talisman she was supposed to possess. Guibert, Description de Fontainebleau, t. ii. p. 58.

† Ordonnances, t. viii. p. 130, May 7th, 1397; t. vii. p. 675, September 17th, 1394.

but their king did ; at least, he signed a truce for twenty-eight years, (A. D. 1396.) Richard II., hated by his subjects, needed the friendship of France. He married a daughter of Charles's,* with the enormous dowry of eight hundred thousand crowns;† but he restored Brest and Cherbourg.

This happy peace left the nobles of France at liberty to prosecute their long-cherished design of another crusade. War with the infidels, was peace among Christians. There was no longer any need of going far for a crusade ; it came to our own doors. The Turks were on the advance ; they had surrounded Constantinople, and were grasping Hungary. The rapid conqueror, Bajazet, the *Lightning*, (Hilderim,) had sworn, it was said, to give his horse a feed of oats on St. Peter's altar at Rome. A host of barons started on this expedition—the constable, four princes of the blood, and many men of high reputation, the admiral de Vienne, the lords de Couci and de Boucicaut. The ambitious duke of Burgundy got his son, the duke de Nevers, a young man of twenty-two, appointed leader of these old and experienced captains.‡ Numbers of young lords, who were now about to see service for the first time, lavished immense sums to make an insensate display ; their banners, ensigns, horse-cloths, were covered with gold and silver, their tents of green satin. Their silver-plate followed them in baggage-carts ; while boats, filled with choice wines, fell down the Danube. The camp of these crusaders swarmed with women.

And now, during all this time, what had been done in the business of the schism ? Let us go back a little.

The princes had long turned the division in the Church to their own profit—first, the duke of Anjou, then the duke of Berri. The popes of Avignon, the servile tools of these princes, bestowed benefices on their creatures solely. The priests were suffered to wander about, and perish of hunger. The fellows of the university, her most learned alumni, and most eloquent doctors, remained forgotten at Paris, starving in some garret.§

At length, however, when the Church was nearly ruined, and abuses became less lucrative, the princes deigned to lend an ear to the complaints of this learned corporation, which, emboldened by the abasement of the popes, usurped supreme authority, and laid claim, as of

divine right, not only to the office of instruction, but to those of correction and censure—of censure, to use the phraseology of the time,* *et doctrinaliter et judicialiter*, (both doctrinally and judicially.) She summoned all her members to consult on the great question of the union of the Church ; and they all voted, from the greatest to the least among them. A coffer was opened at the church des Mathurins ; into which the least of the *poor masters* of the Sorbonne, and the most squalid of the *cappets* of Montaigu, cast his vote. Ten thousand votes were thrown in ; but these ten thousand were reducible to three opinions—a compromise between the two popes, mutual cession, or a general council for the decision of the question. Of these, a cession seemed the preferable ; and was supposed to be all the easier to be effected, inasmuch as Clement VII. had just died. The king wrote to the cardinals to suspend all election ; but they kept his letters by them unopened, and proceeded to elect a successor. Their choice fell on Pietro della Luna, Benedict XIII., who, it is true, had promised to do his utmost for the union of the Church, and to cede if required.†

To persuade him to abide by his promise, the most solemn embassy was sent him that ever pope received. The dukes of Berri, Burgundy, and Orléans, repaired to him at Orléans, together with a doctor deputed by the university of Paris. The latter harangued the pope with the utmost freedom, taking the text, "Enlighten, great God, those who ought to guide us, and who are themselves in the darkness and shadow of death." The pope spoke admirably, replying with much presence of mind and eloquence : he protested that union was his dearest wish. He was an able man ; but having all the obstinacy and craft of his countrymen, the Aragonese. He trifled with the princes, and wore out their patience ; fatiguing them with learned harangues, discourses, answers, and replies, when, as he was reminded, all required of him was one little word—Cession.‡ Then, when he found them weary, discouraged, and thoroughly disgusted, he got rid of them by a bold stroke. The princes had not taken up their abode at Avignon, but at Villeneuve, on the opposite side of the river ; and they daily crossed the bridge over the Rhône as they repaired to their conferences with the pope. One morning the bridge was found burnt down ; and the passage across by boat was both tedious and dangerous. The pope promised to rebuild the bridge ;§ but the princes lost all patience, and

* The young Isabella was but seven years of age. Richard declared that he had fallen in love with her on seeing her portrait. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 294.

† She brought with her, besides, a large number of valuables. See two inventories of the jewels, gold and silver plate, robes, tapestry, and divers articles of dress for "Madame Isabeau," as well as for her room, chapel, stable, pantry, fruitery, kitchen, &c. Nov. 1396, and the 23d of July, 1400. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 643.

‡ Compare the account of this crusade, given by our national historians, with that of the Hungarian and German writers, cited by Hammer in his History of the Ottoman Empire.

§ We shall analyze, further on, the terrible pamphlet of Clemengis.

* See Du Boulay, *Historia Universitatis*, t. iv. p. 896.

† Consult with regard to these proceedings, but with some mistrust, the account hostile to the pope, found in the Acts of the Council of Pisa. Concilia, ed. Labbe et Cossart, 1671, t. xi. part ii. col. 2172, et seqq.

‡ In scriptis redigi non indigebat, cum solum cessionem, vel bisyllabam vocem, contineret. *Religieux de Saint-Denis* MS. folio 254.

§ "It being commonly reported that the pope had ordered the bridge to be broken down in contempt of the princes,

left the Aragonese master of the field of battle. The peace of the Church was deferred to a far distant day.

The proceedings relative to Turkey and England turned out no better.

On Christmas night, (Dec. 25th, 1396,) in the midst of the festivities of this great holiday, as all the princes were assembled at the hôtel Saint-Paul, a knight entered, booted and spurred,* and kneeling before the king, announced that he came from the duke de Nevers, who was the prisoner of the Turks. The whole army had perished. Out of so many thousand men, only twenty-eight were left—the greatest of the barons, whom the Turks had spared for the sake of their ransom.

There was no cause to be surprised at this disastrous result; which could not fail to overtake the mad presumption of the crusaders. They would not even believe that the Turks would wait for them. Bajazet was only six leagues off, when the marshal, Boucicaud, cut off the ears of his impertinent reconnoiterers, who asserted that the infidel rabble had the audacity to be on the march to meet him.†

The king of Hungary, who had learned the Turkish mode of warfare to his cost, prayed the crusaders to leave his Hungarians in the van, opposing thus light troops to light troops, and to keep themselves in reserve: this was also the advice of the lord de Coucy. But the rest would not listen for a moment. The vanguard was the post of honor for knights; and, spurring to the van, they charged, and at first bore down all before them. Behind the first lines of the enemy they encountered others; and bore down these too. They even broke the ranks of the Janizaries.‡ But when, pursuing their success, they had crowned the brow of an eminence in front, and beheld drawn up on the other side a reserve of forty thousand men, and saw, at the same time, the great wings of the Turkish army wheeling round so as to enclose them, a moment of panic terror ensued, the great body of the crusaders broke up and fled, the knights alone bore up: they might, indeed, have fallen back upon the Hungarians, who were yet behind them in unbroken array, but after their bravadoes they would have felt ashamed; they charged the Turks, and were nearly all slain.

When the sultan saw the field of battle, and the wholesale massacre that his troops had sustained, he shed tears, (of rage?) and ordering all his prisoners to be led before him, had either their heads struck off or brains beaten out; they were ten thousand in number.§ He only

spared the duke de Nevers and twenty-four of the high barons; who were compelled to witness this horrible butchery.

As soon as the misfortune was known, and the danger in which the duke de Nevers still stood, the king of France and the duke of Burgundy endeavored to propitiate the cruel sultan by rich presents—a gold comfit-box, (*drageoir*), Norway hawks, Reims linens, and Arras tapestry representing the actions of Alexander the Great. The two hundred thousand ducats required for ransom were quickly collected. Bajazet, in his turn, sent presents to the French king, but conveying an insolent and scornful meaning—an iron mace, a Turkish quilted surcoat, a drum, and bows, the strings of which were made of human entrails.* To crown the insult, he summoned his prisoners before their departure, and, directing his speech to the duke de Nevers, addressed him in the following rude strain:†—"John, I am well informed that in thy country thou art a great lord, and son to a powerful prince. Thou art young, and hast many years to look forward; and, as thou mayest be blamed for the ill-success of thy first attempt in arms, thou mayest, perchance, to shake off this imputation and regain thy honor, collect a powerful army to lead against me, and offer battle. If I feared thee, I would make thee swear, and likewise thy companions, by thy religion and by thine honor, that neither thou nor they would ever bear arms against me. But no: I will not demand such an oath; on the contrary, I shall be glad that when thou art returned to thy country, it please thee to assemble an army, and lead it hither. Thou wilt always find me prepared, and ready to meet thee in the field of battle. What I now say, do thou repeat to any Christian, for I say it to all. I am born ever to make war, and ever to conquer."

It was a deep disgrace to the kingdom, and one general mourning. There were few noble families but what had lost one of their members. The churches resounded with masses for the dead; and mourning habits met the eye at every turn.

Scarcely had this great grief been got over, before king and kingdom had another to bear. Charles VI.'s son-in-law, the king of England, Richard II., was, to the great astonishment of all, dethroned in a few days by his cousin Bolingbroke, son of the duke of Lancaster. Richard was friendly to France. His terrible end, and the usurpation of the house of Lancaster, led the way to Henry V. and the battle of Agincourt.

We shall speak elsewhere, and at length, of this ambitious house of Lancaster, and of the deep-laid schemes by which, having missed the throne of Castile, it suborned the crown

many of the courtiers endeavored to persuade them to take vengeance for the insult." Ibid. folio 264.

* Froissart, t. xiii. c. 52, 35, p. 415, ed. Buchon.

† *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 353.

‡ Hammer, *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, trad. de M. Heibert, t. i. p. 333.

§ Narrative of the Bavarian, Schildberger, one of the prisoners, who was spared at the request of the sultan's son. Hammer, *ibidem*, p. 334.

* The *Religieux de Saint-Denis* adds—"And a horse with both its nostrils cut off, to improve its wind in the race." MS. folio 330.

† Froissart, b. ii. c. 90. Amurath, (Bajazet,) says Froissart, spoke through an interpreter.

of England.* A word only as to the catastrophe.

However blind and violent Richard might have been, his death was deplored. He was the son of the Black Prince, and had been born in Guyenne, on conquered land, and during the full-blown insolence of the victories of Crécy and of Poitiers. He had his father's courage: he proved it in the great revolt of 1380, when he repressed the tumultuary spirit of the people, who were for cutting off the nobility. He could not brook to become the slave of those whom he had saved; of the barons and bishops, of his uncles, who privily encouraged them. He plunged into a deadly struggle with both: provoked by the *pitiless* parliament, which executed his favorites, he became pitiless in his turn; he put his uncle, Gloucester, to death, and banished the son of his other uncle, Lancaster. This was playing double or quits. But his violence seemed justified by the public degeneracy. He found friends eager to betray friends; informers and false witnesses abounded, each strove to wash himself clean in the blood of another.† Richard grew heart-sick; and conceived such a contempt for man, that he thought he could never trample the clod too much under foot. He presumed so far as to declare seventeen counties guilty of treason, and forfeit to the crown; condemning an entire population in the mass, in order to hold it to ransom in detail, making pardon a matter of debtor and creditor, selling people back their own property, and trucking in iniquity. This act of daring madness, which exceeded all the madresses of Charles VI., ruined Richard. The English licked his hands as long as he was content with shedding blood: as soon as he touched their goods, their sacro-sanct ark,—property, they called in the son of Lancaster.‡

The latter was encouraged, one while by Orléans, one while by Burgundy, who, no doubt, desired the triumph of a younger branch, by way of precedent. He crossed over into England, hypocritically giving out that he only sought his paternal inheritance. But even if it had been his wish to limit his views to this, he would not have been permitted. His countrymen flocked to him in crowds, as they have so

often done*—to York, to Warwick, to Edward IV., and to William. Richard found himself alone: all deserted him, even to his dog.† The earl of Northumberland amused him by oaths, kissed him, and delivered him up. Led to meet his rival on an old broken-down horse, drenched with insults,‡ but firm, he submitted with dignity to God's judgment, and abdicated.§ Lancaster was forced by his friends to mount the throne, and forced, to secure their safety, to suffer them to murder Richard.||

The king's son-in-law gone, the English alliance and the safety of France went with him. The crusade had failed: the Turks might ad-

* "The English custom is, when they have gained the battle, to put none to death, particularly of the common sort, for they know that all will seek to do their will, because they are the strongest." Commynes, l. iii. c. 5.

† "I heard of a singular circumstance that happened, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound called Math, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice or follow any one but the king. Whenever the king rode abroad, the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two fore-feet on his shoe's laces. It fell out, that as the king and the duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied, but instead of running as usual to the king, he left him, and leaped to the duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he was formerly used to caress the king. The duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the king the meaning of this fondness, saying, 'What does this mean?' 'Cousin,' replied the king, 'it means a great deal for you, and very little for me.' 'How?' said the duke: 'Pray explain it.' 'I understand by it,' answered the king, 'that this greyhound fondles, and pays his court to you, this day, as king of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed, for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him. Keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me, and follow you.' The duke of Lancaster treasured up what the king had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men." Froissart, b. iv. c. 112.

‡ ("Abreuvé d'outrages"—peculiarities of this kind stamp the author's style, and I preserve them, as I have done with the familiar phrase—"playing double or quits," just above; and with numerous locutions that may seem to some beneath what critics have termed the *dignity* of historic narrative.)—TRANSLATOR.

§ See in the xivth volume of Buchon's edition of Froissart, the French poem on the deposition of Richard II., (pp. 322-466,) written by a French gentleman attached to his person.—See, also, the poem recently published by Mr. Thomas Wright—*Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of King Richard II.*—Richard Maydiston de concordia inter Ricardum II. et civitatem London, 1832.—The lamentation of Richard is very touching in *Jean de Vaurin*. "Ha, my lord Jean-Baptiste, my godfather, I saved him from the gibbet," &c. *Bibl. Royale*, MSS. 6756, t. iv. partie 2, folio 246.

|| "The king of England was advised by his council to be on his guard; for the French, they said, were making great preparations of ships at Harleux, and plainly showed that they were inclined for war. The count de Saint-Pol, and the lord Charles d'Albreth, were appointed commanders; and it was supposed, that if the earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury were alive, they would have crossed the sea, for they had many connections in England. They added, 'Sire, so long as Richard of Bordeaux lives, the country will never have peace.' 'I believe what you say may be true,' replied the king; 'but with regard to me, I will never put him to death; I have given him my word that no bodily harm shall befall him, and I will keep my promise until it shall appear that he enters into any plots against me.' 'Sire,' answered the knights, 'his death would be more to your advantage than his life; for so long as the French know he is alive, they will exert themselves to make war against you, in the hope of replacing him on the throne, on account of his having married the daughter of their king.' The king of England made no reply, but leaving them in conversation, went to his falconers, and placing a falcon on his wrist, forgot all in feeding him." Froissart, b. iv. c. 120.

* See the historians of the day—Walsingham, Knyghton, and, above all, the State papers.

† Shakspeare is guilty of no exaggeration in the scene in which the father hastens to denounce his son to the usurper, against whom he has just fought himself. This scene, horribly comic in its effect, expresses but too faithfully the fluctuating *loyalty* of that day, with its ready enthusiasm for the uppermost. Perhaps, too, we should recognise in it the ease with which men, who had taken so many conflicting oaths, imposed on themselves, until their hypocrisy would become a wild fanaticism. In all this, Shakspeare is as great an historian as Tacitus. But when Froissart describes king Richard's dog deserting its master to fawn on the conqueror, he is not less tragic than Shakspeare.

‡ At bottom, the Church had the principal share in this revolution. The house of Lancaster, which had at first supported Wickliff and the Lollards, afterwards conciliated the bishops, and succeeded through their instrumentality. Turner alone has clearly perceived this. I shall return to the subject.

vance. Christendom seemed irremediably divided; the schism incurable. Thus peace, which had dawned for a moment, was further off than ever. She could not compose the affairs of the world, as she did not dwell in men's hearts: never were they less pacific, more distracted and divided by pride, violent passions, and hates.

Vain were prayers to God for peace and the king's health: prayers stifled by reproaches and curses could not rise to the throne of grace. But, while addressing God, the devil was also tried. Offerings were made to the one, conjurations addressed to the other. Heaven and hell were implored at one and the same time.

A very extraordinary personage had been brought up from Languedoc, who watched and fasted like a saint, not by way of sanctification, but in order to acquire power over the elements, and submit the stars to his bidding. His science was contained in a wondrous book, called *Smagorad*; the original of which had been given to Adam.* Our first father, he said, having wept his son Abel a hundred years, God sent him this book by an angel to console him, to lift him up from his fall, and to give regenerate man power over the stars.

The book not succeeding with Charles VI. as well as it had done with Adam, recourse was had to two Gascons, hermits of St. Augustin. They were lodged in the Bastille close to the hôtel Saint-Paul, and supplied with all they required; among other things, with powdered pearls, of which they made a beverage for the king. This beverage, and the magic words which were to increase its efficacy, produced no lasting effect. To excuse themselves, the two monks accused the king's barber, and the porter (*concierger*) of the duke of Orléans, of having troubled their operations by spells. The barber had been seen, they said, prowling round a gibbet, to pick up ingredients for his sorceries. The monks, however, could prove nothing, and were sacrificed to the duke of Orléans and the clergy. They had caused great scandal. Crowds had come to consult them at the Bastille, and apply either for remedies for sickness or for love-charms. Their degradation was pronounced in the place du Grève by the bishop of Paris; and then they were paraded through the city, beheaded, quartered, and their bodies thus exposed piecemeal on the gates of Paris.†

The disease was aggravated by these wretched attempts at cure. The poor prince, after a fitful glimmer of reason, felt the approach of phrensy, and prayed his attendants to take his knife from him.‡ He suffered great agony, and

said, with tears in his eyes, that he would prefer death. All wept, too, when he was heard to say in the midst of his household, "If there be any one among you who is causing my sufferings, I beseech him, in our Lord's name, to torment me no further, to relieve me from this lingering pain; I would rather he would end me, and let me die at once."

Alas! said all good people, how is it that so gracious* a king is thus visited by God, and delivered up to evil spirits? He has never done any evil. He was not proud; he greeted all, little as well as great.† One could say to him what one liked. He rebuffed no one, even when most provoked; and though as susceptible to wrong as to kindness, was never hurried into abusive language. In tournaments he would joust with the first comer. He dressed simply; not like a king, but like a man. He was a rake, it is true; a lover of the sex. After all, he could not be accused of having carried trouble into honest families. When the queen would no longer sleep with him, a young girl was placed in his bed;‡ but she was well paid, and he never hurt her even in his most violent moments.

Ah! if his reason had been spared him, it would have been all the better for Paris and for the kingdom. As often as he came to himself, he endeavored to do some good, to remedy some evil. He tried to introduce order into the

illa die, quod sequenti luce, cum prefatum ducem et aulicos accessisset, eis lacrimabiliter fassus est, quod mortem avidius appetebat quam taliter cruciari, omnesque circumstantes movens ad lachrymas, pluries fertur dixisse: "Amore Jesu Christi, si sint aliqui consilii hujus mali, oro ut me non torquent amplius, sed cito diem ultimum faciant me signare." Ibidem. He ordered all belonging to the court to lay aside their knives as well.

* A remarkable instance of the mildness of his disposition is given by Le Religieux: "While on his journey . . . a youth . . . giving his horse the spur to make him prance, the animal flung out and kicked the king on the leg, so that the blood spouted forth. Then . . . as those who were by were about to punish him, the king taking him by the hand, and with soothing words," &c. Ibidem, p. 736.

† Tanta affabilitate preeminebat, ut etiam contemptibilibus personis ex improviso et nominatim salutationis dependere afflatus, et ad se ingredi volentibus vel occurrentibus passim mutua colloquutionis aut offerret ultro commercium aut postulantis non negaret. . . . Quamvis beneficiorum et injuriarum valde recolens, non tamen naturaliter neque magnis de causis sic ad iracundiam pronus fuit ut alicui contumelias aut impropria proferret. Carnis lubrico contra matrimonii honestatem dicitur laborasse, ita tamen ut nemini scandalum fieret, nulli vis, nulli enormis infligeretur injuria. Prædecessorum morem etiam non observans, raro et cum displicentia habitu regni, epitogio scilicet et talari tunica utebatur, sed indifferenter, ut decuriones ceteri, holoserici indutus, et nunc Boemannum nunc Alemannum se fingens, etiam . . . post unctionem susceptam hastiludia et joca militaria juxta sapienter exercebat. Ibidem, folio 141.

‡ "The daughter of a horse-dealer . . . who, indeed, was fitly remunerated, for she had two fair manors given her with all their appurtenances; one situated at Cretail, the other at Bagnolet: and she was commonly and openly called the *little queen*, and was long with him, and had a daughter by him, whom the king married to one Harpedenne, to whom he gave the lordship of Belleville in Poitou, and his daughter was styled the lady of Belleville, (domicella de Belleville.)"—I cannot find my authority for this note. I must have taken it either from the Religieux de Saint-Denis, or the MS. Dupuy, *Discours et Memoires Meslez*, cote, 488.

* This passage of the Religieux de Saint-Denis, can only be explained by reference to the writers who have treated of the Cabala. See the recent researches of M. Franck; remarkable for their precision and clearness.

† Religieux de Saint-Denis. MS. Baluze, folio 326.

‡ Sequenti die, mente se alienari sentiens, jussit sibi cultellum amoveri, et avunculo suo duci Burgundiam præcepit sic omnes facerent curiales. Tot angustiis pressus est

public accounts, and to revoke the gifts out of which he had been surprised in his fits of aberration. How could he be otherwise than full of kindly feelings to Christians, when he spared even the Jews on his banishing them the kingdom? . . .

Whatever state he might be in, he was always glad to see his worthy citizens. "I have no confidence," he would say, "except in my provost of the merchants, Juvénal, and my citizens of Paris." When others waited on him, he would stare wildly at them; but when it was the provost, he would say, "Juvénal, we must not lose time, we must do some good stroke of business."*

At the beginning of this history, when speaking of the idle kings, (*rois fainéants*), we remarked how naturally the multitude were inclined to respect those mute and innocent figures, which passed twice a year before them in their car drawn by oxen.† The Mussulmans consider idiots to be stamped with the seal of God, and often look upon them as holy. In some cantons of Savoy, there is a touching superstition, that the *crétin* brings good fortune to his family. The brute, that follows instinct only, and to which individual reason is wholly denied, seems to approximate so much the more to divine reason—it is, at the least, innocent.

It was not surprising that the people, in the midst of all these haughty, violent, and sanguinary princes, should take as the object of their choice and affection, this poor being, humbled, even as they themselves were, by the hand of God. God could remedy the woes of the kingdom by his instrumentality, as easily as by that of a wiser man. He had not done much, but he plainly loved the people. He loved! word of surpassing power. The people returned his love warmly . . . they ever remained faithful to him. Whatever his state of abasement, they persisted in hoping in him; they would be saved only by him. Nothing can be more touching, or, at the same time, bolder, than the words with which the great popular preacher, Jean Gerson, braving the rival ambition of the princes, who longed to reap the sick king's inheritance, addresses the much-loved monarch—*Rex, in sempiternum vive*. . . . "My king, live for ever!" . . .

This universal attachment of his people to Charles VI., was manifested in one of those unlucky attempts which were ventured upon for his cure. Two sorcerers offered to discover to the bailli of Dijon, the cause of his disease. In the depths of a neighboring forest, they raised a large circle of iron on twelve iron columns: twelve iron chains were placed around. But twelve men—priests, nobles, and burgesses—were to be found, who would consent to enter this formidable circle, and suffer themselves to

be bound with these chains. Eleven were found without difficulty,—the bailli made the twelfth; and they devoted themselves thus at the risk of being perhaps carried off, soul and body, by the devil.*

The people of Paris desired to see their king constantly. When he was not too violent, and there was no apprehension of his exposing himself by any unseemly act, he was taken to the churches: or else, dejected and languishing, he repaired to the representation of the Mysteries, which the Brothers of the Passion were then enacting in the rue St. Denys. These Mysteries, half pious, half burlesque, were considered acts of devotion; and those who might have derived no amusement from them, would nevertheless have attended for edification sake. In many churches the hour of vespers was anticipated, to permit attendance on the Mysteries.

But it was not always safe to take the king out. At such time, either in his retreat, the hôtel Saint-Paul, or in the library of the Louvre, collected by Charles V., figures were placed in his hands to amuse him. Immoveable in written books, these figures acquired motion, and became cards.‡ As the king played at cards, every one wished to play. At first they were painted; but this making them expensive, the plan of printing them was hit upon.‡ The great recommendation of this game was that it hindered thought, bestowed oblivion. Who would have said that from it would issue that instrument which multiplies thought and renders it eternal; that out of this game for fools or madmen, would spring the all-powerful vehicle of wisdom?

Whatever receipt for drowning thought might be at the bottom of this game—these kings, dames, and knaves in their perpetual ball, and with their careless and rapid evolutions, must at times have given rise to reflection. By dint of looking at them, the poor solitary madman might come at last to centre his dreams in them; the madman! why not the sage? . . . Were not these cards naive images of the time? Was it not a fine and most unexpected turn of the cards, to see Bajazet, the lightning, victor of Nicopolis, and all but master of Constantinople, enter his iron cage!§ Was it not one to

* Ob regis incoluntatem procurandam, die dicta circum intraverunt. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 413.

† Cards were known before Charles the Sixth's time, but little used. The first mention of them occurs in the *Renart Contrefait*, the anonymous author of which tells us that he began his poem in 1328, and concluded it in 1341. M. Peignot, in his *Recherches sur les Danses des Morts et sur les Cartes à jouer*, has given us a curious bibliography of all the writers who have treated of this subject. Some give cards a German origin; others, a Spanish or Provençal. M. Rémusat remarks, that our oldest playing cards resemble those in use in China. Abel Rémusat, *Mém. Acad.* 2^e série, t. vii. p. 418.

‡ In 1430, Filippo-Marina Visconti, duke of Milan, paid fifteen hundred pieces of gold for a set of painted cards.—In 1441, the cardmakers of Venice present a petition, complaining of the injury done them by foreign dealers in printed cards. *Ibidem*, pp. 247-8.

§ Hammer will not have it to be a cage, but a litter with bars, (*une litière grillée*.) The two things seem much alike.

■ Juvénal des Ursins, p. 777.

† See, above, vol. i. p. 111.

see the son-in-law of the king of France, the magnificent Richard II., supplanted in a few days by the exiled Bolingbroke? That king, who just now had ten millions of men, see him, less than a man, a painted man, a king of diamonds. . . .

In one of the farces of the *bazoche*,* which the inferior clerks of the palace acted on the royal marble table, there figured as characters the tenses of a Latin verb—"Regno, Regnavi, Regnabo:" a pedantic farce, the significance of which, however, it was not difficult to discriminate

In Charles VI.'s ordinance, authorizing the players of the Mysteries of the Passion, he terms them "his loved and dear co-mates."† And what could be juster? A hapless actor himself, ■ poor player in the grand historic mystery, he went to see his "co-mates"—saints, angels, and devils, perform their miserable travestie of the Passion. He was not only spectator; he was spectacle as well. His people went to see in him the Passion of royalty. King and people contemplated, and had pity on each other. There the king beheld the people wretched, ragged, poverty-stricken; there the people saw the king poorer still than they, though on the throne, poor in intellect, poor in friends, forsaken by his family, by his wife, widower of himself, and surviving himself, laughing the saddening laugh of the idiot—an aged infant, without father or mother to take care of him.

The mockery would have been insufficient, the tragedy less fraught with the comic, had he ceased to reign. The marvellous, the fantastical is, that he reigned at momentary intervals. Neglected and squalid as his person might be, his hand still signed, and seemed all-powerful. The gravest and wisest of his council would take advantage of a lucid moment, to try to catch the feeble lights of a clouded mind, to stimulate the doubtful oracles which fell from imbecile lips.

He was ever king of France, the first Christian king, the head of Christendom. The principal states of Italy—Milan, Florence, Genoa, called themselves his clients. Genoa saw no

■ (An ancient jurisdiction of clerks of the palace, ■ called.)

† Ordonnances, t. viii. p. 555, Dec., 1402.—By a letter of much earlier date, Charles VI. orders payment of "forty francs to certain chaplains and clerks of the Saint-Chapelle of our palace at Paris, who played before us on Easter-day just past, the plays of the Resurrection of our Lord." April 5th, 1390. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS., cabinet des titres.*

other means of escaping from the Visconti, than by giving herself to Charles VI. Thus, fortune in her mockery took pleasure in laying a new burden on that feeble hand which could bear nothing.

It was a curious sight to see the emperor Wenceslaus, taken to France by the affairs of the Church, holding conference with Charles VI., (A. D. 1398.) The one was a madman; the other, almost always drunk. It was necessary to catch the emperor fasting: but this was not always the king's lucid moment.

However, Charles having continued well for three days, the opportunity was seized to get him to sign an ordinance, which, according to the wish of the university, suspended the authority of Benedict XIII. in the kingdom of France. The marshal Boucicaut was dispatched to Avignon, to seize his person. The aged pontiff defended himself in his castle of Avignon like a true captain, (A. D. 1398-99.) Being out of wood for his kitchen, he burnt one by one the beams of his palace. The French themselves grew ashamed of this ridiculous war. The other pope's partisans were not more obedient to him. The Romans were in arms against Boniface, as the French were against Benedict.

Here, then, are the papacy, the empire, and royalty at loggers, and loading each other with reproaches; the drunkard emperor, and idiot king, assuming spiritual power and suspending the pope, while the pope seizes temporal arms and dons the cuirass. The human gods turn delirious, forbid obedience being paid them, and proclaim themselves mad. . . .

This was a certainty, a reality, but not at all a probability; rather, contrary to all reason, and calculated to induce belief preferably in the boldest lies. From this moment no comedy, no mystery ought to revolt the mind. The maddest was not he who forgot absurd realities in rational fictions. Besides, the prodigious length of these Mysteries aided the illusion; some were spread over forty days. So long a performance became to the constant spectator an artificial life, which caused the other to be forgotten; he might at times fairly doubt which was the dream.*

* "If we were to dream every night the same thing, it would, perhaps, affect us as much as the objects which we are accustomed to see every day. And if a mechanic were sure to dream twelve hours every night that he was a king, I believe he would be almost as happy as a king, who should dream the whole night long that he was ■ mechanic." Pascal, *Pensées*.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS, THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
—MURDER OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS, (A. D.
1400–1407.)

IN the human body there are two persons, two enemies, who wage war at our expense, until death composes their feuds. These two enemies, pride and desire, we have seen at deadly strife in this poor king's mind. Now, the one has gained the upper hand; now, the other: then, in the midst of this long struggle, that mind has become suddenly darkened, and there has been no spot for battle-ground. The war ended in the king, it bursts out in the kingdom: the two principles proceed to carry on the conflict in two men and two factions, until this war produces its phrensied catastrophe—murder; until the two men having killed each other, the two factions, in order to kill themselves, agree to kill France.

This said, in reality all is said. If you desire to know the names of these two men, we give you that of the man of pleasure—the duke of Orléans, the king's brother; and that of the man of pride, of brutal and sanguinary pride, Jean-Sans-Peur, (John the Fearless,) duke of Burgundy.

The two men and the two parties will come into collision in Paris. Two parties, two parishes—why, we have already named them; that of the court, that of the butchers; the madness of St. Paul's, the brutality of St. Jacques'. The scene of the history tells the whole history beforehand.

What had Louis of Orléans, that young man who died so young, who was so much loved and ever regretted, done to deserve such regrets? He was wept by the women; for the plain reason that he was handsome, prepossessing, gracious;* but he was no less regretted by the Church, wept by the saints. . . . Nevertheless, he had been a great sinner. In his youthful outbreaks he had fearfully troubled the people; he was cursed by the people, wept by the people. . . . Living, he cost many tears, but how many more dead!

Had you asked France if this young man

were worthy of so much love, she would have replied, "I loved him."† It is not for good qualities only that one loves; he who loves, loves all, even to faults. Louis of Orléans pleased as he was; taken with his virtues and his vices. France never forgot that in his very defects she had noticed the dawn of the amiable and brilliant spirit, the light, somewhat free, but gentle and graceful spirit of the *Renaissance*; such it continued in his son, Charles of Orléans, the exile and poet;‡ in his bastard, Dunois; and in his grandson, the good and clement Louis XII.

This spirit,—praise it, or blame it—is not that of a time, of an age, but that of France herself. For the first time, after emerging from the stiff and Gothic middle age, she saw herself such as she is—mobility, easy elegance, graceful fantasy. She saw, and she adored; it was her last child, her youngest and dearest, the all-indulged, who may spoil and break at pleasure, while the mother scolds, yet smiles. . . . She loved that handsome head which turned those of the women; she loved that bold spirit which disconcerted the doctors: it delighted her to see the gray-beards of the university put out in the midst of their dull harangues by his lively sallies, and beginning to hammer and stanmer.§ For all this, he was not aught but kind to the learned, to clerks and to priests, and liberal and charitable to the poor. The Church indulged this amiable prince, and overlooked many things in him: it was impossible to be severe with this spoiled child of nature and of grace.

From whom did Louis inherit these gifts, which were born with him? From whom but a woman? Evidently from his charming mother; of whom her husband, the sage and cold Charles V., could not refrain from saying, "She is the sun of the kingdom."¶ From women came his grace, and women improved it. . . . And what should we be without them? Theirs is the gift of life, (that is little;) they

* "If pressed to say why I loved him, I feel there is no other answer I could give, than, 'Because he was he, and I am I.'" Montaigne, *Essais*, l. i. c. 27.

† Louis d'Orléans, too, was a poet, if it be true that he had celebrated *in verse* the secret beauties of the duchess of Burgundy. Barante, t. iii. p. 99, third edition.

‡ See, further on, the answer which he made them in 1405. However, he usually spoke to them mildly: "I have seen him," says the Religieux de Saint-Denys, "more elegant in his answer . . . than they had been in their address . . . accost them in gracious terms, and gently point out their mistakes." MS. 553. *verso*.

§ *Art de Vérifier les Dates*, Règne de Charles V. sub fin.

* See the Religieux de Saint-Denys, under the year 1405, and the portrait which he draws of the duke of Orléans, under the year 1407. MS. *Baluze*, folio 553.—See, also, the "complaints" and other pieces on the death of Louis d'Orléans. *Bibl. Royale*, MSS. Colbert 2402, Regius, 9681–9685.

give us the life of the soul as well. What do we not learn from them as sons, or lovers, or friends? . . . It is through them, and for them, that the French mind has become the most brilliant, and, what is better, the most sensible in Europe. The French people has only studied willingly in conversing with women; by talking with these lovely doctors who knew nothing, it has learned every thing.*

The gallery of portraits, which the young Louis had the dangerous fatuity to have painted of his mistresses, has not come down to us. We are very imperfectly acquainted with the women of that day. Three, however, are before me, who, either nearly or remotely, were connected with the duke of Orléans; and all three, either by father's or mother's side, were Italians. From Italy, already blew the first breath of the *Renaissance*; the North, warmed by this perfumed wind of the South, thought that it felt, to use the poet's expression, "an odor from Paradise."†

Of these Italians, one was the wife of the duke of Orléans, Valentina Visconti, his wife, and disconsolate widow, who was killed by his death. The other, Isabella of Bavaria, (a Visconti on the mother's side,) was his sister-in-law, his friend, perhaps, his more than friend. The third, of much humbler rank, the chaste, the learned Christine,‡ was no otherwise connected with him, than by the encouragement which he extended to her pleasing genius.§

* The education of a young knight by woman is the invariable subject of the romances, or romantic histories of the fifteenth century. The histories of Saintré, of Fleuranges, of Jacques de Lalaing, are little else. In these, man always plays the least part; his delight is, to turn child. Quite the reverse of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, in the romances of the fifteenth century, woman teaches, and not man, which is much the more graceful. The teacher is generally a young lady, but older than he, a lady advancing towards her meridian; and, above all, a great lady, of elevated rank, inaccessible to approach, who takes a pleasure in forming the little page, and watching over his progress. Is she a mother, a sister, a guardian angel? A little of all three. However, she is a woman. . . . Yes, but a lady placed so high! What merit will not be necessary, what efforts, what sighs for long years! . . . The lessons which she gives him are not lessons to laugh at; nothing can be more serious, or, at times, more pedantic. Pedantry itself, the austerity of the counsels given, and the greatness of the difficulties give a piquant contrast, and lend value to love. . . . At the end, all disappears; in this, as ever, the end is nothing, the road all. The result is an accomplished knight; merit and grace itself.—See l'Histoire du Petit Jehan de Saintré, 3 vols. in 12mo, 1724; and Le Panégryric du Chevalier Sans-Reproche, (La Tremouille,) 1527, &c. &c.

† "Quan la döss aura venta
Deves vostre pais,
M'es veiaire que senta
Odor de Paradis."

(When the sweet zephyrs blow from your land, O lady, I seem to feel an odor from Paradise.) Bernard de Ventadour, Poésies Originales des Troubadours, Raynouard, t. iii. p. 84.

‡ We are indebted to M. Thomassy for the ability to appreciate her long unknown merit—Essai sur les Ecrits Politiques de Christine de Pisan, 1838. M. de Sismondi treats her rather hardly. Gabriel Naudé, that great explorer, once entertained the idea of rescuing her manuscripts from the dust in which they were buried. Naudéi Epistolæ, epist. xlix. p. 369. Christine de Pisan seems to have been the first of the long list of literary women, who, poor and laborious, have supported their families by their pen.

§ She dedicated to the duke of Orléans her Débat des

Italy, the *Renaissance*, art, the irruption of fantasy—in all this there was wherewithal to seduce, and to injure as well. This sudden effulgence of the light of the sixteenth century, which burst out at the close of the fourteenth, must have startled the darkness. Was not art a guilty counterfeit of nature? And is there not enough that is seducing and dangerous in the latter, without its being reproduced by a diabolical skill for the destruction of souls? Is not perfidious Italy, that land of poisonings and of witchcrafts, the country of these devil's miracles besides?

Such was the language of the people, the thoughts to which they gave utterance aloud. Add to this, the malignant silence of the scholastics, who clearly saw that by degrees they would have to void their seats. Behind, bore up the crowd of dry and narrow minds who ever ask "*Cui bono?*" . . . What's the good of a picture of Giotto's, a miniature of the handsome Froissart, a ballad of Christine's?

A large nation is ever thus constituted. But these reasoners had at the time on their side a grave and powerful auxiliary—the public poverty, which saw in the expenses of art and luxury, only a guilty prodigality.

These discontents, malevolences, public or private hates, looked out for some envier as a leader. Nature seemed to have made Jean-Sans-Peur, duke of Burgundy, on purpose to hate the duke of Orléans. He had few physical advantages; he was of mean appearance, low stature, and stiff-mannered.* His habitual silence marked a violent disposition. Inheriting a great power, he attempted great things, and only failed the more signally. His captivity at Nicopolis cost the country dear. Made up of bitterness and envy, the constant sight of that happy and brilliant being, who was ever to eclipse him, was agony to him. Even before their rivalry broke out, and secret insults had engendered new hates between them, he seemed to be the predestined Cain of that Abel.

Deux Amants, and other works. She tells us that she never saw him but once, when she went to solicit his protection:—"And I saw him with my eyes, having personally to ask the help of his good word, which, of his grace, was not wanting to me. I was above an hour in his presence, and had great pleasure in watching his countenance, and his admirable expedition in business, each in order; and when my turn came, I was summoned by him, and succeeded in my petition." . . . She says, too, of him, "He cares not to hear dishonorable tales of other men's wives, after the example of the wise man, (and these notable words are from his lips—"When I hear any ill of a person, I always consider whether the teller of it may not have some private grudge to the object of his tale,") nor any one slandered, and gives no credit to the little tales that are brought him." Christine de Pisan, collection Petitot, t. v. p. 393.

* The Religieux de Saint-Denis adds, however, that though he spoke little, his understanding was good, and his eyes intelligent, "*Vivacis ingenii et oculum habens perspicacem.*" *Rel. de S. D.—MS. Baluze*, folio 601. There is a very old portrait of him in the Versailles Museum, and another in the château d'Eu. He is at prayers, already stricken in years, his flesh flabby, and looks good-natured and vulgar.—Christine, (t. v. p. 357,) writing in 1404, calls him "a prince endowed with all salutary goodness, just, wise, benignant, sweet, and of unexceptionable manners." (prince de toute bonté salvable, juste, saige, benigne, doux et toute bonne meurs.)

Justice calls upon us to invite consideration to the fact, that the history of this period has been written, for the most part, by the enemies of the duke of Orléans; a fact which ought to put us on our guard. Those who slew him bodily, must have done their utmost to slay him in the eyes of posterity as well.

Monstrelet is the subject, and servant, of the house of Burgundy.* The Bourgeois de Paris is a furious Burgundian. Paris, generally, was hostile to the duke of Orléans, and that for a reason easy to be understood: he was ever asking for money; which the duke of Burgundy forbade to be paid.

This rancor on the part of Paris, has not been without its influence on the most impartial of the historians of that day, on the Religieux de Saint-Denis; who has insensibly echoed the clamor of the great city, his near neighbor. The monk may have given in, too, to the clamor of the clergy, whom the duke of Orléans endeavored, by indirect means, to subject to taxation.†

It must not be forgotten that the duke of Orléans, possessing nothing, or next to nothing, out of the kingdom, drew all his resources from France, and mostly from Paris. The duke of Burgundy, on the contrary, was at once a French and a foreign prince; he had possessions both in the kingdom and in the empire; and he received considerable sums from Flanders, preferring to ask Burgundy for men-at-arms.‡

Let us go back to the foundation of this house of Burgundy. Our kings having destroyed the sole military power of France, which arose entirely out of feudalism, attempted to create, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, an artificial feudalism, by placing the great fiefs in the hands of princes, relatives of their own. Charles V. reared a great feudal establishment. While his eldest brother, governor of Languedoc, looked out towards Provence and Italy, he gave Burgundy as an appanage to his youngest brother, so as to act upon the Empire and the Low Countries; and, for him, he made the immense sacrifice of restoring to the Flemings Lille and Douai—French Flanders§—the northern barrier of his kingdom,

in order that his brother might espouse their future sovereign, heiress to the countships of Flanders, Artois, Rethel, Nevers, and Franche-Comté. By this alliance, he hoped that France would absorb Flanders, and that the two peoples being united under one government, their interests would gradually become one. It did not turn out so. The distinction between them remained widely marked in the difference of manners, and insurmountable barrier of language: the French and Walloon tongue did not gain an inch of ground on the Flemish.* Wealthy Flanders did not become an accessory of poor Burgundy's.† Quite the contrary: the Flemish interests turned the scale. What interests? Interests hostile to France; commercial alliance with England, commercial, at first, then, political.

We have elsewhere noticed the long connection between Flanders and England. If there had been a marriage of policy between the princes of France and of Flanders, there had ever been one of commerce between the peoples of Flanders and of England. Edward III. could not make his son count of Flanders: Charles V. was more successful for his brother. But this brother, all Frenchman as he was, was only received by the Flemings on condition of his resigning himself to the indispensable relations that subsisted between Flanders and England; and which constituted at once the wealth of the country, and that of the prince. However, the English, who, since Edward the Third's time, had allured many weavers over from Flanders,‡ needed no longer to be so scrupulous as regarded the Flemings, and often plundered their merchants, besides assisting exiles from Flanders in their piracies. The famous Pierre Dubois, one of the leaders of the revolution that broke out in Flanders in 1382, turned pirate, and was the terror of the straits. In 1387, he cut off the Flemish fleet, which sailed yearly to Rochelle to purchase our wines of the south.§ Flanders and its count were undone by these piracies, except the count became either the master, or the ally of England. Having vainly tried to be the first, (A. D. 1386,) it behooved him to become the last, and to make himself, if possible, king, so as to guaranty this alliance: and this he accomplished in 1399, contrary to the interests of France.

* M. Dacier has not succeeded in the preface to his edition of Monstrelet, in establishing the impartiality of this chronicler. Monstrelet omits, or abridges, all that is unfavorable to the house of Burgundy, or favorable to the opposite party. This is the more striking as he is, in general, insufferably prosy—"Plus baveux qu'un pot à moutarde," (more slobbery than a mustard pot,) says that droll, Rabelais.

† See the Religieux for the year 1402, and the projects of the Orléans party, 1411.

‡ According to the testimony of Charles-le-Téméraire. Gachard, Documents Inédits, Brussels, 1833, p. 219.

§ It is curious to see with what address Philip the Bold managed to retain this important possession which Charles V. thought, it would seem, he had only given up temporarily, in order to gain over the Flemings, and forward his brother's marriage. During the minority of Charles VI. he succeeded in getting Lille, &c., left to him for his life, and that of his first heir male. He knew that such long possession would eventually constitute property. See Les

Preuves de l'Hist. de Bourgogne, de D. Plancher, January 16, 1386, t. iii. pp. 91-4.

* This is established by M. Raoux's important Memoir; he proves by a chain of evidence that from the eleventh century, the boundary between the two tongues has remained the same. No change has taken place in those towns even, which the French have had for a century and a half. Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles, t. iv. pp. 412-440.

† "My country of Burgundy has no money; she scents France," (Mon pays de Bourgogne n'a point d'argent; il sent la France,)—a saying of Charles the Rash. Gachard, Documents Inédits, Brussels, 1833, p. 219.

‡ See, above, vol. i. p. 416, the strange allurements held out to them by the English.

§ Meyer Annales Flandria, folio 208, and Altmeyer, Histoire des Relations Commerciales et Politiques des Pays-Bas avec le Nord, d'après les Documents Inédits; MS.

This power of Burgundy, divided in this fashion between French and foreign interests, nevertheless went on extending and increasing. Philippe-le-Hardi completed his Burgundies by the purchase of the Charolais, (A. D. 1390,) and his Low Countries, by the marriage of his son with the heiress of Hainault and of Holland, (A. D. 1385.) The sovereign of Flanders, hitherto confined between Holland and Hainault, by these means laid his hands on two grand posts—possessing Holland, the sea-ports, those windows opening upon England, were his; and, with Hainault, he got Mons and Valenciennes, the gates of France.

Here we have a great and formidable power, formidable by its extent and the wealth of its possessions, but much more by its position and relations, touching all, and having a hold on all. France had nothing to oppose to such a power. The house of Anjou had, in some sort, melted away in its vain attempts upon Italy. The duke de Berri, though he was governor of Languedoc, was not thoroughly settled in the country; he was only king of Bourges. The king's brother, the duke of Orléans, had successively obtained the appanage of Orléans, then a good part of Perigord and the Angoumois, then the counties of Valois, Blois, and Beaumont, and then, that of Dreux. Through his wife, he had a position in the Alps, Asti. These were, indisputably, considerable possessions, but they were dispersed: they did not constitute a great power, they formed no mass in comparison with the enormous and ever-increasing mass of the duke of Burgundy's possessions.

Philippe-le-Hardi had enjoyed, to his great profit, the principal share in the government of the kingdom during the minority of Charles VI.; indeed, for a much larger period—until the young king was one-and-twenty. He lost it for a time during the administration of the *Marmousets*—La Rivière, Clisson, and Montagu. Charles VIth's madness was like a new minority: however, it was impossible not to allow the king's brother, the duke of Orléans, who was thirty years old in 1401, a share in the government. This prince, the probable heir of the sick king and his sickly children, had apparently as great an interest in the welfare of the kingdom as the duke of Burgundy, who, ever developing his interests on the side of the empire and the Low Countries, became more and more a foreign prince. However, the levity of the duke of Orléans, his passions and imprudences, did him injury; even the vivacity of his mind and his brilliant qualities occasioned him to be mistrusted. His uncle, of mature years, and solid without show, (the character to found a kingdom,) inspired greater confidence. Besides, he was rich out of the kingdom: it was thought that the master of wealthy Flanders would require the less money from France.

The revolution which took place in England,

in 1399, was a decisive moment for uncle and nephew. Both had flattered the dangerous Lancaster, during his sojourn in the castle of Bicêtre. The duke of Orléans chose him for his brother in arms, and made sure of him. But Lancaster, with great sense, preferred the alliance of the duke of Burgundy, count of Flanders. In this conjuncture, the latter displayed considerable prudence: he required so to do. Richard had married his grand niece; he was the son-in-law of the king of France, and our ally. The duke of Burgundy would have lost all his hold on France, had he openly contributed to a revolution so prejudicial to it. He would not allow Lancaster to pass through his dominions, and even gave orders to arrest him at Boulogne—where he did not intend to go. Lancaster took the route through Brittany, the duke of which was the friend and ally of the duke of Burgundy: they gave him some men-at-arms by way of retinue, and their man, Pierre de Craon,* Clisson's assassin, the mortal enemy of the duke of Orléans. This was poor aid: but what money they might have added to it could not be guessed. Now, it was money that Lancaster mostly needed: there was no want of men in England to take it.

This was not all. The duke of Brittany dying shortly afterwards, his widow, who had seen Lancaster on his way to England, manifested a desire to marry him. She was the daughter of that terrible enemy of our kings, Charles-le-Mauvais, and the marriage was pregnant with danger. Accordingly, the duke of Burgundy, as in duty bound, endeavored to dissuade the widow from it, but had the happiness not to be listened to; and the marriage took place, to his great advantage, since, despite the duke of Orléans, despite the aged Clisson, he came to take the guardianship of the young duke of Brittany, and that of Brittany as well, and even reared at Nantes his *tower of Burgundy*.†

Thus a vast circle of suspicious alliances was formed round the kingdom. The master of Franche-Comté, of Burgundy, and of the Low Countries, found himself master, as well, of Brittany, and the friend of the new king of England and of the king of Navarre. The house of Lancaster had allied itself, in Castile, with the bastard house of Transtamare, as that of Burgundy, at a later period, connected itself with the no less bastard house of Portugal. Thus Burgundy, Brittany, Navarre, Lancaster,

* Want, perhaps, forced Craon to this monstrous act of ingratitude. He had been indebted for his pardon for his first crime, to the prayers of the young Isabella of France, Richard's wife. See note 1, p. 59, to the *Letters of Grace* of the 15th of March, 1395, *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, registre, J. 37*.—See, above, note, p. 20, of this vol.

† And, besides, he took away with him the duke and his two brothers. *Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 395*. When the young duke of Brittany returned home, he was invested not only with the countship of Evreux, but the royal city Saint-Malo, one of the most precious gems of the French crown, was given up to him. Nevertheless, he remained half English: his brother Arthur held the county of Richmond of the king of England.

all younger branches, became closely allied with one another, and with the bastard branches of Portugal and of Castile likewise.

Against this conspiracy of policy, the duke of Orléans bore himself as champion of the ancient law. He took its cause in hand in all Christendom, declaring himself for Wenceslaus against Robert, for the pope against the university, for the young widow of Richard against Henry IV. After provoking a duel between seven Frenchmen and seven Englishmen, he threw down the gauntlet to his old brother in arms, in order to avenge the death of Richard II.;* reproaching him, besides, with having been wanting towards his widow, Isabella of France, in all due from a nobleman "to ladies, widows, and maids."† He asked for a meeting on the frontiers, where they might encounter at the head of a hundred knights each.

Lancaster replied, with the English insolence of pride, that he could nowhere find that his predecessors had been there defied by men of lesser estate; adding, in the hypocritical language of the ecclesiastical party which had placed him on the throne, that what a prince does, "He ought to do to the honor of God, and the profit of all Christendom, or of his own kingdom, and not for vain-glory or any temporal satisfaction."‡

Henry IV. had good reasons for refusing the challenge; he had something else to do at home; he saw himself surrounded by enemies only, and his new throne was tottering. The duke of Burgundy did him the good service to prolong the truce with France.

These affairs of England and Brittany are already an indirect war between the dukes of Orléans and of Burgundy. This war is about to become direct and deadly. The nephew essays to attack the uncle in the Low Countries; the uncle attacks and ruins the nephew in France, at Paris.

The duke of Orléans, defeated by his able rival in the affair of Brittany, made a serious attempt against him; so serious, that from that time the house of Burgundy must have been bent on his ruin. He took up a position in the midst of this house's possessions, among the petty states which it had, or which it coveted: he bought Luxembourg, lodging himself like a thorn in the heart of the Burgundian, between him and the empire, at the gate of Liege, in such a way as to afford encouragement to the petty princes of the country, as, for instance, to

the duke of Gueldres, whom the duke of Orléans paid to do what he had been always in the habit of doing—to pillage the Low Countries.

Louis of Orléans having engaged this condottier in the king's service, brings him to Paris with his bands; and, on the other hand, sends for Welsh mercenaries from the garrisons of Guyenne.* The duke of Burgundy hastens thither; the bishop of Liege brings him reinforcements; and a crowd of adventurers from Hainault, Brabant, and Germany, arrive one after the other. The duke of Orléans, on his side, strengthens himself with Clisson's Bretons, with Scotchmen, and with Normans. Paris was dying of fear. But still no stroke was struck. The two rivals measured each other, saw the other's strength, and allowed themselves to be reconciled.

The duke of Burgundy had no need of battle to ruin his nephew. He had only to leave him to his own devices. Louis had assumed an unpopular character which ensured his destruction. He desired war, sought money from the people, and even from the clergy. The duke of Burgundy desired peace, (it was to the interest of Flemish commerce :) rich, too, he won popularity by an easy course—he prohibited the payment of taxes. If we may believe a tradition preserved by Meyer, a Flemish historian, in general very partial to the house of Burgundy, the princes of this family, exasperated by the gallant attempts of the duke of Orléans on the wife of the young duke of Burgundy, had organized against their enemy a vast system of undermining attack, everywhere representing him to the people as the sole instigator of the taxes, whose weight bowed them to the ground, setting him up as a mark for public hatred, and afar off and patiently preparing assassination by calumny.†

There was only one means by which the duke

* "A disorderly, vile, and worthless rabble of Welshmen . . . under pretext that they had not served out their time. . . . From Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of the kingdom, about five thousand stout men. . . ." *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 389.

† Meyer does not name his author who tells us only in the passage quoted by him, that he had often seen Charles VII., and conversed familiarly with him. He asserts that Jean-Sans-Peur, even in his father's lifetime, had sought the death of the duke of Orléans; and that ■ soon as he succeeded him, he asked his counsellors how he could best compass his death, and with the least danger. Being unable to change his resolution, they advised him to wait until he had ruined his enemy in the minds of the people:—"And, that the best means of effecting this would be for him to employ agents in Paris, and the principal towns of the kingdom, to keep insinuating for two or three years, 'That he was full of compassion for the subject, harassed and oppressed by so many, various, and manifold tributes and taxes, and strove to the utmost of his power to restore the kingdom her ancient liberties and immunities, and to relieve the people from all vexations and oppressive exactions; but that his excellent and pious wishes and efforts were made null and void by the strenuous efforts of the duke of Orléans, who was, and ever would be, the originator and defender of new and daily increasing taxes and tributes.' The popular mind and ear being thus filled with rumors of the kind, so great was the odium excited among the commonalty (who feel and pant under the burdens of taxes and tributes the most) against the aforesaid duke of Orléans, so great the feelings of love, gratitude, and admiration towards the duke of Burgundy, that . . ." Meyer, 224 verso.

* Letter of the English ambassadors in reply to the duke of Orléans:—"The king of England, at that time duke, having returned to England to ask justice, was pursued by king Richard, who perished in this pursuit, having first resigned his kingdom to the said duke; it is nothing new for a king, as well as a pope, to abdicate. September 24th, 1404. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 645.

† Monstrelet, t. i. p. 107:—"Aux dames veuves et pu- celles."

‡ Idem, ibidem, p. 98.—With regard to Isabella of France, he retorted in quite a satirical strain:—"Would to God that no lady or damsel had ever suffered more rigor, cruelty, or unworthy conduct (*vilénie*) from you, than she has from us: we trow you would be the better man." Idem, ibid. p. 114.

of Orléans could have risen above this unpopularity—a glorious war with the English. But for this money was needed—which the Church had. The duke ordered a general loan, from which the churchmen were not to be exempt.* But the duke of Burgundy ranged himself by the side of the clergy, and encouraged them to refuse the loan. Even an ordinance for a general tax proved but so much waste paper. The duke of Burgundy asserted that the ordinance lied when it said, *by assent of the princes*, as neither he nor the duke de Berri had given his assent; that if the king's coffers were empty, it was not with the people's blood that they were to be filled; that the leeches must be made to disgorge; that, for his part, he wished it was known that if he had authorized this new exaction, he should have pocketed two hundred thousand crowns to his own share.†

It may be imagined that speeches of this kind were well received by the people. The duke of Burgundy had all the world with him. He was appealed to, and put to the task of providing for the exigencies of the crown; and then his embarrassment was not a little. After having declaimed so loudly against taxes, he could hardly proceed to levy them himself. He was obliged to have recourse to a strange expedient. He sent to all the towns of the kingdom commissioners from the parliament to examine into contracts between individuals, and empowered to impose arbitrary fines on the parties they should consider to have acted usuriously or fraudulently.‡ All who "should be found to have sold too dear by the half," were to be punished. This absurd and impracticable inquisition did not produce much.

The duke of Orléans resumed his influence. He had allied himself closely with pope Benedict XIII.; on whose escape from the troops that besieged him in Avignon, he surprised from the king an ordinance, restoring that pope his supremacy over the kingdom; an act which drove the university wild. On the other hand, warmly espousing the cause of his sister-in-law, Isabella, he secured her a seat in the council, and so gained the preponderance there. Thus he seemed to be master both of Church and State; in other words, every unpopular act was certain henceforward to be ascribed to him.

However it be, there is no denying that the Orléans party was the only one which acted for France, and against the Englishman; the only one which felt that advantage ought to be taken of the troubles that prevailed in England,§ and

which fitted out expeditions for the purpose. In 1403, I see the Bretons of this party putting out a fleet to sea, and defeating the English.* Some time afterwards, succors were sent to the Welsh chiefs, with whom the king contracts alliance.† I see the man of the duke of Orléans, the constable d'Albret, waging a successful war in Guyenne.‡ The aid of a fleet against the English is sought from Castile. A favorable transaction closes Normandy to them: Cherbourg and Evreux are withdrawn from the suspicious hands of the king of Navarre by indemnifying him elsewhere.§

In 1404, the whole kingdom suffering from the incursions of the English, preparations were made for a great armament, and a heavy tax laid on; all the money derived from which was deposited in a tower of the palace, and only to be drawn out with the joint approbation of the princes. This the duke of Orléans did not wait for; but forced the tower in the night, and took the money.|| The act was violent and unjustifiable—in some sort, a robbery. However, when it is borne in mind that the duke of Burgundy had just abandoned the count de Saint-Pol to the vengeance of the Englishman;¶ that the duke de Berri had caused the invasion meditated in 1386 to miscarry, and again prevented the king from undertaking war in 1415, it will be felt that these princes would never have employed the money against the enemies of the kingdom.

The armament was fitted out at Brest, and a fleet prepared. It was to be directed on Wales, and commanded by the count de La Marche, a prince of the house of Bourbon, who was agreeable to both parties. But this prince acted as the duke de Berri had formerly done. He would not budge from Paris; but stayed there from August to November,** for the festivities attendant on a double marriage between the princes of the house of Burgundy and the king's children. The wind was said to be contrary. And, indeed, it clearly blew from England. The English were kept informed of every thing by traitors, maintaining agents here at a yearly stipend, and among others of their pensioners was the captain of Paris.†† Besides, the duke of Burgundy, Jean-Sans-Peur, had an interest in not begin-

* They were Clisson's Bretons, commanded by William Duchâtel. *Ibidem*, folio 411.

† Rymer, t. iv. pp. 65, 69, 70, (third edition.)

‡ The count of Clermont, a mere youth, (*prima malis vestitus lanugine*.) was the nominal leader of this army. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 434.

§ *Ibidem*, folio 423.

|| *Hora suspecta, cum armatis viris*. *Ibidem*, folio 419.—The same historian says, elsewhere, that he had provided himself with an order from the king. *Ibid.* 596 *verso*.

¶ The count de Saint-Pol had taken up arms for his daughter's interests; she was daughter-in-law to the duke of Burgundy. *Ibidem*, folios 414, 446.

** *Usque ad medium Novembris*. *Ibidem*, folio 438.

†† The Religieux, however, seems to think him innocent, and the parliament adjudged him so. He was a Norman, and powerfully supported by the Norman barons. *Ibidem*, folio 424. "And the English said . . . there was nothing so secret discussed by the king's council, but what they knew shortly afterwards." Juvénal, p. 162.

* *Decrevit à prelatis regni, accommodati titulo, pecunias extorquere*. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 392.

† *Compatiendū regnicolis*. . . . *Affirmans, quod si . . . consensisset, inde ducenta millia scuta auri, sibi promissa, percipisset*. *Ibidem*.

‡ *Qui de usurariis dolosisque contractibus et specialiter de illis qui ultra modum iusti pretii aliquid vendidissent inquirerent, et ab eis secundum demerita, pecunias extorquerent*. *Ibidem*, folio 394.

§ This was the time of the rebellion of the earl of Northumberland, Hotspur, &c. Walsingham, p. 367.

ning his ducal career by offending the Flemings, which closing England to them would certainly have done. On the contrary, he concluded a commercial treaty with the English.*

The able and successful founder of the house of Burgundy had died in the midst of the crisis, (A. D. 1404,) at the very moment he had just put one of his sons in possession of Brabant. He had reaped all the fruits of his egotistical policy: † he had constantly turned to his own use the resources of France, her armies, her money, and, nevertheless, died popular, leaving his son Jean-Sans-Peur a large party within the kingdom.

In his private habits, Philippe-le-Hardi was staid and regular; he had no mistress but his wife, the rich and powerful heiress of Flanders and of so many provinces, and who assisted him in maintaining them. He was always on good terms with the clergy, and cheerfully protected them at the royal council table, but was no great donor to churches. ‡

No act of violence is imputed to him. Was he acquainted with the attempted assassination of Clisson, and the poisoning of the bishop of Laon? The thing is possible; but has no probable proof.

This politic man did all things with a regal magnificence, which might be considered prodigality, but which was the means to a given end. Worship was celebrated in his house with more pomp than in any king's: and his choir was particularly numerous and excellent. On occasions of public ceremonial, and fêtes, he loved to dazzle, and would scatter money among the people. When he repaired to Lélinghen to receive Isabella of France, Richard the Second's widow, who was sent home by Henry IV., he displayed an incredible luxury, altogether unsuited to the melancholy occasion; but no doubt it was to strike his friends, the English. Besides, it cost him nothing; for he took advantage of this expense to settle on himself, in the name of the king of France, the enormous pension of thirty-six thousand livres. § Just so, on the marriage of his second son. He gave all the lords of the Low Countries who were present at it, robes of green velvet and white satin, and distributed among them ten thousand crowns' worth of jewels; but he had provided for these expenses beforehand, by procuring an assignment on the treasury of France, for the sum of a hundred and forty thousand francs. ||

His son's ransom, far from being an expense to him, gave him an opportunity of levying enormous sums. Independently of all that he drew from Burgundy, Flanders, &c., he assigned himself, in the king's name, eighty thousand livres. And this very son, almost the minute of his return, drew, the year following, twelve thousand livres from Charles VI.* Rich as this house was, it did not despise the smallest gains.

The duke of Burgundy loved not to pay. His treasurers discharged no accounts, not even for his daily expenses. † Although he left at his death an enormous, inestimable mass—of moveables, jewels, and valuables, there was reason to doubt its being enough to pay the creditors. Rather than touch the immoveables, his widow resolved on giving up the moveable property.

In the middle age, cession and renunciation was no simple matter. The insolvent debtor made a sorry figure; he had to degrade himself from knighthood by taking off his girdle. In some towns he was compelled, in presence of the judge, and amidst the hootings of the mob, to bump himself on the pavement, ‡ (il frappât du cul sur la pierre.) The debtor's cession was a disgraceful procedure; the widow's renunciation an odious and cruel one. She had to deposit the keys on the body of the deceased, in token that she rendered up his house to him, renounced community with, and, having no longer any interest in him, denied her marriage. § There was hardly a poor woman who could make up her mind to drink this cup of shame, and lacerate her heart on this wise . . . she would rather give to her last shift.

The duchess of Burgundy did not draw back. Of manly courage, she went bravely through the ceremony. || Like Charles-le-Mauvais, she sprang from that violent Spanish woman, Jane of Navarre and Philippe-le-Bel. ¶ Jane's grand-daughter, Marguerite, had founded, with not less violence of character, the house of Burgundy. It is said that when she found her son, the count of Flanders, hesitate to accept Philippe-le-Hardi as his son-in-law, she showed him her nipple, declaring that if he did not consent, she would cut off the breast which had

* Id. *ibid.* Dec. 22, 1400, *Preuves*, p. 198.

† "When money was asked for the daily expenses . . . it was considered a damnable crime, (velut damnable crimen reputabatur.)" *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 420.

‡ *Glossaire de Laurière*, t. i. p. 206.—Michelet, *Origines du Droit Cherché* dans les Formules, &c., p. 395.

§ *Ibidem*, p. 42. In fact, the widow's renunciation is not without analogy to the denegation of marriage, in virtue of which the law of Castile allowed a woman of noble birth, who had married a plebeian, to resume her nobility on her husband's death. The ceremony was for her to repair to church, a halberd on her shoulder, to touch with its point the grave of the deceased, saying, "Vilein, keep thy villainy, that I may resume my nobility." For this note I am indebted to M. Rossew Saint-Hilaire. See my *Origines du Droit*, p. 431.

|| "And demanded an instrument in attestation from a notary public, who was there present." *Monstrelet*, t. i. p. 142.

¶ See, above, vol. i. p. 392.

* In 1403, the duke of Burgundy, not daring to enter into negotiations with the English, suffered the towns of Flanders to treat with them. Rymer, (editio tertia.) t. iv. p. 38.—He afterwards got authority from the king to conclude a mercantile treaty, which was renewed by his widow and by his successor, August 29, 1403: June 19, 1404. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 573.

† See *Le Laboureur's* excellent and discriminative estimate of Philippe-le-Hardi's character. *Introd. à l'Hist. de Charles VI.*, p. 96.

‡ *Quamvis earum (ecclesiarum) largus non extiterit ditator. . . . Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 420.

§ D. Plancher, *Histoire de Bourgogne*, t. iii. p. 79.

|| Id. *ibid.* p. 163, and note 24, p. 573.

given him suck.* As we have seen, this marriage placed a whole empire in the hands of the house of Burgundy. The second Marguerite, grand-daughter of the other, the wife of Philippe-le-Hardi, and worthy mother of Jean-Sans-Peur, preferred this solemn act of bankruptcy to subtracting one inch of land from her house's possessions. She knew the spirit of her time, of that age of iron and of lead. Her sons lost nothing by it; they were neither less honored nor less popular. Boldness like hers struck terror. Men felt what they had to dread from such princes. The people are for those who make themselves feared.

Philippe-le-Hardi's death seemed to leave the duke of Orléans master of the council. He profited by it to take possession of the strongholds which covered Paris on the north, of Coucy, Ham, Soissons. With these, and with la Fère, Châlons, Château-Thierry, Orléans, and Dreux, he possessed a girdle of fortresses round Paris. It is true, the duke of Burgundy had seized, in the south, on the important post of Etampes.†

The duke of Orléans got his pope to prohibit the new duke of Burgundy from interfering with the affairs of the kingdom.‡ For this prohibition to have any effect, it behooved to be the stronger. He could not hinder Jean-Sans-Peur from entering the council-chamber; and not only him, but three others, who were but one soul and body with him—his brothers, the dukes of Limbourg and of Nevers, and his cousin, the duke of Brittany. Jean-Sans-Peur, following up his father's policy, began by protesting against the tax imposed by the duke of Orléans for the continuance of the war, and declared that he would not allow his subjects to pay it. Thus encouraged, Paris had no desire to pay either. In vain did the criers who proclaimed the tax, announce at the same time that the last year's tax had been well employed, and many places in the Limousin retaken.§ The Parisians cared neither for the Limousin nor the kingdom: they would not pay. The prisons were filled; the squares covered with furniture, put up to sale. So great was the public exasperation, that it was found necessary to prohibit, by sound of trumpet, the wearing of swords or knives.||

There is every reason to believe that the public burdens were not excessive, whatever contemporary writers may say. France had become rich again through peace. Manual labor bore a high price in the towns. The exchequer levied with greater ease six francs a

hearth, than it could one franc fifty years before.* But this money was levied with a violence, a precipitation, and capricious inequality, more fatal than the impost itself.

Whether the people had or had not money, they would part with none. They were told that the queen sent to Germany all that the duke of Orléans did not grasp. Six loads of gold which the Bavarian was dispatching to her home,† were said to have been stopped at Metz. These reports were credited by the wisest of that day. The grave historian of the time believes that the previous tax had supplied the monstrous sum of eight hundred thousand gold crowns;‡ and that the duke and the queen had made way with the whole. To form a correct judgment of the truth of these assertions, and appreciate the ignorance and malevolence with which the resources of the kingdom were discussed, it is sufficient to cast a glance on the fine plan devised by the Burgundian party for the reform of the finances. "There are," they said, "seventeen hundred thousand cities, burghs, and villages in the kingdom; deduct seven hundred thousand, as fallen into decay; tax the remainder only twenty crowns each a year, the amount will be twenty millions of crowns; after paying the troops well, the expenses of the king's house, collectors and receivers, and even reserving something for the repairs of fortresses, there will remain three millions in the king's coffers." It is on this famous calculation of there being seventeen hundred thousand steeples, that the facetious rector of the *Satire Ménippée* grounds his argument.§

The Burgundian party was helped by nothing more than by the sermon of an Augustin friar against the queen and the duke. The queen, nevertheless, was present. The holy man spoke with only the greater violence, and, probably,

* This is an inference based on numerous facts of detail. An historian, whose opinion is of great importance on all connected with political economy, and who, too, can never be suspected of forgetting the cause of the people, M. de Sismondi, sees the point in the same light that we do:—"Agriculture was not destroyed in France, although every thing seemed to have been done which could annihilate it. On the contrary, the burns burned down by the English in their later expeditions had been rebuilt, the vines replanted, and the fields covered with harvests. Arts and manufactures had not been given up; rather, they seem to have employed a greater number of hands in the cities, if we may judge by the statutes of the trades' corporations, which were multiplied through the provinces, and for which each year fresh sanctions were solicited from the crown. The wealth, so barbarously torn from those who had produced it, was soon created anew by others; and, necessarily, more abundantly still, since the proceeds from taxes and impositions had considerably increased. The king levied with more ease six francs the hearth in the year, than he could have levied one franc fifty years before." *Histoire des Français*, t. xii. p. 173.

† Cum regina ex illis sex equos oneratos auro monetato in Alemaniam mitteret, hoc in prædam venit Metensium, qui a conductoriis didicerunt quod alias finantiam similem in Alemaniam conduxerant, unde mirati sunt multi, cum sic vellet depauperare Franciam ut Alemanos ditaret. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 440.

‡ Mihi pluries de summâ sciscitanti responsum est, quod octies ad centum millia scuta auri venerat, quam tamen propriis deputaverant usibus. *Ibidem*, folio 439.

§ *Religieux*, 468 verso.—*Satire Ménippée*, (Ratisb. 1700,) t. i. p. 15.

* Gollut, *Mémoires Historiques des Bourgougnons de la Franche-Comté*, 1593, p. 546.

† He got the duke of Berri to cede it to him, in 1400. D. Plancher, *Hist. de Bourgogne*, t. iii. Preuves, p. 194.

‡ Meyer, folio 230.

§ Ut de tallia jam collecta populus non murmuraret, quia inde multa oppida hostium in Lemovicino et alibi capta fuerant isto anno. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 440.

|| Ne quis ense vel cutellum, nisi ad usum prandii secum ferret. *Ibidem*. They were only allowed to carry a dinner knife.

without well knowing whom he served by this violence. There is no better instrument for a faction, than fanatics of the kind who deal out their blows conscientiously. In his harangue he attacked pellmell the prodigalities and abuses of the court, with all novelties in general, dances, fashions, fringes, and large sleeves.* He told the queen, to her face, that her court was the abode of lady Venus, &c.†

The king was told of it; and, far from manifesting anger, he wanted to hear it too. Before the king, the monk said more:—That the taxes had done no manner of good; that the king himself was clothed with the blood and tears of the people; that the duke (it was thus he designated him) was accursed, and that there could be no doubt God would transfer the kingdom to a stranger.‡

Though thus violently attacked, the duke of Orléans made no attempt to regain public favor. Accused of prodigality, he became but the more prodigal: too little money had been raised for war, but enough for fêtes and amusements. Kept so long estranged from the business of government by his uncles, under pretext of his youth, he remained young in thought and deed. He was past thirty; and yet but the more impetuous in his mad passions. At this age of action, the man whom circumstances hinder from acting, falls back but the more vehemently on the youth which is slipping from him, and revels in the caprices of other years. But he carries into them a far more difficult and insatiable fancy; all is momentary, nothing suffices. Pleasure comes first, but that is soon over; then, in pleasure, the bitter savor of secret sin; and, lastly, scorn of secrecy, and the insolent enjoyments of parade and scandal.

The *little queen* of Charles VII. was not what he wanted; he loved great dames only, that is, adventures, abductions, and all the mad tragedies of love. Thus he bore off the lady de Canny, and kept her in the knowledge and sight of the whole world, until he had a son by her§—the famous Dunois.

Was he the lover of the two Bavarians, of Margaret, wife of Jean-Sans-Peur, and of queen Isabella, his own brother's wife? It is not improbable. What is certain is, that he seemed to act together with Isabella both at the council-board and in business; and so strict an alliance between a young man too addicted to gallantry, and a young woman who was left as it were a widow in the lifetime of her husband, was any thing but edifying.

Master of the queen, he seemed to wish to be so of the kingdom. He took advantage of a re-

lapse of his brother's, to induce him to give him the government of Normandy; which province, the richest of all, had been coveted by the late duke of Burgundy. Here the duke of Orléans, who could no longer get any money out of Paris, would have found fresh resources; and it was from the Norman ports, too, that he could best direct the captains of his party against England. The expedition of the count de la Marche, fitted out at Brest, had had no result: sailing from Honfleur or Dieppe, it might have succeeded. The Normans, no doubt secretly encouraged by the Burgundian party, gave their new governor an ominous reception. He made a fruitless effort to disarm Rouen.* There was great imprudence in thus irritating this powerful commune. The captains of the cities and fortresses kept their posts against him, until new orders from the king.

When Charles VI. next had a lucid interval, this attempt of the duke's on Normandy excited in his mind the greatest distrust of him. His pride likewise was appealed to. He was informed in how shameful a state his wife and his brother left him;† his servants unpaid, his children neglected, and no means of meeting the expenses of his household. He asked the dauphin how this might be: the child said "Yes," and that for three months the queen had caressed and kissed him, that he might say nothing.‡

Thus Charles VI. was easily persuaded to call in the duke of Burgundy, who, under the pretext of doing homage for Flanders, came with an escort which rather resembled an army, bringing with him a crowd of his vassals, and six thousand men-at-arms. The queen and the duke of Orléans escaped to Melun. The children of France were to have followed them the next day; but the duke of Burgundy arrived in time to secure them.§

* The men of Rouen scornfully answered—"We will carry our arms to the castle, that is to say, we will go there armed, and armed we will return." *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 453.

† "The king's malady, under which he long labored, was marvellous piteous. And when he ate, it was gluttony and slovenly. And they could not make him change his clothes, and he was all full of lice, vermin, and ordure. And he had a small piece of iron, which he kept secretly next to his flesh. No one was aware of this; and it had all rotted his poor flesh, and none dare go near him to remedy the thing. However, he had a physician, who said that it must be remedied, or that he was in danger; but he thought there was no remedy for the disease itself. And he recommended that some ten or twelve should enter his room disguised and blackened, and without clothes, for fear he should hurt them. And so it was done, and they entered, terrible to see. When he saw them, he was all astonished, and they went straight up to him. They had brought with them quite new garments, shirt, waistcoat, robe, stockings, boots, which one of them carried. They besought him, and he answered in many words. Then they took off his clothes, and clothed him in what they had brought. Piteous was it to see him, for his body was all eaten into by lice and ordure. And they found the said piece of iron: whenever they wanted to clean him, it was necessary to do it on this fashion." Juvénal des Ursins, p. 177.

‡ He testified much gratitude to a lady who had taken care of the dauphin, and prevented him from suffering by his mother's neglect, giving her a golden goblet, out of which he had just drunk—"Vas aureum quo vinum haurat." *Le Religieux*, MS. 453 verso.

§ Monstrelet, t. i. p. 163.—The clerk to the parliament,

* Loricatis, fimbriatis et manicatis vestibus. *Religieux*, 449 verso.

† Domina Venus. *Ibidem*, 448 verso.—This Augustin, who preached against the duke of Orléans, had dedicated a book to him, which, perhaps, he had not considered himself sufficiently paid for. *Mém. Académ.* t. xv. pp. 795-808.

‡ To inducere de substantiis, lacrimis et gemitibus miserrime plebis. *Religieux*, 449 verso.—Timebat quin Deus regnum transferret ad extraneos. *Ibidem*, folio 450.

§ *Ibidem*, folio 354.—Monstrelet, t. i. p. 216.

He had need of the young dauphin.* In the absence of the king, he made him preside over a council consisting of princes, of the ordinary counsellors, and, which was an *innovation*, of the rector and numerous doctors of the University.† Here master Jean de Nuelle, a doctor of Artois, and servant of the duke of Burgundy's, pronounced a long harangue on the abuses which his master desired to reform; and which he wound up by accusing the duke of Orléans of neglecting the war with the English, and by showing the justice of that war, asserting that what with the annual subsidies, the general taxes, and the loan recently enforced from the rich and the prelates, there were sufficient funds to carry it on.

Such a discourse raises surprise, when we see that at that very moment the duke of Burgundy, as count of Flanders,‡ had just entered into a treaty with the English, and that he had, too, set the example of refusing the war tax. At this very moment, too, the Orléans party was retaking eighteen small posts, and, soon after, retook sixty in Guyenne. The count d'Armagnac offered them (the English) battle under the walls of Bordeaux.§ The sire de

contrary to his custom, relates the occurrence minutely:—"On this day, the king being ill in his hôtel Saint-Paul, at Paris, laboring under alienation of mind, (which had continued from the year 1392-3, without any lucid interval whatever,) and the queen, and Louis, duke of Orléans, the king's brother, being at Melun, where they were taking the dauphin, duke of Guyenne, aged nine years, and his wife, who was about ten, by command of the queen, the mother of the said dauphin—John, duke of Burgundy and count of Flanders, cousin-german to the king and father of the wife of the said dauphin (who waited on the king, as it was said, in order to do homage for his lands, after the death of his father, Philip, the king's uncle, and to visit him and advise him, as it was said, touching the private government of this kingdom) suspecting, as it was said, that the queen had sent for the said dauphin for her own purposes, took horse hastily and suddenly, with the whole of his people, armed, from Louvres to Paris, where he had people, and passing through Paris about seven in the morning, followed the said dauphin, his son-in-law, who had people at Ville-Juyve, to Genisy; and the said dauphin, being questioned, after salutation past, where he was going, and whether he would not wish to return to his good city of Paris, answered, as was said, 'Yes,' and they brought him back about twelve o'clock, against the will of the marquis Du Pont, cousin-german to the king, and of the said duke, and against the will of the queen's brother, which two were conducting him, and there came to meet the dauphin, the king of Navarre, his cousin-german, the duke de Berry, and the duke of Bourbon, the king's uncles, and many other lords who were at Paris, and led him to the castle of the Louvre for greater security; with which were sorely displeased the said duke of Orléans and the queen, inasmuch that there assembled at Paris, on the side of the said duke of Burgundy, his brother, the duke de Lambourt, with a great company of men-at-arms, and in the Low Countries many from many countries, and at Melun, and in the countries round about, on the side of the duke of Orléans, many, as it was said. What will be the end? God will see to it, for in him must be our hope and stay, and 'not in princes or in the sons of men, in whom there is no salvation.'" *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil*, vol. xii. folio 222, August 19th, 1405.

* He took up his abode with the said dauphin, in order to make the more sure of him. Monstrelet, t. i. p. 165.

† Nec ibi defuerunt cum consiliariis regis rector almæ Universitatis Parisiensis, atque in utroque jure multi doctores et magistri. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. 455 verso.

‡ See, above, p. 35.—*Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 573.

§ The count d'Armagnac seized at first on eighteen small fortresses or castles, according to the *Religieux* MS. 469 verso, then went to Bordeaux—Burdegulensem adiit civitatem, ipsis mandans quod si exire audebant . . . The

Savoisy made a successful raid (*course*) upon them.* Succors were sent to the Welsh.† And the leaders of these expeditions, d'Albret, d'Armagnac, Savoisy, Rieux, Duchâtel—were all of the Orléans party.

The exasperation of Paris against the axes, and the jealousy entertained by the princes of the duke of Orléans, rendered Jean-Sans-Peur momentary master of all. The king of Navarre, the king of Sicily, and the duke de Berri declared that all that the duke of Burgundy had done was well done. The clergy and the university preached to the same tune. Then the princes went, one by one, to Melun, to pray the duke of Orléans to assemble no more troops, and to suffer the queen to return to her good city. The aged duke de Berri gave way to his anger so far, as to tell his nephew that not one of the princes but held him for the public enemy; to which sally the duke of Orléans only replied—"He who has right on his side, keeps it!"‡

He had to reply as well to the embassy from the university, to the rector and doctors, who came to *sermonize* him on the blessings of peace. He harangued them, in his turn, in the vulgar tongue, though after their own style, opposing syllogism to syllogism, quotation to quotation; and concluded with the following words, which seem unanswerable:—"The university is not aware that the king being ill, and the dauphin a minor, the government of the kingdom devolves on the king's brother—how should it? The university is not French, but a mixture of all nations; § strangers of the kind have nothing to do with our affairs. . . . Doctors, return to your schools; each to his own trade. You would hardly invite men-at-arms to decide in matters of faith."|| He added, in a lighter tone:—"Who has commissioned you to treat of peace between me and my cousin of Burgundy? There is between us neither hate nor discord."¶

The duke of Burgundy counted upon Paris. He had completely won the affections of the Parisians by the good discipline he maintained among his troops, who took nothing without paying. He had authorized the burgesses to put themselves in a state of defence, and to re-

constable d'Albret and the count d'Armagnac, employing by turns arms and money, got possession of sixty forts or fortified villages. *Religieux*, 471 verso.

* *Ibidem*, folio 560.

† *Ibidem*, 461 verso.

‡ Qui bonam causam habet, eam bene custodiat. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 460.—The Burgundians bore on the pennons of their lances the motto *ich houd*, (I hold,) in opposition to the Orléans device, *Je l'envie*, (I wish.) Monstrelet, l. 176.

§ Bulaeus, *Historia Universitatis Parisiensis*, t. v. p. 120. || In casu fidei ad consilium milites non evocaretis. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 460.

¶ Sibi enim cum eo nullam similitudinem esse nec discordiam. Bulaeus, *Hist. Univers. Paris.* t. v. p. 120. Monstrelet asserts, that the duke of Orléans had chosen the University to be judge and arbiter in the case, t. i. p. 174.—What is more certain is, that he applied to the parliament to forbid the dauphin's separation from his mother:—"Si requeroit la cour qu'elle ne souffrist ledict dauphin estre transporté. . . ." *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil*, vol. xii. folio 222.

place the iron chains for barring the streets: in eight days they had forged more than six hundred of these. But when he sought to persuade them to adopt ulterior measures, and to follow him against the duke of Orléans, he met with a point blank refusal. This smoothed the way to a reconciliation. The princes agreed to a meeting: both parties had reason to apprehend a dearth of provisions. The duke of Orléans returned to Paris, gave his hand* to the duke of Burgundy, and consented to the reforms which he had proposed—the dismissal of some placeholders, and some retrenchment of salaries, constituted all this reform. But the discord between the dukes remained the same: gentle and insinuating, the duke of Orléans contrived to win over the duke de Berri and the majority of the council, and gradually regained the upper hand. A new reconciliation had soon to be effected—as useless as the first.

There was but one chance of peace: this was the duke of Burgundy's being provoked, as count of Flanders, by the piracies of the English and their ravages round Calais, to act seriously against them, and to come to an accommodation with the duke of Orléans. It seemed for a moment probable that the enemies of France would render her this service. In 1405, the English, conceiving that by Philippe-le-Hardi's death they would have an easy bargain of the widow and of the young duke, attempted to seize the port of Sluys. And this was not an attempt made by some individual, a mere piratical stroke, but an authorized expedition carried on by a royal fleet, and under the command of the duke of Clarence, Henry IVth's own son.† It was, too, at the very moment that the new count of Flanders had renewed the commercial treaties with the English.‡

The princes, then, agree to act against the enemy. The duke of Burgundy undertakes to lay siege to Calais, while the duke of Orléans is to carry on the war in Guyenne. In truth, Calais and Bordeaux were the two points to attack; but the united forces of the kingdom were not too much for one of these enterprises alone: to attempt both at once, was to fail in both.

Calais could scarcely be taken save in winter, and then by an unexpected attack: as was found out by the great Guise long afterwards.§ The duke of Burgundy gave the enemy long note of warning by his interminable preparations. He collected together a considerable body of troops, an immense quantity of pro-

vision, and twelve hundred cannon,* of small size, it is true. He took time to build a city of wood, in order to encompass Calais. While he labors and chips away, the English revictual the place, arm it, and render it impregnable.

The duke of Orléans succeeded no better. As was usual, he began the campaign too late, beginning his march when he ought to have been thinking of his return. Yet he had been warned that he would find neither provisions nor forage in the country, and that winter was about to set in. He lightly replied, that it would be the greater glory to conquer both the English and the winter.

The Gascons, who had summoned him, thought better of the matter, and afforded him no assistance.† Having only a small army of five thousand men, he could not venture on attacking Bordeaux, but he would have wished to gain possession of its approaches, and he tried Blaye; then Bourg. The bad weather delayed the progress of besieging operations: his provisions failed; and a fleet, bearing a supply from Rochelle, was captured by the English. The starving troops disbanded themselves. But the duke would obstinately persist in carrying on this unlucky siege, without hope, but striving to banish reflection,‡ and afraid to return, wasting the pay of the troops.

He well knew what awaited him at Paris. The duke of Burgundy was already there, stirring up the people against him, stigmatizing him as the friend of the English, and accusing him of having diverted for his fine expedition to Guyenne, the money which would have enabled them to take Calais.§ Paris was highly excited, as was the university, and even the clergy. The duke of Orléans had recently irritated the bishop and church of Paris, by repairing to St. Denys on his departure for Guyenne, to kiss the bones of the patron saint of France. The clergy of Paris, who asserted that their church possessed the real relics of the saint, could not forgive the duke for thus deciding against them.

By degrees, Paris became unanimous against the duke of Orléans. The members of the university cherished a deep hatred against him—a docterial, a priestly hatred. Firstly, he was

* See M. Lacabane's curious inquiry (still in manuscript) into *The History of Artillery in the Middle Age*.

† *Ferebatur capitaneos ad custodiam Aquitanie deputatos dominum ducem Aurelianensem antea sollicitasse, ut . . . aggrediendo armis patriam Burdegulensem. . . .* —Iter arripuit, quamvis minime ignoraret agilitatem Vasconum, et quantis astucis Francos reiteratis vicibus deceperunt ab antiquo. *Religieux de Saint-Denys*, MS. folio 489, 490.

‡ *Ibidem*, folio 495.

§ Monstrelet says, that the king's name had been used, without authority, to forbid the captains of Picardy and the Boulenois from aiding the duke of Burgundy. Monstrelet, t. i. p. 192.—The duke claimed to be indemnified. See, *Comptes des Dépenses faites par le duc de Bourgogne pour le siège de Calais*, (Account of the Outlay made by the duke of Burgundy for the siege of Calais,) a document of the utmost importance as regards the history of artillery, and of the matériel of war in general. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 922

* Cum amplexu pacifico datis dextris. *Religieux*, MS. folio 467. To believe the chronicle followed by M. de Barante, they must have slept in the same bed. *Bibl. Roy. Chronique*, No. 10,207.

† Meyer, 222 *verso*.

‡ "Promise of the duchess of Burgundy, and of duke John, her son, who engage to follow the king's instructions for the regulation of the commerce between the Flemings and the English, June 19, 1404." *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 573.

§ The winter, on the contrary, discouraged the duke of Burgundy. Juvénal des Ursins, p. 180.

the friend of their enemy, the pope, and had benefices conferred on men who did not belong to the university—which was starving them. Again, to the university of Paris, he opposed the universities of Orléans, of Angers, of Montpellier, and of Toulouse, all favorable to the pope of Avignon.* He maintained, as we have seen, that the university of Paris was not French; and that consisting, in large part, of strangers, that it could not interfere in the affairs of the kingdom. These were terrible griefs in the eyes of our doctors. Strictly speaking, however, they would have pardoned all this: but, what was much more serious to men of letters, decidedly unpardonable and inexpiable—he laughed at them.

Already superannuated, as regarded learning, and the ability to impart it, the university of Paris had attained the apogee of its power. It had become, so to speak, the authority. For more than a century, this old elder daughter of our kings had raised her voice in her father's house—an equivocal daughter, in priestly cassock;† and, like all old maids, bitter and choleric. The king, too, had spoiled her, needing her against the Templars, against the popes. In the great schism, she undertook to choose for Christendom, and chose Clement VII.; then she humiliated this pope of hers.

She was an uncertain instrument in the king's hands, and often wounded himself. On the least discontent, the university would go and threaten him that the daughter of kings, wounded in her privileges, would stray, like a wandering sheep,‡ in search of another asylum. She would close her classes, and her scholars disperse, to the great detriment of Paris. All was haste then after them in order to put an end to the *secessio*, and recall the *gens togata* from Mount Aventine.

The university did not restrict herself to these negative means. Soon, allying herself with the commonalty, she gave her orders to the hôtel Saint-Paul, and treated the king almost as badly as she had treated the pope. In this wretched eclipse of the papacy, the Empire, and the crown, the university of Paris sat on the throne, ferule in hand, and believed herself queen of the world.

There was, indeed, a show of reason in this absurdity. Before printing, before the supremacy of the press, under which we now live, the only channel of publicity was the oral instruction dispensed by the universities; and that of Paris was the first and most influential of all.

Immense, almost uncontrollable power—and in whose hands? In those of a population of doctors, soured by want, and in whom hatred, envy, and all bad passions had been sedulously

cultivated by an education of polemics and of disputation. When such minds arrived at power, they would soon show how much eristicism dries up and hardens the moral fibre, how, carried from the abstract into the real, it continues to abstract—abstracts life, and reasons on murder, as on any other negation.

The university had early begun to war on the duke of Orléans. As early as 1402 it declared those who were hostile to the subtraction of obedience, and friendly to the pope—sinners and favorers of schism. The prince, so clearly pointed out, demanded reparation; but, the same evening, one of the most celebrated doctors and preachers, Courtecuisse, repeated the invective.

Two years afterwards, the university seized an opportunity of striking one of the duke of Orléans' and of the queen's chief officers—the sire de Savoisy. This lord, who had conducted some successful expeditions against the English, maintained a complete military establishment, insolent servants, and unruly pages. One of the latter spurred his horse through a procession of the scholars, &c. of the university; the scholars buffeted him, and Savoisy's people, striking in, chased them into St. Catherine's church, and fired upon them at random from the doors, to the great alarm of the priest who was at the moment celebrating mass. Several of the scholars were wounded. Savoisy implored pardon of the university, and offered to surrender the guilty to no purpose.* He was compelled to perpetuate the remembrance of his humiliation by founding a chapel, and endowing it with a yearly income of a hundred livres, and by suffering his hôtel, one of the most beautiful of that day, to be razed to the ground. The admirable paintings with which it was decorated, touched not the scholastics:† and the demolition was accomplished with great parade, to the sound of trumpets which proclaimed the triumph of the university.‡

Until she obtained this brilliant reparation, she had suspended her lessons, and forbade all preaching. She employed the same means, when, on Benedict XIIIth's escape from Avignon, the duke of Orléans induced the king to revoke the ordinance enjoining subtraction of obedience from that pope, who, at the same time, ordered a tenth to be levied on the clergy, for the special behalf, no doubt, of the duke. A council, assembled at Paris, durst not come to any decision. But through the medium of one of her doctors, Jean-Petit, the university burst out violently against the pope,§ against the fa-

* He even declared, that he was ready to hang the offender with his own hand:—*Quod delinquentem ipsemet manu propria libenter daret suspendio. Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 430.*

† All that the king could save was a gallery, painted in fresco, built on the city walls, and for which he was obliged to pay the full value. *Ibidem*, 430 verso.

‡ Cum lituis et instrumentis musicis. *Ibidem*.

§ Contra tricas et ludificationes Benedicti. (Against Benedict's tricks and mockeries.) Buleus, Hist. Univers. Paris pp. 120, 132.

* Buleus, Hist. Univers. Paris. t. v. p. 56.

† For five hundred years the debate on the insoluble question, whether the University be a clerical or a lay body, has gone on. See Buleus, *passim*.

‡ Quasi ovem errandam. *Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 551.*

vorers of the pope, against the university of Toulouse which supported him; and exacted from the king a command to the parliament to have the letter burnt, which their brothers of Toulouse had written on the occasion. So great was the terror, that Savois himself, so recently maltreated by the university, undertook to be the bearer of the royal commands to the parliament.* Fearless, in front of the English, he stooped before that popular power, whose force and rage he had felt in his own person.

After such triumphs as this, the insolence of the scholars may be imagined: they were impressed with the conviction that they were the masters on the stones of Paris. Two of them, a Breton and a Norman, had committed some theft or other.† The provost, messire de Tignonville, a friend of the duke of Orléans, rightly concluding that if he handed them over to their ecclesiastical judges, they would be discovered to be the most innocent persons in the world, treated them as lapsed from the benefit of clergy, put them to the torture, wrung a confession of their guilt from them, and then hung them. Hereupon, loud clamors from the university and the clerks generally.

As the princes could not desert the provost, they told the authorities of the university that they might take down and bury the bodies, and there an end. But this was not what they bargained for. They demanded that the provost should found two chapels; that he should be declared incapable of all employment, should take down the bodies from the gibbet, and bury them with his own hands, after having kissed their putrid lips.‡

The whole body of the clergy supported the university. Not only were the classes closed, but all preaching was suspended, and this, at the sacred season of Christmas, and during the whole of Advent, the whole of Lent, and even Easter week.§ Only the year before, all preaching and teaching had been suspended at the same periods, in resistance to the levying of the tenths. In this manner the clergy avenged themselves at the expense of the souls confided to their care, refusing the people the bread of the word, during the holiest festivals, and amidst the miseries of winter, when men's souls so much need support. The people repaired to the churches, but found no consolation there.|| Winter, spring, thus passed away, silent and mournful.

The duke of Orléans had much to fear: the people threw the blame of all upon him. His party fell off, and he sustained a fresh blow in the death of his friend, Clisson. As long as he

lived, aged as he was, Clisson overawed the duke of Brittany.

Some time before, as the duke and queen were taking an airing in the direction of St. Germain, they were caught in a tremendous storm. The duke jumped for shelter into the queen's litter, but the horses took fright, and they were nearly thrown into the river. The queen was filled with alarm; the duke was touched, announced his intention to pay his creditors, perfectly ignorant, no doubt, of what his debts amounted to. More than eight hundred* appeared with their accounts: the duke's secretary dismissed them unpaid.

In this sad winter of 1407, the duke and queen thought they should recover the public affection by ordering in the king's name the right of *prisage* to be suspended; of all abuses, that which was most clamored against. By this right, the king's stewards and those of the princes and the nobles took from market, or from shop, whatever they required for their masters' tables, or which they coveted themselves, and could carry off—linen, moveables, nothing came amiss. The duke's and the queen's servants had exercised this right with unsparing severity. It was no use suspending the exercise of this odious right:‡ the people bore them too deep a grudge to feel thankful for it.

All turned against them. The queen, so long separated from her husband, was nevertheless pregnant: she expected and longed for a child, and at last gave birth to a son, but still-born. He was wept by his mother,‡ more than is usual when the mother of so many others; wept, as a pledge of love.

The duke of Orléans, too, was ill, and buried himself in his château de Beauté. The undulating windings of the Marne and its wooded islands,§ which, on one side, look towards the smiling slopes of Nogent, and on the other, towards the monastic shade of Saint-Maur,|| have ever presented an inexplicable attraction of melancholy grace. In these islands, on this beautiful and dangerous river, formerly arose a Merovingian villa, a palace of Fredegonda's;¶ there, at a later period, was the cherished re-

* Plus quam pccc viri ex diversis regni partibus convenientes dicta die. *Ibidem*, 452 verso, ann. 1405.

† It was suspended for four years. *Ordonnances*, t. ix. p. 250, September 7, 1407.

‡ In tantis immatura mors materna viscera conturbavit, totumque tempus purgationis regina continuavit in lamentis. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. 551 verso.

§ "Marne l'enceint . . .
Et belle tour qui garde les détrois,
Où l'en se puet retraire à sauweté,
Pour tous ces pöins li douls prince courtois
Donna ce nom à ce lieu de Beauté."
Eustache Deschamps ed de M Crapelet, p. 14.

(Marne begirts it. . . . And the beautiful tower which guards the straits, where one can retire in safety, on all these accounts the gracious, courteous prince, gave the name to this spot of Beauty.)

|| Saint-Maur was at this time a large, fortified abbey.

¶ Gregorius Turonensis, lib. vi. cap. 2. It is out of the Marne that a fisherman draws the body of Chilperic's young son, drowned by his step-mother. *Id.* lib. viii. cap. 10.

* *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. 477 verso.

† Latrocinia perpetrata. *Ibidem*, folio 550.

‡ Post oris osculum. *Ibidem*, 550 verso.

§ Solemni tempore Natalis Domini, Quadragesimæ, et Resurrectionis ejus. *Ibidem*, folio 551.

|| As a set-off, the fiddlers seem to have multiplied. Their corporation becomes important, and procures confirmation of its statutes. *Bibl. Roy. Portef. Fontanieu*, 1071-80, April 24, 1407.

treat in which Charles VII. vainly thought his treasure, the good and lovely Agnes, safe.* This very château of Agnes Sorel's, was that of Louis of Orléans as well; here he was staying, ill, in the month of November, 1407. Autumn was departing, the leaves falling, the first cold weather setting in.

The life of each individual has its autumn, its warning season, when all fades and withers. Would to heaven this were maturity; but generally it comes sooner, much sooner than ripe age. It is at this point, often at an early stage of life, that man sees obstacles multiply around him, his efforts turning useless, his hopes failing, and the shadows of the future gradually enlarging in the waning day. . . . Then, first, the truth flashes on the mind, that death is a remedy; that it comes to the aid of fates which find a difficulty in accomplishing their destiny.

Louis of Orléans was thirty-six years of age: still, for many years, in the whirl of his passions and of his mad intrigues, he had had his serious moments.† He had written with his own hand a very pious, Christian-like will, replete with charity and penitence. First, he ordered payment of his creditors; then bequeathed legacies to churches, colleges, and hospitals, with abundant alms to the poor. He recommended his children to his very enemy, the duke of Burgundy; and, in his sense of the need he had of expiation, asked to be borne to the tomb on a hurdle covered with ashes.‡

At the period at which we have arrived, he had only too true a presentiment of his approaching end. He often visited the Célestins; he loved this convent; in his childhood he was

went to be taken thither by his good nurse to hear prayers.* When grown up, he frequently visited there the wise Philippe de Maizières, an aged counsellor of Charles Vth's, who had retired into it.† At times, he took up his abode in the convent, living with the monks, and as they did, and assisting at the services, day and night. One night, there, proceeding to matins, he thought, as he was passing through the dormitory, that he saw Death.‡ This vision was confirmed by another; in which he thought himself in the presence of God, and about to undergo judgment. To be thus warned of his end in the very place where his childhood had begun, was a solemn sign. The prior of the convent, to whom he confided the secrets of his soul, recommended him to think of his eternal welfare, and to prepare to make a good end.

He was soon visited by no less sinister an apparition in his château de Beauté. Here he received a strange visit. Jean-Sans-Peur presented himself; and so much the more unexpectedly as a new cause had arisen to embitter their hate. The Liegeois had expelled their bishop, a young man of twenty, who wished to be bishop without becoming priest,§ and, supported by the duke of Orléans and the pope of Avignon, had elected another. Now the expelled bishop was the duke of Burgundy's brother-in-law. Should the duke of Orléans master of Luxembourg, extend his influence to Liege as well, his rival would have on his hands a perpetual domestic war in Brabant and Flanders, and France would elude his grasp. He must have been exasperated to the utmost by this hazard.||

For a long time he had threatened violent measures. In 1405, when the two rivals were in presence, before the walls of Paris, Louis of Orléans having taken a knotted club for his device, Jean-Sans-Peur took a plane for his. How was the club to be *planed*?¶ The worst was to be feared.

* She died young, and it was supposed, poisoned. This castle of Agnes's, on an island, calls to mind Fair Rosamond's labyrinth. See the pretty ballad on this subject, *Anecdotes and Traditions Illustrative of Early English History*, by W. Thoms, (1839.) p. 104.

† Ad multa vitia præceps fuit, quæ tamen horruit cum ad virilem ætatem pervenisset. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. 554 verso.

‡ His will was found to have been written wholly with his own hand, four years before his death, and displayed his taste for, and familiar acquaintance with, the Holy Scriptures, and all sacred matters. During his life, he had been the most magnificent of princes in his gifts to churches. His last wishes were more liberal still. After payment of his debts, which he especially insisted upon, there began an astounding list of all the foundations which he bequeathed, and of the prayers and funeral services to his memory, all ceremonial points of which he minutely described. He assigned funds for the building of a chapel in the churches of Sainte-Croix at Orléans, Notre-Dame at Chartres, and Sainte-Eustache and Saint-Paul's at Paris. Besides, entertaining a particular veneration for the order of the Célestin monks, he founded a chapel in all their churches throughout France, thirteen in number, without speaking of the wealth which he bequeathed to their convent in Paris. He desired to be buried in the habit of the order, to be borne humbly to the tomb on a hurdle strewn with ashes, and that his statue in marble should represent him as clad in this robe. Among his kind deeds, the poor and the hospitals were not forgotten; and his love of letters was evidenced by his founding six bursaries in the college of Ave-Maria. Finally, the goodness of his soul, confiding and without gall, was shown in his recommending his children to his uncle, duke Philip, at the very time they were in the height of their quarrels. *Histoire des Célestins*, par le P. Beurrier. M. de Barante, t. iii. p. 95, third edition. See the original will, published entire at the end of Juvénal des Ursins, by Godefroy, pp. 631-646.

* Christine de Pisan, *Mém. Acad.* t. xvii. p. 520.

† Jean Petit accuses them of conspiring together. See his speech against the duke of Orléans, in *Monstrelet*.

‡ So ran the tradition of the convent. The monks had this vision painted in their chapel adjoining the altar; where Death was seen with his scythe in his hand, and pointing out to the duke of Orléans the legend, "Juvenes ac senes rapio," (I hurry off young and old.) Millin, *Antiquités Nationales*, Description des Célestins, t. i. p. 82.

§ Urgebant ut aut sacris initiaretur, aut certe episcopatum abdicaret. Zantfliet is the more credible here, since his partiality for the bishop is everywhere visible. Corn. Zantfliet, *Leodiensi monachi Chronicon*, apud Martene, *Amplissima Collectio*, t. v. p. 360. See, also, *Catalogus Episcoporum Leodensium*, auctore Placentio, ann. 1403-8, and *Chapeauville's Collection*.

|| In the expectation of an approaching war, he had secured the alliance of the duke of Lorraine. (D. Plancher, *Hist. du Bourgogne*, t. iii. p. 254, April 6, 1407.) and had taken into his service the marshal de Boucicaut. Boucicaut promises to serve him towards and against all, excepting the king and his children, "in memory of the duke of Burgundy's having saved his life, when he was taken by the Turks." *Bibl. Royale, fonds Baluze*, MS. 9484, 2; July 18, 1407.

¶ After the death of the duke of Orléans, the saying ran, "that the ragged staff was at length planed smooth." Meyer, 226 verso.—Devices of my lord of Orléans—*Je suis*

The duke de Berri, full of anxiety, conceived that he had gained a great point with his nephew when he persuaded him to visit the invalid. Either to deceive his uncle, or to gratify a malignant curiosity, he forced himself to pay this visit. The duke of Orléans was convalescent. The aged uncle took his two nephews, led them with him to mass, made them partake at communion of the same host, gave them a grand banquet in honor of their reconciliation, and made them embrace. Louis did so sincerely, as there is every reason to believe: he had confessed the evening before, and had testified amendment and repentance.* He requested his cousin to dine with him on the following Sunday; not knowing that there would be no Sunday for him.

MURDER OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

There may still be seen, at the corner of the old rue du Temple and of the rue des Francs-Bourgeois, a tower of the fifteenth century, light, elegant, and contrasting strongly with the ugly house, which has been hooked upon it on either side. This tower formed part of one of the sides of the great enclosure of the hôtel Barbette, occupied in 1407 by queen Isabella, and in 1550, by Diana de Poitiers.

The hôtel Barbette, lying outside of the walls built by Philippe-Auguste, betwixt the two jurisdictions of the city and the Temple, and equally independent of both, had long been free, by this favorable position, from all the restraints of the city, as the curfew, the shutting of the gates, &c. Included, at a later period, within the walls of Charles V., it remained, nevertheless, in this unfrequented quarter, free from the supervision of the honest and slander-given burgesses of Paris.†

This hôtel, built by the financier Etienne Barbette,‡ master of the Mint in the reign of Philippe-le-Bel, had been plundered in the great riot, when that king escaped from the fury of the people by throwing himself into the temple, (A. D. 1306.) Eighty years afterward, this hôtel came into the possession of another *parvenu*—the grand master Montaigu, one of the *marmousets* at the head of public affairs. Here they got Charles VI. to sleep the day before his departure for Brittany, when, in spite of his uncles, they managed to draw him from

Paris in order to avenge Clisson's murder. Montaigu, like Clisson, the friend of the duke of Orléans, paid his court to the queen by ceding her this convenient mansion.* She loved not the hôtel Saint-Paul, where her husband resided. This husband was much more in her way in his insane, than in his lucid moments.

She had taken pleasure in embellishing this favorite abode, and had enlarged and extended it as far as the rue de la Perle. Its gardens were the more retired and lonely from being masked, the whole length of the old rue du Temple, by a row of houses whose windows faced the street, and from which nothing could be seen behind more than the wall of the mysterious hôtel.

The queen lay in here on the 10th of November. On the 20th, the two princes had taken the communion together; on the 22d they had feasted with the duke de Berri, had embraced, and vowed to each other a brother's friendship. However, since the 17th, the duke of Burgundy had been laying his train for the murder of this brother of his, had prepared an ambuscade near the hôtel Barbette, and the assassins were on the watch.

From St. John's day, that is to say, for more than four months, Jean-Sans-Peur had been looking out for a house fit for his purpose. A clerk belonging to the university, who was his man, had charged a house agent (un *couratier* public de maisons) to hire him one for warehousing, as he told him, wine, corn, and other provisions, which the scholars and the clerks received from their native districts, and which they enjoyed the university privilege of selling free of duty. On the 17th of November, the agent gave him possession of the house, known by the sign of the image of Our Lady, Vieille rue du Temple, (old Temple-street,) facing the hôtels de Rieux and la Bretonnerie. Into this, the duke of Burgundy introduced by night creatures of his own; among others, the mortal enemy of the duke of Orléans, Raoul d'Auque-tonville, a Norman, formerly one of the heads of the Exchequer, (ancien général des finances,) whom the duke had deprived of his post on account of malversation.‡ Raoul answered for his death; one of the king's valets de chambre was bribed to betray and deliver him into their hands.

The day following the duke de Berri's banquet to him and the duke of Burgundy, (Wednesday, November 23d, 1407,) Louis of Orléans had been visiting the queen as usual, had supped with her, and been purposely gay in the hope of raising the poor mother's spirits.§ The king's valet comes in hastily with a mes-

mareschal de grant renommée, Il en appert bien, jay forge levée. (I am a blacksmith of great renown. The proof is clear, I have a forge at work:) of my lord of Burgundy, *Je suis charbonnier d'étrange contrée, Jay assez charbon pour faire fumée,* (I am a charcoal-burner from a strange country. I have charcoal enough to make a smoke.) *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Colbert 2403. Regius. 9681-5.*

* In bono statu erat, quia modicum antea devote confessus fuerat. *Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 593.*

† The houses thus situated were not of good fame; as is proved by the complaints of the canons of Saint-Méry of the houses of evil resort, all along the old walls of Philippe-Auguste. They obtained an ordinance from Henry VI., king of France and England, for clearing this quarter of them.

‡ Sauval, t. i. p. 68.

* Mem. de Bonamy, dans les Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, t. xxi. p. 519.

† *Ibidem*, p. 222.

‡ *Ibidem*, p. 222.

§ *Dolorem . . . studuit mitigare . . . cena jucundè peracta.* *Religieux de Saint-Denis. MS. 551 verso.*

sage, that the king desires to speak to his brother.* The duke, who had at the time six hundred knights, or squires, followers of his, had but few in immediate attendance upon him, preferring, no doubt, to make these visits, which had already provoked the tongue of slander, as privately as possible. He even left part of his attendants at the hôtel Barbette, intending, perhaps, to return when he should be quit of the king. It was only eight o'clock, an early hour for courtiers, but late for this retired quarter, especially in November. He had with him only two squires, who rode on the same horse, a page, and some footmen with torches. He rode along, clad in a simple robe of black damask, down the old rue du Temple, behind his people, humming a tune, and playing with his glove, as one does in a moment of gayety. We learn these details from two eye-witnesses—a servant in the hôtel de Rieux, and a poor woman who lodged in a room attached to that hôtel. Jacqueline, wife of Jacques Griffart, cordwainer, deposed, that being at her window, high above the street, to see whether her husband were returning and to take in a cloth which had been hung out to dry, she saw a lord pass on horseback, and a moment after, as she was putting her child to bed,† she heard the cry of “Die, die.” Running to the window, with her child in her arms, she saw the same lord on his knees in the street, without his hood, surrounded by seven or eight men in masks, who struck at him with axes and swords, while he, raising his arm to ward off the blows, said some such words as “what’s this, how’s this?” He fell, but they still went on stabbing and hacking at him. She cried out “murder” as long as she could, when a man, seeing her at the window, exclaimed, “Silence, wicked woman.” Then, by the light of the torches, she saw come out of the house with the sign of the image of Our Lady, a tall man, with his face hid in a red hood, who said to the others, “Out with your torches, let us be off, he is dead enough.” Then, some one struck him another blow with a mace, but he did not stir. Near him lay a young man, who, dying as he was, raised himself up and cried out, “Ah, my lord, my master.”‡ This was the page, who would not quit

him, but threw himself before him, and endeavored to intercept the blows. This page was a German. Perhaps he had been given to Louis of Orléans by Isabel of Bavaria.

Since the failure in Clisson’s case, it was felt that a man ought not to be too quickly supposed to be dead, and so, according to another account, the tall man, in the red hood, returned with a lighted wisp of straw to examine closely whether the work had been conscientiously done.* There was no fault to be found; the body was hewn in pieces, the right arm severed both at wrist and elbow, and the left hand cut off and flung to a distance by the violence of the blow; the head was laid open from eye to ear, and from one ear to the other, the skull split, and the pavement covered with the brains.†

These poor remains were borne the next morning, in the midst of general terror‡ and

image of Our Lady, were twelve or fourteen men on foot none of whom he knew, some of whom had naked swords, others had axes, others, halberds and wooden maces with sharp tips of iron, with which they were striking some who were there, and calling out, ‘Die, die.’ And witness deponeth that then, in order to see better who the said men were, he opened the wicket of the door which opens on the said Old Street of the Temple And, when he had opened the said wicket, one of them thrust a halberd between the wicket and the door, on which the said witness, for fear of hurt from the said halberd, shut the said wicket, and returned to his said master’s room, through one of the windows of which he saw some men on horseback in the middle of the street, and he saw come out of that hotel five or six comrades on horseback, and, the instant they came out, a man on foot, near them, struck with a wooden mace a man lying stretched on the flags, and covered with an over-coat of black damask, furred with martin; and, when he had struck the said blow, he got on horseback and rode off with the rest. . . . And, immediately after the said blow was struck with the mace, deponent saw all the said company, who were on horseback, fly as quickly as they could, without any lights, and make straight for the entrance of the street of the White-Mantles, down which they plunged, and he knows not whither they went. Immediately they were gone, he being still at the same window, saw issue out of the said windows of the said hôtel of the Image of Our Lady a quantity of smoke, and heard many of the neighbors crying out loudly, ‘Fire, fire.’ And then deponent, his aforesaid master, and the others above-named, all went into the middle of the street, and when there, deponent saw by the light of one or two torches, the aforesaid my lord of Orléans, stretched dead on the flags, face uppermost, and with his left hand cut off and he saw stretched, about two toises’ length from the aforesaid my lord duke of Orléans, a servant who belonged to the court of the aforesaid my lord duke of Orléans, called Jacob, who complained exceedingly, as if about to die.” Evidence of the varlet, Raoul Prieur, *Mém. Acad. t. xxi. p. 529.*

* Cadaver ignominiose traxit ad vicinum fœdissimum lutum, ubi, cum face straminis ardente, scelus adimpletum vidit; inde lætus, tanquam de re bene gestâ, ad hospitium ducis Burgundie rediit. *Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 553.*—See, in Félibien’s *Preuves*, the account given in the *Registres du Parlement, Conseil xiii.*

† “Lesquelles playes estoient telles et si énormes que le test étoit fendu, et que toute la cervelle en sailloit. . . . Item que son bras destre estoit rompu tant que le maistre os sailloit dehors au droit du coude,” (the which wounds were such and so enormous, that the head was split and all the brains had spirted out . . . also, his right arm was broken, so that the large bone protruded through the flesh on the right side of the elbow.) Evidence taken by the sire de Tignonville, provost of Paris. *Mem. Acad. t. xxi. p. 533.*

‡ This terror is only too evident from the few words inserted, the next day, in the registers of parliament. *Preuves de Félibien, t. ii. p. 549.* It seems to have been felt by the parliament, with the sagacity of fear, that so daring a blow could only have been struck by a very powerful hand. They say nothing favorable of the dead: “This prince, who was

* Monstrelet, t. i. p. 211.

† “Elle s’en alla de sa dite fenestre pour coucher son enfant, et incontinent après ouït crier.” . . . *Mém. Acad. t. xxi. p. 526.*

‡ Evidence of Jacqueline Griffart, *Ibidem*, p. 527.—The other eye-witness, the servant of a nephew of marshal de Rieux’s, gives evidence to the same effect:—“Yesterday evening, about eight o’clock, . . . being at the door of one of the saloons . . . looking out on the Old Street of the Temple . . . he heard in the street a loud clashing, as of swords and other weapons . . . and the words, ‘Die, die.’ Then, to know what it was, he went up stairs into the said room of his said master, which is above the said saloon . . . and found already at the window his master, the page, and his master’s barber, who were looking out on the said Old Street of the Temple, through one of the windows which he speaks of as opening upon the said street, and saw by the light of a torch that was burning on the flags, that right in front of the hôtel of the

consternation, to the neighboring church of the Blanes Manteaux. It was not till morning that the mutilated hand and the brains were picked up in the mud. The princes came to sprinkle the body with holy water. On the Friday he was buried in the church of the Célestins, in the chapel which he had himself built.* The pall-bearers were his uncle, the aged duke de Berri, his cousins, the king of Sicily and the dukes of Burgundy and of Bourbon. There followed barons, knights, and a countless multitude as mourners. He was wept by all, by enemies as well as by friends.† At such a moment enemies do not exist; all incline with partiality to the dead. What! so young, so lately living, and already gone! Beauty, chivalrous grace, light of knowledge, animated and winning speech; yesterday all this, to-day, nothing.‡

Nothing! . . . more perhaps. In him, who seemed but yesterday an humble individual, we descry more than one existence; we find him to have been a manifold and infi-

so great and powerful a lord, and whom, naturally, in case of demise of the crown (ou cas qu'il eust fallu gouverner en ce royaume) would have succeeded to the throne, has, in a moment's time, ended his days most horribly and shamefully, (et honteusement.) And who has done this deed, 'Scietur autem postea,' (but it will be made known hereafter.)—Later, on learning that the murderer is the duke of Burgundy, the parliament consigns to its registers the following lines, in which the blame is equally divided between both parties:—"xxiii Novembris, mcccvii, inhumaniter fuit trucidatus et interfectus D. Ludovicus Francia, dux Aurelianensis et frater regis, multum astutus et magni intellectus, sed nimis in carnalibus lubricus, de nocte hora ix per duce[m] Burgundie, aut suo precepto, ut confessus est, in vico prope portum de Barbette. Unde infinita mala processerunt, que diu nimis durabunt." (On the 23d of November, 1407, was inhumanly slaughtered and slain the lord Louis of France, duke of Orléans, and brother to the king, exceedingly astute and of great intellect, but too prone to carnal pleasures, at nine o'clock of the night, by the duke of Burgundy, or by his command, as he has confessed, in the street near the gate Barbette. From which deed numberless ills have proceeded, which will only last too long.) *Registres du Parlement, Liber Consiliorum*; the passage is given in Labbe's *Mélanges Curieux*, t. ii. pp. 702-3.

* The Célestins had been founded by Pietro de Morona, (Célestin V.,) the simple-witted being who was deposed from the pontificate by Boniface VIII. Out of hatred to the latter, Philip the Fair honored the Célestins, invited them into France, and gave them a settlement in the forest of Compiègne, (A. D. 1308.) The order became highly popular in France. All the men of importance of Charles V.'s and Charles VI.'s days were closely connected with it. Montaigne largely promoted the interests of the Célestins of Marcoussis. *Archives*, L. 1539-40.

† Monstrelet, a servant of the house of Burgundy, who writes at Cambrai, ("en la noble cité de Cambrai," t. i. p. 48,) and certainly many years after the event, asserts that the people rejoiced at his death. The *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, generally so well informed, so near to the occurrences themselves, and who seems to note them down as they happen, says nothing of the kind. He asserts, that the murderer himself appeared afflicted, (folio 553;) it is true, he does not believe in the sincerity of his grief. For my part, I do believe in it; the contradiction seems to me to exist in nature. The apologist of the duke of Orléans says, that the duke of Burgundy wept and sobbed—"singultibus et lacrymis." *Ibidem*, folio 593.

‡ . . . "And he, who was the greatest in the kingdom, next to the king and his children, is, in so short a moment, so poor!"—"Et qui cecidit, stabili non erat ille gradu. Agnosco nullam homini fiduciam, nisi in Deo; et ei parum videatur, elucescat clarius. . . . Parcat sibi Deus (And he who fell, was not firmly seated. I have no confidence in man, not in God only; and if he seem little, more gloriously will he shine forth . . . God may spare himself.) *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Plaidoiries, Matinées* vi. f. 7 verso.

nately varied being!* Wonderful virtue of death, which alone reveals life! The living man is viewed by each from one side only, according as he benefits or injures each. Does he die? We then see him in a thousand new lights, and distinguish the numerous ties by which he held to the world. So, when you tear the ivy from the oak which supported it, you perceive that it leaves behind innumerable vivacious filaments, which you cannot tear from the bark on which they have lived; they will remain broken, but still they will remain.†

Each man is a humanity, ■ history at large . . . And yet this being, with whom was intertwined an infinite generality, was at the same time a single type, a special individuality, a unique, irreparable being, who cannot be replaced. Nothing like him has preceded, nothing like him will follow; God will not begin his work anew. Others will come, no doubt; the world, which is untiring, will bring to life other persons, better perhaps, but like—never, never . . .

Undoubtedly, he had his vices; but this is partly the reason that we weep him. He only belonged the more for them to poor humanity; he was so much the liker ourselves; he was himself, he was us. In him we bemoan ourselves, and the rooted evil of our nature.

Death is said to beautify its victims, and to exaggerate their virtues; but in general, it is much rather life that has done them wrong. Death—pious and irreproachable witness—teaches us, according to truth, according to charity, that in each man there has commonly been more good than evil. Men knew the prodigalities of the duke of Orléans, they now knew his charities. His intrigues had been the common talk; but the world had not been aware that even in the midst of vain loves, his naturally fine mind had ever preserved divine love and a yearning to God. The cell, to which he loved to withdraw,‡ was pointed out at the Célestins; and when his will was opened, it was found that even in the height of his quarrels, his unembittered nature confided in and loved his greatest enemies.

All this asks for grace . . . Ah! who

* Henri III. exclaimed, on seeing the dead body of the duke de Guise, "My God, how great he is! he appears still greater dead than living," (Relation de Miron, Coll. Mém. Petitot, t. xlv.) He spoke more truly than he thought; for the observation holds good in a far higher sense.

† I remarked this the other day in the forest of Saint-Germain, (September 12, 1839.)

‡ According to the apologist of the duke of Orléans, (*Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. folio 594,) he said his breviary every day—*Horas canonicas dicebat*—"He had," says Sauval, "his cell in the dormitory of the Célestins, which is still to be seen there. He fasted and watched with the monks, and attended matins as they did during Advent and Lent. He gave them the grand, illuminated vellum Bible, which had been his father's, Charles V., and which is shown in their library, and contains the signatures of Charles V. and of Louis, duc d'Orléans. He also gave them another large Bible in five volumes, folio, written on vellum, which has ever been, and is still used for reading psalms, in the refectory." *Sauval*, t. i. p. 460.

would not pardon, when this man, stripped of all the advantages of life, and once more naked and poor, is borne into the church, and lies awaiting the day of judgment. All pray for him, all excuse him, accounting for his faults by their own, and condemning themselves. . . . Pardon him, O Lord! let thy bolt fall on us rather than him.

No one had more cause to complain of the duke of Orléans than his wife Valentina; she had ever loved him, and he others. She did not the less excuse him as much as in her lay; she took with her, as being his, her husband's bastard, (Dunois,) and brought him up with her own children. She loved him as much as, and more than them. And often, on noting his spirit and ardor, the Italian would clasp him to her bosom, and exclaim, "Ah! I was defrauded of thee! 'Tis thou who shalt avenge thy father."^{*}

Justice never came for the widow; she had not that consolation. Nor had she that of raising to the memory of the dead the humble tomb, "three fingers' breadth above the ground," which he asked for in his will,[†] "the rude stone, the rock," which he wished for his pillow. Louis of Orléans, proscribed even in death, waited a hundred years for a tomb.

In the first Christian ages, in the times of lively faith, grief was patient; death appeared a brief divorce; it separated, but in order to reunite. A proof of this faith in the soul's existence, and in the reunion of souls, is found in the fact, that until the twelfth century, the body, the mortal spoil, seems to be regarded as of little importance. It does not yet require magnificent monuments. A simple flag-stone covers it;[‡] and is sufficient to mark it out on the day of Resurrection—"Hinc surrectura."[§]

^{*} "Qu'il lui avoit été emblé, et qu'il n'y avoit à peine des enfans qui fust si bien taillé de venger la mort de son père qu'il estoit." Juvénal des Ursins, p. 197.

[†] Remembering the saying of the prophet—"Ego sum vermis et non homo, opprobrium hominum et abjectio plebis," (But I am a worm and no man; I reproach of men, and despised of the people,) I will and ordain, that my face and hands be imaged on my tomb in death, and that I be represented in the dress of the aforesaid Célestin monks, having under my head, instead of a pillow, a rude stone fashioned like a rock; and at my feet, instead of lions . . . another rude rock . . . and I will . . . that the said tomb be only raised three fingers' breadth above the ground, and be made of clear black marble and white alabaster . . . and that in my hands be a book on which shall be written the psalm, "Quicumque vult salvus esse" (Whosoever will be saved) . . . And that around my tomb be written the *Pater*, the *Ave*, and the *Credo*. Will of Louis d'Orléans, inserted by Godefroy, at the end of his edition of Juvénal des Ursins, p. 633.

CY GIST LOYS DUC D'ORLEANS . . .
LEQUEL SUR TOUS DUCZ TERRIENS
FUT LE PLUS NOBLE EN SON VIVANT
MAIS UNG QUI VOULT ALLER DEVANT
PAR ENVYE LE FEIST MOURIR . . .

Epistaphe de feu Loys, duc d'Orléans, Bibl. Royale, MSS. Colbert 2403, Regius, 9681-5.

[‡] See, above, vol. 1, p. 333.

[§] "About to rise hence." My friend M. Fourcy (librarian to the Polytechnic School) has had this inscription, the

At this period, the history of which we are now writing, a change had already taken place, one little acknowledged, but therefore the deeper. There was the same external devotion, but faith was less lively: in the depth of the heart, and without its knowledge, hope was growing weaker. Grief no longer readily lent ear to the charmer, to the promise of the future; but replied to pious consolations in the words of Valentina—"Rien ne m'est plus, plus ne m'est rien." (Nothing remains for me, there remains for me nothing.)^{*}

If there did remain any thing, it was the adorning of the sad spoil, the glorifying of the poor remains, the enlarging of the tomb into a chapel, a church, of which the corpse was to be the god.

Vain beguilings of sorrow, which do . . . check its flow. However deep be the grave, grief feels, for all its depth, the powerful attractions of death; it yields to their impulse . . . The widow of the duke of Orléans lived as long as her mourning robes lasted.

The words of union—*You two shall be one flesh*, are not a vain sound; they last for the survivor. Let them, then, be fulfilled Until then, the survivor will daily knock blindly at this tomb, will question it, and seek to bring it to account it knows not what to answer; should he break it to pieces, it would be to no purpose, it could tell no more In vain, persisting in doubt, goading himself to madness, and denying death, he drags off the hateful stone; in vain, fainting from grief and the repugnance inherent in nature, he dares to lift the winding-sheet, and exposing to the light what he shuns to look upon, disputes with the worms that shapeless and terrible something—which was, however, Inez de Castro.[†]

finest, perhaps, ever read on a Christian tomb, engraved on his mother's.

^{*} This motto of Valentina's might be read in her chapel, in the church of the Cordeliers, Blois. Art de Vérifier les Dates, in folio, t. ii. p. 711.

[†] Lopez only speaks of the translation of the body:—"Como foi trellada Dona Enez, &c." Collecção de Livros Ineditos, 1816, t. iv. p. 113. M. Ferdinand Denis, in his interesting *Chroniques de l'Espagne et du Portugal*, t. x. p. 157, quotes the chief authority (that of Farria y Souza) for the tradition:—"The king repaired to the church of Santa Clara, where he caused the body of the wife whom he adored to be disinterred. He ordered that his Inez should be arrayed in royal robes, and should be placed on a throne, for his subjects to come and kiss the bones which had once been so beautiful a hand." M. Corvalho, a learned Portuguese, asserted that he saw, some years ago, the body of Inez in a state of fine preservation, "only the skin had acquired the hue of old parchment." (Ibidem, t. i. p. 163.) In 1835, M. Taylor found the only remains to be some bones scattered over the flags of the monastery of Alcobaça, and piously buried them. *Voyage Pittoresque en Espagne et en Portugal*, l. xiii.—I perceive in the chronicles, translated by M. Ferdinand Denis, (t. i. p. 78,) a curious fact, as characteristic of the poetic materialism of these times as the story of Inez. It is the history of the good vassal, who will not give up his castle to the new king, until certain of the death of his master, Sancho II. He repairs to Toledo, where Sancho had died in exile, removes the stone, recognises the body, and fulfils his feudal oath, by placing in his right hand the keys of the castle which he had formerly intrusted to him.

CHAPTER II.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE TWO PARTIES—THE CABOCHIENS.—ATTEMPTS AT REFORM IN THE STATE AND IN THE CHURCH. A. D. 1407–1414.

THE stranger who visits the silent Verona and the tombs of the La Scala, discovers in a corner a heavy tomb, without a name.* In all probability, it is the tomb of the *murdered man*.† By its side rises a sumptuous monument, with a triple tier of statues, and, above this monument, upon the head of saints and prophets, soars a marble horseman. It is the statue of the assassin, Can, lord of La Scala, who slew his brother in the street, in open day, and succeeded him. The deed seems to have occasioned neither surprise, nor confusion.‡ The murderer reigned quietly for sixteen years; and then, feeling his end come, set his affairs in order, had another brother of his, whom he kept a prisoner, strangled, and left the lordship of Verona to his bastard, just as every good father of a family leaves his estate to his son.

Things were not allowed to pass on thus in France, on the death of the duke of Orléans. France did not make up its mind so easily. If he had not a tomb of stone,§ he had one in their hearts. The whole country felt the blow, and was deeply convulsed by it—the state, and each family, and every man in his inmost soul. A dispute, a war of thirty years began, which cost millions of men their lives. This is sad; but we must not the less congratulate France and human nature.

“However, it was only one man gone,” coldly remarks the chronicler of the house of Burgundy.|| But the death of one man is an immense event, when brought about by a crime: it is a terrible fact, which no human society ought patiently to put up with.

This death engendered war, a war of minds. All questions, political, moral, and religious,

* “Half buried in the ground are three marble sarcophagi. Having no inscriptions, it is not known which members of the family are buried there. They have its arms on the lids, and in the middle of one of them the ladder with the eagle on the top,

E’n su la scala porta il santo uccello.”

Dante, Parad. xvii. 72. Maffei, Verona Illustrata, parte terza, p. 78, ed in folio.

† If I recollect aright, there are several spots in Verona whose names are commemorative of this event, as the *Via dell’ammazzato*, *Via delle quattro spade*, *Volto Barbaro*, &c. (Murdered man’s street, Four swords’ street, Cruel turning, &c.) The following passage seems to support my conjecture:—“Sepultus . . . exigua cum pompa tantum, cum civis vererentur ne offenderent fratrem,” (Buried with little pomp, the citizens fearing to offend his brother.) Toretly Sarayne Veronensis Hist. Veron. lib. secundo; Thesaur. Antiquit. Ital. Grævil et Burmanni, t. noni parte septima, col. 71.

‡ Cæde hac à civibus et populo percepta, quilibet quietus remansit . . . The chronicler goes on to say, “His intent (mens) was approved of . . . all exclaimed, ‘Long live our Lord.’”—*Ibidem*, colonn. 70–71.

§ No tomb was raised to him until Louis XII. erected one.

|| . . . Pour la mort d’un seul homme . . . Monstrelet, p. 210

entered into the contest.* The grand polemics of modern times commenced, as regards France, in a sense of justice, in a natural emotion, in sweet and holy pity.

Where was this great battle first begun? There, where the crime began; in the murderer’s heart. The morning after the murder, when all the relatives of the deceased repaired to the convent of the Blancs-Manteaux, to see the body and sprinkle it with holy water, the duke of Burgundy himself passed the following true verdict on the act—“Never was a baser or more traitorous murder committed in this kingdom.” On the following Friday, at the funeral, he bore a corner of the pall, and wept as the rest did.†

And, doubtless, more than the rest, and not less sincerely. In this, there was no hypocrisy. It is the law of human nature. No doubt, the murderer would at that moment have wished to recall the dead from the grave at the price of his own life. But this was not in his power. He was doomed to stoop beneath the burden forever; forever to be conscious of the intolerable weight of that pall.

When it was proved that the assassins had fled to the street Mauconseil, in which the duke of Burgundy’s hôtel was situated, and when the provost of Paris announced that he felt certain he should be able to lay his hands on the guilty, if allowed to search the hôtels of the princes, the duke of Burgundy betrayed confusion. He drew the duke de Berri and the king of Sicily aside, and, turning pale, said to them, “It was I; the devil tempted me.”‡ They shrunk back; the duke de Berri burst into tears, and could only exclaim, “I have lost both my nephews.”

The duke of Burgundy withdrew, overwhelmed and humiliated, and humiliation wrought a change in him. But his pride stifled remorse. He remembered that he was powerful; that there was no judge for him. He hardened himself; and, as the blow was struck and the mischief irreparable, he resolved to boast of his crime as a virtue, and to exalt it, if possible, into an heroic act. He presumed to attend the council. He found the doors closed, and the duke de Berri held him back, telling him that his presence would not be agreeable; to which the guilty man replied, with that brazen mask which he had determined on assuming, “I can well afford to be absent, sir. Let no one be charged with the death of the duke of Orléans. What has been done, was done by my orders.”

* These great questions seem to have been already opened up in France, on the occasion of Richard II.’s tragic end. See *Lettre de Charles VI. aux Anglais*, Oct. 2d, 1402. *Bibl. Royale MSS. Fontaineau*, 105–6; *Brienne*, vol. 34, p. 227.

† See above, p. 45.

‡ Se fecisse instigator Diabolo. *Religieux MS.*, folio 554. Further on the apologist of the duke of Orléans puts the speech into the duke of Burgundy’s own mouth:—“He formerly said that the devil had tempted him; but now he shamefully contradicts himself, and says that it was we done.” *Ibidem*, MS. folio 593.

With all this show of daring, the duke of Burgundy did not feel secure. He returned to his hôtel, mounted his horse, and did not draw bridle till he reached Flanders. As soon as his flight was known, he was pursued: a hundred and twenty knights, followers of the late duke of Orléans, were on his traces. But it was impossible to overtake him; by one o'clock, he had reached Bapaume. In memory of his narrow escape, he ordered that the bells should thenceforward be rung at that hour; and this was long termed the *angelus* of the duke of Burgundy.

He had escaped from his enemies; but not from himself. Scarcely had he arrived at Lille, before he convened his barons, his priests; who soon convincingly proved to him that he had only done his duty, and had saved king and kingdom. He resumed courage; assembled the states of Flanders, Artois, Lille, and Douai, and got them to repeat the soothing strain.* He had it preached to him, he had it written; and these writings were spread abroad, so strongly did he feel the want of making his crime common between him and his subjects, of making them award their approbation, which he could not listen to from himself, and of stifling the voice of his own heart by the voice of his people.

Among other reports which he caused to be spread abroad, it was sedulously noised about that the duke of Orléans had long been plotting his death, and that he had only anticipated him.† The worthy Flemings swallowed the gross tale; which, no doubt, he would only have been too happy to impose on himself.

Meanwhile, the sensation caused by the tragic event did not abate in Paris. Even those who considered the duke of Orléans to have been the instigator of so many taxes, and who, perhaps, had welcomed his death with secret joy, could not see without emotion his widow and children repair to the palace to demand justice. The poor widow, madame Valentina, took along with her her second son, her daughter, and madame Isabella of France, affianced to the young duke of Orléans, and, though but fifteen,

a widow herself, and of another murdered man, of the king of England, Richard II. They were met by the king of Sicily, the duke de Berri, the duke de Bourbon, and by the constable, the count de Clermont. Their litter was covered with black cloth, and drawn by four white horses. The duchess, her children, and suite, were in deep mourning. This sad procession entered Paris on the 10th of December, in the midst of the gloomiest and severest winter which had been known for centuries.*

Alighting at the hôtel Saint-Paul, she cast herself on her knees, and bathed with tears, before the king, who, likewise, melted into tears. Two days after, she presented herself before the king and his council, bearing her complaint and asking justice. The discourse of the advocates who pleaded for her, that of the preachers who delivered the funeral eulogy of her deceased husband, and the letter which her son made public some years afterwards, are full of touching strokes and of simple grief:—

“Vox sanguinis fratris tui clamat ad me de terra—

“In these words, which the Lord addressed to Cain, after he had killed his brother, thou, O king, may'st address the opposite party . . . Of a verity, earth cries out, and blood raises its protest; for he would not be according to nature, nor would the blood flow healthily in his veins, who should not compassionate so cruel a death.

“And thou, O king Charles, of good memory, wert thou now living, what wouldst thou say? What tears could appease thee? Who could hinder thee from doing justice on such a death? Alas! how didst thou love, honor, and carefully raise the tree, on which grew the fruit that was thy son's death! Alas! king Charles, thou might'st well exclaim with Jacob, ‘*Fera pessima devoravit filium meum*,’ (an evil beast hath devoured him.)

“Alas! there is none so poor, or of so lowly estate in this world, whose father or brother had been so traitorously slain, but that his relatives and friends would undertake to pursue the homicide unto death. What then, when the evil-doer perseveres, and hardens himself in his criminal will! . . . Weep, princes and nobles,

* Monstrelet, t. i, pp. 207, 231.

† The duke of Burgundy might have been enabled to make good this assertion, if one could rely on the translation Le Laboureur has given of the *Religieux*, whom he ridiculously makes to say, (p. 624.) “These sparks of division caused a conflagration of hatred and of enmity which could not be extinguished, and which apparently broke out in conspiracies against each other's lives.” The word *conspiracies* does not occur in the text, which is—*In necem mutuum diu visi fuerunt publice aspirare*. (They long openly sought each other's destruction.) Folio 552. This atrocious attempt of the murderers at recrimination is, I think, explicitly stated only in a Belgic chronicle, which I have already quoted, and in which it is supposed—thus exaggerating the improbable tale to the utmost—that the duke of Orléans applied to his mortal enemy, Raoul d'Auquetonville, and endeavored to persuade him to kill the duke of Burgundy: “Avint se n'obstant, par commune voix et renommée, si comme on disoit, que le dit Dorliers avoit marchandé ou voloit marchander à Raoulet d'Actonville, de tuer le duc de Bourgogne, lequel fait fut découvrir par le dit Raoulet au duc de Bourgogne.” *Chronique M^e*. No. 801, D., (*Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, à Bruxelles*), folio 222.

* In the early part of January, 1408, the cold was so excessive as to hinder the parliament from sitting . . . “It could not attend to business; even the clerk, although he had fire by his side in a pan, in order to keep the ink in his ink-horn from freezing, still was hindered, by its freezing in the pen every other moment, from pursuing his labors . . .” The details are given at four times the length devoted to those of the duke of Orléans's death. The ice put a stop to the working of the mills, and a scarcity ensued. On the breaking up of the frost, the bridges were carried away. The clerk concludes with these words . . . “And this, together with the slaying of the late lord Louis, duke of Orléans, the king's brother, (OF WHICH ABOVE, UNDER THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER,) has occasioned great marvel throughout this kingdom . . .” The parliament would seem to have discontinued sitting for a month. “Feb. 1. There is no sitting since the river has risen so much, and the current is so strong, that the senate (curia) has feared to cross over to the palace. And the river is still rising.” *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil*, vol. xiii. folio li.; and *Plaidoiries, Matinée vi.* folio 40

for the road is thrown open to put you to death traitorously and unexpectedly; weep, men and women, old and young; you are robbed of the sweets of peace and of tranquillity, for you are shown the path by which you may slay and bear the sword against princes, and you are thus plunged into war, into misery, into the way of destruction."

This prophecy was only too well fulfilled. He, against whom this complaint had been laid, he, who was adjudged deserving of every punishment, of the *amende honorable*, of a prison, removed all necessity for pursuit; he came back of his own accord, but as a master: all that there was to oppose him, was the harangues of the lawyers. He came back, despite the most express prohibitions, surrounded by men-at-arms, and had two lance-heads fixed on the gates of his hôtel, one sharp-pointed, the other blunt*—to give notice that he was ready for war or for peace, that he would fight with courteous arms, or, if preferred, to the death. The princes had gone as far as Amiens, in order to prevent him from coming. He fêted them, treated them to excellent music, and continued his journey up to Saint-Denys, where he performed his devotions. Here, he encountered a new prohibition from the princes.† Not the less did he enter Paris; where there were those found to welcome him with shouts of "Noël au bon due."‡ The people believed that he would abolish all taxes. The princes bade him welcome; and the queen, hateful to relate, constrained herself so far as to receive him graciously.

All seemed calculated to reassure him; and yet, on entering the city where the deed had been committed, he could not refrain from trembling. He went straight to his hôtel, round which he encamped his troops. But he did not think his hôtel secure. To calm his apprehensions, he had a room built in his hôtel of hewn stone, and as strong as a tower.§ While his masons worked to defend his body,

* "On the appointed day he entered Amiens, and lodged at the house of a citizen, called James de Haughart. He caused to be painted over the door of this house two lances—the one with a sharp-pointed head, and the other with a blunt one—which many of the nobles of his company said was meant to signify, that he was prepared for war or peace, accordingly as it might be determined on." Monstrelet, t. i. p. 234.

† On the approach of the troops that were about to occupy Paris, the parliament, with its customary prudence, would have nothing to do with the affairs of the city, or with the precautions to be taken:—"And has been applied to, to provide provisions for the city of Paris, where many men-at-arms are expected . . . in which matter nothing has been done, because it lies out of the province of the *seigneur*, (*quia ad curiam non pertineret multis obstantibus*;) at least, it cannot undertake it." Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil xiii. 10 Février, 1407, (1408.) f. 13 verso.

‡ "And even the little children sung carols in all the squares." Monstrelet, t. i. p. 238. (The cry Noël, originally a Christmas carol, had been confined to hailing the king; hence its use to the duke of Burgundy occasioned great offence.)—TRANSLATOR.

§ "He employed an immense number of men to build him a chamber, constructed of masonry, like a tower." Ibidem, p. 240. (Buchon's edition of Monstrelet is the one cited in all these references.)

his theologians did all they could to protect his soul. He had already the certificates of his Flemish doctors, but he coveted a certificate from the university—a sound, solemn justification before king, princes, and people, who would approve it, at least by their silence. It behooved the whole world to sweat, to wash out his stain.

The duke of Burgundy could not want defenders in the university. His father and he had ever been united with this body, by their common hatred of the duke of Orléans and of his pope, Benedict XIII. They had protected its chief doctors. Philippe-le-Hardi had given a benefice to the celebrated Jean Gerson,* and his successor had settled a pension on the Franciscan friar, Jean Petit—both great adversaries of the pope's.

However, to maintain the thesis that the favorer of the pope had been well and justly slain, it was necessary to search out some blind and violent logician, who would courageously follow up reasoning against reason, and espouse party spirit and the *esprit de corps*, in opposition to humanity and nature.

Such was not the logic of the great doctors of the university, of Gerson, of d'Ailly, of Clemengis. They would rather remain involved in a dilemma; in their greatest passion they were never blinded. D'Ailly and Clemengis wrote against the pope; then, when they feared that they had shaken the Church herself, they rallied on the side of the papacy. Gerson attacked the duke of Orléans for his exactions: then he deplored the amiable prince, and composed his funeral oration.

Below these illustrious doctors, in whom good sense and a good heart ever balanced dialectics, were to be found the true scholastics, the subtle, the violent who appeared to be the strong, the great men of the day—who have not been those so proclaimed by posterity. These were, in general, younger men than Gerson, who had himself been the disciple of Pierre d'Ailly and of Clemengis; and they were consequently the third generation that had witnessed this long polemic, and the more violent from their later appearance in the field, and from the impossibility of shining except by going beyond the violence of the rest. Thus the *Constituent* was outgone by the young *Legislative Assembly*, and the latter, by the still younger *Convention*.

These men were not, as has been stated, poor mercenary wretches, but, in general, young doctors, esteemed for the severity of their manners, their penetrating intellect, and their eloquence. Some were monks, like the Franciscan, Jean Petit, and the Carmelite, Pavilly, the spokesman of the butchers, the orator of the *Terror* of 1413. Others were the leaders of councils, and set down for prelates: such

* A canonry in Bruges, which Gerson very much gave up. Du Pin, Gersoniana

were Courcelles and Pierre Cauchon at the council of Constance, who deposed pope John XXIII., and judged the Pucelle.

Jean Petit, the apologist of the duke of Burgundy, was a Norman, animated by a rough Norman spirit, a mendicant monk, of the poor and filthy family of St. Francis. These cordeliers, the bolder from having only their cord and their sandals, willingly took the lead on all occasions. In the fourteenth century they had been, for the most part, visionaries, mystics, at once sick and mad of love for God: at this time they were at variance with the university. But, in proportion as mysticism gave place to the grand polemic of schism, they went along with the university, and even beyond it. The cordelier, Jean Petit, had not the means of studying. He was supported by the duke of Burgundy, who enabled him to take his degrees, and assigned him a pension.* Scarcely had he taken his doctor's degree, before he distinguished himself by his violence. He was one of the deputies whom the university sent to the two popes. When the assembly of the French clergy, in 1406, hesitated, and durst not decide between the university of Paris, which attacked pope Benedict, and that of Toulouse, which defended him, Jean Petit preached with the burlesque fury of a road-side preacher, "against the farces and mountebank tricks of Pierre de la Lune, hight Benedict." He insisted, and successfully, that the parliament should order the letter of the university of Toulouse to be burnt. It was on this, that the party of Benedict and of the duke of Orléans was considered to be conquered, that prudent persons forsook it,† that its enemies grew bold, and that the people being supposed to be sufficiently exasperated by the suspension of religious offices, it was thought safe to remove him who had been long pointed out to public hatred as the imposer of taxation, and accomplice of schism.

The university had recently forced from the king an order for the bodily seizure of the pope, who refused to cede. He had been adjudged schismatical, and his partisans schismatic. Twice had the enforcement of the order been attempted by the sword. The death of a prince who supported this pope was regarded by the university as the natural result of the pope's condemnation: it, too, was a bodily seizure.

I have not the courage to quote the whole of the long harangue in which Jean Petit undertook to justify the murder. It must, however, be confessed, that if this discourse was hateful to many, none thought it ridiculous. It is di-

vided and subdivided according to the scholastic method; the only one then in use.

He took for his text these words of the apostle—"Covetousness is the root of all evil." From this, he learnedly deduced a major in four parts, to which the minor was to apply. The minor had likewise four parts, in order to establish that the duke of Orléans having fallen into the four kinds of covetousness, concupiscence, &c., had become guilty of high-treason in four kinds. He laid it down, by quotations from the ancient philosophers, from the fathers of the Church, and from Holy Scripture, that it was not only permissible, but honorable and meritorious to kill a tyrant;* a position which he further established by twelve reasons, in honor of the twelve apostles, supported by numerous biblical instances.

This fearful mass of rubbish takes up no fewer than eighty-three of Monstrelet's pages. To copy it would make one sick. We must condense; and the whole is reducible to three propositions:—

1st. The duke of Burgundy killed *for God*.† So, Judith, &c. The duke of Orléans was not only the enemy of God's people, like Holofernes; but he was God's enemy, the friend of the devil: he was a sorcerer.‡ The she

* Premising that we must not seek in Jean Petit's discourse for a serious examination of this pretended right to kill.

Who has a right to kill? Whether the community itself have, (whether, at least, it ought always to exercise it,) is very disputable. God has said, *Non occides*. (Thou shalt do no murder.) God does not kill Cain, who killed his brother; but sets a mark on his forehead.—Ought not a community at least, to kill for its own security? The affirmative leads to wide consequences. Cleon, in Thucydides, affirms that Athens should for her own safety kill a whole people, the Lesbians.—Admitting that the community has a right to kill, can an individual ever take on himself to kill for her, to become judge of the murder, judge and executioner at the same time?—To kill a tyrant. But who ever saw a tyrant? Who, in the modern world, has ever met with this dreadful wild beast of the ancient city? The species is extinct; as has happened with certain fossils. What sovereign of modern times (except, perhaps, an Eccelino, an Ali, a Djezzar) reminds one of the tyrant of antiquity; of that monster who trampled on all the laws of a city, and under whom no property, nor family, nor modesty, nor life was safe? This confusion of terms and ideas, into which the narrow genius of the stoics first fell, in their ignorance of, and contempt for history, produced the bloody mistakes made by Cleomenes and by Brutus. In the middle age, the mistake was aggravated. The king's man, Nogaret, discovers that the king's enemy, Boniface, is a tyrant; and that being bound by his duty as a knight to defend the republic and the king, he ought to arrest this tyrant. The provost Marcel was not slow to apply the same doctrine; but the application was to the friends of kings. What they had sown, they gathered.

† The legists say that all killing of man, just or unjust, is homicide. But the theologians say that there are two kinds of homicide, &c. Discours de Jean Petit, Monstrelet, p. 281.

‡ M. Buchon says, that the account of the sorceries of the duke of Orléans, always omitted in the previous editions of Monstrelet, is only found in the MS. 8347. The king's MS. 10.319, a manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century, has an illuminated frontispiece, representing a wolf endeavoring to tear off a crown, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis, with a lion frightening it, and putting it to flight. Under it are these four verses:—

"Par force le leu rompt et tire
A ses dents et gris la couronne,
Et le lion par très grand ire
De sa pate grant coup lui donne."

(The wolf is forcibly breaking and tearing the crown with

* This pension was not a sinecure. Jean Petit himself informs us, that he was a sworn servant of the duke of Burgundy's:—"I am bound to serve him by an oath taken three years since . . . he, seeing that my cure was a very trifling one, has yearly given me a good and large pension to aid me to attend the schools; which pension has found me in most of my expenses, and still will, if it so please him of his favor." Monstrelet, t. i. p. 245.

† For instance, Savoy. See, above, p. 40.

devil, Venus, had given him a talisman to secure love, &c.

2d. The duke of Burgundy killed *for the king*. Like a good vassal, he saved his sovereign from the attempts of a felon vassal.

3d. He killed for the *commonweal*, and as a good citizen. The duke of Orléans was a tyrant. Tyrants should be slain, &c.*

But the original should be read; this monstrous linking together of opposite laws and systems should be seen in all its ugliness. The cruel reasoner takes indifferently, and from all parts, whatever, whether for good or for evil, can establish the right to kill: biblical, classical, feudal traditions, all answer his purpose, provided they result in killing.

The disgusting part of this apology for assassination does not consist in the atrocity of the principle advocated only. The *Principe* of Machiavel, which is frequently no less atrocious, is nevertheless a fine, elegant work, cold and sharp as a well-tempered blade. The sanguinary harangues of our Terrorists, more furious than eloquent, have, however, the merit of not appealing to conflicting principles; they only appeal to the abstract principle of equality; they invoke no other histories than those of Rome and Greece, of whose spirit, to say sooth, they knew but little.

Milton, but for the sombre gravity of his language, would be ridiculous through his incoherency: he confounds the Bible and Rome. As to the *coups d'état* of Gabriel Naudé, it is the work of an undistinguishing, indiscriminating pedant, who justifies the massacre of St. Bartholomew by the *coups d'état* (strokes of state policy) of *Romulus and Numa*.†

Jean Petit's discourse, too, would scarcely deserve a remark, were it the mere work of the pedant, the undigested abortion of a pedagogue's brain. But no; we must not forget that Jean Petit was a doctor of high estimation and authority. This foul and monstrous mass of confusion and inconsistency, this savage mixture of so many ill-understood things, belongs to the age, and must not be charged on the man. I see in it the grinning countenance of the decaying middle age, the mask,—half human, half brute-like—of the scholastic in its death-struggle.

Still, history presents no more shocking ob-

ject. This medley of equivocations, of mistakes, of truths travestied, and of sorry reasonings, in which the absurd is magisterially based on the false, is laughable; we laugh, but we shudder. These ridiculous syllogisms have assassination for their major, and the conclusion leads us back to it. History escapes as she may. False science, like a tyrant, maltreats her and does her violence. The one mutilates and hacks facts, as the other does men; slaying the emperor Julian with the lance of the crusader, and murdering Cæsar with the knife of the Bible, so that the whole wears the air of an indistinct massacre of men and of doctrines, of ideas and of facts.

Though there had been a glimpse of good sense in this treatise on assassination, though the crimes of the duke of Orléans had been proved, and he had deserved death, still this would not have justified the duke of Burgundy's treachery. What! for faults of such old date, after a solemn reconciliation, after having eaten together, and partaken of the same host in holy communion! . . . And to kill him by night, in ambush, disarmed, was that knightly? A knight should attack his enemy with equal arms, slay him in open lists. A prince, a great sovereign, ought to make war at the head of an army, and overcome his enemy in battle; battles are the duels of kings.

After all, Jean Petit's harangue was less an apology for the duke of Burgundy, than a declamation against the duke of Orléans: it was an outrage after death; as if the murderer returned to his victim, lying stretched on the ground, fearful lest he should revive, and endeavored to kill him a second time.

The murderer had no need of apology. While his doctor was perorating, he had in his pocket good letters of pardon, which washed him white as snow. In these letters, the king sets forth that the duke has explained to him, how for his good and that of his kingdom, "*he has caused to be removed from this world*" his brother, the duke of Orléans; but having been apprized that the king, "on the report of some ill-wishers of his . . . has conceived displeasure on that account . . . We make known that we have laid aside, and *do lay aside all displeasure* which we may have felt towards him . . . &c."**

The members of the university having so stoutly supported the duke of Burgundy, it was fair that he should support them in his turn. And first of all, he terminated, to their advantage, the affair which had for a whole year embroiled the two jurisdictions, the civil and ecclesiastical. The first was found to be in the

his teeth and claws, and the lion raging, gives him a furious blow with his paw.) Buchon, édit. de Monstrelet, t. i. p. 302.

* "He who kills, wisely and cautiously watching his man, (*par bonne subtilité et cautelle en l'épiant*.) to save his king's life . . . he does not commit a crime, (*il ne fait pas nefas*)" . . . Ibidem, p. 261. This reminds one of Pascal's *Provinciales*.

† *Sciences des Princes, ou Considérations Politiques sur les Coups d'Etat*, par Gabriel Naudé, Parisien, 1673, in 12mo. Naudé was librarian to cardinal Mazarin; and dedicated his work to cardinal de Bagni, his first master. He had the address to give importance to this little book, by stating in his preface that only twelve copies had been struck off. He finds but one thing to blame in the fine *State-stroke* of St. Bartholomew's day—namely, *that the work was only half done*, p. 339. The work is curious, as forming the link between Machiavel and Marat.

* . . . "il a fait mettre hors de ce monde" . . . mais il a appris que le roi "sur le rapport d'aucuns ses malveillans . . . en a pris desplaisance. . . . Savoir faisons que nous avons osté et ostons toute desplaisance que nous pourrions avoir eue envers lui . . .," &c. See a note of M. Buchon's, (Monstrelet, t. i. p. 325,) from the *Fontanien* papers, année 1407, *Bibliothèque Royale*.

wrong. The university, the clergy, repaired to take down the two thieves, the two scholars, whose skeletons still waved in the breeze at Montfaucon. A whole people of priests, of monks, of clerks, of scholars, animated by a phrensied joy, bore them through Paris as far as the parvis Notre-Dame, where they were remitted to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and deposited at the feet of the bishop.* The provost besought pardon from the rectors, doctors, and regents.† This triumph of two corpses, which was the burial of the royal justiciary power, took place in the light of a May sun: saddened by the light of the torches carried by this black-robed multitude.‡

On the 14th of May, the very evening before the university gained this great victory, two messengers from pope Benedict XIII. had had the hardihood to come to brave in Paris this choleric power. They were the bearers of menacing bulls, in which the enemy, who was believed to be prostrate on the ground, seemed fuller of life than ever.§ It was an Aragonese gentleman (Benedict XIII. was from Aragon) who had ventured on this stroke.

A deputation from the university came with loud clamor, demanding justice. A grand assembly was held at the hôtel Saint-Paul, in presence of the king, of the duke of Burgundy, and of the princes; where a violent sermon was delivered by Courtecuisse, forming the pendant to Jean Petit's discourse. It was the sentence of the pope, as that had been the sentence of the prince, the pope's partisan.

The text was—"Let the trouble be his; let his own iniquity fall upon him." Had the pope been present, there would hardly have been more safety for him, than there had been for the duke of Orléans. Being absent, they could only strike at his bulls. These, the chancellor condemned in the name of the assembly; and the

king's secretaries having struck their penknives in them, tossed them to the rector, who tore them into shreds.*

To stab a sheet of parchment was not enough. Boucicaut had orders to arrest the pope; and, in the interim, the abbot of Saint-Denys and the dean of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois were arrested on suspicion of favoring him. The abbey of Saint-Denys being, as we have seen, on ill terms with the church of Paris, the arrest of the abbot was a popular act. But the dean of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois being a member of the parliament, his arrest was an imprudent step, and was remembered with bitterness by that body. The prisoners, having every thing to fear at a moment of such violence, endeavored to appease the university by appealing from her, and, at the same time, demanding that some of her doctors should be associated with the commission which was to sit in judgment on them. They had reason to repent of this step. These scholastics, strangers at once to the laws, to the world, and to business, could come to no understanding with the judges.† They were as blundering as they were violent, and arrested numbers at random. All in vain was appeal to the parliament, or to the bishop of Paris; all in vain the intercession of the princes. These implacable pedants would not loose their hold.

On Sunday, the 25th of May, a professor of the university, Pierre-aux-bœufs, (a cordelier, the same as Jean Petit,) read to the people the royal letters, ordering that henceforward obedience should be paid to neither pope. This was styled the Act of Neutrality. No hall, or square, could have contained the crowd. The reading took place in the grounds (*culture*) of Saint-Martin-des-Champs. This ordinance is not couched in the ordinary style of laws; but is visibly a sharp, violent, and not ineloquent *factum*,‡ emanating from the university:—"Fall and perish we, sooner than the unity of the Church. Let us no longer hear the voice of the barbarous mother, '*Divide the child, and let it be neither mine nor thine*,' but the voice of the good mother, '*Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it*.'"

They did not confine themselves to words. A council, assembled in the Sainte-Chapelle, drew up a plan for the government of the Church while the holy see should remain vacant. Benedict could not be attacked; he had escaped to Perpignan—between the kingdom of Aragon, his own country, which supported him, and that of France, where he made war on the council with bulls. But his two messengers were seized, and dragged through the

* "On this day were unhung two who had been executed on the gallows, who called themselves clerks and scholars of the university of Paris; and more than forty thousand persons are said to have been present at the taking the bodies down from the gibbet; and they were borne back on two biers, numbers following, and with grand processions from the churches and the university, all the church bells ringing, as far as the parvis Notre-Dame, and delivered up with certain ceremonials to the bishop of Paris, and then borne to St. Maturin's, where they are said to have been buried, and this by royal ordinance." May 16, 1408. *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Plaidoiries, Matinée* vi. folio 93; and *Conseil*, vol. xiii. folio 26.

† "My lords," he said to them, "jeering at their power and obstinacy, 'I am greatly indebted to you for more than the pardon you grant me, since when you attacked me I held it as certain that I should be the loser. But my fear was, lest you should make up your minds that I was married; for I am sure that if once you had advanced this as the fact, I should have been forced to marry, will ye, nill ye. Of your goodness you have been pleased to exempt me from this hardship, for which I am your humble debtor.'" *Chronique*, No. 10,297, quoted by M. de Barante, t. iii. p. 154, third edition.

‡ Medio Mail . . . cum ingenti luminari. . . . *Religieux de Saint-Denys*, MS. folio 551.

§ "There was presented to the king, on Monday, as it is said, a bull by which pope Benedict, who is one of the competitors for the popedom, excommunicates the king and messeurs, his relatives and adherents. And what will be the result? God will see to it!" *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiii. folio 27.

* Alte elevatas et cum cultello incisas rectori projecerunt, qui tunc eas inverecunde in frusta dilaceravit minuta. *Religieux*, MS. folio 565.

† "Theologists and artists, better versed in disputations than in law proceedings . . . whence many a wordy strife arose between them and the lawyers." *Ibidem*, folio 565.

‡ A memorial, or manifesto.

streets in strange attire; on their heads tiaras of paper, and clad in black dalmatics, bearing the arms of Pietro della Luna, and covered moreover with scrolls designating them as traitors and messengers of a traitor. Thus equipped, they were dragged along in a scavenger's tumbril, and placed in the pillory in the cour du Palais, amidst the hootings of the people, who were thus habituated to despise the insignia of the pontificate.* On the following Sunday, the same scene was enacted in the parvis Notre-Dame; where a Trinitarian monk, regent of theology, inveighed against them, and against the pope, with a furious violence and mountebank scurrility, and all in such foul language that the greater part of the dir stuck to the university.†

The pope of Rome and he of Avignon were both fugitives: their cardinals had deserted. The queen fled, too, taking with her from Paris the dauphin, the duke of Burgundy's son-in-law. The duke of Anjou, (king of Sicily,) and the dukes of Berri and of Brittany, were not long in following them. The duke of Burgundy was about to find himself alone of all the princes at Paris; yet having in his hands the king, the council, and the university. To loose his hold of the king and Paris was a great risk: however, he could no longer defer his return to the Low Countries. While he was making war here on the pope, and listening to the prolix harangues of the doctors, the Benedict and Orléanist party was strengthening itself at Liege. The young bishop of Liege (his cousin, John of Bavaria) could offer no further resistance.‡ The Liegeois were led by a man of head and hand, the sire de Perweiss, the father of the other aspirant to the bishopric of Liege, who called in the Germans, and sent for English archers. Brabant was in danger. What would become of him, should Flanders side with Liege, and the men of Ghent remember that the Liegeois had sent them provisions before the battle of Rosebecque?

* *Religieux*, MS. f. 576 verso.—“On the said day, between ten and eleven o'clock, the prelates and clergy of France being assembled at the palace, on the affair of the church, were brought before them master Sanceloup, sprung from the peerage of Aragon, and a squire of pope Benedict's, born somewhere in Castile, (qui fu devers nez de Castelle,) in two tumbrils, each clothed in a tunic of painted cloth, on which was briefly imaged the manner of the presentation of the wicked bulls, of which mention is made under the date of the 21st of May last, and with the arms of the said Benedict reversed, and other things, and paper mitres on their heads, on which their offence was written—from the Louvre where they were prisoners, together with several others of this kingdom, prelates and other churchmen, who were said to have favored the said bulls, as far as the square before the palace, with a great company of trumpeters, and there were publicly pilloried, (eschafaudez,) and then led back to the said Louvre after the fashion above described.” *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiii. folio 39, Août 1408.

† “That he would rather kiss a filthy sow's rump than Peter's mouth.” *Religieux*, MS. f. 576-7.

‡ See the curious details given by Zanfliet on the faction of the *Haitroit*. Cornelli Zanfliet Leodiensis monachi Chronicon, ap. Martene Ampliss. Coll. t. v. pp. 365, 366. Le Religieux and Monstrelet treat of the matter at length, and furnish much curious information. Placentius (Catalogus, c.) is very brief.

Hereafter I shall have to speak of these various people of Liege, of this extreme tongue of Walloon race and language, run into the bosom of the Germanic peoples—a petty Belgic France, which has remained, in so many particulars, so like to old France, while ours changed. But all this is not to be said in a passing word.

The Liegeois amounted to forty thousand intrepid infantry: against whom the duke led the whole of the chivalry of Picardy and of the Low Countries, who rightly looked upon this war as the common business of the nobility. The nobles acted in concert. The cities—Liege, Ghent, Paris—were not agreed. The two last did not hold with the same pope as the Liegeois. The duke of Burgundy, who aroused the communes of France, crushed that of Liege in Belgium.

The Liegeois were a population of armorers and charcoal-burners, brutal, untameable, and unmanageable, even by their leaders. As soon as the feudal banners were seen in the plain of Hasbain, the proverb was verified:—

“Qui passe dans le Hasbain,
A bataille le lendemain.”*

They stationed themselves, forty thousand strong, in a position fortified with baggage-wagons and cannon, and proudly awaited their foe. The duke of Burgundy, aware that ten thousand men and archers were expected from England, hazarded the attack. The Liegeois had some cavalry and knights; but, having no reliance upon them, would not let them stir. The Burgundians, unable to force them in front, turned them. The Liegeois were seized with a panic terror, and many thousands surrendered. As the duke is just on the point of victory, the laggard ten thousand appear in sight, marching from Tongres. Fearing that the day may be turned against him, he orders the prisoners to be massacred. It was one immense butchery. The whole body of his chivalry, rendered cruel by fear, fell savagely upon the multitude that had laid down arms. The duke states, in a letter of his,† that twenty-four thousand bodies were left dead on the spot; while his own loss was only from sixty to eighty knights or squires, not including, apparently, common soldiers. Nevertheless, this disproportion is sufficient proof, how weak offensive means were in the infancy and imperfection of fire-arms against those houses of iron in which the knights ensconced themselves.

I am somewhat skeptical as to this number of twenty-four thousand killed, which is precisely the return of the battle of Rosebecque gained by Philippe-le-Hardi. The son, no doubt, did not like to have killed fewer than

* “Enter the Hasbain, you have to fight the next day.”

† “Y ont esté occis . . . de vingt quatre à vingt six mille Liégeois, comme un pent le savoir par l'estimation de ceux qui ont vu les noms . . . Nous avons bien perdu soixante à quatre vingt chevaliers on ecuyers.” Letter of the duke of Burgundy. See M. de Barante, t. lii. pp. 211, 212, third edition.

his father. However this be, "the tale of the fearful cruelties perpetrated by the Burgundians, who are said to have burned, in the Hasbain only, four hundred parish churches, and often with the parishioners in them, and the vengeance of the bishop of Liege, Jean-Sans-Pitié, (John the Pitiless,) with his *noyades* in the Meuse—seized upon men's fancies, a sad thing to say, but descriptive of the age, and raised the duke of Burgundy in their estimation. This battle was looked upon as a judgment from God. Besides, it was known that he had fearlessly risked his person.* The multitude, like women, love the brave—"Ferrum est quod amant" (it is the sword they love.) The duke was named *Jean-Sans-Feur*, (John the Fearless;) neither fearing man, nor God.†

In his absence,‡ the queen and the princes had returned to Paris, and proceeded against him. An eloquent preacher, Cérisy, pronounced a touching apology for Louis of Orléans, which has for ever effaced the recollection of Jean Petit's harangue. The widow's and the orphans' advocate wound up by the conclusion that the duke of Burgundy ought to undergo the *amende honorable*, demand pardon, kissing the ground, and after having endowed several religious and other institutions by way of expiation, that he ought to exile himself for twenty years beyond the sea, to mourn his crime. This was spoken on the 11th of September; on the 23d, the battle of Hasbain was won; on the 24th of November, the duke arrived in Paris. The crowd pressed with respect to see the man, who had just killed twenty-four thou-

sand men; and there were not wanting who cried "Noël."

The queen and the princes had removed the king to Chartres; they could there act in his name against the duke. This determined him to come to terms of accommodation.* The negotiation was intrusted to the grand master, Montaigu, a servant of the queen's, and of the house of Orléans, and chief counsellor of the party. His mission to the duke filled him with dread; he did not feel his head too safe on his shoulders. He drew up, with all the credulity of fear, the wretched treaty which dishonored both parties. The chief article bore, that the second son of the deceased should marry a daughter of the murderer's, with a dowry of a hundred and fifty thousand gold francs. As dowry, this was much; as price of blood, how little!

It was an ugly spectacle; ugly, too, as profaning one of the most sacred churches of France. Notre-Dame-de-Chartres, with its countless statues of saints and doctors,† was condemned to be witness of a hollow and perjured peace. A large scaffolding was erected—not in the parvis, the spot devoted to the degrading ceremony of the *amende honorable*—but at the entrance into the choir. Here sat the king, the queen, and the princes. The duke of Burgundy's advocate besought of the king, in the duke's name, that he would be pleased "To preserve in his heart neither choler nor indignation, on account of the deed which he has committed and caused to be committed on the person of my lord of Orléans, for the benefit of the kingdom and your own."

Next came on the scene the children of the duke of Orléans. The king communicated to them the pardon which he had granted, and prayed them to consent thereto. The duke's advocate said, "My lord of Orléans, and my lords his brothers, here is my lord of Burgundy, who beseeches you to banish from your hearts all hatred and vengeance, and to be good friends with him." The duke added with his own lips, "My dear cousins, I pray you so to do."

The young princes wept. According to the ceremonial agreed upon, the queen, the dauphin, and the princes of the blood-royal drew near to them, and interceded for the duke of Burgundy. Then the king addressed them from the throne, saying, "My very dear son, and my very dear nephew, consent to what we have done, and pardon." The duke of Orléans and his brother then repeated, one after the other, the prescribed words.‡

Montaigu, who had drawn up this ceremonial by which the sons recognised that their father had been killed for the benefit of the kingdom,

* On the return of the parliament, the old chancellor traced a touching picture of the desolation of the kingdom. *Archives, Registre du Parlement, Conseil*, xiii. folio 49.

† See M. Didron's articles in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, and the great work preparing by M. de Salvandy.

‡ *Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS.* folio 615.

* "I have no need to particularize the great courage and coolness of the duke of Burgundy, nor how he galloped to different parts of the army, exhorting them to act well . . . for in truth, his conduct was such that he was praised and spoken of by all knights and others; and although he was frequently covered with arrows and other missile weapons, he did not on that day lose one drop of blood." Monstrelet, t. ii. p. 17.

† He might have been named, quite as justly as his cousin, the bishop—*John the Pitiless*. Monstrelet even owns that, "When he was asked, after the defeat, if they should cease from slaying the Liegeois, he replied, 'Let them all die together, for I will not that any prisoners be made, nor that any be ransomed!'" *Id. ibid.*

‡ Sunday, August 26, 1408 . . . "Entered Paris and arrived from Melun, about four hours after dinner, the queen and the dauphin, accompanied by the dukes of Berri, of Brittany, and of Bourbon, and by many other counts and barons, and by a large body of men-at-arms, and went through the city to lodge at the Louvre."—Tuesday, August 28, . . . "This said day there entered Paris the duchess of Orléans, mother of the present duke, and the queen of England, wife of the said duke, in a litter covered with black, drawn by four horses covered with black cloth, at the hour of vespers, and followed by several black cars, (*chariots*), full of ladies and women, and with many dukes and counts, and men-at-arms in them." *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil*, vol. xiii. folio 40-1. The princes came to the resolution of devolving a nominal power on the queen and the dauphin: "This fifth day, (September 5, 1408,) all the nobles within the Louvre met in the great hall, where were present the queen, the duke of Guyenne," &c. (here follows a long list of names;) . . . "before whom was procured, by the mouth of master Jehan Jouvenel," (Juvénal des Ursins,) "the king's attorney, the power granted and intrusted by the king to the queen and to the said my lord of Guyenne, for the government of the kingdom in the king's absence, or while prevented from attending to business, (le roy empêché ou absent.)" *Archives, Ibidem, Conseil*, vol. xiii. f. 42 verso.

had in point of fact betrayed his ancient master, the duke of Orléans, for the duke of Burgundy. Nevertheless, the latter bore him a deadly hate. Probably he had not foreseen beforehand the humiliating attitude which he would have to assume in this ceremony, and how much it would cost him to say to the children—Forgive.

Every one knew what the worth of such a peace might be. The clerk to the parliament, recording it in his register, adds these words on the margin: *Pax, pax, inquit propheta, et non est pax.* (Peace, peace, says the prophet, and peace is not.)*

The newly-made friends returned to Paris greater enemies than ever, but of one mind as to sacrificing the too conciliatory Montaigu. After all, the poor devil had only sinned through fear. But he was obnoxious to another crime; he was too rich. Men asked how it happened that the son of a notary of Paris, but indifferently imbued with letters, of mean appearance, short, thin-bearded, and thick-tongued,† should have managed so long to govern France. Yet, with all this, he must have been an able man, for the queen, the duke of Orléans, and the dukes of Berri and Bourbon all to need his services and to call him friend.

The ability in which he was wanting, was the ability to make himself little. Not to speak of his immense estates, he had built a delightful château at Marcoussis. At Paris, his splendid hôtel was pointed out with envious finger. The greatest barons had sought his daughter's hand. But recently he had effected the marriage of his son with the daughter of the constable d'Albret, the king's cousin. He then got his brother made bishop of Paris, and, on this occasion, he had the imprudence to feast the princes, and to make a parade of an incredible store of gold and silver plate. The guests opened wide their eyes; their cupidity inflamed their hate. They thought it very unseemly that Montaigu should abound in gold plate, while the king's was in pawn.

For a new man, Montaigu seemed firmly seated. While the *Marmousets* were in power he had gained many retainers; he was well allied, well connected. With one brother archbishop of Sens, he had just acquired a strong and popular footing in Paris, by getting another brother made its bishop. Therefore the princes went quietly about the business. They met secretly in St. Victor's church,‡ and carried on their deliberations under the seal of an oath. They, three or four princes of the blood, and the greatest barons of France, conspired against the son of the notary. Montaigu had warning giv-

en him, but he would not believe that he was in danger. Was he not protected by the king, the good duke de Berri, and, above all, by the queen, in memory of the duke of Orléans? It is true, the queen did exert herself a little in his favor, but it required no great violence to compel her to give him up: a promise that Montaigu's great wealth should be the dauphin's was enough.* Besides, she was absent at Melun, and the sad spectacle of the death of an old servant would not shock her eyes.

That took place on Montaigu's death, which is seldom seen on the fall of favorites—the people rose up.† It is true, the three powers of the city were interested in Montaigu. He was the bishop's brother; he claimed the privilege of clerkship, the benefit of clergy and of the university: lastly, he appealed to the parliament. All was of no use. The city was full of gentlemen in the duke of Burgundy's service. The new provost of Paris, Pierre Desessarts, scoured the streets on horseback with a strong body of men, assuring the citizens that he had in his power the traitors who had caused the king's illness, that he would give a good account of them, that all honest folk might return to their own affairs and callings.‡

At first, Montaigu denied every thing, but he was within the gripe of a commission, and torture made him confess what they chose. No time was lost. On the 17th of October, less than a month after his splendid banquet, he was dragged into the market-place. They did not even read his sentence. Crushed as he was by the torture, his hands dislocated, and cruelly ruptured, he kissed the cross with fervor, denying his guilt and that of the duke of Orléans to the last, but owning that they had made too lavish use of the king's money. The bystanders wept: even those who had been deputed by the princes to see the execution carried through, returned in tears.§

This death affected, but it still more terrified all. What was the result? That which was to be expected from the cowardly weakness of the day. All chose to be on the side of the man who struck so hard. The death of the duke of Orléans, that of Montaigu, and the massacre at Liege, were three stern blows. Already the king of Navarre had allied himself with the duke of Burgundy,|| whose aid he stood

* *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS., Dupuy, vol. 744. Fontaineu 107-8, ann. 1409.*

† *Civitas mota est, et cives arma susceperunt. Religieux, MS. folio 637.*

‡ *Mechanicis artibus et suis negotiationibus vacarent. Ibidem.*

§ *Affirmasse quod tormentorum violentia (qua et manus dislocatas et se ruptum circa pudenda monstrabat) illa confessus fuerat, nec in aliquo culpabilem ducem Aurelianensem, nec se etiam reddebat nisi in pecuniarum regiarum nimia consumptione. Ibidem, folio 633.*

|| The duke of Burgundy displays a remarkable activity in the course of this year, (1409;) seeking alliances both in the South and the North. See the treaties with the king of Navarre, the count de Foix, the duke of Bavaria, and Edouard de Bar. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Baluze, 9484, 2.*

* *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil xlii. folio 65.*

† *Illiteratum, statura pusillum, barba genas mentumque non grata plenitudine vestitum, balbum adeoque impedientis lingue ut. . . . Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 637.*

‡ *In ecclesia Sancti Victoris. . . . juramentis mutuo se stringentes. Ibidem, f. 636 verso*

in need of against the count d'Armagnac. The duke of Anjou became his ally for money, which he received as the dower of a daughter of Burgundy, to lose in another fruitless attempt on Italy. The queen, too, was gained over by a marriage. The duke of Burgundy visited her at Melun, and promised to bring about a union between Isabel's brother, Louis of Bavaria, and the daughter of his friend, the king of Navarre. It was settled, too, that the young dauphin should henceforward preside at the council board. The bloated* Isabella sillily believed that she should govern her son, and, through him, the kingdom. She returned to Paris, that is to say, she put herself into the duke of Burgundy's hands.

Thus, all turned out to his wish, and to that of his party. The university, all-powerful in the council of Pisa, had just taken advantage of the deposition of the two popes, to confer the popedom on one of its old and favorite professors;† who, it was supposed, would refuse nothing to the university, and the duke of Burgundy.

What was wanting to the latter, save to rehabilitate himself; save, if possible, to blot the past from men's memories. Two means were before him—to reform the State and expel the English. He again undertook to lay siege to Calais, and this time there was no duke of Orléans to render the enterprise abortive. He set about it as on the former occasion, had a wooden city built round the place, and heaped up in the abbey of St. Omer, a quantity of machines and of artillery. But the English found a carpenter, who, for the sum of ten thousand rose nobles, threw the Greek fire into it, and burnt in a moment what had been so long preparing.‡

The reform went on little better than the war. The duke had begun it after his own fashion, roughly. He had restored Paris its privileges, by giving it a provost devoted to him—the violent Desessarts. He had convened a general assembly of the nobles under the presidency of the dauphin, of whom he took possession, and put aside the aged duke de Berri.

However, he took the finances in hand, dismissing the treasurers in the king's name and in that of the princes, and putting in their place burgesses of Paris, rich, timid, and dependent. All receivers were to render account to a superior board, (à un haut conseil,) which he managed through the count de St. Pol. This board did an unheard-of thing: it interdicted the Chamber of Accounts, arrested several of its members, and nevertheless made use of its

registers, taking special note of the *Nimis habuit* or *Recuperetur*,* with which this wise and honest chamber marked all undue payments on the margin, and endeavoring to found claims of recovery thereon from those to whom such payments had been made, or even from their heirs.

These proceedings were a subject of uneasiness to many, and of suspicion to all; and the more so, since in all these measures there was seen behind the duke of Burgundy—a violent, passionate, fiery man, Desessarts, the new provost of Paris, a poor man, in haste to enrich himself and those belonging to him, as Montaigne had done: he had brought him to the gibbet, he was on the road thither himself.

Such was Paris; out of Paris a serious storm was rising. The duke of Orléans was but a child, a name; but round this name there naturally rallied all those who hated the duke of Burgundy and the king of Navarre. First on the list was the count d'Armagnac, the enemy of the second as being his neighbor, and of the first, from having been long forced to cede the Charolais, then the duke of Brittany, with the counts of Clermont and of Alençon; and, lastly, the dukes of Berri and of Bourbon, who, seeing themselves counted for nothing by the duke of Burgundy, passed over to the other side. These princes entered into an alliance "for the reform of the State, and against the enemies of the kingdom."

It was against the enemies of the kingdom, too, that the duke of Burgundy was levying troops and demanding money. He summoned to Paris the principal burgesses of the cities of France, in order to obtain, not a tax, but a loan; the English, he said, threatened an invasion. Without deliberating, the citizens bluntly answered that their cities were already too heavily taxed, and that the duke could make use of the three hundred thousand gold crowns which were said to have been recovered. But this money had disappeared, no one knew how.†

Paris affected no greater zeal than the other cities. The duke had wished to restore it its arms, and its old military divisions of hundreds, sixties, fifties, &c. The Parisians thanked

* "And, it having long been the custom of the lords of the Chamber of Accounts, (domini Camere Computorum,) indignant at the sums which the king would lavish on the unworthy, to make an entry of these sums, adding on the margin opposite to such entry the words *Recuperetur, Nimis habuit*, ('it must be recovered'—'he has had too much,') it was enacted that they should deliver their registers to the presidents of the new board, who were to force repayment from those who had received such gifts, or from their heirs, to the uttermost farthing. They removed, also, all the lords of the Chamber of Accounts, only retaining one, who was to act in their stead, until," &c. *Religieux*, MS. folio 639. —See, likewise, the Ordonnances, t. ix. p. 468, et seq.

† In the midst of this distress we find an entry, among other expenses, of an order of Charles VI.'s for the payment of his huntsmen. The order is couched in very imperative and strict terms. After the king's signature there is written, "Garde qu'en se n'ait faute," (Look to this without fail.) *Bibliothèque Royale*, MSS. *Fontenay*, 107-8, ann. 1410, July 9.—Another entry is for two prayer-books (une paire d'heures) presented by the king to the duchess of Burgundy, 600 crowns. *Ibidem*, 109-10, ann. 1413.

* "She had grown very bulky," (mole carnis gravata nimium,) says the *Religieux*, MS. f. 640 verso.

† "A most distinguished professor of theology," (in sacra pagina excellentissimum professorem.) *Ibidem*, folio 628.

‡ (It was about this time that the rival partisans first adopted distinctive badges. The Armagnacs were known by a white silken scarf passing over the right shoulder; the Burgundians, by a St. Andrew's cross on the back, charged with a fleur-de-lys.)—TRANSLATOR.

him, and declined, having no mind to become the duke of Burgundy's soldiers. He had been unable, too, to appoint a captain of Paris: the city's excuse was, that having had a prince of the blood (the duke de Berri) for captain, it could not accept one of inferior rank.

So, the duke of Burgundy, having the princes against him without having the towns for him, was obliged to fall back on his personal resources. He summoned his vassals. A swarm of Brabanters alighted on northern France, on Paris, pillaging and ravaging. Paris, rendered sensible of the general suffering by its own, loudly demanded peace. Its usual organ, the university, with the dexterity peculiar to people ignorant of men and of worldly business, hit upon a very easy method of arranging all. This was to exclude from all share in the government the heads of the two parties, the dukes of Berri and of Burgundy, to dismiss them to their own territories, and to choose from the Three Estates men of probity and experience, who were to govern to a marvel. The proposition was received all the better by the duke of Burgundy and the king of Navarre, from its being impracticable. They made a parade of disinterestedness; they were ready, they said, to serve the State gratuitously, to the sacrifice even of their means, or to withdraw, if it were to the advantage of the kingdom.

The university had not to go far to find the duke de Berri. He was already, with his troops, at Bicêtre. His reply to a first embassy, which besought peace in the king's name, had been, that the motive which brought him, was to come to an understanding with the king. He gave a gracious reception to the deputies from the university, relished their advice, and gayly answered—"If rulers chosen from the Three Estates are required to govern the kingdom, I belong to them, and I bespeak a place in the ranks of the nobility."

However, winter and hunger compelled the princes to accept the expedient proposed by the university, and which tickled their vanity. The duke of Burgundy agreed to withdraw at the same time they did. The council was to be composed of individuals, who would swear that they belonged to neither party. The dauphin was intrusted to the keeping of two noblemen, named, one by the duke de Berri, the other by the duke of Burgundy. (Peace of Bicêtre, Nov. 1st, 1410.)

In reality, the latter remained the master. Outwardly, he left Paris, but, substantially, he retained his hold of it. His provost, Desessarts, who was to have been dismissed, retained his post. The dauphin was almost wholly surrounded by zealous Burgundians. His chancellor was Jean de Nyelle, a subject and servant of the duke of Burgundy's; his counsellors were the sire de Heilly, a vassal, as well, of the same prince's; the sire de Savoisy, who had recently gone over to the Burgundian party; Antoine de Craon—of the same family as

Clisson's assassin; and the sire de Courcelles, no doubt a connection of that celebrated doctor, who was one of the judges of the Pucelle, &c.

The duke of Burgundy withdrew, in conformity with the treaty. He did not arm, his enemies did. The friends of the duke of Orléans seemed to be the aggressors. To impress a belief of its impartiality, the dauphin's council associated with itself the parliament, some bishops, some doctors of the university, and several of the principal citizens, and, in the name of this assembly, forbade the dukes of Orléans and of Burgundy to enter Paris.

This prohibition was a mockery. The duke of Burgundy was so substantially present in Paris, that at this very moment he persuaded the terrified city to choose for its captain a man devoted to him—the count de Saint-Pol.

It was sought to put Paris in a state of defence; and for this purpose a general tax was proposed, from which none were to be exempt—neither the clergy nor the university. But their zeal for the Burgundian party did not go so far as this: as soon as money was mentioned, they broke out. The chancellor of Notre-Dame, speaking for both bodies, declared that they could neither give nor lend; that they had great difficulty in managing to live themselves; that it was well known that if the royal revenue was not abused, the king's coffers would be enriched by two hundred thousand gold crowns every month; and that the goods of the Church, so long amortized, had nothing to do with taxation. Finally, he went so far as to say, that when a prince oppressed his subjects by unjust taxation, it afforded, according to ancient examples, a legitimate plea for deposing him.*

Language so singularly bold made it very clear that the clergy and the university would not be the servile instruments of the Burgundian party. The new captain of Paris sought allies in a lower sphere, he addressed himself to the butchers. It was a curious sight to see the count de Saint-Pol, of the house of Luxembourg, the cousin of the emperors and of the chivalrous John of Bohemia, admit the Legoix† and other butchers to share with him his office of captain of Paris, to see him arm these men, march in Paris side by side with this *royal militia*, intrust them with the city business, and charge them to pursue the Orléanists. He set all on the stake by taking such confederates. He thought the butchers his; would he not, rather, soon be theirs? The count de Saint-Pol and the duke of Burgundy were putting a formidable machine in motion; but a finger once caught in the wheels, they might easily roll over finger, head, and body.

* Nec reges dignè vocari, si exactionibus injustis opprimant populum suum, sed quod eos depositione dignos possint rationabiliter reputare, in annalibus antiquis possunt de multis legere. *Religieux, MS. f. 675 verso.*

† Soon after, we find the duke of Burgundy attending the funeral of this said butcher: "And he had a very honorable burial, as much so as if he had been a great lord." *Juvénal des Ursins, p. 236.*

Yet I know not that it were possible to have done otherwise. Party-spirit altogether apart, there was every need for Paris, in the midst of the bands which were battling around her, to be able to guard herself. Now, since the punishment of the Maillotins, and the general disarming then enforced, the only portion of the inhabitants who had steel in hand, and the confidence imparted by the constant handling of steel, was the butchers. The others, as we have seen, had refused to accept their old divisions of hundreds, &c., through fear of bearing arms. The count's own gentlemen would not have been sufficient for the purpose, and would soon, indeed, have been the objects of suspicion, if they had not been constantly associated with a militia, brutal it is true, and violent, but, after all, Parisian, and interested in protecting Paris from plunder. Whatever fear might be felt of the butchers, far different was the fear entertained of the innumerable pillagers who would advance as far as the gates to spy into and feel the pulse of the town, and who, if she were not to take care to guard herself, might very well carry her by some sudden attempt.*

It was fearful for the innocent and pacific burgesses, to behold from their church-towers the double-tide of the races of the north and south, chafing against their walls: as if the outermost provinces of the kingdom, long sacrificed to the centre, had come to take their revenge. Flanders remembered her defeat at Rosebecque. Languedoc had not forgotten the wars of the Albigeois; still less the recent exactions of the dukes of Anjou and of Berri. What the centre had gained by the attraction of the monarchy, it now paid back with usury. North, south, west—each poured into it the whole off-scouring of its bandits.

First, to defend Paris against the southerners, led by the duke of Orléans, there came the Brabant mercenaries of the duke of Burgundy; and, the better to defend it, they laid waste all the environs and plundered St. Denys. Next came to defend it, the commons of Flanders. These, intelligent folk, who knew the value of

things, plundered orderly, methodically, and thoroughly, so as to make clean work; and they packed up all, neatly, in bales. No use to speak to them of war; it was not for that they had come. Vain was it for their count to pray them, cap in hand, to fight a little; they minded him not. As soon as they had filled their wagons,* the lords of Ghent and Bruges, despite of all entreaty, retraced their road home.

But the chief swarm of plunderers came from the needy provinces of the west and the south. The country, seen from a distance, seemed all black with these ant-like bands beggars or soldiers, one could not have said which; here on horseback, there on foot, or on asses; brutes and men alike meager, and hungry, and as portentous as Pharaoh's seven lean kine.

Let us analyze this rabble-rout. Firstly, there were crows of Bretons. In Brittany, families were the more numerous the poorer they were. It was a Breton idea to have as many children as possible, that is to say, so many soldiers who might march off in search of pickings, and bring some back.† According to true Breton usage, the paternal house, the hearth, belonged to the youngest:‡ the eldest were thrust out. They threw themselves into a bark, or upon a horse; and so well did bark or untirable brute carry them, that they returned to the manor new men, well clad, and with purses tolerably lined.

In Gascony, a different law produced like results. The eldest abided haughtily in his castle, upon his rock, without any other vassal than himself, and, with his simple habits, waiting on himself. The cadets started gayly off, the world before them, good walkers, as they are known to be, and walking by choice, so long as they did not light on a horse, rich with their family sword, sounding name, and ragged cape—but noble withal, noble as the king; that is to say, like him, without fief,§ yet nevertheless levying "*quint et requint*"|| on the land, and toll on the wayfarer.

This antique portrait of the Gascon, though antique, is not the less like, and, *mutatis mutandis*, I opine that some of the lineaments may

* On occasion of one of these alarms, the king, accompanied by a strong body of men-at-arms, was placed, for safety's sake, in the Palace, (the Palais, or courts of justice,) to the great alarm of the clerk:—"This said day, seeing that our lord the king, accompanied by many princes, barons, and knights, and a large body of men-at-arms, had come to take up their abode in the Palace, and that the hôtels, as well of the city as of the cloisters of Paris, and all beyond the bridges as far as the place Moubert, were filled with men-at-arms, with the exception of the hôtels of such lords as the provost of Paris formally declared were not to have soldiers quartered upon them, and that it might in this case happen, that the chamberlains of our lord the king might take possession of the turrets within it, (ne preissent les Tournelles de céans.) where were deposited innumerable papers relative to suits, which would have been turned topsy-turvy, tumbled about, torn, and lost, to the unutterable loss of all, of all conditions, within this kingdom, I have had the door of my turret walled up (Jay fait murer l'ad de ma tournelle) that none might enter, for *In armigero viz potest vigere ratio*, (sense is scarce in a soldier's brain.)"—The clerk has drawn a soldier on the margin. *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil*, xlii. f. 131 v. 22, September 16, 1410.

* Two thousand in number, according to Meyer; twelve thousand, according to Monstrelet:—"He earnestly desired that they would only stay with him eight days longer. . . . They then began to load their baggage wagons, and to arm themselves; and at midnight they all shouted from their quarters, in Flemish, *Vax, vax!* which signifies, 'To arms, to arms!' . . . and set fire to all their lodgings, shouting '*Gan, gan!*' and departed, taking the road to Flanders. . . . The duke of Burgundy . . . with his head uncovered and hands uplifted, most humbly besought them to return, and stay with him four days only, calling them his most trusty and well-beloved friends and companions. . . ." Ibidem, t. li. p. 261.

† One man would sometimes have fifty children, by ten different women. . . . Guillelm. Pictav. ap. Script. Rer. Franc. t. xi. p. 88.—See, also, above, vol. i. p. 71.

‡ Contumier Général, t. iv. p. 408, usance de Quevaise, art. 61; usance de Rohan, art. 17, 22. Michelet, Origines du Droit, p. 63.

§ Nevertheless, the king is the great *enfeoffed*; he has nothing, and he has all.

|| (The *quint* was a fifth of the price on sales, exchanges, &c., the *requint*, a twenty-fifth, that is, a fifth of the *quint*.) —TRANSLATOR.

even now be recognised. So the chronicle paints them in the days of good king Robert; so, in the time of the Plantagenets;* so, in Bernard d'Armagnac's day, and, lastly, so in Henry the Fourth's. The worthy baron de Fenestef is not the type of the intriguers of the south, on the invasion of the Bearnese, only; more serious outwardly, less amusing, and less *gasconading*, the baron still exists. Then, now, and ever, these southerns have chosen, as an inexhaustible fund, to work upon the simplicity and dulness of the men of the north. And so they have been willing emigrants; not to turn masons like the Limousins, or porters and peddlers like the Auvergnats. The Gascons sold only themselves. As soldiers, as *domestics* of princes, they served in order to become masters. Do not speak to them of becoming workmen or shop-keepers—ministers to kings, and welcome. They require, not what Sancho demanded, *just a small, little island*, but a kingdom—Naples, Portugal, if possible, at least, Sweden:‡ good, easy, moderate folk, that will content them. Every one cannot, like the *miller of the mill of Barbaste*,§ get Paris for a mass.

Although at bottom their character have changed but little, we must not image to ourselves the southerns of that day, as they appear to us now. Quite different did they seem to our men of the fifteenth century; when provincial peculiarities were marked by such rude contrasts and opposition of character, and still further exaggerated by mutual ignorance. The south scared the north. Provençal brutality, capricious and violent; Gascon ruggedness, pitiless, heartless, and inflicting pain for amusement's sake; the hard and intractable mountaineers of the Rouerque and the Cevennes, the savage Bretons with shaggy locks, and all in their primitive filth, gabbling and cursing in twenty tongues, which the northerns supposed to be Spanish or Moorish—came upon them with a shock. To complete this chaos, with them were mingled bands of German and of Lombard soldiers.|| This diversity of tongues was a fearful barrier between men; a reason for their hating each other without knowing why, and which rendered war more merciless than we can now imagine. There was no possibility of coming to an understanding, of meeting on common ground. The conquered, unable to speak, found himself without resource: the prisoner, without the means of softening his jailer. He who is prostrate at the victor's feet, vainly strives to supplicate him who is about to strike the fatal blow: the one cries, *mercy*, the other answers, *death*.

Independently of these antipathies, arising from differences of language and of race, provinces, peopled by the same race and tongue, hated each other. The Flemings, even those who spoke the Walloon tongue, hated the hot-headed Picards.* The Picards despised the regular habits of the Normans, whom they looked upon as servile.† So much for the men of the *langue d'oil*. As for those of the *langue d'oc*, the men of Poitou and of Saintonge, hated in the north as southerns, have nevertheless written satires upon the southerns, especially upon the Gascons.‡

At the extreme verge of this scale of hatreds, beyond Bordeaux and Toulouse, there lies, at the foot of the Pyrenees, out of the track of the roads and navigable rivers, a small district, whose tragic name is synonymous with all the hatreds of the south and of the north—Armagnac.

A rude country, viny, it is true, and often fertile; but as often its harvest ruined by the mountain hailstorms. The men of Armagnac and of Fezénzac, not so poor as those of the Landes, were, however, still more restless. At an early period, their counts express their determination to hold only of Sainte-Marie's of Auch; and then, they batter and plunder the archbishop of Auch for nearly two centuries. Assiduous persecutors of churches, and excommunicated from generation to generation, they lived, for the most part, like true children of the devil.

When the terrible Simon de Montfort fell on the south like a judgment from God, they reformed and did him homage; as they subsequently did to the count of Poitiers. Saint-Louis read them more than one severe lesson; and sent one of them to enjoy two years' meditation in the castle of Peronne. At length, they came to a knowledge of the fact, that they would be the greatest gainers by serving the king of France. Rhodéz, too, devolving to them, so distant from Armagnac, involved their own interests with those of the kingdom.

Then the Armagnacs, with the Albrets, became the French kings' captains of the south. Beating, beaten, ever in arms, they led the Gascons everywhere, even into Italy. They constituted an agile and indefatigable infantry, the first France has possessed. They pressed on war with a violence unknown before, forcing every one to assume the white cross, and striking off the foot or the hand of such as refused to follow them.§

* Ibidem, pp. 249, 253.

† I find in a letter of pardon issued, that some Picards hearing speak of a sum of 800 livres, which the captain of Gisors exacted from the Normans, said, "If it was in Picardy, we should pull down the houses of those who consented to pay." *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, registre 148,214; ann. 1395.*

‡ D'Aubigné, author of the baron de Feneste, was born in Saintonge, and settled in Poitou.

§ Vaissette, *Hist. du Languedoc*, t. iv. p. 282. Nevertheless, they always kept up relations with the English.

* During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Poitevins and Gascons were the favorites of most of these princes, and ruled England at their pleasure.

† *Avantures du Baron de Feneste, par d'Aubigné, 1620.*

‡ As regards Portugal, though some obscurity hangs over the matter, it is not the less probable.

§ "Le meunier du moulin de Barbaste"—the loving surname which the Gascons gave to their own Henri IV.

|| Monstrelet, t. ii. p. 169.

Our kings heaped gifts upon them, stifled them with gold,* made them generals, high constables. This was mistaking their talent. These hunters of the Pyrenees and of the Landes, these active footmen of the south, were better fitted for petty warfare than for the command of large armies. Twice were counts of Armagnac made prisoners in Lombardy. The constable d'Albret was the unsuccessful commander at Azincourt.

This was doing too much † and yet more was done for them. Our kings thought to attach these Armagnacs to themselves, by marrying them to princesses of the blood. Behold these rude Gascon captains making themselves cleanly, becoming presentable, and growing into princes. One of them is given to wife a grand-daughter of St. Louis. Who would not think them satisfied? Singular and characteristic fact; hardly had they achieved this overpowering honor of forming alliance with the royal house, than they set up claims to superior descent, and quietly patched up a genealogy, by which they traced back to the ancient dukes of Aquitaine, the legitimate sovereigns of the south, and, on the other hand, to the Merovingians, the first conquerors of France. The Capetians were usurpers in illegal possession of the rightful patrimony of the house of Armagnac.

All French and princes as they had become, their diabolic origin was ever betraying itself. One of them married his sister-in-law, (to keep her dowry;) another, his own sister, with a forged dispensation. Bernard VII., count of Armagnac, who was almost king, and who ended so badly, had begun by despoiling of his lands his kinsman, the viscount Fézenzaguët, throwing him and his son, after having had their eyes put out, into a cistern. This same Bernard, next professing himself the servant of the duke of Orléans, made war in earnest on the English, and took from them sixty small fortresses.† In reality, he was laboring for himself only. When the duke of Orléans came into Guyenne, he did not second him. But, as soon as that prince was dead, the count d'Armagnac declared himself his friend and avenger, boldly assumed this great part, led the whole south to ravage the north, and married his daughter to the young duke of Orléans, giving as her dowry his marauding bands and the curse of France.

Apart from their ferocity, it was the impious freedom with which they treated priests, churches, and religion, that rendered these Armagnacs objects of execration. Their conduct might have passed for the Albigeois taking vengeance, or for a foretaste of the Protestant wars. It might have been so considered, but

mistakenly. It was Gascon levity,* or campaigning brutality. Probably, indeed, with their strange Christianity, they took it to be a good deed to plunder the saints of the *langue d'oil*, and that, of a surety, those of the *langue d'oc* would not bear them ill-will for it. They carried off the reliquaries without bestowing a thought on the relics; and, converting the chalice into a goblet, chucked away the host. They gladly replaced their tattered doublets by some church-hangings or other, would transfer a cope into a surcoat, and cut a cap out of the communion-cloth.†

On arriving before Paris, they had established themselves at Saint-Denys, as their centre, quartering themselves upon its small town and rich abbey. The temptation was great. The monks, for fear of accident, had buried the treasure of the blessed saint, but had forgotten to take the same precaution with the gold and silver plate which the queen had intrusted to their keeping. One morning, after mass, the count d'Armagnac assembled the abbot and monks in the refectory, and setting forth to them that the sole object of the princes in taking up arms, was to deliver the king and restore the kingdom to law and order; ■ laudable enterprise, in which all should assist: "We are expecting money," he said, "but it comes not; the queen, I feel certain, will cheerfully lend us her plate to pay our troops; and my lords, the princes, will give you a sufficient discharge for the same, sealed with their seals." This said, without attending to the representations of the monks, he orders the door of the treasury to be opened, enters hammer in hand, and forces the coffers. Nor did he stop at saying that if this did not prove sufficient, the treasury of the saint must be laid under contribution. The monks looked upon it as settled, and at once sent out of the abbey those who were acquainted with the spot in which it had been secreted.‡

Men who took such liberties with the saints, could not be expected to be very devout in their worship of the other religion of France, royalty. The crazed monarch, whom the northerners and the burgesses of Paris, in the midst of their greatest violences, only saw with love, the

* This southern levity is conspicuous in their proverbs, especially in those of the Bearnese, many of which are exceedingly irreverent, both towards the nobles and the Church:—

"Habillat û bastou,
Qu'aura l'air d'un barou"—

(Dress it up, you may make ■ lord out of a stick.)

"Las sourcières et lous lous garous
Aûs cures han minya capous"—

(The parsons are capon-crammed by witches and devils.)
Collection de Proverbes Béarnais, MS., communiqué par M.M. Picot et Badé, de Pau.

† Cum de corporalibus benedictis sibi caputegia fecissent.
... Religieux, MS. f. 702 verso.

‡ Nevertheless, the Parisians believed, and not without probability, that the monks favored the Orléans party. The report even ran at Paris, that the duke of Orléans had got himself crowned king of France in the abbey of Saint-Denys. *Ibidem*, f. 701 verso

In 1395, the parliament institutes a process against them on this head. *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Arrêts* xi. ann. 1395.

* The expression of Francis I. to Benvenuto Cellini.

† See, above, p. 38.

southerners could only see with laughter. When they seized a peasant, and, by way of amusement, cut off his ears or nose, "Go," said they, "go, and show yourself to your fool of a king."*

These impieties, acts of derision, and atrocious cruelties, did service to the duke of Burgundy. The cities, reduced to famine by pillage, turned against the duke of Orléans. The peasants, in despair, took the cross of Burgundy, and often fell on and cut off isolated parties of the soldiery. With all this, there was hardly any other military force in France than the Armagnacs. The duke of Burgundy, unable to compel them to forego their hold of Paris, resorted to the last and most dangerous resource of all:—he called in the English.†

Things had come to such a pass, that the English were less hateful to the French of the north than the French of the south. At first the duke of Burgundy concluded a commercial treaty with England, on behalf of Flanders; then, he asked for troops, offering one of his daughters in marriage to the eldest son of Henry IV.‡ (September 1st, 1411.) What conditions did he offer, what part of France did he promise them? We have no proof. The Orléans party gave out that he did homage for Flanders to the Englishman, and stipulated to put him in possession of Guyenne and Normandy.

The arrival of English troops drew back the Armagnacs from Paris to the Loire, as far as Bourges and Poitiers. The latter they lost, but the princes held out in Bourges, to which the duke of Burgundy and the English laid siege, together with the king, whom he dragged everywhere with him. The siege was a protracted one. The failure of provisions, the exhalations from the marshes and fields strewn with dead bodies, and lastly, the plague, which spread from the camp over the kingdom, induced both parties to conclude a hollow peace, which scarcely amounted to a truce, (treaty of Bourges, July 15th, 1412.) The duke of Burgundy promised what he could not hold to—to compel his followers to restore the princes their confiscated property. All that the duke of Orléans gained by it, was to have some reparation made to the memory of Montaigu. The provost of Paris took down his corpse from the gibbet at Montfaucon, and gave it honorable burial.

However, the Orléanists, seeing that their adversary had only overcome them by the aid of the Englishman, endeavored to alienate him, at any price, from the Burgundian, who, on the

contrary, already wearied of his allies, had sent troops against them into Guyenne. The count d'Armagnac at once mounted the red cross, and turned English, and so confirmed the accusations of the duke of Burgundy. He had caused it to be noised abroad in Paris, that a seizure had been made upon a monk of the papers of the princes, and the propositions which they had tendered to the enemy. They were charged with having sworn to kill the king, burn Paris, and divide France. This extraordinary invention of the Burgundian party's produced a prodigious effect at Paris.* The members of the university, the burgesses, and the entire population, women and children, called down a thousand curses on those who would thus betray the king and kingdom. The poor king wept, and asked what was to be done.

The real treaty was odious enough, without the addition of these fables. The princes did homage to the Englishman, covenanted to put him in possession of his rights, and gave him up twenty strongholds in the south. In return for these advantages, he only left the dukes of Berri and Orléans, Poitou, the Angoumois, and Perigord for the term of their natural lives. The count d'Armagnac alone preserved all his fiefs in perpetuity. The treaty was plainly his work.†

Thus, heartless princes played by turns the fatal game of calling in the enemy of the kingdom. Yet the proceeding wore a serious aspect. This they would soon have perceived, had not the death of Henry IV. given a respite to France. Betrayed by both parties, and having nothing to hope for save from herself, she is about to try, during this interval, to manage her own affairs. Is she yet capable of so doing? It may be doubted.

In this interval of five years, occurring between two crimes—the murder of the duke of Orléans and the treaty with the English, both parties proved their powerlessness both for peace and for war—these treaties only served to exasperate their mutual animosities.

Must we say, however, that these sad years were lost, that time had winged its flight in vain? . . . No, years are never lost, time bore its fruit. And first, the two halves of France have been drawn together, though, it is true, only to hate each other: the south has come to visit the north, as, in the times of the Albigeois, the north visited the south. These approximations, although made in a spirit of hostility, were still necessary. That France might at a later moment become one, it was essential that she should first know and see herself as she was, still diverse and heterogeneous.

Thus, national unity is being prepared from

* *Itē ad regem vestrum insanum, inutilem, et captivum. Ibidem, folio 605.*

† According to the Religieux, who inquired minutely into this point, the duke of Orléans besought the English king, in the name of their common relationship, not to supply his adversary with troops. Henry IV. replied, that it was through fear of driving the English (the allies of the Flenings) into insurrection, that he had accepted the offers of the duke of Burgundy. *Ibidem, f. 691 verso.*

‡ Rymer, t. iv. pars 1, p. 196. Third edition—(September 1, 1411.)

* "And the people broke forth into such ungovernable rage, that both sexes, casting off the veil of modesty, (absque erubescētiā velo,) publicly cursed the dukes, and prayed that they might have their eternal portion with the traitor Judas." *Religieux, MS. folio 734.*

† Rymer, t. iv. pars 2, p. 13. Third edition—(May 18 1412.)

afar. Already has the feeling of nationality been awakened by the frequent appeals to public opinion made by both parties during this brief interval. The continual manifestoes for or against the duke of Burgundy,* the political preachings in party interest, the theatrical representations to which the crowd has been admitted as witness of great political acts, the reconciliation in Chartres cathedral, and the sermon on Neutrality—all these things involve already an implicit appeal to the public.

There is one thing in the pedantic harangues of the time, amidst all their violences, lies, blood-thirstiness, and filth, which constitutes the strength of the Burgundian party, otherwise so sullied and so guilty; to wit, the solemn confession of the responsibility of the powerful, of princes, and of kings. The university professes the hitherto unheard-of doctrine, that a king who overwhelms his subjects with unjust exactions, can and ought to be deposed. The sentiment meets reproof; but think not that it falls barren to the ground. Unknown thoughts ferment. It is about this epoch, it would appear, that on the very front of the cathedral of Chartres, and as if in testimony to the humiliation of princes, a now figure is sculptured, that of Liberty,† moral liberty, of course—still the idea of political liberty is gradually associated with it.

The duke of Burgundy was all unworthy of being the representative of the modern principle; which is only developed in him athwart the double foulness of crime and of contradictions. The murderer comes—to speak of order, of reform, and of the public good; he comes—to attest the laws, he, who has killed the law. Under the auspices of this odious party, we shall see appear the great ordinance of the fifteenth century.

Another inconsistency. This feudal prince, who comes at the head of a furious nobility to exterminate the commune of Liege, derives from this very victory the strength which raises up the commune of Paris—there, prince of the barons, here, prince of the butchers.

As we have said, these contradictions form the blot of the age, and, particularly, that of the Burgundian party. As for the rest, its leader seemed to understand, that whatever his efforts,

he himself had done, and could do, nothing. When the university proposed to choose from the three estates wise men, and above suspicion, to assist in the government, he replied by the grave observation, "That, in very truth, he did not feel himself capable of governing so great a kingdom as the kingdom of France" **

CHAPTER III.

ATTEMPTED REFORMS IN CHURCH AND STATE.—

THE CABOCHIENS OF PARIS; GRAND ORDINANCE.—COUNCILS OF PISA AND OF CONSTANCE. A. D. 1409-1415.

It being acknowledged impossible for one alone to govern, there was no alternative but to try the government of many. In its distress, the Burgundian party convened, in the king's name, a grand assembly of deputies from the towns, of prelates, chapters, &c., (January 13th, 1413.) Some writers dignify this assembly of notables by the title of *states general*. So little general were they, that scarcely any one attended, save deputies from a few of the central towns. At this critical moment, between civil war and foreign, which was seen to be imminent, France sought and could not find herself.

It is true, it was winter, the roads impracticable, and swarming with banditti; and one-half of the kingdom a stranger to, or hostile to the other. Few assembled; and these few had nothing to say. There was neither tradition nor precedent for an assembly of the kind; half a century had passed since the holding of the last. The deputies from Reims, Rouen, Sens, and Bourges, were the only speakers, or, rather preachers; for each held forth on a text of Scripture, learnedly proving the advantages of peace, but, with no less force, the impossibility of finding money to bring the war to an end. They came to one and the same conclusion—that the first thing to be done was to recover the sums squandered on the worthless, or diverted from their destination. Master Benoît Gentien, a celebrated doctor and monk of Saint-Denys, spoke in the name of Paris and of the university. He demanded reforms, pointed out abuses, and declaimed against ambition and covetousness; but in general terms, and without naming any one—so he offended everybody.

In reality, the disease was too great to be met by expectant treatment. Vague generalities promoted nothing. The assembly was dismissed. In default of France, Paris took up the word, and spoke by its voice, the university.

As we have seen, the university had more zeal than capacity for the discharge of such a

* Perhaps the most important of these manifestoes is that which the duke of Burgundy published, in the king's name, on the 13th of February, 1412; in which he asked an aid from the provinces, both of the *langue d'oïl* and the *langue d'oc*, commissioning a citizen of Paris to collect it. In the preamble, he enters into a long, apologetic account of the quarrels between the house of Burgundy and that of Orléans. He flatters Paris; and sympathizes with the resentment of the people at the excesses of the men-at-arms of the Orléans party. He makes the king say:—"Nous feusmes deument et souffisamment informés qu'ils tendoient à débouter du tout Nous et notre génération de notre royaume et seigneurie," (We were duly and sufficiently informed, that their aim was to expel altogether us and our family from our kingdom and lordship.) *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Fontaineu, 109-10, ann. 1412, 13 Février; d'après un vidimus de la Vicomté de Rouen.*

† See M. Didron's curious report in the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, 1839.

* *Indignum se reputavit regimine tanti regni a regnum Franciæ. Religieuz, MS. folio 665.*

task. She needed guidance. Now, there was but one class qualified to direct her, by knowledge of the law, of facts, and by habits of business; namely, the members of the upper courts—of the Parliament,* of the Chamber of Accounts,† and of the Court of Aids. The university does not appear to have applied to the two latter bodies; no doubt, she was too well aware of their extreme timidity: but she invited the support of the parliament, requesting it to join her in demanding the necessary reforms.

The parliament did not love the university, which had long declared it incompetent to adjudicate in cases affecting herself; and the recent triumph of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction (A. D. 1408) was not calculated to increase the affection between them. This tumultuary power, which had gradually allied herself with the populace, was antipathetic to the gravity of the judges, as well as to their habits of respect for royal authority; and they replied to the application of the university:—"That it does not become the dignity of a court established for the administration of justice in the king's name, to put itself in the position of a plaintiff who sues for it. Besides, the parliament is always ready, whensoever it may please the king to choose any of its members to take into consideration the affairs of the kingdom. The university and the authorities of the city of Paris need no teaching to know what they ought and what they ought not to do."‡

This refusal, on the part of the judges, to take any share in the revolution, must have rendered it at once both violent and ineffective. Henceforward, Paris and the university might do what they pleased, and obtain reforms and fine ordinances: there was no one to carry them into effect. Laws, to be living and efficacious, require men to execute them; and these men are the growth of time, customs, and manners alone.

* This was the opinion of Clemengis; who implores in his letters the intervention of the parliament as the only remedy for the present and future ills of the kingdom:—"O most illustrious presidents of the royal tribunals, and ye other most renowned judges who adorn that celebrated Senate, (Curiam,) at length awake, and behold, I do not say the state of the kingdom, for it does not stand," (regni non dico statum, quia non stat—a play on the word *statum*, which primitively signifies ■ stand or place of standing,) "but its miserable fall." . . . He then goes on to say, that the judge, like the physician, "ought not only to apply ■ remedy to existing ills, but to seek greater glory, by anticipating and preventing their existence." Nic. Clemeng. Epist. t. ii. p. 284.

† We learn from M. le comte Audiffret's important historical report on the public accounts, (sur la comptabilité publique,) how government, from 1816, has gradually submitted the public expenditure to the supervision of the Cour des Comptes, until the law of 1832 finally erected this court into one of the great powers of the State. It would be curious to examine into its affinity with the old Chamber, and in what it differs from it.

‡ "Il ne convient pas à une cour établie pour rendre la justice au nom du roi, de se rendre partie plaignante pour la demander. Au surplus, le parlement est toujours prêt, toutes et quantes fois il plaira au roi de choisir quelques-uns de ses membres pour s'occuper des affaires du royaume. L'université et le corps de la ville sauront bien ne faire nulle chose qui ne soit à faire." *Registres du Parlement*, quoted by M. de Barante in his *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, third edition, t. iv. p. 34.

Elsewhere, I shall state fully my opinion of the parliament, considered as a court of justice. It is impossible to sum up this long labor of the transformation of the law, this task of interpreting craft and equivocation, parenthetically.* I must here confine myself to a consideration of this body from its external point of view, to explaining how it happened that a body which could have acted with so much benefit, refused its concurrence.

The parliament did not require to take power from the hands of the university and of the people of Paris; power came to it irresistibly by the force of circumstance. It rationally feared to compromise, by direct interference with affairs, the indirect, but all-powerful influence that it was every day acquiring. It took care not to shake the royal authority, when that authority was gradually becoming its own.

The jurisdiction of the parliament of Paris had been constantly enlarging its sphere during the fourteenth century. Those who had most loudly appealed from it, ended by thinking it a privilege to have their causes come before this court; and churches and chapters often claimed the favor.

The supreme royal court, the parliament, saw not only the king's baillis and his military judges, (juges d'épée,) but the barons, and greatest feudal lords waiting, humble solicitors, in their great hall. It had but recently passed sentence of death and confiscation on the count of Perigord;† and had heard appeals against the princes, against the duke of Brittany, and against the duke of Anjou, the king's brother, (A. D. 1328, 1371.) Much more; in many cases, the king had made his own, the subordinate authority, empowering it to disobey the royal letters, and in some sort declaring that the royal authority was less fallible, more

* It is curious to trace the beginning of this laborious task in the Registers, called *Olim*; where curious details are already given respecting the practice of the court. Two gentlemen attached to the Archives, MM. Dessalles and Duclos, are preparing the publication, under the direction of count Beugnot. Consult, in the next place, the notices of MM. Klimrath, Taillandier, and Beugnot on our ancient law-books, and ■ the immense collection, the Registers of the Parliament. However, we must not forget that these registers, even the *Olim*, that these books, even those of the thirteenth century, contain rather the *destruction of the law of the middle age, than that law itself*; for which, we should trace back to the *feudal and the ecclesiastical law*, as contained in charters, in canons, in rituals, and in juridical formulæ and symbols.

† It would be more exact to say, count of Perigord; for he possessed little more than the ninth part of the present department of Dordogne, (*Unpublished Manuscripts* of M. Dessalles' on the history of Perigord.) According to a *manuscript chronicle*, discovered by M. Mérimé, the fall of the last count was brought about by his attempting to carry off the daughter of a consul's of Périgueux, during a procession. Many other crimes are charged against him in the indictment; which is especially curious, as showing the details of this interminable war between the barons and the king's justices. The gravamen of the whole, apparently, is that the count said he would be king, and had appointed a judge of his own, from whom he would admit no appeal to the royal judges—"Jactabat palam et publice fore se *REXEM* . . . certumque iudicem pro appellationibus decidendis . . . constituerat . . . a quo non permittebat ad Nos vel ad . . . Curiam appellare." *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Arrêts Criminels*, reg. xi. ann. 1389-96

sure, constant, and royal, than that of the monarch.*

"The parliament," he says in his ordinances, "is the mirror of justice. The Châtelet, and all tribunals, must follow the practice of the parliament."

Admirable ascendancy of reason and of wisdom! In the universal distrust felt of all else, this court of justice was forced to accept every kind of administrative power, as the regulation of the police, the peace of the commune, &c. Paris shifted upon the parliament the care of its subsistence; the supply of bread, of fresh sea-fish, and numerous other details, as the superintendence of those employed in the mint, of the barbers or surgeons, and of the paving of the town, devolved upon it. The king intrusted it with the regulation of his household.†

The only powers which did not tend to this great focus of attraction were, besides the university,‡ the great fiscal courts, the Chamber of Accounts, the Court of Aids.§ Still, on one great occasion, we find that the reformers of the aids and finances were ordered to consult the parliament.|| It is thought necessary to explain, that if the masters of accounts are judges without appeal, it is, "because it would be inconvenient to transport the registers, so as to submit them to the inspection of the parliament."¶

It was ruled in 1338 and 1400, and again ordained in 1413, that the parliament should recruit itself by self-election.** Thenceforward it formed one body, and became more and more homogeneous. Its offices were retained in the same families. Transmitted by marriage, and often by sale, they seldom devolved on other than able and honorable men. There were parliamentary families, parliamentary manners. That image of laical sanctity which France had once seen in a man, in a king, she beheld immutable, passionless, and above caprice—save when the interests of royalty were concerned—in this judicial king. Thus, judicial order is fixed on a stable foundation, at the very moment political order is about to undergo the most rapid fluctuations. Whatever happens, France will have a storehouse of good traditions and of wisdom; and, in those moments of extremity, when the crown, the nobles, and all her old supporters shall fail her, and she shall be on the point of forgetting her own identity, she will recognise herself in the sanctuary of civil justice.

Parliament then is not in the wrong, in refusing to renounce an immobility so useful to

France. It will see the revolution pass by, and will survive it, to resume and quietly apply its most useful results.

Though the parliament stood aloof, the university did not the less pursue its own road. This strange compound, this theological, democratic, and revolutionary power was ill-calculated to reform the kingdom. In the first place, it had too little unity and harmony itself, to impart any to the state. It did not even know whether it was an ecclesiastical or a lay body, although claiming the privileges of the clergy.* The faculty of theology, in the haughtiness of its orthodoxy, and full-blown pride of its victory over the heads of the Church, was Church, however, and seemed to be the presiding spirit of the university, but, at bottom, it was led and forced along by the numerous and tumultuous faculty of arts, (that is, of logic.†) This faculty, but on indifferent terms with that of theology, was not better agreed within itself: it was divided into four nations; and each of these nations was subdivided into many different nations, as Danes, Irish, Scotch, Lombards, &c.

In the fourteenth century, a revolution had taken place in the university. For the better regulation of studies and manners, the scholars had gradually been cloistered, by the founding of bursaries and other means, in colleges as they were termed. Most of these colleges seemed to be, at bottom, the property of the bursars; who nominated their principals and masters by ballot. Nothing could be more democratic.‡

These petty, cloistered republics of young and poor men, were animated, as may be supposed, by the most restless spirit; especially at the epoch of the schism, when the princes had the entire Church at their disposal, and barred the members of the university from all preferment. Here, then, in these gloomy abodes, aged scholars languished hopelessly under the influence of the dry and sterile education of the time. Singular lives were passed here; where men, without family, friends, or acquaintance with the world, consumed all their days in the garrets of the *Pays Latin*, studying, for want of oil, by moonlight, living on syllogisms, or on fasts, and only descending from the sublime miseries of the mountain, from the roof of Stan-done,§ or from the skylight

* See above, note, p. 40.

† These two faculties modified their rules in an inverse sense. The faculty of theology added a year to the term of study, requiring six years' attendance instead of five, before admitting to the degree of bachelor. That of arts reduced its term from six to five years, then to three years and a half, and finally, in 1600, to two. Scholasticism gradually lost its importance. Bulaeus, *Hist. Univers. Parisiensis*, t. v. pp. 855, 863.

‡ Du Boulay gives the statutes of these colleges at full length. T. iv. and v.

§ The son of a cobbler of Malines, he came to Paris as a servant or kitchen drudge, according to the manuscript history of St. Geneviève. During the day he was in his kitchen; but at night he withdrew to the belfry of the church, and there studied by moonlight. He entered himself of Montaigu college, which he raised into eminence, and became, as it were, its second founder. He is not less

* See the *Ordonnances*, *passim*, particularly for the years 1344, 1359, 1389, 1400.

† *Ordonnances*, t. viii. and xi. ann. 1358, 1369, 1372, 1382.

‡ *Ordonnances*, ann. 1366.

§ *Ibid.* ann. 1375.

|| *Ibid.* ann. 1374.

¶ "Qu'il y auroit inconvenient à transporter les Registres, pour les mettre sous les yeux du Parlement." *Ibid.* ann. 1408.

** It is added that nobles, too, are to be elected: a proof that this was of rare occurrence. *Ibid.* ann. 1407-8.

whence Ramus was thrown, to dispute to the death in the mud of the street du Fouarre or of the place Maubert.

The Mendicant monks, newly associated with the university, added to the bitterness of scholasticism, that of poverty. They were often hateful and envious beyond all human beings; miserable, and forming their misery into a system, they asked no better than to impose upon it others.* It has been said, (and I incline to think that it was so, with regard to many of them,) that they had no other conception of Christianity than as a religion of pain and of death. Mortified and mortifying, they wore themselves out with abstinence and self-violence, and were ready to treat their neighbor likewise. It was among them that the duke of Burgundy easily found apologists of murder.

The contempt which the other orders had for the Mendicants was calculated to exasperate this fierceness of disposition. Now, among the Mendicants, there was an order less important, less numerous than the Dominicans and Franciscans, but more fantastic and eccentric still, and who were, indeed, objects of derision to their brother Mendicants. This order, that of the Carmelites, was not satisfied with a Christian origin, but sought, like the Templars, to trace their descent higher than Christianity.† Hermits of Mount Carmel, descendants of Elias, they piqued themselves on imitating the austerity of the Hebrew prophets; of those ghostly eaters of locusts, who wrestled in the desert with the spirit of God.‡

celebrated for the violence with which he preached against the divorce of Louis XII. Buleus, t. vi. Félibien, t. i. pp. 520-30.

* Here I show the dark side of the picture; to show the bright would require volumes. The Mendicants were inspired by the loftiest Christian energies. They filled two centuries, the thirteenth and the fourteenth, with their active and burning zeal, and strange and original eloquence. We must not put pretinesses into the mouths of these preachers of the people: all that remains to us of theirs shows that they spoke to their lowly hearers, as the common people ever love to be spoken to, that is, with violence, and often, with cynicism.—The polemic genius of Cîteaux (polemic, to the letter, since the military orders were offshoots of Cîteaux) has been continued in the Dominicans. Beyond dispute, St. Dominic is not the *inventor* of the Inquisition; the formulae of which are of Byzantine origin, and were adopted by the Spanish Visigoths. The popes intrusted the Inquisition to the Cistercians; but it was in the hands of the Dominicans that it grew into an institution, and a terrible one. Talent cannot destroy facts. (See M. Lacordaire's eloquent Memoir.)

My best wishes, indeed, go with the new Dominicans, who take liberty as their motto, (qui se recommandent de la liberté.) No doubt many souls are at this moment in want of a common bond of sympathy and union, (n'ont en ce moment grand besoin de la vie commune.) Will the movement reappear under the forms of the middle age? Time alone will show.

† This pretension stirred up a quick dispute between the Carmelites and the Jesuits, in the seventeenth century. The latter, who had no greater relish for the poetry of the middle age than they had for modern philosophy, made a rude assault on the story of Elias; taking up a formidable mass of science and of criticism to crush the frail legend. By way of reprisal, the Carmelites had the *Acta* of the Bollandists proscribed in Spain. Hélio, *Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*, t. i. pp. 305-10.

‡ The rule of the Carmelites was well fitted to develop exaltation of mind—prescribing long fasts, long intervals of

A Carmelite, Eustache de Pavilly, undertook to read the remonstrance of the university to the king. This Elias of the place Maubert, spoke almost as hardly as he of Carmel: at any rate, the remonstrance could not be reproached with being general and vague. Nothing could be clearer.* The Carmelite did not attack abuses only: he denounced men. He named them boldly, by their names, and, at their head, the provost Desessarts, till now the man of the Burgundians, him who had arrested Montaigu. But then, they could no longer make sure of him, and, besides, he had just embroiled himself with the university.†

The duke of Burgundy received the remonstrance. Menaced by the princes, and seeing the dauphin, his son-in-law, estranged from him, he resolved to prop himself up with the university and with Paris. He compelled the council, in compliance with the demand of the university, to remove the superintendents of finance. Desessarts took to flight; declaring that though he was two millions deficient, he had the duke of Burgundy's receipts for the sum.

It was altogether to the latter's interest to keep such an accuser at a distance. But, a month afterwards, the news comes that he has returned, has forced the bridge of Charenton, and seized upon the bastille in the name of the dauphin. The dauphin's counsellors had imagined that as soon as the bastille was taken, Paris would turn round in his favor against the duke of Burgundy. Just the reverse. The post of Charenton, which commanded all arrivals by the upper Seine, and the supply of food for the city, was of all things in the world that which most interested the Parisians. His attack on this post was construed by them into a design of starving out Paris. The people flocked in crowds to the *Hôtel de Ville*, clamorously demanding the standard of the commune, that they might proceed to the attack of the bastille. On the first day, they were persuaded to disperse.‡ On the second, they seized the

silence, and living day and night in a cell. *Constitutiones Fratrum B. Marie de Monte Carmeli*, 1590, 4to.

* The most important passage is that in which he compares the expenses of the royal household, at different epochs: Ad priscorum regum, reginarum, ac liberorum suorum continuandum statum magnificum et quotidianas expensiones, 94,000 francorum auri abunde sufficiebant, indeque creditores debite contentabantur; quod utique modo non fit, quamvis ad predictos usus 450,000 annuatim recipiant. (To maintain the magnificent state, and defray the daily expenses of our ancient kings, our queens, and their children, 94,000 gold francs were found to be abundant, and all creditors were duly satisfied therefrom; which is by no means now the case, although the sum of 450,000 gold francs is devoted to the aforesaid purposes.) *Religieux*, *MS.* folio 761.

† Desessarts and his brother received, or took large sums of money. *Ibidem*, folio 768. But the university bore a private grudge to the provost. He had declared against the scholars in a quarrel between them and one of his sergeants, an innkeeper, who had mocked them by leaving a dead ass at the gate of Harcourt college. See *Le Religieux* and Buleus, t. v.

‡ They felt a respect for the courageous opposition they met with from the clerk to the *Hôtel de Ville*, (Town-hall, or Guildhall.) *Religieux*, *MS.* folio 775.

standard, and laid siege to the fortress. They would have found it troublesome to force; but the duke of Burgundy came to their aid, and persuaded the terrified Desessarts to quit it, answering for his life.* He fixed a cross on his back with his own hand, and swore upon it. The duke thought that he could lead the people; but soon saw that he had to follow instead.

THE CABOCHIENS.

The men who had thus hoisted the standard of the commune against a royal fortress, were not the enemies of order that may be supposed. They did not lay hand on Desessarts, or do him any ill; they desired that he might be brought to trial, led him to the château of the Louvre, and gave him a guard consisting half of burghesses, half of the king's officers.

These men, moderate even in the midst of violence, did not belong to the ranks of the higher burghesses of Paris, of those who supplied the *échevins* and *cinquanteniers*, (captains of fifties,) and who had spoken by the mouth of Benoit Gentien, spoken in moderate and general terms, but who were incapable of acting. The *cinquanteniers* had done what they could to prevent the attack on the bastille. There were those who were stronger than they, and whom the multitude followed more willingly; rich folk, but who, from their position, calling, and habits, were more on a level with the lower orders. These were the master butchers, hereditary masters of the stalls of the *Grande Boucherie*, and of the *Boucherie St. Geneviève*,† and who handed this mastership down as fiefs from heir to heir, and always in the male line. The same families have possessed the same privileges for ages. Thus, the Saint-Yons and the Thiberts, who had grown into importance as early as Charles Vth's time, (A. D. 1376,) were not extinct even in the last century.‡ And, rich as they were, these lordly butchers remained, despite their riches, true butchers, slaughtering, bleeding, and cutting up meat with their own hands, and preserving all the rough and energetic habits of their calling, from a regulation which rendered it imperative on them to exercise it in their own persons.

These were, however, people of regular, or-

derly habits, and often of a religious turn. The masters of the *Grande Boucherie* were exceedingly attached to their parish of Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie. In the parish registers we find a deed of purchase by the butcher Alain, of a bull's-eye window, to enable him to witness mass from his own house;* and another, securing the butcher, Haussecul, a key to the church, so that he might enter at any hour to worship there.

The most turbulent among this honest but rough and violent class, were the butchers of the *Boucherie Sainte Geneviève*; and among these, the *Legoix*. Old vassals of the abbey, they lived on very indifferent terms with it. Despite the abbot, they would sell meat on fast-days; and they persisted, besides, in melting their tallow in their own homes, at the risk of burning down the whole ward.† Domiciled in the midst of the schools and their disputes, they participated in the excited temperament of the scholars. The *Boucherie Sainte Geneviève* happened to be close to the *Croix des Carmes*, (the Carmelites' cross,) and, consequently, to the gate of the Carmelite convent; and so the *Legoix* were neighbors, and, no doubt, friends of that violent monk Eustache de Pavilly, the orator of the university.

The force at the disposal of the master-butchers consisted of an army of their men and assistants—slaughterers, fellers, flayers,‡ among whom were two distinguished by their brutal daring, Caboché, the flayer, and a tripe-woman's son—fearful men in a tumult, but whom their masters thought they could always call off.

It was curious to see how the master butchers, having for a moment Paris in their hands, and, as well as Paris, the king, queen, and dauphin, would use this vast power. Worthy folk at bottom, religious and loyal, these good people believed all the misfortunes that afflicted the country to be the consequence of the king's malady; and this, again, to be a punishment from God. God had visited the king, and his brother, the duke of Orléans, for their sins. The young dauphin alone remained; on him they fixed their hopes: all their fear was that the visitation would extend to him, that he would be like his father.§ Young as he was, this prince gave them great uneasiness on this head. He was expensive, and fond of dress and show; and, in every respect, his habits

* "Et lui fit la croix sur le dos de la main, et l'emmena." The duke, at the same time, said to him, "Don't be cast down, my friend, for I swear to you my own body shall be your guard, and none other." Juvenal des Ursins, p. 250.

† When the provost, Etienne Boileau, collected the rules of all the trades in the reign of St. Louis, this ancient corporation would not have theirs registered. No doubt the butchers preferred trusting to tradition, to public notoriety, and to the fear which they inspired. See Depping, *Introd. aux Réglements d'Et. Boileau*, p. lvi.; and Lamare, *Traité de la Police*, t. ii. l. v. tit. xx.

‡ Félibien, t. ii. p. 753; Sauval, t. i. pp. 634, 642. See, also, the *Ordonnances, passim*. One of the most curious of these is, that which fixes the sum to be paid by each butcher, on entering business, to the cellarer and porter "de la Court-le-Roy," (the parliament.) *Ordonnances*, t. vi. p. 597, *ann.* 1381.

* "A sight, two fingers long by two broad." Vilain, *Histoire de Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie*, p. 54, *ann.* 1388, 1405.—See, above, note, p. 18.

† Félibien, t. i. p. 646.

‡ (The text is, "La force des maîtres bouchers, c'était une armée de garçons, de valets, *tuours*, *assommeurs*, *écorcheurs*, dont ils disposaient.")—TRANSLATOR.

§ "Eos tamen non ignoro ducis Guyenne nocturnas et indecentes vigilas, ejus comessationes et modum inordinatum vivendi molestissime tulisse, timentes, sicut dicebant, ne infirmitatem paternam similem incurreret in dedecus regni." *Religieux*, MS. folio 778. The good monk adds, "I know not for certain whether they were led to think so by a certain powerful individual; but so the report ran."

were the opposite of those of ordinary bourgeois. They went to rest early, but heard all night long the music of the dauphin's concerts, who required organs and children taken from the choir for his worldly festivals, occasioning general scandal.

In their wisdom, they bethought themselves that in order to reform the kingdom, they ought first to reform the heir of the kingdom, remove from about him those who were ruining him, and watch over both his bodily and his spiritual health.

While Desessarts was still in the bastille, and urging the orders of the dauphin as his authority, our butchers repaired to the hôtel Saint-Paul, having at their head an old chirurgeon, Jean de Troyes, a man of reverend demeanor, and considered an admirable orator. The dauphin, all trembling, by the duke of Burgundy's advice, placed himself at the window, and the chirurgeon addressed him as follows:—"My lord, you see your very humble subjects, the citizens of Paris, in arms before you. In so appearing, their sole desire is to show you that they would not fear to risk their lives to serve you, as they have done before now. Their only subject of regret is, that your royal youth does not shine like that of your ancestors, and that you are diverted from following in their steps by traitors who beset and govern you. All the world knows their studious efforts to corrupt your morals, and to plunge you into disorderly courses. We are not ignorant that our good queen, your mother, is much displeased thereat,* and that the princes, your own relations, are fearful that when you shall be of an age to reign, your bad education will render you incapable of it. The just hatred which we feel of men so worthy of chastisement, has often led us to solicit their dismissal from your service; and we are now resolved on vengeance for their treason, and pray you to deliver them up."

The shouts of the assembled multitude bore testimony to the truth with which the aged speaker had given utterance to their sentiments. The dauphin replied with much firmness:—"Sirs, and good citizens, I pray you to return to your several callings, and not to display such furious animosity against servants who are attached to me."

"If you know any who are traitors," said the dauphin's chancellor, thinking to intimidate them, "they shall be punished; name them."

"You, first of all," they exclaimed; and they placed in his hands a list of fifty lords or gentlemen, at the head of which stood his own. He was compelled to read, and read it again, aloud.

The dauphin, trembling, weeping, and red with passion, but fully sensible that he had no means of resistance, took a golden cross from his wife's neck, and made the duke of Burgundy swear upon it that no harm should befall

those whom the people were about to seize. He swore, as he had done in Desessart's case, to what he could not perform.

Meanwhile, they burst in the gates, and searched through the palace for the traitors they wanted. They seized upon the duke de Bar, the king's cousin, and then on the dauphin's chancellor, the sire de la Rivière, on his chamberlain, his gentleman carver, his *valets de chambre*, and some others: one individual they brutally tore away from the dauphiness, the daughter of the duke of Burgundy, who wished to save him. All the prisoners were taken on horseback to the duke of Burgundy's hôtel, and then to the tower of the Louvre.

But all did not reach the Louvre. They threw into the Seine, or cut the throats of such as they believed to be guilty of encouraging the dauphin's excesses or his foolish expenses; among these were a rich carpet manufacturer, and a poor devil of a musician, named Courtebotte. Meeting, also, as they went along, with a skilful mechanist, or engineer, who had aided the duke in the defence of Bourges, and some one saying that this man boasted of being able to set Paris on fire so that the flames could not be extinguished,* they killed him instantly.

The butchers thought that they had done a meritorious deed, and made up their minds to be well thanked; so came the next day to the Hôtel de Ville. There, the wealthier citizens, échevins and others, were talking over with horror the events of the day before—the palace forced, the king's servants seized, blood shed; and were full of fears, lest the duke of Orléans and the princes should come and demolish Paris by way of punishment. They stood in fear of the princes, on the one hand, and, on the other, of the butchers, whom they durst not disavow. So they dispatched some of their body to the princes, along with some doctors of the university, to make them understand, if they could, that all had been done with the best intentions, and without a thought of offending them.†

Meanwhile, the butchers, persevering in their design of reforming the dauphin's morals, did not cease their visits to the palace, or else sent there doctors of their party. It was a fearful yet comic spectacle to see these men, naively moral and religious with all their ferocity, and who had not a thought, either of destroying the royal power or transferring it to any other branch, but whose sole desire was the reform of royalty—coming to feel its pulse and gravely doctor it. There was no absurdity in applying to politics the laws that regulate health, while the state was still confined in the king's person, languished with his infirmities, and was mad with his madness.‡

* Ibidem, 779 verso.

† Non se prædicta fecisse in eorum displicentiam. Ibid. folio 781.

‡ See Gerson's sermon on the bodily and spiritual health of the king, and Clemengis's letter, entitled *De politia Gallicanæ ægritudinis, per metaphoram corporis humani*.

The Carmelite, Eustache de Pavilly, had especially taken upon himself the administration of this moral medicine to the young prince; sparing no heroic remedy. For instance, he said to him to his face, "Ah, my lord, how changed you are! so long as you were under the education and good guidance of your respectable mother, you gave all the hopes that could be desired of a young man, highly born. Every one returned thanks to God for giving the king a successor so docile to good instruction. But, once escaped from maternal counsels, you lent but too ready an ear to those who have made you forget your duty to God, and lazy and disinclined to public business; and who have taught you—a thing odious to the king's good subjects, and which they cannot away with—to turn night into day, and to waste your time in banquetings and unseemly dances, and other things unsuited to kingly majesty."

Sometimes, Pavilly would admonish him on this fashion in the queen's presence, and sometimes, before the princes. Once he compelled him to listen to a whole treatise on the duty of princes;* examining in the greatest detail all the virtues which render their possessors worthy of a throne, and reviewing all the examples of vice and virtue presented by history, especially by the history of France: the last were those of the existing monarch and of his brother, and of the dauphin as well; who, in case he did not amend, would be obliged to transfer his right of primogeniture to his younger brother, as the queen had threatened him with.

Pavilly wound up by demanding the appointment of commissioners to institute proceedings against the abusers of the public revenue; of others to try the imprisoned traitors; and, lastly, of captains to act against the count d'Armagnac. "The people," he added, "are there to bear me out in all this; I am but the organ of their humble requests."

The dauphin returned a mild answer; but he could hold in no longer. He sought to escape. The count de Vertus, the brother of the duke of Orléans, had fled in disguise; and the dauphin had the imprudence to write to the princes to come and set him free. The butchers, suspecting this, took precautions to prevent their royal ward's escaping from their superintending care. They placed a strong guard at the city gates, and secured the palace, (the hôtel Saint-Paul,†) appointing the wise surgeon, Jean de Troyes, its governor and keeper; besides regularly patrolling round it "for the safety of the king and of my lord the duke de Guyenne,"—this was the title they gave the dauphin.

Guarding their king, and the heir to his throne, keeping them in jail—was a novel, strange situation, which must have astonished the butchers themselves. But, though they had repented, they were no longer the masters. The heads of the party were the flayers Caboché and Denisot, (the tripe-woman's son.) Their captain was a Burgundian knight, Helion de Jacquerville, as brutal as they. The flayers had reserved to themselves the guard of the two main posts, which secured the entry of supplies into Paris—Charenton and Saint-Cloud: the master butchers, apparently, not being thought sufficiently trustworthy.

Undoubtedly the duke of Burgundy was not for regretting what he had done. The Parisians keeping the dauphin, the Ghenters wished to keep the duke's son,* and came to Paris to ask for him. The Parisians having mounted the Ghentish white hood, the Ghenters resumed it by their example. The duke was obliged to send his son to the Ghenters, and give them the precious pledge: he mounted, too, the white hood.

One day that the king, being better, went in great state to render thanksgiving to God in Notre-Dame, accompanied by his whole court, the old Jean de Troyes, with the municipal authorities, stations himself by the way, and supplicates him to take the hood, as a proof of his cordial affection for his city of Paris. The king accepts it graciously. From this moment every one felt bound to wear it—even the rector of the university and the judges. Wo to those who wore it not after the orthodox fashion.‡

The hood was sent to the other towns, and almost all assumed it. Nevertheless, none of them entered seriously into the Paris movement. The Cabochiens, meeting with no opposition, but at the same time with no assistance, were obliged to have recourse to summary methods of raising money; and asked the dauphin to authorize the seizure of sixty burgesses, men of substance, but moderate in their senti-

* This most important fact is only found in the *Religieux*. The historians of the Burgundian party, Monstrelet and Meyer, do not mention it: the latter passes over the whole as if he were treading on hot ashes.—It was Paris which interfered in this affair for the Ghenters:—*Regali consilio (propositi mercatorum et scabinorum Parisiensium validis precibus) ut Dominus Comes de Charolois primogenitum ducis Burgundie, cum uxore sua, filia regis, in Flandriam duceretur . . . Gandanensium burgenses obtinuerunt.* (The burgesses of Ghent, at the earnest instance of the provost of the merchants and of the échevins of Paris, obtained leave from the royal council to take away the count de Charolois, the duke of Burgundy's eldest son, together with his wife, the king's daughter, to Flanders.) *Religieux*, MS. 723 verso.

† "Et en prirent hommes d'églises, femmes d'honneur, marchandes qui à tout vendoient les denrées." (And priests, honorable ladies, and down to the women at the stalls.) *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, p. 183, édition de M. Buchon, t. xv. des *Chroniques du Quinzième Siècle*.

‡ The dauphin having waggishly drawn down a corner of his hood, so as to make it resemble a belt or sash, (the ensign of the Armagnacs,) the butchers were on the point of bursting out into violence:—"See," said they, "that silly child of a dauphin, he will go on till he puts us in a passion." *Juvenal des Ursins*, p. 253.

læpsi et consumpti, (Of the sickness of the French empire; likened to a human being in the last stage of consumption.) *Nic. Clemeng. Epist. t. ii. p. 300.* Comparisons of the kind are common in writers of the seventeenth century; and even in Corneille's prefaces.

* *Ex quibus posset componi tractatus valde magnus.* *Religieux*, MS. 781 verso.

† "Kept the gates close . . . and some of them said that they did it with a view to correct him, for that he was but a boy" *Monstrelet*, t. iii. p. 4.

ments, and therefore obnoxious to suspicion : these they held to ransom.

They had begun by imprisoning courtiers, lords, and had already come to the burgesses. Where their violence would stop, none could tell. The lower classes had gradually acquired a relish for a disorderly life, and would do nothing but parade the streets in their white hoods. No longer earning any thing, they would needs have to take. Indiscriminate plunder might begin at any moment.

Not the least alarmed were the members of the university, who had put the whole machine in motion, without knowing what they were doing. They had thought to bring about a reform in company with the duke of Burgundy, the municipal authorities, and the leading citizens ; and here were they left with the butchers, and slaughterers, and rabble of the shambles. They shuddered at finding themselves in the streets with these new brothers and friends, whom they saw for the first time—filthy, bloody, with sleeves tucked up, threatening all the world, and yelling murder.

This monstrous alliance between the doctors and ox-fellers could not last. The heads of the university assembled in the Carmelite convent in the place Maubert, and in Pavilly's own cell.* They were extremely dejected, and knew not what course to take. Finding in their own knowledge no light to guide them, these poor doctors humbly resolved on consulting the simple in spirit. They search out devout, contemplative persons, monks and holy women, wont to dream dreams. Pavilly, full of confidence, undertook this mission. But the dreams of these women were not calculated to reassure their minds. One had seen three suns in the sky. Another had beheld sombre clouds hanging over Paris, while the sky was bright and unclouded in the direction of the marches of Berri and Orléans. "I," said a third, "saw the king of England, in height of pride, on the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame ; he was excommunicating our lord the king of France, who, surrounded by people in mourning, was humbly seated on a stone in the parvis."†

Visions like these made the stoutest quail. They applied to an honest man of the opposite party, the most moderate of the moderate, Juvénal des Ursins, but he could suggest nothing practicable to them. All that he could recommend was to petition the princes to come to terms with one another, and to break off their negotiations with the English.‡ This was, in fact, to counsel submission, and foregoing at-

tempts at reform. But such was the general hopelessness, and so strong the desire of peace, that the advice was hailed by all, except Pavilly, who undauntedly maintained that all that had been done was well done, and that they must go on to the end.*

These divisions, of which the princes had due information, no doubt encouraged them to defer the publication of the grand ordinance of reform, which the university had at first so urgently solicited. Hereupon, without troubling himself about the doctors by whom he was deserted, the monk, taking with him the provost of the merchants, the échevins, a crowd of the lower classes, and numerous burgesses, who accompanied him through fear of the latter, repaired boldly to the hôtel Saint-Paul, to preach to the king,† (May 22d) :—"There are still," he said, "evil weeds in the king's and queen's gardens ; we must hoe and clean them out ; the good city of Paris, like a wise gardener, must root out these fatal weeds who would otherwise kill the lilies‡ . . ." When he had ended this sinister harangue, and accepted the collation offered, according to custom, to the preacher, the chancellor inquired of him in whose name he spoke. The Carmelite turned to the provost and échevins, who stated their concurrence with all he had said. As the chancellor objected that the deputation was but small to represent the city of Paris, some burgesses of consideration, who happened to be in the court-yard, were applied to, and, much against their will, they ascended to the royal apartments, and falling on their knees before the king, assured him that they meant well. Meanwhile, the crowd increased, and as they did not dare close the gates, the palace was soon filled with rabble. Even the duke of Burgundy began to feel alarm at his friends ; and, to persuade them to depart, he thought himself of telling them that the king was barely recovered,§ that the noise would do

* Juvénal affirms, with malevolent carelessness, that the Carmelite made his market of all this. Some one, he says, spoke about saving Desessarts, who was in prison, and in great danger :—"But the said de Pavilly, who looked much to the interest of his purse, (*au profit de sa bourse*), and had much to do with the Gois, (Legoix), Saintyous, and their allies, endeavored to show that the arrests had been made in due form, and that, therefore, commissioners ought to be appointed to try the prisoners." Juvénal des Ursins, p. 252.

† "And they stationed their men-at-arms in the three towers of the said hôtel." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 9. . . . "Went to Saint-Pol . . . and after a discourse made by M. Enstace de Pavilly, doctor of theology, of the order of Our Lady of the Carmelites, to prove the necessity of winning the good from the wicked . . ." *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil*, ann. 1413, Lundi, 22 Mai.

‡ "Very bad weeds and perilous, that is to say, some lords and ladies of the court, whom it was necessary to hoe up and remove." Juvénal des Ursins, p. 253. Jean de Troyes had already employed the same metaphor : "Let all ill weeds be plucked up, lest they hinder the flower of your youth from producing the odoriferous fruits of virtue" *Religieux*, MS. 785 verso.—These poetic flowers from the gardens were much to the taste of the citizens, ever confined, and the fonder of the country from not seeing it. We find these figures constantly recurring in the Meister-saenger, in Hans Sachs, &c. It is true, they are not pressed into the service of murder, as in the present instance.

§ Lequel n'avoit guères qu'il estoit retourné de sa maladie. Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 11.

* Read this great scene in Juvénal des Ursins, pp. 251-2. This indifferent historian, who, generally, seems satisfied with abridging the *Religieux*, gives, however, some additional and important details which he had learned from his father.

† There were some who said that misfortunes of all kinds might be expected, since the curse pronounced by Boniface, and repeated by Benedict XIII. Ibidem.

‡ He was aware that the princes had sent for the duke of Clarence, the duke of Burgundy, and the earl of Arundel. Ibidem.

him harm, and might bring on a relapse. But they only cried the louder, that it was for the king's good, and it only, they had come.

Then Jean de Troyes, the surgeon, exhibited a new list of traitors: at the head of which was the queen's own brother, Louis of Bavaria. Vain were the duke of Burgundy's requests, the queen's tears.* Louis, who was on the eve of marriage, prayed for a respite of only eight days, promising to deliver himself up prisoner a week after: they were inflexible. To cut the matter short, the captain of the militia, Jacquenville, ascended with his men, and brutally forcing his way everywhere, and breaking in doors without respect for the queen, the king, or the dauphin, he laid hands on all those whom the people demanded. To crown their violence, they led off with them thirteen ladies in the service of the queen and dauphiness.† There was no use in speaking to these men of respect for ladies, or of chivalrous feelings. Among their prisoners was a Burgundian, one of their own party, whom, eight days before, they had given to the dauphin for chancellor. Distrust increased from hour to hour.

The duke de Berri and other relatives of the prisoners sent to inquire of the university whether she avowed what had been done. Consulted in the mass and as a body, she was somewhat reassured by her multitude, and gave at least the equivocal answer:—"Que de ce elle ne vouloit en rien d'entremettre ni empêcher," (That she in no wise wished to make or mar it.) In the king's council, the heads of the university went further, and averred that they were neither concerned in the seizure of the lords or content with it.

This timid disavowal of the university did not reassure the princes. This time, they feared for themselves, the blow had fallen so near them; and they got the king to sign an ordinance approving of what had been done.‡ On the next day, (May 25th, 1413,) the great act of reform was read with all due solemnity.

GREAT ORDINANCE OF REFORM.

This ordinance, so violently wrung from the crown, is not characterized by the circumstances of the moment to the extent that may be supposed; but is a wise and impartial fusion of the best ordinances of the fourteenth century. It may be called the administrative code of old France, as the ordinance of 1357 had been its legislative and political charter.

It is astonishing to find this ordinance hardly mentioned by historians: nevertheless, it extends over seventy folio pages. With the exception of some frivolous points, and of the style in which it is drawn up, which is either

puerile,* or animated by a bitter hostility to certain individuals, one has only to admire the spirit by which it is pervaded, a very specific and very practical spirit, for there can be no real reform which is not specific; and this reform, beginning very low, soars high, and permeates everywhere. It reduces the wages of the king's laundress and fishwife, (*de la lingère, de la poissonnière du roi*;) but, at the same time, regulates the functions of the great bodies of the state, and the entire working of the administrative, judicial, and financial machine.

Its style and mode of drawing up are so curious, that I regret the impossibility of presenting it entire; but then it would occupy the whole of the remainder of the volume, and, after all, be but a mass of confusion to the reader. And I cannot give a brief synopsis of it, without using the greater and more systematic precision of modern language.

Two ruling ideas seem to pervade this immense collection of details—the centralization of the finances, and of justice. In regard to the first, all tends to the Chamber of Accounts; in regard to the second, to the Parliament.

The heads of the financial departments, (the woods and forests, the chamber of aids, and the war-chest,†) are reduced to a very small number; an economical measure, contributing to ensure responsibility. The Chamber of Accounts is to verify all their acts, and judge in all cases of doubt, but on written documents, and without pleadings.

All the royal vassals are bound to draw up a statement and rent-roll of the fiefs which they hold of the king, and to give in the same to the Chamber of Accounts.‡ This financial tribunal thus finds itself the superintendent and indirect agent of political centralization.

Election is to be the principle of judicial order, and offices are no longer to be bought. The lieutenants of the seneschals and of the provosts are to be elected by the counsellors, advocates, and "*autres saiges*," (other wise men.)

For the nomination of a provost, the bailli is to ask "the barristers, solicitors, attorneys, and others of repute,"§ to name three or four fit and proper persons. The chancellor and a commission deputed by the parliament, "together with some of our grand council and of our Chamber of Accounts," are to choose between the candidates.

The parliament nominates directly to all notable offices, (offices notables;) the chancellor and some members of the grand council being present at the election.

* See the article on "Nostre bonne couronne desmembrée, et les flourons d'icelle bailliez en goige" . . . (Our good crown torn in pieces, and its flowerets pawned.) Ibidem, p. 92; and the articles on the "aids for war," the money belonging to which is to be deposited "in a large coffer, which shall be placed in the large tower of our palace, or elsewhere in a safe and secret place, to which coffer there shall be three keys . . ." Ibidem, p. 96.

† "Domaines, aides, trésor des guerres."

‡ Ordonnances, t. x. p. 109.

§ "Advocats, procureurs, gens de pratique et d'autre estat."

* The dauphin "tried hard to abstain from weeping, and brushed away his tears." Ibidem, p. 12.

† "This done, the king went to his dinner." Ibidem, p. 13.

‡ Ordonnances, t. x. pp. 71-134.

The parliament *elects its own members*; the chancellor and some members of the grand council being present at the election. Henceforward this body recruits itself, and the foundation is thus laid for the independence of the magistracy.

Two oppressive jurisdictions are limited and restrained. The royal palace (*hôtel du roi*) will no longer force litigants from their natural tribunals, no more ruin them in advance, by compelling them to come up from distant provinces to implore at Paris a tardy justice. The office of the grand masters of the waters and forests is suppressed. This grand master, generally one of the greatest lords of the kingdom, had only too great opportunity to tyrannize over the country. There are to be six masters, with appeal from their tribunals to the parliament. The *usages* of loyal subjects (*de bonnes gens*) shall be respected. The *louvettiers** are no more to hinder the peasant from killing wolves, and he may destroy the new warrens which the nobles have made, "by depopulating the neighboring country of men and inhabitants, and peopling it with wild beasts."†

In reading this great act, one thing inspires admiration and respect—the impartiality, the consistent impartiality throughout. Who were its real compilers? From which order of the state did it more particularly emanate? One cannot say.

The university herself, to whom it is principally attributed in the preamble,‡ could not have had the practical wisdom and practical spirit developed in it. The remonstrance of the university, as given by Monstrelet, is little better than a violent accusation of certain abuses and functionaries.

The members of the parliament, on whom the ordinance devolves so much power, do not, however, appear to have had any large share in drawing it up. Some of them are reproached for their ignorance, and their readiness to receive presents; and it is forbidden for many of the same family to belong to the parliament at the same time.

Advocates, notaries, clerks are rebuked for their exactions, and the ruinous piles of papers which already ate up litigants.

The members of the Chamber of Accounts are treated with distrust. They are to decide on no question singly, but by common deliberation and "at full board," (*en plein bureau*.)

Provosts and seneschals are not to be appointed to the provinces in which they were born; and are not to acquire property, or mar-

ry, or give their daughters in marriage in the provinces to which they are appointed. When about to quit such province, they are to give forty days' notice, in order to answer any charge which may be brought against them.

Nor do churchmen inspire the compiler of the ordinance with greater confidence. He will not allow priests to be advocates. He accuses the clerical judges of the parliament of negligence or of privy dealing. I do not trace the ecclesiastical hand here.

Nor is this ordinance any more an exclusive emanation of the burgher and communal mind. It protects the inhabitants of the country, grants them the right of chase in the warrens which the nobles have illegally made, and permits their taking up arms to second the seneschals and hunt down robbers.*

The inference from all this is, that so impartial a reform of all the orders of the state did not originate in the exclusive influence of any of them, but that all participate in it.

The violent demanded, and, occasionally, dictated; the moderate wrote, and transformed the ebullitions of the moment into wise and durable reforms. The doctors, Pavilly, Gentien, Courtecuisse; the legists, Henri de Marle, Arnaud de Corbie, and Juvénal des Ursins, were, probably, equally consulted. All anterior ordinances were fused into it. It is the complement of the wisdom of the France of that day—her grand monument—which may have been momentarily condemned along with the revolution that raised it, but which has not the less remained as a fund for legislation to draw upon, as a starting point for fresh ameliorations.

However severe we moderns may be on these Gothic attempts at reform, let us fairly own that we see in them the Aurora of the true principles of administrative organism, principles which are no other than those of all organism—centralization of the whole, mutual subordination of parts. The separation of the administrative from the judicial, and of the judicial from the municipal power, although as yet impossible, is nevertheless indicated in some articles.

The confusion of the judicial and military powers, that scourge of barbarian communities, is found here in point of law, conjunct in the seneschals and bailiffs. But, in point of fact, these sword-bearing judges are already no more the true judges, they enjoy the dignity and profits of justice rather than the power. The true judges are their lieutenants, and these are elected by the advocates and counsellors, by the *sages*, as the ordinance runs.

It grants much to these *sages*, to the lawyers, much too much, seemingly. Bodies electing themselves will probably elect out of their own family: the judges will associate with themselves, despite all the precautions of the la

* (It was the office of the *louvettier* to preserve the wolves for his master's sport, and to act as huntsman in the wolf-hunt.)—TRANSLATOR.

† "En dépeuplant le pays voisin des hommes et habitants, et le peuplant de bêtes sauvages." Ordonnances, t. x. p. 163.

‡ . . . "Having requested the prelates, knights, squires, burgesses of our cities and good towns, and, chiefly, (mesme-ment.) our very dear and well-beloved daughter, the university of Paris . . . to give us their good advice . . ." *Ibidem*, p. 71.

* *Ibidem*, p. 137.

their sons, nephews, and sons-in-law. Election will be made to cover arrangements proceeding from interest or relationship. An office will often be a dowry; strange portion (apport) of a young bride, the right of breaking on the wheel and of hanging. . . . These men will respect themselves, I incline to believe, in proportion to the immense rights in their keeping. The judicial power, transmitted like property, will be but the more stable for it, perhaps the more worthy.* Will it not be too stable? Will not these families, hardly ever marrying out of each other, constitute a sort of judicial feudality? Immense the harm. . . but, at the time, it was an advantage. This feudality was necessary as a counterpoise to military feudality, which it was essential to render powerless. The nobility had the strength arising from cohesion and relationship, and it behooved that the judicature should have its relationship as well. At this epoch, still material, flesh and blood form the only solid association.

Two things were wanting to give vitality† to the fine administrative and judicial reform of 1413. In the first place, to rest on the foundation of a legislative and political reform, (which, apart from any other, had been attempted in 1357,) but above all, men, and the morals which make men: without morals, what are laws? . . . These morals can only be formed by long degrees, and in certain families, whose example may impart to the nation that which it is most deficient in, and, it must be said, that which it is slow to acquire—seriousness, perseverance, and respect for precedent: all this was found in the parliamentary families.

This ordinance of ordinances was solemnly declared by the king to be obligatory and inviolable. The princes and prelates who were with him swore to it; after which the king's almoner, master Jean Courtecuisse, a celebrated doctor of the university, then preached at Saint-Paul's on the excellence of the ordinance. A pathetic figure occurs in his discourse, which is for the most part weak and tedious: he pictures the university as a poor starved being, hungering and thirsting after the laws.‡

The application of this great code was now the question; and here became visible the fearful disproportion between the laws and the men. The moderate and capable standing aloof, there remained to bring these admirable laws into operation the very individuals who were least fitted to put such a machine into motion, the

scholastics and the butchers—the latter too gross, the former too subtle, and too great strangers to the realities of life.

Whatever their brute-like awkwardness in a business so new to them, history must acknowledge that the butchers did not show themselves so unworthy of power as might have been expected. These men of the commune of Paris, deserted by the rest of the kingdom, essayed at once to reform and defend it. They dispatched their provost against the English, at the same time that their captain, Jacquerville, marched bravely to encounter the princes.* And in Paris, too, they began a monument of the greatest public utility, and which completed the triple unity of the city—the bridge of Notre Dame, a great work heroically commenced in circumstances of such difficulty and with such small resources.†

The fact is, that none supported this government. The English were at Dieppe;‡ so near to Paris, no one would pay taxes. Gerson refused, and preferred having his house plundered to paying.§ The attorney-general, Juvénal, also refused, going to prison rather.

In thus setting the example of paralyzing this irregular government by a passive resistance, the moderates did not the less take upon themselves a very serious responsibility. They at once gave up the defence of their country, and the admirable reform which had been with such difficulty obtained. It is not the first time that honest men have thus betrayed the public interest, and punished liberty for the faults of her partisans. The Cabochiens could neither compel the Church to pay, nor the parliament. Having seized the money arising from the fair of the Landit, which belonged to the monks of Saint-Denys, a general outcry was raised, and their friend, the university, refused to aid them, and compelled them to disgorge the sums they had levied on some of her members.||

Seeing themselves hemmed in on every side, and encountering obstacles only, the Cabochiens became furious. They prosecuted Gerson, who was forced to hide himself in the vaults of Notre-Dame. The trial of the prisoners was hurried on: the commission was alarmed, and signed the death-warrants. At first, those only were executed who deserved their fate; such as a man, who had betrayed to the enemy, and

* "He advanced as far as Montereau . . . they did not meet one another." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 54.

† "This same day the bridge of the *Planche de Mibray* (it was a wooden bridge) was named the *Pont Notre-Dame*. It was named by Charles, king of France, who struck with a mallet on the first pile; and then his son, the duke de Guienne, and the dukes of Berry and Burgundy, and the sire de la Trémouille did the same." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, May 10th, 1413, ed. Buchon, t. xv. p. 182.

‡ See Vitet, *Histoire de Dieppe*, t. i.

§ However, the new government had endeavored to make sure of the university, by enjoining the provost of Paris and the other justiciars, to see that the university enjoyed the advantages which pope John XXIII. had granted it with regard to the assessment of benefices. *Ordonnances*, t. x. p. 155, July 6, 1413.

|| *Religieux*, MS. folio 791.

* I shall speak elsewhere of the sale of offices, and of its effects.

† The only guarantee given it is publicity, the insufficient publicity of that day. The ordinance was to be read and placarded, once, at the seat of each seneschalship and bailiwick, the first day of the assizes. *Ordonnances*, t. x. p. 13.

‡ Du Boulay mistakes in referring this sermon to the year 1403; and yet the title which he himself gives it must have apprized him that it belonged to the year 1413. Is it that he feared compromising the honor of the university, by avowing the relations between one of her greatest doctors and the Cabochiens?

to death, four hundred citizens of Paris. Then, they dragged to the Grève the provost Desesarts, who had betrayed both parties by turns. The butchers hurried on his death, from the sense they entertained of his valor and cruelty,* (July 1st.)

The judges proceeding still too slowly, assassination abridged their labors. Jacquemille visited in his prison the sire de la Rivière, insulted him, and the latter giving him the lie, this worthy captain of butchers felled the unarmed man dead to the ground. Still, La Rivière was borne the next day to the Grève, where the dead man was decapitated along with the living.†

If the prison were no longer a protection, the king's palace ran a great risk of no longer being one. One evening that Jacquemille and his butchers were going their round, they heard, about eleven o'clock, the sounds of music proceeding from the dauphin's; the youth was dancing, whilst his friends were being murdered. The butchers entered, and made Jacquemille ask him whether it were decent for a son of France to be dancing at an untimely hour.‡ The sire de la Trémouille answered the question; and Jacquemille upbraided him with being the author of these disorderly scenes. The dauphin lost patience, flew at Jacquemille, and stabbed at him thrice with his dagger, but the blows were turned aside by his coat of mail. La Trémouille would have been massacred, had not the duke of Burgundy interfered, (July 10th.)

This violation of the palace detached many from this irrespective party. The worship of royalty was still untouched, and long remained so.§ The worthy citizens assured the dauphin of their sorrow and their devotedness. The butchers had worn out every one: the handicraftsmen even, the lowest class of the people, began to be weary of them. Trade being at a stop, so was work; and they were constantly called upon to act as watch, and were sick of mounting guard, of making the rounds, and of being on the alert.

The princes, who were apprized of the state of Paris, kept drawing nearer and constantly offering peace.¶ All desired it: but fear held

them back. The dauphin communicated their propositions to the great bodies, to the parliament and the university; and it was ruled, despite of the butchers, that the princes should be admitted to a conference. The eloquence of Caboche, who harangued, attired in a showy court-dress, persuaded no one; and his threats had as little effect.

Of all the citizens, none acted more ably against the butchers than the attorney-general, Juvénal. This honest man, regardless of reforms, and unable to comprehend the future,* had but one single aim—to put a stop to the disorders, and secure the safety of Paris. This one thought left him neither rest nor sleep. One night, having fallen into a slumber towards morning, he thought that he heard a voice saying to him—*Surgite cum sederetis, qui manducatis panem doloris*, (Rise where you are sitting, you who eat the bread of grief.) His wife, a good, devout woman, said to him when he awoke:—"My love, I heard some one say to you this morning, or else you yourself spoke in a dream, words which I have often read in my prayer-book," and she repeated them to him. The good Juvénal replied—"My sweetest, we have eleven children, and consequently great cause to pray to God to grant us peace; let us put our trust in him, he will aid us."†

A trivial circumstance, which yet had great weight, brought about the downfall of the butchers. It was settled, in despite of them, that the propositions of the princes should be heard first, not in the general assembly, but in each ward, (July 21st.) The weak minority which tyrannized over Paris, could still terrify when united: divided, it became powerless and almost imperceptible. The point was carried against the butchers by the energy of a *quartenier*‡ of the Cimetière Saint-Jean, Guillaume Cirasse, the carpenter, who dared to tell the Legoux to their face—"We will see whether there be not in Paris as many axemen as slaughterers."§

The butchers could not even carry the point that the peace granted to the princes, should be granted under the form of an amnesty. For all that they said, the cry was—"Peace." The party met its end in the Grève, for at a meeting held there, some one crying out, "Let all who are for peace go over to the right,"|| scarcely any one remained on the left. So they and the duke of Burgundy had no help for it but to

* "From the moment he was placed on the hurdle to that of his death, he did nothing but laugh." Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, p. 184.

† The Cabochiens, however, were uneasy about the impression this barbarity might make. They sent a sort of apology to the towns, in which they said, that each indictment, in every case of decapitation, had filled sixty sheets of paper. Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 36.

‡ "Between eleven and twelve at night." Juvénal, p. 255, *Religieux*, MS. folio 796.

§ See, so long after this, the extreme timidity of the leader of the Fronde. He felt a fear of the states-general, (Retz, l. ii.) a fear of the union of the towns, (l. iii.): "J'en eus scrupule," (I felt a scruple about it,) were his words. He was afraid, too, of allying himself with Cromwell. Mazarin, while carefully protecting kingly power, which constituted his own, was apparently less scrupulous, if it be true that after the death of Charles I. he said, with his Italian pronunciation—"Ce M. de Cromwell est né honroux (*heureux*)"—(This monsieur de Cromwell is born to good fortune.)

¶ The Bourgeois de Paris faithfully echoes the absurd

reports put in circulation:—"But I well know that they were ever asking . . . for the destruction of the good city of Paris." Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, p. 186.

* See in the museum at Versailles, Juvénal's long and piteous visage, and the rubicund face of his son, the archbishop. Nevertheless, the father was a worthy citizen. His son relates an admirable instance of his firmness towards the duke of Burgundy, p. 247.

† Juvénal des Ursins, p. 258.

‡ (Answering, perhaps, to the alderman of a London ward.)—TRANSLATOR.

§ "Nous verrons s'il y a à Paris autant de frappeurs de cignée que d'assommeurs de beufs." Juv. des Ursins, p. 259.

|| "Que ceux qui veulent la paix, passent à droite." Journal du Bourgeois de Paris.

join the dauphin's procession, as he went to the Louvre to liberate the prisoners, (August 3d.)

So quick was the reaction, that on his release from imprisonment in the Louvre, the duke de Bar was nominated its captain; and the other fortress of Paris, the Bastille, was intrusted to another prisoner, the duke of Bavaria. Two of the *échevins* were changed, the carpenter being made *échevin* in the place of Jean de Troyes.*

Shortly afterwards, one of the de Troyes and two butchers, who had been guilty of the first murders, were condemned and executed. Many took to flight, and the populace set about plundering their houses. A report was spread that a list of fourteen hundred persons had been found, whose names were marked with a T, a B, or an R, (*tué, banni, rançonné*, to be killed, banished, or ransomed.†)

The duke of Burgundy made no attempt to resist the movement. He even suffered two of his knights to be arrested in his hôtel, and set off without communicating with his people, whom he left in great danger. He tried to take off the king with him: but Juvénal and a troop of citizens overtook them at Vincennes, and he did not oppose their taking back this precious hostage,‡ (August 23d.)

In the arrangement with the princes, it had been agreed that they should not enter Paris. But all conditions were forgotten, beginning with this. The dauphin and the duke of Orléans appeared together, wearing the same colors, as well as an Italian *huque*, of a violet hue, and a silver cross. This was, and was not mourning; their hood was party-colored, red and black, and their motto, "Le droit chemin," (the straight path.) Still more hostile to the Burgundians was the white scarf of Armagnac. Every one assumed it, and even the images of the saints were decked out in it. When the children, less forgetful, less children than their elders, sung the Burgundian songs, they were sure to be whipped.§

The ordinance of reform, so solemnly proclaimed, was no less solemnly annulled|| by the king in a bed of justice, (September 5th.) The sage historian of the time, grieved by this aptitude to change, having ventured to ask some

of the council how, after having vaunted these ordinances as being eminently beneficial, they consented to their abrogation, the naive reply was, "We do as the princes wish." "To what then shall I liken you," said the monk, "except to weathercocks, which turn with every wind!"*

His daughter, who was to be married to the duke of Anjou's son, was sent home to Jean-Sans-Peur. The university pronounced sentence of condemnation on Jean Petit's harangue. An ordinance was promulgated declaring the duke of Burgundy a rebel, (February 10th;) and ban and arrière-ban were called out against him. Nothing less was thought of than confiscating his patrimony.

He thought to anticipate his enemy. The exiled Cabochiens persuaded him that he had only to appear before Paris with his troops, to be received there; and in fact, the dauphin, already wearied of his mother's remonstrances and of those of his uncles, invited the Burgundian. The latter advanced, and encamped between Montmartre and Chaillot; the count d'Armagnac, who had eleven thousand horse in Paris, kept close and stirred not a foot.

The duke of Burgundy withdrawing, the princes resolved on following him, and carrying the sentence of confiscation into effect. But the frightful barbarities committed by the Armagnacs at Soissons, gave Arras too clear warning of what it had to fear. They failed before this town, as the duke of Burgundy had failed before Paris.‡

Here, once more, the powerlessness of the two parties is made evident. They again conclude a treaty. The duke of Burgundy escapes with a little humiliation, but he loses nothing. He has to present the king, as a matter of form, with the keys of Arras.† An edict is issued, prohibiting all for the future from wearing either the scarf of Armagnac or the cross of Burgundy, (September 4th, 1414.)

* *Gallis campanilium ecclesiarum, à cunctis ventis volvendis. Religieux, MS. folio 818.*

† It was the desertion of the Flemings which caused the duke of Burgundy to come to terms. The deputies from Ghent told the king, that it should be their business to bring back the duke to his duty. *Ibidem, 820 verso.*

‡ The king was exceedingly anxious to come to terms; and, on this, Juvénal draws a pretty interior of the palace. "A great lord waits on the king in the morning, in order to set him against the Burgundians. The king was lying awake in his bed, and joking with one of his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, playing all manner of tricks. And the said lord gently twitched the foot of the coverlet, saying, 'Sire, are you asleep?' 'No, fair cousin,' replies the king, 'good-morrow to you. Do you want any thing—is there any news?' 'No, sire, except that your faithful captains say that you can assault the town where your enemies are, whenever you like, and they have good hopes of taking it.' The king replied that his cousin, the duke of Burgundy, was willing to treat, and to surrender the town, without any assault, and that peace was highly desirable. On which, the said lord observed, 'How, sire, do you desire peace with this wicked, false, disloyal traitor, who falsely and wickedly did your brother to death?' Then the king, by no means in anger, said to him, 'With the good-will of my fair son of Orléans, he has been forgiven all.' 'Alas! sire,' replied the said lord, 'you will never see your brother.' . . . But the king answered him, with some heat, 'Fair cousin, begone; I shall see him on the day of judgment.'" Juvénal, p. 283.

* See the arms of Guillaume Cirasse, in the Recueil des Armoiries des Prévôts et Echevins de Paris, (Colored copy in the king's library in the Louvre.)

† *Religieux, MS. 815 verso.* Juvénal, p. 264.

‡ Here again Juvénal assigns the leading character to his father:—"The duke of Burgundy said to the king, that if he would like to disport himself as far as the wood of Vincennes, it was fine weather; and the king consented. But Juvénal instantly rode off to the wood with two hundred horse, and said to the king, 'Sire, come to your good city of Paris, it is too hot for you to be in the country.' Whereat the king was well pleased, and turned back." Juvénal, p. 263.

§ "Even the little children who sang a song . . . in which were the words, '*Duc de Bourgogne, Dieu te remaint joie*,' (duke of Burgundy, God 'ild thee joy)" *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris.*

|| "Certain writings which had been framed after the fashion of royal ordinances" *Ordon. t. x. p. 172.*

This peace did not check the reaction. The moderates, who had so imprudently deserted the cause of reform, had reason to repent. Paris was treated by the princes as a conquered town. The taxes became enormous, and the money was given, squandered, chucked away. Juvénal, who was then chancellor, having refused his signature to some princely folly, the seals were taken from him.* All moderation grew offensive, and the strongest minds gave way to violence. At the funeral service in memory of the duke of Orléans, Gerson preached before the king and princes, and attacked the duke of Burgundy, with whom peace had just been concluded, as well as declaimed against the assumption of power by the people, (January 5th, 1415.)

"All this evil has come," says Gerson, "from the subjection of the king and the worthy burgesses of the city, effected by the monstrous attempt of the meaner sort. . . . God has permitted it, in order that we might know the difference betwixt kingly government and that of the mob. For kingly government in general is, and cannot fail to be, mild; that of the *vil-lein* is a tyranny, which is sure to destroy itself. So Aristotle taught Alexander:—'Raise not those whom nature has made to obey.'"

The preacher thinks that he recognises the different orders of the state in the different metals of which Nebuchadnezzar's statue was composed:—"The order of burgesses, shopkeepers, and laborers, is figured by the limbs, which are partly of iron, partly of clay, to signify their labor and humility in serving and obeying . . . ; and in their order, we ought to find the iron of labor and the clay of humility."†

INTELLECTUAL POVERTY OF THE PERIOD.

The same man who condemned popular government in the state, demanded it in the Church. Let us treat ourselves to this curious spectacle. It may seem humiliating for mankind, but is not so for Gerson. Each age, it is the mission of the greatest man of his day to be the expression of the contradictions, real or apparent, of our nature; meanwhile, the mediocre, limited minds, which see but one side of things only, fix proudly upon it, intrench themselves in a corner, and there triumphantly repeat. . . .

Directly the Church is in question, Gerson turns republican, and becomes the partisan of the government of all. He defines a council to be—"An assembly of the whole Catholic church, comprising all the orders of the hierarchy, *without excluding any one of the faithful* who shall wish to be heard." It is true, he adds, that this assembly must be convened "by a lawful authority;" but this authority is not superior to that of the council, since the

council has power to set it aside. Gerson did not confine himself to the theory of ecclesiastic republicanism. He allowed all who were in priest's orders to vote in the council of Constance; and took an active part in the deposition of John XXII.*

Let us take a retrospective glance. Before the griefs of the state were made patent by the remonstrance of the university and the grand ordinance of 1413, those of the Church had been memorialized in a violent pamphlet, issuing from the university, which was re-echoed in very different fashion. The remonstrance and ordinance, still-born acts, were scarcely known out of Paris. But the tremendous little book of Clemengis, *Sur la Corruption de l'Eglise*, resounded through all Christendom; nor is there, perhaps, any exaggeration in comparing the effect produced by it to that attendant on the *Captivity of Babylon*, written a century afterwards by Luther.

From the earliest period, satire had directed her shafts against churchmen. One of the first, and certainly one of the most racy attacks, occurs in one of Charlemagne's capitularies. In general, these attacks had been indirect and timid, and most frequently couched under an allegorical form. The organ of satire was the fox, the *beast* wiser than man—the buffoon, the *fool*, wiser than the wise—or else the devil, that is to say, clear-sighted *malignity*. These three forms, in which satire, to secure her own pardon, finds a vent through the most exceptionable organs, comprehend all the indirect attacks of the middle age. As to direct attacks, they were seldom hazarded, down to the thirteenth century, except by declared heretics, as the Albigeois, the Vaudois, &c. In the fourteenth century the laymen Dante, Petrarch, and Chaucer, launched piercing darts against Rome and Avignon. But, after all, they were laymen, and the Church disputed their right of judgment. Now, about the year 1400, it is the universities, it is the greatest doctors, it is the Church, speaking through her highest organ, which censures and strikes the Church: it is the popes themselves who fling in each other's face the most shameful accusations.

This prolonged invective, which was kept up between Avignon and Rome during the whole term of the schism, threw but too much light on both of them. Above all, the mode by which both sees raised money, selling benefices long before they were vacant—their hungry venality, is described in fearful words:—"Have we not seen," say some, "the brokers of the court of Rome scouring all Italy, and inquiring what beneficed clergyman might be ill, in order that they might report at Rome that he was dead?†

* See Gerson's works (Du Pin's edition) especially, t. iv.; and the recent valuable publications of MM. de Faugère, Schmidt, and Thomassy. Elsewhere, I shall speak of those of MM. Gecece, Gregori, Daunou, Onésyme Leroy, and, generally, of those writers who have discussed the authorship of the "Imitation."

† Et si aliquos invenerint egrotantes, tunc currebant ad

‡ Ibidem, p. 285.

† Joh. Gersonii Opera, ed. Du Pin, pp. 658-678.

Have we not seen this pope, this dishonest trader, sell the same benefice to many, and, having delivered the goods, put them up again, and sell them a second, a third, a fourth time?"—"And you," observed others, "you who claim for the pope the exclusive right to the inheritance of the priests, do you not come to the pillow of the dying man, and sweep away the whole of his wardrobe? A priest, already buried, has been dragged out of his grave, and the corpse taken out of earth, in order to strip it naked."*

These furious invectives were collected together, as into one mass, in Clemengis's pamphlet, and the mass was then hurled in a fashion to crush the Church. It did not strike the head alone, but all the limbs. Pope, cardinals, bishops, canons, monks, were all reached, even to the lowest mendicant. Of a certainty the pamphleteer proved much more than he desired. If the Church were really as he represented it, reform was out of the question. Nothing was left but to take the rotten body and cast it wholly into the fire.

Foremost was the frightful pluralism, which went so far as to unite in one hand four or five hundred benefices; the negligence of pastors who often had never seen their own church; the insolent ignorance of the higher dignitaries, who think it beneath them to preach; the tyrannical arbitrariness of their jurisdiction, which has caused every one to shun the Church courts; the venality of the confessional, the sale of absolution:—"So that," he says, "if you recall to them the text of the Gospel, '*Freely ye have received, freely give,*' they answer unblushingly, '*We have not received freely; we have bought, and may sell again.*'"†

In the heat of invective, this violent priest boldly handles a thousand topics, which we laymen should fear to touch—the strange lives of the prebendaries, their half marriages, their orgies over cards and the wine-pot, the prostitution of the nuns, the hypocritical corruptness of the mendicants, who boast of doing the work of all the rest, and of sustaining on their own shoulders the whole weight of the Church, whilst they go from house to house drinking with the women. "Their wives are those of others, but their children are really their own."‡

On coolly reviewing these virulent accusations, which the present purity of the Church renders almost incredible, we may observe, that in the ecclesiastical factum of the university, as well as in its political *factum* of 1413,§ there is more than one grief which has no

foundation, and more than one point announced as an abuse, which is not one. It was unjust to charge on the king, the pope, and the high ecclesiastical dignitaries, absolutely and without exception, the increase in public expenditure. This increase was not owing wholly to prodigality, waste, and the faulty mode of collection, but in great measure also to the *progressive depreciation of the value of money*, that great phenomenon of economics, which the middle age was unable to comprehend; and, moreover, to the increasing *multiplicity* of the wants of *civilization*, to the development of the administrative functions, to the progress of the arts, &c.* Expenses had increased; and although production had increased as well, the increase was not in a ratio rapid enough to keep pace with the other. Wealth increased slowly, and was most unequally distributed. It was long before production and consumption balanced each other.

Another of Clemengis's griefs, and the greatest, doubtless, in the eyes of the university, was the frequent bestowal of benefices on individuals who had little of the theologian about them, on creatures of princes and of the pope, and, worst of all, on legists. He might have added, on physicians, writers, artists, &c.† The charge was true; but where the remedy? Pope and princes were not altogether to blame. It was not their fault if laymen divided with the Church that which had constituted the latter's right and title in the middle age—intellect, the power of mind. Wealth belonged to the clergy only: social rewards could only be bestowed out of the property of the clergy. Ought one to complain because the great historian, the graceful poet, Froissart, had a small benefice, which eked out his means of subsistence? Would to heaven one could have been conferred on the poor, laborious, necessitous Christine, who supported her family on the proceeds of her writings!

Clemengis himself supplies a good answer to his own charges. On looking over the voluminous collection of his letters, it astonishes one to find so little that is positive in the correspondence of so important an individual, of the man of business to the university. It is a blank; there is nothing in the whole but vague

* Clemengis is much, and very mistakenly, astonished that a monastery which originally supported a hundred monks, can in his day support no more than ten. (p. 19.) Who but is now aware, how both the price of commodities, and the number of those which are esteemed of absolute necessity, change in the course of two or three centuries? To adduce but one century—what large household could be maintained now-a-days for the sum which Madame de Maintenon calculated would be enough for her brother's? See, among other works, a pamphlet of count Hauteville's—*Faits et Observations sur la Dépense d'une des grandes Administrations*, &c.; and two pamphlets by M. Eckard, *Dépenses Effectives de Louis XIV. en Bâtimens au Cours, du Temps des Travaux, et leur Evaluation*, &c., &c.

† We know that pope Eugene IV. offered the great painter, Fra. Angelico di Fiesole, the archbishopric of Florence, (See Vasari,) and that the physician, Aichspalter, became archbishop of Mentz, and made Henry of Luxembourg emperor, (Schmidt, *Geschichte der Deutschen*,) &c., &c.

curiam Romanam, et mortem talium intimabant. Theodor. à Niem de Schism. apud Goldast. ii. c. 7.

* Ut inhumatus evulso monumento atque corrupto corpore suis spoliis effossus privaretur. Appellatio Univers. Paris. à D. Benedicto, ap. Martene, Thes. Anecd. t. ii. p. 1295.

† Nic. Clemeng. De Corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu, t. i. p. 15.

‡ Cum non suis uxibus, licet sæpe cum suis parvulis Ibid. p. 20.

§ See, above, p. 71.

generalities: the most decisive condemnation that can be furnished of scholastic education.

Contemporary writers took care not to acknowledge to themselves this intellectual poverty, this drying up of the mind. They congratulated themselves on the flourishing state of philosophy and literature. Had they not their great men, like all preceding ages? Clemengis was a great man, D'Ailly a great man,* and many others besides who slumber in libraries, and may be left to slumber there.

The human mind was dying of weariness. This was its disease. This weariness was a cause, an indirect one, it is true, but a real one, of the corruption of the Church. The priests, tired of scholasticism, of empty forms, of words in which there was nothing to feed the soul, surrendered this soul of which they could make no use, a captive to the body. The Church perished by two apparently contradictory causes, of which, however, the one explained the other—subtlety and sterility as to ideas, gross materialism as to morals.

Every one spoke of reform. It behooved, was the general cry, to reform the pope, to reform the Church; it behooved the Church, sitting in council, to resume her just rights. But to transfer the work of reform from the pope to the council, was to make but little advance. Evils of this nature lie deep-seated in men's souls—"In culpa est animus," ("the soul's to blame.") A change of form in ecclesiastical government, a mere negative reform, could induce no change of things—the introduction of a positive element, of a new vital principle, of a vital spark, of an idea was required for this.

* It is not my wish to dispute the real merit of these two personages, who were at once both eminent doctors and men of action. D'Ailly was one of those in whom the great Gallican school of the college of Navarre most gloried; and Clemengis and Gerson were his pupils. Clemengis is a good polemical writer, biting, amusing, *salé*, (salted,—pungent,) as St. Simon would have expressed himself. See the picture which he draws of the servitude and servility of the pope of Avignon, in his book on the Corruption of the Church, (p. 26.) His peroration is exceedingly eloquent. It is an apostrophe to Christ, and Protestants will ask no better than to see in it a prophecy of the Reformation:—"Si tuum vineam labruscis senticosisque virgultis palmites suffocantibus obseptam, infructiferam, vis ad naturam reducere, quis melior modus id agendi, quam inutiles stirpes eam sterilem efficientes que falcibus amputata pullulant, radicitus evellere, vineamque ipsam aliis agricolis locatam novis rursum aut feracibus aut fructiferis palmitibus inserere? . . . Hac non nisi exigua sunt dolorum initia, et suavia quedam eorum que supersunt *præludivit*. Sed tempus erat, ut portum, ingruente jam tempestate, peteremus, nostræque in his periculis salutis consuleremus, ne tanta procellarum vis, quæ laceram Petri naviculam validiori turbinis impulsu, quam ullo alias tempore *concussura* est, in mediis nos fluctibus, cum his qui merito naufragio perituri sunt, absorbeat." (If you desire to recover your unfruitful vineyard, choked up with weeds and brambles, what better mode of proceeding than to pluck up by the roots the useless suckers that render it sterile, and which if cut down shoot up again, and letting the vineyard to other husbandmen to plant it anew with young, or with fertile and fruit-bearing vines. . . . This is but the slight *first-taste* of grief, the sweet *prelude* to the harmony to follow. But, the tempest threatens; it is time for us to seek the harbor, and look to our own safety, lest the hurricane, which will *lose* the shattered bark of Peter with fiercer blasts than have yet blown, sink us in the waves, with those who are shipwrecked in just punishment.) Nic. Clemeng. De Corrupto Ecclesie Statu, t. i. p. 28.

The council of Pisa thought to do all, by condemning as contumacious the two popes who refused to cede, by declaring them deposed, and electing pope a brother minor, a former professor of the University of Paris. This professor, who was heart and soul a minorite, soon quarrelled with the university. So, instead of two popes, there were three; that was all.

The lovers of satire will be amused by the perusal of the piquant presentment of the council against the two refractory popes.* This great assembly of the Christian world numbered twenty-two cardinals, four patriarchs, about two hundred bishops, three hundred abbots, the four generals of the mendicant orders, the deputies from two hundred chapters, from thirteen universities,† three hundred doctors, and ambassadors from several courts: it held its sittings in the venerable Byzantine church of Pisa, close to the Campo Santo. None the less did it complacently listen to the facetious recital of the stratagems and subterfuges by which the two popes so long eluded the cession required of them. These deadly enemies understood each other to a wonder.‡ Both, on their elevation, had promised to cede. But, they said, they could only cede together, and at the same moment; and for this an interview was required. Pushed on to this meeting by their cardinals, they every day raised fresh difficulties. The highways were not safe; they must have safe-conducts from the various courts. Did these come? They could not trust to them; they must have an escort and guards of their own. Besides, they had no money for the journey, and they borrowed from their cardinals. Then they preferred going by sea, and required vessels. The vessels ready, something else was wanted. One moment they were all but brought together; but there was no means of making them take the last step. The one required the interview to take place in a port, on the sea-shore itself:§ the other had a horror of the sea. They were like two animals of different elements, which cannot meet.

At last the Aragonese, Benedict XIII., threw off the mask, and declared that he should think himself guilty of a mortal sin were he to adopt the plan of *cession*.|| Perhaps he may have been sincere. To cede, was to acknowledge the superiority of the authority which prescribed *cession*; it was to subject the popedom to

* Concilium Pisanum, ap. Concil. ed. Labbe et Cossart, 1671, t. xi. pars 2, p. 2172 et seq.

† The universities of Bologna, Angers, Orléans, and even of Toulouse, had at last united with that of Paris against the popes. Ibidem, p. 2194.

‡ "Having their faces set opposite ways . . . but their tails bound together, so that they may agree in vanities." Ibidem, p. 2183.

§ "He wanted to stand one foot in the water, the other on the land." Ibidem, p. 2184.

|| When he was told that France had announced her subtraction of obedience, he said with much dignity:—"And what matters it? France did not acknowledge St. Peter." Ibidem, p. 2176.

the council, to change the government of the Church from a monarchy to a republic. Virtually, or rightfully, this government had been monarchical for several centuries. Was it well, in the midst of the universal concussion of the world, to touch the unity in which had so long consisted the strength of the great spiritual edifice, the key-stone of the arch? At the moment in which the spirit of criticism was impugning the legislative legend of the pope-dom, and Valla was raising the first doubts of the authenticity of the decretals,* could one require the pope to aid in his own abasement, and commit suicide?

The truth must be said. This was not a question of form, but of substance and of life. Monarchy or republic, the Church would have been equally diseased. Did the council possess that moral life in which the pope was deficient? Were the reformers better than the individual to be reformed? Was the head complaining, but the members sound? No, in both one and the other there was much corruption. Whatever constituted spiritual power tended to materialize itself, and be no longer *spiritual*: and this arose principally, as we have said, from want of ideas, from the immense void existing in men's minds.

It was all over with scholasticism. Raymond Lully had put a stop to it by his machine for thinking; then, Occam—by suppressing the poetry of realism, by reducing every thing to the mechanism of words, by obscuring the essence and the cause, by making a verbal God.

Raymond Lully wept at the feet of his *Arbor*,† which put an end to scholasticism. Petrarch wept over poetry. In like manner the grand mystics of that day had a presentiment of the end. The fourteenth century sees these latter geniuses pass away: each becomes silent and departs, extinguishing his light; it is thick darkness.

We must not be astonished that the human mind becomes dark and saddened. The Church gives it no consolation. This grand spouse of the middle age had promised never to grow old, to be ever fair and fruitful, ever to *renew*,‡ so as unceasingly to fill the uneasy thoughts of

man, and occupy the inexhaustible activity of his heart. However, she had forsaken her young, popular vitality, for the abstractions of the schools, and had left St. Bernard for St. Thomas. In her tendency towards the abstract and pure, religion—spiritualist—gradually refused any other aliment than logic: a noble, but frugal regimen, and which at last fines off into a system of negations. So the Church got leaner and leaner; leanness in the fourteenth century, consumption in the fifteenth—a fearful spectacle of wasting away and phthisis, such as you see in the hollow face and transparent hands of the Christ cursing of Oragna.

Such were the miseries of this age, such its contradictions. Reduced to empty formalism, on this it anchored its hopes. Gerson thought to cure all by leading back the Church to republican forms, at the very moment that he was declaring against liberty in the state. The experience to be derived from the council of Pisa was thrown away. Another council was assembled at Constance to discover the squaring of the religious and political circle—to bind the hands of the chief who was recognised to be infallible, and to proclaim him the superior, whilst reserving the right of judging him in case of need.

This supreme tribunal of religious questions was also to decide a great question of law. The Orléans party, to which Gerson was attached, sought to have the memory of Jean Petit condemned by this council, together with his apology for the duke of Burgundy, and to proclaim the principle, that no interest, no political necessity, is superior to humanity. It would have been a great thing if, at a time of such darkening of ideas, men had returned to the sentiments of nature.

France seemed to be absorbed in these never-ending problems: one would have said that she had forgot time, reality, her reform, and her enemy. At the very moment that the Englishman was about to swoop down upon France, a great politician of the day—strange preoccupation of mind—conceives that if the kingdom has any thing to fear, it is from Germany and the duke of Lorraine.* When they came to warn Jean-Sans-Peur that the English, who had landed nearly two months before, were on the point of delivering the royal army a great and decisive battle, the messengers found

* Not only Valla, but Gerson, in his epistle *De Modis Uniendi ac Reformandi Ecclesiam*, p. 166. As regards Valla, see an excellent article in the *Biographie Universelle* by M. Viguier, t. xlvii. pp. 345, 353.—Ballerini was allowed by more than one pope to criticise them even in Rome. Why then have not these false decretals been revoked? For the same reason that our French kings have not revoked the political fables relative to Charlemagne's twelve peers, or the emperor those connected with the origin of the Vehm courts, &c. Such is the very specious reply of the ingenious M. Walter. See Walter, *Lehrbuch des Kirchenrechts*, Bonn. 1829, p. 161.

† See his curious preface. *Raymundi Lullii Majoricensis, Illuminati Patris, Arbor Scientiæ*. Lugduni, 1636, 4to, pp. 2 and 3.

‡ The employment of this verb (*renouveler*, to renew) in the neuter, by the old writers, was much the most graceful, and I think will come into use. See Charles of Orléans, (p. 48.) "*Tous jours sa beauté renouvelle*," (her beauty renews daily;) and Eustache Deschamps, (p. 99.) "*De jour en jour vo beauté renouvelle*," (From day to day, your beauty renews.)

* "Albeit, it may be said that attack from the duke of Lorraine may be despised, and that he is not powerful enough to dare to make war on the house of France, yet he is not to be undervalued as an enemy whom God raises up, and aids on account of the crimes of others." Nic. Clemengis, t. ii. p. 257.—In like manner, we see in Machiavel's letters that Italy, on the eve of the Spanish conquest, apprehended danger from the Venetians only. He writes to the magistrates of Florence, "Your lordships have ever told me that the liberty of Italy had nothing to dread save from Venice." Machiavel, in a letter written in February or March, 1508.—Another no less singular instance of human blindness—the Directory feared, in 1796, that young Bonaparte should push his ambition so far as to seek to make himself duke of Milan!

him in his Burgundian forests.* Under pretence of the chase he had drawn near to Constance, ever dreaming of Jean Petit and his ancient crime, uneasy about the judgment which

the council would pass, and, meanwhile, living under his tent in the midst of woods, and listening by night to the "belling" of the stags.*

BOOK THE NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND; THE STATE, THE CHURCH.—AZINCOURT. A. D. 1415.

For the perfect understanding of the terrible event which we are about to relate—the captivity, not of the king, but of the kingdom itself, France a prisoner—there is an essential fact which we must not lose sight of:—

In France, the two authorities, the Church and the State, were divided between themselves, and each was torn by internal division as well.

In England, the State and the *Established* Church had been brought, under the house of Lancaster, into the most perfect union.

Edward III. had had the Church against him, and, in spite of his victories, he had failed. Henry V. had the Church with him, he succeeded, and became king of France.†

This is not the only cause, but it is the principal one, and has been the least noticed. The Church, as the largest proprietor, exercised the greatest influence in England; and when the interests of property and royalty became identified, she acquired irresistible force: she did not only vanquish, she conquered.

The Church needed the support of the crown. Her prodigious wealth endangered her. She had absorbed the better part of the land, and, not to speak of the numerous properties and different sources of income, of pious foundations, tithes, &c., out of the *fifty-three thousand* knights' fees which were to be found in England, she possessed *twenty-eight thousand*.‡ These vast possessions brought on incessant attacks in parliament, where she was

* This, perhaps, was less through carelessness than connivance with the enemy. The reader will form his own judgment.

† At least, king of northern France. He had not the title of king, since he died before Charles VI.; but he left it to his son.

‡ Turner's History of England during the Middle Ages, vol. ii. p. 413.—It was recently stated that the Anglican clergy had still a revenue exceeding that of all the rest of the European clergy. It is certain that the archbishop of Canterbury has a revenue *fifteen* times larger than that of a French archbishop, and *thirty* times larger than that of a Roman cardinal. Statistics of the Church of England, 1836, p. 5. See, likewise, three very remarkable letters of Leon Faucher's, (published in the *Courrier Français*, in the course of July and August, 1836.) There has been nothing written in England more marked both by power and judgment.

not represented or defended in proportion to her importance. The clergy were no longer summoned to it except "*ad consentiendum*,"† (to give in their acquiescence.)

The crown, on its side, could not do without the support of the great proprietor of the kingdom, that is, of the clergy, requiring their influence still more than their money. This is what neither the first nor the third Edward perceived, who were ever harassing the clergy on petty questions of subsidies; but it was discerned with marvellous acumen by the house of Lancaster, which, at its accession, declared that all it asked of the Church was "her prayers."‡

The mutual necessity which existed for a good understanding between the *crown* and church *property*, becomes clear on calling to mind that the entire artificial edifice of England in the middle age rested on two fictions—an infallible and inviolable king,§ who, however, was brought to trial about every other reign; and, on the other hand, a church no less inviolable, which, in reality, being only an aristocratical and territorial establishment, under the guise of religion, saw herself ever on the eve of being despoiled and ruined.

For the first time the two endangered interests unite; and this union between the king and the Church was brought about by the younger branch of the house of Lancaster. This was the source of its legitimacy, the secret of its prodigious success. Let us trace,

* "The duke of Burgundy, who for a long time had not dwelt or sojourned in his country of Burgundy, and who was anxious to take his pleasure and solace, (et qui vouloit bien avoir ses plaisirs et soullas,) bethought himself that if he took up his abode in the forest of Argilly, which is of great extent, he should be able to enjoy the pleasure of stag-hunting the better, and should hear them 'bell' (bruire) by night." Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, ed. Buchon, t. vii. c. 51, p. 466.

† At last, they left off attending. Hallam, *Europe in the Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 199.

‡ Turner, vol. ii. p. 266. Wilkins' *Concil.* vol. iii. pp. 237, 245.

§ The English have carried into political law that spirit of fiction, which the Romans exhibited only in civil law. Allen, in his work on the *Royal Prerogatives*, has recapitulated the astounding legerdemain of this fantastic comedy, each trick pretending to confound the king and royalty, the fallible man and the infallible idea. Occasionally, patience would grow weary, confusion cease, and the abstraction be worked out in blood: if the king did not lose his life, (as in the case of Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI., and Charles I.,) he was overthrown, or, at least, humiliated and reduced to powerlessness, (as in the instances of Henry II., of John, Henry III., and James II.)

rapidly at least, the long, oblique, subterranean route which it pursued to this end.

The younger hates the eldest—it is the rule;* but nowhere has this hatred assumed a more respectful or silent tone than in England.† At the present day he sets off to seek his fortune; the world lies before him; there is trade, the navy, the Indies: in the middle age he would often remain at home, crouch before his elder brother, and conspire against him.‡

Edward the Third's younger sons—Clarence, Lancaster, York, Gloucester, honored with sounding but empty titles,§ had seen with despair their eldest brother the heir already reign, even in their father's lifetime, as duke of Aquitaine. These cadets would either perish, or reign as well. Clarence adventured into Italy, and died there. Gloucester troubled England, until his nephew had him strangled. Lancaster took the title of king of Castile, invaded Spain, and failed; he next tried France, where he likewise failed,|| and then returned to England.

The opportunity was favorable—discontent was at its height. Since the victories of Crécy and of Poitiers, England had forgotten herself. This laborious people, once diverted from their natural task, the accumulation of wealth and extension of public credit, (*le progrès des garanties*,) had stepped out of its proper character, and dreamed only of conquests, of tributes from the foreigner, and exemption from taxes. The bounteous fund of ill-humor with which nature has endowed them, quickly fermented. They fell foul of king, of nobles, of all engaged in the war with France: they were traitors, cowards. The London *cockneys*, seated in their backshops, took it in high dudgeon that battles of Poitiers were not won for them every day. "Awake, wealth, and walk in this region," says an English ballad.¶ This tender invocation to money was the national cry.

France no longer bringing in any thing, they

* That is, where the eldest enjoys superior privileges.

† However, this is less applicable, since an immense moveable property has been created in England, which is equitably divided. Landed property continues to be subjected to the laws of the middle age. On the 12th of April, 1836, Mr. Ewart introduced a bill for the equal division of landed property among the children, at least when the owner should die intestate. The motion was opposed by lord John Russell, and thrown out by a large majority.—But the law of primogeniture is interwoven with the habits and ideas of the people; and I have already given a curious anecdote on this head, (vol. i. p. 71, note.)—The instant a father grows rich, his first thought is to found a family, to have an eldest son: simultaneously with which arises the resolve in the mind of the younger son, to be independent, to acquire a competence. In these two resolves, on the part of father and of younger son, we have the whole history of English society.

‡ Compare the history of the three Gloucesters—the brother of the Black Prince, the brother of Henry V., and the brother of Edward IV.

§ Art de Vérifier les Dates—under the head of Angleterre, Edward III., ann. 1362.

|| In 1373. Walsingham, p. 187.

¶ Ballad quoted by Turner, vol. iii. p. 196, (ed. in 8vo.) The belief of the English in the omnipotence of wealth is naively expressed in the last words of cardinal Winchester, who exclaimed when dying, "Why should I die, having so much riches? . . . Fie! will not death be hindered? nor will money do nothing?"—Ibidem, p. 153.

felt the necessity, with their fixed idea of paying nothing, to look about where they could seize and take. All eyes turned to the Church. But the Church had her unchangeable principle, the first article of her creed—to give nothing. To all demands she coldly replied, "The Church is too poor."*

As this poor church gave nothing, men began to think of stripping her of every thing. The king's man, Wickliff,† egged on to the deed; and so did the Lollards, working quietly, obscurely, and among the common people. At first, Lancaster did the same, for it was the high road to popularity.

I have elsewhere shown the turn things took; how the people, down to the villeins, being drawn into the vortex of this great movement, all property became endangered as well as that of the Church, and how the young Richard II. managed to disperse the villeins, promising them their freedom. When the latter were disarmed, and being hung by hundreds, Richard nevertheless declared that if the lords and commons would confirm their enfranchisement, he would give it his consent. Their unanimous reply was, "Rather die all in a day."‡ Richard did not press the matter; but the daring and revolutionary avowal that had fallen from him was never forgotten by the landowners, the proprietors of the villeins, the barons, bishops, and abbots. From that day, Richard was a doomed man. From that day, too, Lancaster must have been the chosen of the aristocracy and the Church.

He would seem to have patiently prepared the way for his success. Reports were spread abroad, keeping him in view. At one time it was a French prisoner who said, "Ah! if the duke of Lancaster were your king, the French would not dare to trouble your coasts." A chronicle was sent the round of the abbeys, and shown in all directions by the agency of the friars, which contended for the duke's right to the crown, through a son of Edward I. A Carmelite boldly accused the duke of conspiring Richard's death. Lancaster denied the charge, managed that his accuser should be placed, provisionally, in the keeping of the earl of Holland, and the evening before the day fixed for the investigation of the truth, the Carmelite was found dead.§

Richard himself worked for Lancaster. He surrounded himself with the low-born, and wore out the gentry by loans and exactions; finally, he committed the great crime which has ruined so many English kings||—he took a French

* Ibidem, pp. 17–104, (ed. in 8vo.)

† Lewis, Life of Wickliff, p. 53. Richard II. made Wickliff his chaplain. See in Walsingham the grand scene where Wickliff is supported by the princes and nobles against the bishop and people of London.

‡ Turner, vol. ii. p. 205. Hallam gives a different interpretation to the phrase. See his History of the Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 268.

§ Turner, vol. ii. p. 219.

|| Henry II., John, Edward II., Richard II., Henry VI., Charles I.

wife. Lancaster and his son, Derby, had but one difficulty: they had to take their stand with one or other of the great parties, with the Established Church or the innovators. Richard did Derby the service to banish him, which was to free him from the difficulty of making a choice. At a distance, all men's thoughts were occupied with him; each longed for his return, believing him to be on his own side.

Things thus ripe, the archbishop of Canterbury went to France to bring Derby back.* On landing, the latter humbly gave out that he had only come to claim his paternal inheritance. We have seen how he found himself forced to assume the crown. He then declared himself in the most decided manner. To the great astonishment of the innovators, amongst whom he had been brought up at Oxford, Henry IV. announced himself the champion of the Established Church:—"My predecessors," he told the prelates, "used to summon you to ask for money. I desire to see you to claim your prayers. I will maintain the liberties of the Church; I will crush, to the best of my power, heresies and heretics."†

An amicable compromise took place between the king and the Church. She consecrated and anointed him. He delivered up her enemies to her. The adversaries of the priests were given up to the priests, to be tried and burnt.‡ All found their account in this, for the property of the Lollards was confiscated and divided. The ecclesiastical judge took a third, the king a third, and the remaining third went to the city in which the heretic lived; an ingenious mode of preventing resistance on the part of their fellow-citizens, and of alluring them to turn informers.§

The bishops and barons had placed their man on the throne, only that they might reign themselves. The power which they had given in the gross, they took back in detail. Not content with making laws, they, indirectly, usurped the functions of government, ending with nominating a council of guardians, as it were, to the king, without whom he could do nothing.||

* He had been banished by Richard II., and his temporalities confiscated. Lingard's History of England, reign of Richard II., ann. 1397.

† Henry IV., connecting himself in the closest manner with the English prelates, began his reign by giving them arms against the three descriptions of enemies they had to fear; 1st. against the pope, that is, against the invasion of the foreign clergy; 2d. against the monks, who purchased from the pope bulls of dispensation from paying tithes to the bishop; 3d. against heretics. Statutes of the Realm, (1816.) vol. iii. pp. 148, 161; 121, 138; 127.

‡ Diocessans may arrest such as preach or teach without their authority, and have them burnt on some commanding eminence, "In eminenti loco comburi faciant."—"And them before the people in an high place do to be burnt." Ibidem, p. 127-8.

§ Turner, note at p. 235, vol. iii. I have mislaid my note of the date of the statute which ordered this division. I only see by Lyndwoode, quoted by Turner, that in 1430, the practice had fallen into disuse, and the whole became the king's.

|| The conditions were more humiliating than any that had been imposed on Richard II. He was to be assisted by sixteen counsellors, by whose advice he was to be uniformly guided, &c.

Then, he regretted having given up the Lollards, and he attempted to deprive the priests of the power of trying them. Like Richard II., he thought of seeking support from the foreigner, and desired a French bride for his son.

But this son himself was not to be relied upon. It has been observed, not without ■ show of reason, that in England the eldest sons are the least attached to their fathers:* they are heirs before being sons. And the son of Lancaster was the more impatient to wear the crown in his turn, from his having confirmed it on his father's head by a victory. He, too, treated with the French,† but apart and on his own account.

The young Henry was the people's darling: easy and graceful in person, as is common among the higher orders of the English. He was an indefatigable fox-hunter, and so fleet as to be able, it was said, to run down a deer on foot.‡ He had been trained in the petty but cruel Welsh wars—those man-hunts.

He allied himself with the malecontents, and ingratiated himself with the Lollards, running after their nocturnal meetings in the fields§ and hostleries, and contracting a friendship with their leader, the brave and dangerous Oldcastle, him whom Shakspeare, the enemy of the sectaries of every age,|| has maliciously transformed into the ignoble Falstaff. The father was aware of his every step. But to imprison his son would have been a declaration against the Lollards, with whom he was at this period anxious to stand well. However, sick, leprous, and day by day more averse to society, and more irritable, the monarch's fears might easily hurry him into some violent measure. His son sought to divert his suspicions by an affectation of vice and disorderly habits, and plunged into youthful follies premeditatedly. Thus he is said to have presented himself one day be-

* This is the observation of ■ writer, whose estimate of the English character is, in general, favorable:—"The law of primogeniture occasions a want of cordiality between the father and the eldest son. The latter is accustomed to look upon himself as independent; and he takes what he receives from his parents as ■ debt rather than a kindness. A father's death, or that of a brother, from whom one expects an inheritance, are the subject of jokes on the English stage which would shock our public, but which are applauded by theirs." M. de Staël, t. iii. p. 85. I hope this talented and cool observer may be mistaken. However, I cannot refrain from bringing in juxtaposition with it the expression of the Roman historian, in his picture of the proscriptions:—"Wives displayed great fidelity, freedmen were not deficient in the feeling, slaves displayed a little, sons—none; so difficult is it to wait when hope has once been awakened." Velleius Paterculus.

† The son was treating with the Burgundians, while the father was connecting himself with the Orleans party. Titus Livius, then, is wrong in adding, "bonâ veniâ patris," (with his father's good leave.) Turner, vol. ii. pp. 376, 389; See, also, the advice which his uncle the cardinal gave him against his father. Ibidem, p. 501, (ed. in 8vo.)

‡ Idem, p. 474, following Titus Livius and Elmham.

§ Like our hedge schools (écoles buissonnières) of the sixteenth century.

|| Yet Dame Quickly says, in Henry V., that Falstaff murmured "against the whore of Babylon."—Shakspeare has ■ few allusions to the recent sect of the Puritans, full of bitterness. See, among others, that in *Twelfth Night*, Act. iii. scene 2.—I shall return to the subject of Falstaff.

fore his father in a satin dress pierced with eyelet holes, where the needles still hung by their threads, and, kneeling down, to have handed him a dagger to plunge into his bosom—if he could entertain any distrust of a young madman so ridiculously attired.*

Whatever be thought of the truth of this story, the king could not help acting as if he had full confidence in him. To make him patient, he consented to his taking his seat at the council: but this was not yet enough. On the very day of his death, on opening his eyes after a short lethargy, he saw his heir laying hand on the crown, placed (according to custom) on a cushion close to the monarch's bed. He checked him, with the sad and chilling words—"Fair son, what right have you to it? Your father had none."†

For some short time previously to his accession, Henry V. had observed a double line of conduct, which gave hopes to both parties. On the one hand, he continued strictly united with Oldcastle‡ and the Lollards. On the other, he declared himself the friend of the Established Church; and it was undoubtedly as such that he had got to be president of the council. Hardly was he crowned, before he discontinued keeping any measures with the Lollards; he broke off with his friends. He became the man of the Church, the prince after God's own heart, and assumed a clerical gravity, "to such a degree," says the monkish historian, "that he would have served as an example to the priests themselves."§

And first, he enacted terrible laws in favor of the lay and church barons, ordering the justices of the peace to act vigorously against the servitors and laboring men, who fled from county to county.|| A regular inquisition was organized to put down heresy. The chancellor, treasurer, judges, &c., were to take oath, on receiving their appointments, to use their utmost diligence in searching out and extirpating heretics. At the same time, the primate enjoined all bishops and archdeacons to inquire, *at least twice a year*, after persons suspected of heresy, and to require in each parish, three persons of respectability to declare upon oath whether they knew of any heretics, any who *differed from others* in their life and habits, any who *tolerated* or harbored such as were suspected, any who possessed dangerous books *in the English tongue*, &c.

* Lingard conceives the doubts which have been raised as to the truth of this story, which is related by an eye-witness, to be misplaced. Vol. iii. p. 315.

† The king asked him why he was taking away his crown, and the prince said, "My lord, here are those present who gave me to understand that you were dead; and, *I am your eldest son.*" Monstrelet, t. ii. p. 435, l. 1. c. 107.

‡ Inasmuch that the archbishop of Canterbury hesitated to attack him, believing him still the king's friend. Walsingham, p. 383.

§ "He suddenly changed to another man . . . whose manners and demeanor might be an example to men of all conditions, as well priests as laymen." Ibidem.

|| Statutes of the Realm, vol. ii. p. 176.

The king, lending his countenance to the severities of the Church, himself abandoned his old friend Oldcastle to the archbishop of Canterbury.* He ordered that all executions should be preceded by processions, singing litanies.†

The Church struck, but trembled. The Lollards had given out that they could muster a hundred thousand armed men. They were to assemble in St. Giles's fields, the day after Epiphany Sunday, but the king having posted himself there with his troops during the night, they did not make their appearance.

This champion of the Church had against him not only the enemies of the Church, but his own personal enemies, as Lancaster, as the usurper. Some persisted in believing that Richard II. was not dead. Others said that the earl of March was the lawful heir; and they said true. Scrope himself, Henry's principal counsellor and confidant, *his bosom friend*, conspired with two others in favor of the earl.

There was but one remedy for this internal ferment—war. On the 16th of April, 1415, Henry had announced to parliament his intention of making a descent upon France. On the 29th, he ordered all his barons to hold themselves ready. On the 28th of May, alleging the danger of an invasion by the French, he wrote to the archbishop of Canterbury, and the other prelates, *to array the Church vassals for the defence of the kingdom.*‡ Three weeks afterwards, he issued orders to the knights and squires to pass in review the men capable of bearing arms, and to divide them into companies. Scrope's affair caused him some delay, but he completed his preparations,§ and he animated his people against the French by circulating the report that it was French gold which

* Oldcastle's examination by the archbishop is exceedingly curious as given by the monk, Walsingham. It is impossible to kill with greater sensibility; the judge melts, weeps, and seems to claim more pity than the victim:—"My lord of Canterbury showed him a gracious countenance, and expressed his readiness to absolve him; but he . . . obstinately refused . . . whom my lord of Canterbury, full of compassion, warned to 'beware.' . . . Wherefore, my lord of Canterbury, out of his pitifulness . . . To whom the archbishop, with all affability and sweetness. . . . Therefore my lord of Canterbury inquired gently and modestly. . . . On which my lord of Canterbury addressed him with tears in his eyes. . . . Then, with great bitterness of heart, he proceeded to pass sentence." Walsingham, p. 384.

† Elmham celebrates the executions and processions both in prose and in verse. "The king commanding . . . the royal mind is filled with gladness." Turner, vol. iii. p. 226.

‡ De arraitione cleri: Prompti sint ad resistendum contra malitiam inimicorum regni, ecclesie, &c. Rymer, third edition, vol. iv. part i. p. 123—May 28, 1415.

§ Agreement for ships from Holland, March 18. 1415; impressment of ships, April 11; of armorers, (bow-makers, &c., *as well within the liberties as without*), the 20th; of sailors, May 8; search for wagons, the 16th; purchase of nails and horse-shoes, the 25th; of cows and oxen, June 4; orders for baking bread and brewing beer, May 27; impressment of masons, carpenters, locksmiths, &c.—June 5, negotiations with Owen Glendower; July 24, the king's will defence of the Scotch frontier; August 10, negotiations with Aragon, with the duke of Brittany, *with the duke of Burgundy*; 11th, Bedford named Regent of England; 12th, instructions to the mayor of London, &c. Rymer, t. iv. pars. pp. 109-46.

paid for traitors, and which had suborned Scrope to convulse and ruin his country.*

Henry dispatched two embassies to France, one on the heels of the other, to state to the French court that he was rightful king of France, but that he would consent to wait until Charles's death, and meanwhile take his daughter, with all the provinces ceded by the treaty of Bretigny—a sweeping dowry; he required Normandy in addition, that is, the means of seizing on all that was left. In reply, the offer was brought him by a grand embassy,† of the Limousin instead of Normandy, with a proposal to raise the dowry of the princess to 850,000 crowns of gold. The king of England then demanded that this sum should be paid down at once. This vain negotiation went on for three months, (from April 13th to July 28th;) and Henry's preparations at the same time; till at length, all being ready, he dismissed the ambassadors with considerable presents, saying that he was about to follow them.

The whole English nation stood in need of war. The king needed it. The eldest branch of his family had had its battles of Crécy and Poitiers, and the youngest could only legitimate itself by a similar victory.

The Church needed it; first to get rid of the Lollards, a swarm of wretched beings who were only Lollards because they were not soldiers; secondly, because whilst France was being plundered, none would think of plundering the Church. The terrible question of secularization would be adjourned.

What, too, more worthy of the respectable English Church, or more honorable to it, than to reform schismatic France, to inflict on it fraternal chastisement, to visit it with the rod of God? This young king, so devout, so pious, this David of the Established Church, was clearly the predestined instrument for so striking a display of heavenly justice.

Before war was resolved upon, there had been difficulties on every hand: then all became easy. Henry, secure in his own strength, endeavored to allay animosities by making reparation for the past. He gave Richard II. an honorable burial. The lips of party were thus sealed up. Parliament unanimously voted a sum unheard of before, to defray the charges of the expedition; and the king raised an army of six thousand men-at-arms, and twenty-four thousand archers, the strongest which England had had for fifty years.‡

* Walsingham believes it, (p. 389;) but Turner rightly sees it to be only a false report, vol. ii. p. 286.

† No French king had ever sent so solemn an embassy to the English court. The ambassadors were twelve in number, and brought over with them a suite of five hundred and ninety-two attendants. Rymer, vol. iv. pars 2, p. 3, April 18.

‡ Besides cannoniers, workmen, &c. Monstrelet (t. iii. p. 313) says the army filled fifteen hundred transports; Lefebvre reduces the number to eight hundred. Nothing can be more uncertain than the calculations of the period. Lefebvre believes that the king of France laid siege to Arras in 1414, with an army of two hundred thousand men. Monstrelet makes the French army at the battle of Azin-

Instead of trifling away its time around Calais, this army was landed directiv at Harfleur, at the mouth of the Seine. The point was well chosen. Harfleur made an English town, would have been a very different matter to Calais. It would have kept open the Seine, and the English might from that moment enter, sally forth—penetrate to Rouen and take Normandy, perhaps to Paris, and take France.

The expedition had been ably planned and well prepared. Henry had secured the neutrality of Jean-Sans-Peur, and had hired, or bought, eight hundred vessels in Zealand and in Holland—a land under the influence of the duke of Burgundy, and which has ever been glad to supply good paymasters with ships.* Besides, he carried with him large supplies of provisions, believing that he should find none in the invaded country.

The Church of England, too, in concert with the commons, neglected nothing that might hallow the enterprise—fasting, prayers, processions, pilgrimages.† The very moment of embarkation was sanctified by the burning of a heretic. Henry took his share in all these acts of devotion, and was accompanied, besides, by many priests, particularly by the bishop of Norwich, who was given him as his chief adviser.

France not having a single vessel,‡ there could be no attempt to dispute his passage, and his landing was equally unopposed, the inhabitants of the coast not being in a condition to resist so large an army, though they displayed the greatest hostility. The duke of Normandy, this is the first title which Henry V. assumed, was badly received in his duchy, and neither towns nor castles would admit him. The Eng-

court amount to a hundred and fifty thousand men. I believe his estimate of the English army on its departure to be nearer the mark.

* In Charles VI.'s time, Louis XIII.'s &c.

† See the various authorities cited by Turner, (notes, p. 226, vol. iii.) Henry went so far in his scruples as to refuse the services of a gentleman who brought him twenty men, but who had been a monk, and who had only returned to secular life by means of a dispensation from the pope.—These dispensations were a constant subject of bickering between Rome and the English Church.

(The anecdote alluded to, is as follows:—"Among his host at Southampton he found a certain gentleman, whose name was Olandyne, in whose company were twenty men well apparelled for the war. This Olandyne had given to poor people, for Christ's sake, all his substance and goods, and in great devotion became a monk of the monastery of the Charter-house, whose wife was also a professed in a religious house, and there continued during her life; but this Olandyne, at the instigation of the devil, enemy to all virtue, after a little time repented his profession, and obtained from the pope a dispensation from his vows, with leave to resume his former temporal estate, and as a temporal man offered to do the king service in his war. But when the most virtuous king was informed of his life and conversation as the child of God, he refused the company of this gentleman as an inconstant man, and a contemner of the religion of Christ; at whose refusal, this Olandyne having indignation as a man replete with pride, departed from the king, and went into the aid of his adversaries in France, whereafter he was slain in the field of Agincourt, right for fighting against the Englishmen." *Harleian MS* 35, f. 17, from Livius. Quoted by Sir H. Nicolas, in his *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, note, p. 35.)—TRANSLATOR.

‡ The king had none; but several towns, such as Rochelle, Dieppe, &c., had a considerable number.

lish durst not wander from the main body : they were masters only of the unhealthy spot of coast which their camp covered.

Nor must we forget that our unhappy country had no longer a government. The two parties having fallen back, one on the north, one on the south, the centre was vacant. Paris was exhausted, as after great efforts, the king mad, the dauphin ill, and the duke De Berri almost an octogenarian. However, they dispatched the marshal de Boucicaut to Rouen, and then took the king thither, in order to draw together the whole of the nobility of the Ile-de-France, of Normandy, and of Picardy. The gentlemen of the latter province receiving orders to the contrary from the duke of Burgundy,* some obeyed the king, others the duke, and some even joined the English.

Harfleur was stoutly defended, and obstinately attacked. A number of brave nobles had thrown themselves into the town. The siege lingered, and the English suffered much, both from the humidity of the coast, and the spoiling of their stores. It was September—the fruit season—and the English indulging with avidity, dysentery broke out in the army, and carried off thousands; not the common soldiers only, but nobles, squires, knights, and the greatest barons; the bishop of Norwich himself fell a victim. On the day of his death, the English, out of respect to his memory, forbore from the operations of the siege.

No succor came to the besieged. A convoy, with a supply of powder from Rouen, was cut off. Another attempt was not more successful. Some barons having got together six thousand men to surprise the English camp, their impetuosity led them to anticipate the favorable moment for the attack, and the enterprise failed.†

Meanwhile, the besieged were worn out with fatigue. The English having effected a large breach, they reared, with immense labor, a covering of palisades behind it; these the besiegers set fire to, and so extensive had been the work, that it took three days to burn it down. The Englishman hit upon infallible means of pushing them to extremity; this was to carry on the siege night and day, so as to deprive them even of sleep.

Succor being still delayed, they promised to surrender in two days if none arrived. "Two days are not enough," said the Englishman, "you shall have four;" and he took hostages, to ensure their keeping their word. He evinced his prudence, for no aid arriving by the appointed day, the garrison betrayed a disposition to hold out some days longer, and some,

rather than surrender, threw themselves into the towers by the sea, where they held out ten days longer.

The siege had lasted a month. But this month had been more murderous than the whole year that Edward III. had remained encamped before Calais. Like the Calesians, the men of Harfleur had every thing to fear from the conquerors. An English priest, who accompanied the expedition, tells us with visible satisfaction, by what delays the uneasiness and humiliation of these brave men were prolonged :—"And when the Frensshmen were come, a Knyzt in the myddys of hem, browght the keyes in his hondys, and when thei come to the tentys, they knelyd all down togederys but there had thei no syzt of the Kynge, and then thei were brought into other tentys, and there thei knelyd down eft sonys along tyme, but syzt of our Kynge had thei none, and there thei were take up, and brought into an inner tente, and there thei knelyd longe tyme, and zit sey not our Kynge; and then thei were este toke up, and brought there our Kynge was, and there thei knelyd long tyme, and then oure Kynge wolde note rewarde hem with non eye til thei hade longe knelyd, and then the Kynge gaf hem a rewarde with his loke, and made a continaunce to the Erle of Dorzete that schold take of hem the keyes, and so he dede, and there were the Frensshmen taken up and mad chere.*"

The English king, with his captains, priests, and army, made his entry into the city. On reaching the gates he dismounted, and his boots, &c., being taken off, walked barefoot to the parish church, "to thank his Maker for his good fortune." The town was not the better treated for this. Most of the citizens were held to ransom, just as if they had been fighting men, and all the inhabitants, including women and children, were expelled from the town—the women were permitted to keep five sous each, and their petticoats.†

The conquerors, at the end only of this five weeks' war, were exceedingly discouraged. There remained but twenty out of the thirty thousand men who had left England; and it was found expedient to send back five thousand of these, who were either wounded, ill, or unfit for active service. But, although the taking of Harfleur was a great and important result, Henry, who had purchased this success by the loss of so many soldiers, and of so many emi-

* The servitor of the dukes of Burgundy, who was afterwards their herald-at-arms, under the title of Toison d'Or, expressly admits the fact :—"Numbers repaired there, (Rouen,) although the duke of Burgundy had expressly forbade them to stir by letters patent, and ordered them neither to serve, nor leave their hôtels until such time as he sent them word." Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. viii. p. 493.

† Ibid. pp. 495-6.

* Manuscript quoted by Sir Harry Nicolas, in his Account of the Battle of Azincourt, (1832.) p. 211. This remarkable little work exhibits all the impartiality which can be expected from a judicious Englishman, who, moreover, has not forgotten that his ancestors were French. Let me be allowed to observe, by the way, that many distinguished foreigners are descendants of our French refugees—Sir Harry Nicolas, Miss Martineau, Savigny, Ancillon, Michelet of Berlin, &c.

† The chaplain describes the lamentations of these poor people, and adds, with a strange English one-sidedness, indeed, that after all, their regrets were for a place to which they had no right :—"For the loss of their accustomed, though untareful habitations." See the work cited in the preceding note, p. 215.

nent individuals, could not present himself to the public gaze of the invaded country in mourning array, except he reanimated the spirits of his followers by some chivalrous and hardy stroke. First, he defied the dauphin to single combat. Then, to prove that France durst not fight, he gave out that he would go right across the country from Harfleur to Calais.*

This was a bold, not a rash step. The distrusts which severed the French barons, and prevented their taking up arms in concert, were well known to the Englishman, and, if they had allowed a whole month to elapse without hastening to the defence of the post which covered the Seine and the entire kingdom, it was a safe bet that they would allow the English the eight days which, according to Henry's calculation, it would require to reach Calais.

He had still with him an army of two thousand men-at-arms, and thirteen thousand archers; an active, robust army, for it consisted of such as had held out against fatigue, hunger, and disease. He made his men carry eight days' provision. Besides, once he was out of Normandy, it was next to a certainty that the duke of Burgundy's captains in Picardy and Artois would furnish his army with supplies; and so it turned out. It was the month of October, the season of the vintage: there was no want of wine; and with wine, the English soldier could march to the end of the world.

The one thing essential was not to rouse into action the population through which he had to march, not to provoke the peasants, by outrages, to take up arms. The king took care to have Richard the Second's admirable proclamations with regard to discipline acted upon to the very letter:†—For violation, and plundering Holy Church, the gallows; for crying *havoc*, (plunder,) beheading; for plundering tradesmen or sutlers, the like penalty; and for disobedience to superior officers, and sleeping out of quarters, imprisonment and forfeiture of horse, &c.

It was the 8th of October when the English army left Harfleur. Henry traversed the district of Caux. All was hostile. Arques fired upon the English; but on their threatening to burn the whole neighborhood, the town gave them the two only things they demanded—bread and wine. Eu made a furious sortie; underwent the same threat; made the same concession—bread and wine, nothing more.

At length clear of Normandy, the English

* The expedition has been related by three eye-witnesses, all three of whom were in the English camp; by Hardyng, by one of Henry's chaplains, and by Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, a Picard gentleman, of the Burgundian party, who accompanied Henry's army. The French side furnishes but one witness, Jean de Vaurin, who gives no information not given by the others. I shall willingly follow the English authorities. The French historian who relates this great national misfortune, ought to be on his guard against his emotion, and to take his information preferably at the hands of the hostile party.

† In the year 1386.—See Sir H. Nicolas, Appendix, p. 31.

arrived on the 13th at Abbeville, thinking to ford the Somme at Blanche-Tache, (Whiteford,) at the spot where Edward III. had forced a passage before the battle of Crécy. Henry learned that the ford was guarded. Terrible reports were abroad as to the prodigious army which the French had collected. The chivalrous defiance of the king of England had provoked the French *furie*;* the duke of Lorraine alone had brought with him, it was said, fifty thousand men.† The truth is, that however diligent the nobles, especially those of the Orléans party, had been to make for the place of rendezvous, they were far from being yet assembled. It was thought expedient to deceive the English king, and to persuade him that it was impossible to cross the river. The French were full of fear of his escaping with impunity. A Gascon, in the service of the constable d'Albret, was taken, perhaps contrived to be taken. Led before Henry V., he declared that the ford was guarded, and that it was impossible to force it:—"If," he said, "you find that I don't speak the truth, cut off my head." We fancy that we are reading the scene in which the Gascon, Montluc, overreached king and council, and persuaded them to deliver the battle of Cériseles.

To retrace their steps through the hostile population of Normandy, was both shameful and dangerous: to force the ford was difficult, but still, perhaps, possible. Lefebvre de Saint-Remy himself confesses that the French were far from being prepared. The third alternative was to plunge inland, along the banks of the Somme, until they could find a ford: and this would have been the most hazardous of the three, had not the English intelligence within the country. But it must not be lost sight of, that since 1406, Picardy had been under the influence of the duke of Burgundy, that he had numerous vassals there, that the captains of the towns must have feared displeasing him, and that he had just prohibited them from arming against the English. The latter, who had come in Dutch and Zealand vessels, had Hainaulters in their ranks; Picards joined them, and, perhaps, acted as their guides.‡

* The nobles were animated by shame for having suffered Harfleur to be taken. The Religieux expresses the national feeling on this point with extreme bitterness:—"The nobles," he says, "were derided, hissed, and made ballads of all the day long by foreign nations; to have suffered the kingdom to lose its best and most useful port without resistance, to have allowed those who had so well defended themselves, shamefully to be made prisoners!" *Religieux*, MS. folio 943, verso.

† Letter from Bardolph, governor of Calais, to the duke of Bedford:—"May it please your lordship, I have been certainly advertised by the agency of different good friends, visiting this city and inarch, as well from various parts of France as from Flanders, that our lord the king . . . will have battle given him . . . at the furthest, without fail, in a fortnight . . . that the duke of Lorraine has assembled fifty thousand men, and that by the time all are drawn together, there will be no fewer than a hundred thousand, or more." Rymers, t. iv. pars. 1, p. 147, October 7th, 1415.

‡ When we find that one of these Picards, the historian Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, after having fought for the English at Azincourt, became the confidant of the house of Bur-

The army, little apprized of the facilities it would meet with in this apparently most rash undertaking, felt uneasy on quitting the neighborhood of the sea. It was the 8th when the English quitted Harfleur—the 13th when they began their march up the banks of the Somme. On the 14th, they sent a detachment to try the passage of Pont de Remy, but it was repulsed; and on the 15th, they found that Pont-Audemer was guarded as well. By the 17th, eight days had passed since their departure from Harfleur; but instead of being at Calais, they found themselves close to Amiens. The stoutest-hearted began to lose spirit, and heartily recommended themselves to St. George and the Holy Virgin.* After all, victuals did not fail them. On each day's halt they found bread and wine awaiting them; and at Boves, which belonged to the duke of Burgundy, wine was so bountifully supplied, that the king feared their getting intoxicated.†

Near Nesle the country-folk refused to bring in provisions, and fled. Again, Providence came to the aid of the English. A villager‡ informed them, that by crossing a marsh, they would find a ford. It was a long, difficult passage, seldom used, and which the French king had ordered the captain of Saint-Quentin to destroy, and even to plant with sharp-pointed stakes; but he had neglected these orders.§

The English did not lose a moment. To facilitate the passage, they levelled the adjoining houses, and flung doors, windows, ladders, and whatever they could lay their hands upon, into the water.|| They took a whole day to cross, and so tedious an operation afforded the French a fine opportunity for attacking them.

But it was not till the following day, Sunday, October the 20th, that the English king at length received the defiance of the duke of Orléans, of the duke de Bourbon, and of the constable d'Albret. These princes had lost no time; but they encountered all the obstacles sure to beset a party that undertook to defend a kingdom single-handed. Within a month they had dragged as far as Abbeville the whole

nobility of the South and of the centre; and had overcome the indecision of the royal council and the fears of the duke de Berri. The aged duke had at first wished the Orléanists and Burgundians to send five hundred lances only, each;* but all belonging to the Orléans party came. Then, recollecting Poitiers, and his flight on that disastrous day, he recommended declining battle, or that at least the king and dauphin should not be suffered to be present. He gained the latter point; but he was outvoted on the question of declining battle by a majority of thirty against five counsellors.† They spoke the national feeling. It was felt that though defeat should follow, the nation's courage at least should be made manifest, and the English not be allowed to go off laughing at our expense after this long promenade of theirs. Numbers of the gentlemen of the Low Countries desired to be our seconds in this grand duel; and those of Hainault, Brabant, Zealand, and even of Holland, remote as they were, and nowise concerned in the quarrel, repaired, despite the duke of Burgundy, to combat in our ranks.

From Abbeville, the army of the princes had on its side marched up the banks of the Somme as far as Peronne, to dispute the enemy's passage. Hearing that Henry had crossed, they sent to ask him, according to the use of chivalry, to name the day and place of battle, and what route he intended to take. The Englishman replied with becoming simplicity, "That he was going straight to Calais, and intended to enter no town, and that so he might always, with God's grace, be found in the open field." To which he added, "We entreat our enemies not to stop us on our march, and to avoid the effusion of Christian blood."

On the side of the Somme they now were, the English found themselves really in an enemy's country. They could obtain no bread, and for eight days they lived on meat, eggs butter,‡ or whatever came to hand. The princes had laid waste the country, and broken up the roads. In order to obtain quarters, the English were obliged to spread themselves over many villages; and this again afforded a favorable opportunity to the French, of which they did not avail themselves. Wholly preoccupied with the idea of fighting a splendid battle, they suffered the enemy to come on quite at his ease; stationing themselves some distance further on, near the castle of Azincourt, at a spot where the road to Calais being hemmed in between Azincourt and Tramecourt, the English king would be compelled to retreat, or to force his way by giving battle.

The English passed Blangy,§ on Thursday,

gundy, was employed by it on the most important missions, (Lefebvre, prologue, t. vii. p. 258.) and, finally, grew old in the Burgundian court as herald *Toison d'Or*, we are strongly tempted to infer that Lefebvre, though young at the time, was commissioned to Henry V. as agent from Burgundy. He did not come to see the battle only; the minute details into which he enters (p. 499) warrant the supposition that he had accompanied the English army from its entrance into Picardy. See Mademoiselle Dupont's account of Lefebvre, (Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire de France, tome ii. première partie.) This learned lady has given an entirely new life of Lefebvre, and has proved that, in general, he copies Monstrelet. However, in copying, he seems to me to have somewhat modified the description of those events of which he was himself an eye-witness.

* Sloane, MS. ap. Turner, vol. ii. p. 241, (ed. in 8vo.)

† Lefebvre, t. vii. p. 499.

‡ The two Burgundians, Monstrelet and Lefebvre, say nothing of this. We learn it from the English:—"But suddenly, in the midst of their despondency, one of the villagers communicated to the king the invaluable information." . . . Turner, vol. ii. p. 423, (ed. in 8vo.)

§ Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 330.

|| Lefebvre, t. vii. p. 501.

* At first, he had ordered the two dukes to be written to, to this effect, and forbade either to attend personally: this is stated by the duke of Burgundy in a letter to the king. Juvénal des Ursins, p. 299.

† Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 331.

‡ Lefebvre, t. viii. p. 18.

§ "When the king of England was told that he had

October 24th, when understanding that the French had completed their preparations, they supposed that they would be attacked. Their men-at-arms dismounted, and the whole army, throwing themselves on their knees, prayed God to have them in his holy keeping. However, nothing took place; the constable had not yet joined the French army. The English quartered themselves at Maisonnelle, near Azincourt, and Henry V. got rid of his prisoners, telling them, "If your masters survive, you will show yourselves at Calais."

At last they descried the immense French host, its fires, and its banners. In the judgment of an eye-witness, it must have numbered fourteen thousand men-at-arms, in all, perhaps, fifty thousand men; three times the amount of the English force,* which could not be more than eleven or twelve thousand men, out of the fifteen thousand they had brought from Harfleur, and of these, ten thousand, at the least, were archers.

David Gam, the Welshman,† who first came to give the king notice that the enemy were in sight, on being asked how many men the French might have, replied with the light, braggart tone of the Welsh, "Enow to be killed, enow to be made prisoners, and enow to run away."‡ An Englishman, Sir Walter Hungerford, could not refrain from observing that ten thousand good archers more would be very useful, and that there were as many in England who would ask no better. But the king sternly said, "I swear by our Lord that I do not wish a man more. The number that we have is the number which he has willed. These people place their confidence in their multitude, and I in Him who so often gave the victory to Judas Macabeus."

The English, still having a night before them, turned it to good account by making their preparations, and caring for soul and body as well as they could. In the first place they furled their banners, for fear of the rain, and took off and folded up the gorgeous surcoats they had put on in expectation of battle. Then, in order to pass the cold October night comfortably, they opened their knapsacks, and made up beds of straw which they had procured from the neighboring villages. The men-at-arms fastened tags to their armor,§ the archers put new

strings to their bows—the stakes which they were accustomed to place before them to repel charges of cavalry, they had had ready cut and sharpened several days before. Whilst thus preparing for victory, these brave men did not neglect their eternal safety, and endeavored to reconcile themselves with God and man, confessing themselves hastily, at least all whom the priest could manage to dispatch.* All this was done noiselessly and whisperingly. The king had ordered complete silence to be observed, under pain of loss of his horse for a gentleman, and for others, loss of the right ear.†

On the French side, it was just the reverse. They busied themselves dubbing knights: large fires in all directions, enabled the enemy to note every thing, and on all sides arose a confused hubbub and clamor of noisy and restless varlets and pages. Many gentlemen passed the night on horseback, in their heavy armor, no doubt to keep it bright and unsmirched by the mud; and what between the depth of the mud and the cold rain, they were utterly chilled. Still, if they had had music‡ . . . Even the horses were listless; not one neighed. To this gloomy augury, add depressing remembrances: Azincourt is not far from Crécy.

On the morning of the 25th of October, 1415, the feasts of Saints Crispin and Crispinian, the king of England, completely armed, but bare-headed, heard, according to his custom, three masses.§ Then his squires placed on his head a magnificent basinet, surmounted by a golden crown, circled, closed, imperial.|| He mounted

in the Harl. MS. in the Brit. Mus. marked 4826, exhibits the earl of Salisbury with palettes, in which the aiguillettes are very conspicuous." Note by Dr. Meyrick, p. 47 of the Appendix to Sir H. Nicolas's History of the Battle of Azincourt.)

—TRANSLATOR.

* Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. vii. p. 510.

† Sir H. Nicolas, p. 245.

‡ Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. vii. p. 510.

§ "Car il avoit costume d'en oyr chascun jour trois, l'une après l'autre." *Jehan de Vaurin, Chroniques d'Angleterre*, vol. v. partie i. chap. ix. f. 15 verso; *MS. de la Bibliothèque Royale*, No. 6756.

|| ("The king was clad in secure and very bright armor: he wore on his head a splendid helmet with a large crest, and encompassed with a crown of gold and jewels, and on his body a surcoat with the arms of England and France, from which a celestial splendor issued on the one side from three golden flowers planted in an azure field, on the other from three golden leopards, sporting in a ruby field; sitting on a noble horse, as white as snow, having also horses in waiting, royally decorated with the richest trappings, his army were strongly excited to martial deeds." *Elmham*, quoted by Sir H. Nicolas, p. 261.

"There is reason to believe that the basinet, shield, and saddle which he used at the battle of Azincourt, were placed near his monument. The basinet or helmet, and saddle still exist, but from their position it is impossible to examine, and very difficult to see them. Of these interesting relics, which deserve much more attention than they have hitherto received, it is said:

"Between the towers (of the chapel) extends a thick wooden bar, on the middle of which, in Sandford's time, was a shield with the arms of France and England quarterly: crest on a chapeau ermine, a lion sejant crowned. In place of this shield is now a helmet of the casque kind, which in two places has deep dents, as if made by the strokes of a battle-axe, and is otherwise bruised: some faint traces of foliage are visible in the front plate, though greatly corroded by rust, and the lower rim is still ornamented with brass quatre foils. It is highly probable that this very helmet was worn by Henry himself at the glorious battle of Azincourt, and which, as appears from our annals, was the

passed by his quarters, he stopped and said, 'God forbid, while I have my coat-of-arms on, that I should turn back.' And he went on." *Id. ibid.* p. 507.

* *Id. ibid.* p. 511. *Religieux, MS.* 945 verso. *Jehan de Vaurin, Chroniques d'Angleterre*, vol. v. partie i. chap. ix. f. 15 verso; *MS. de la Bibliothèque Royale*, No. 6756.

† Henry had Welsh and Portuguese in his army. *Rel. MS.* 928 verso. That he had Hainaulters, too, we have noticed above.

‡ *Powel, Hist. of Wales; Turner, vol. ii. p. 289.*

§ ("In the time of Henry Vth, the fronts of the shoulders, wound received in which renders a man hors de combat, were protected by circular plates called palettes, and these were attached by means of straps or points, as they were called, with tags or aiguillettes at the end. The word here implies the whole fastening. The elbows were sometimes similarly protected.—An illumination in Lydgate's Pilgrim,

a small gray hackney, without as yet putting on his spurs, and made his army move forward to take up its station on a field of young green wheat, where the ground had been less soaked by the rain. He drew his army in a single body, posting the few lances that he had in the centre, and flanking them with masses of archers; then he rode slowly along the front, addressing his men with a few words of encouragement: "You fight in a good cause, I have only come to demand my right . . . Remember that you are from old England, that your parents, wives, and children look for you at home; you must not go back empty-handed. The kings of England have ever turned France to good account . . . Save the honor of the crown, save yourselves. The French say that they will strike off three fingers from every archer's right hand."*

The ground was in such a condition that neither side was anxious to commence the attack. The English king began a parley. He offered to renounce the title of king of France, and to surrender Harfleur,† provided that he were put in possession of Guyenne, somewhat rounded, Ponthieu, and had a daughter of France to wife with a dowry of eight hundred thousand crowns. This parleying between the two armies did not shake, as might be supposed, the firmness of the English: whilst it was going on, the archers secured their stakes.

The two armies formed a strange contrast. The French army consisted of three enormous squadrons, like three forests of lances, which, in this narrow plain, were drawn up file after file, and extended to an immense depth; and in front, the constable, the princes, the dukes of Orléans, of Bar, of Alençon, with the counts of Nevers, Eu, Richemont, Vendôme, and a crowd of nobles, forming a dazzling iris of inlaid armor, scutcheons, banners, and horses fantastically trapped out in steel and gold. The French, too, had archers—the bowmen of the communes,‡ but where put them? Every place

of twice preserving his life during that desperate contest. His bruised helmet and his bended sword, though he would not suffer them to be borne before him nor shown to the people, when he made his triumphal entry into London, are known to have been objects of much interest, and it can scarcely be doubted that they were deposited here along with the other memorials of his warlike prowess, which once adorned his chapel, but of which only the saddle and the shield are now remaining. The saddle, which was originally covered with blue velvet and powdered with golden fleurs de lis, is nearly reduced to the bare wood, and the first covering of buckram on the seat: it is twenty-seven inches in length, fifteen inches high in front, and thirteen inches high behind. The shield, which is small, had a green damask lining, with semée of fleurs de lis, and across the middle, worked on rich crimson velvet, an escarbuncle. Or, in reference to Joan of Navarre, Henry's mother-in-law. Both the shield and the saddle are now fastened up against the large columns adjacent to the towers." Neale and Brayley's History of Westminster Abbey, vol. 2d, page 92. Quoted by Sir H. Nicolas, p. 403.—TRANSLATOR.

* Lefebvre, t. vii. p. 512.

† Idem, t. viii. p. 7.

‡ Four thousand archers, not including ■ numerous militia. The Parisians had offered six thousand men-at-arms; but the offer was not accepted. A knight observed on this occasion, "What need have we of these workmen? We are

was filled up, no one would have resigned his; men such as they would have disgraced so noble an assembly.* They had cannon too, but do not appear to have made use of them; probably they could not find room for them either.

The English army was in no handsome array. The archers were without armor, many without shoes; their heads poorly protected by caps of boiled leather, or of wicker hatched with iron; and their bills and axes stuck into their girdles, gave them the look of carpenters. Many of the good workmen had let down their "hosen" in order to be at their ease and go thoroughly to work, first at bending the bow,† then at handling the axe when they should be able to leave their enclosure of stakes, and hew at these immoveable masses.

A strange, incredible, and yet certain fact is, that in reality the French army could not stir either to fight or to fly. The rear-guard alone effected its escape.

At the decisive moment, when old Sir Thomas Erpingham, having drawn up the English army, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, "Now strike,"‡ a signal which the English answered by a formidable shout from ten thousand voices, the French army, to their great astonishment, remained motionless. Horses and knights appeared to be enchanted, or struck dead in their armor. The fact was that their large battle-steeds, weighed down with their heavy riders and lumbering caparisons of iron, had all their feet completely sunk in the deep wet clay; they were fixed there, and could only struggle out to crawl on a few steps at a walk.

This is the confession of the historians of the English party themselves, a confession which does honor to their probity.§

already three times more numerous than the English." The Religieux remarks, that the same fault was committed ■ at Courtrai, at Poitiers, and Nicopolis, adding reflections that are bold for that day. Religieux, MS. f. 945 verso.

"Each," says the Religieux, "wished to lead the vanguard . . . and a wordy war (*verbalis controversia*) arose on this point, until at last, Oh grief! they resolved that all should be stationed there."—So Mirabeau's grandfather informs us, that at the bridge of Cassano the officers were on the point of drawing swords on one another, all wishing to be foremost in the attack. Mémoires de Mirabeau.

† The English archers were accustomed to push the bow with the left arm, while the French used to draw the string with the right; so that, with the latter, the left arm remained immoveable, and the right with the former. To this difference of habit, Mr. Gilpin attributes the difference of the term used in the two languages—the French saying *tirer de l'arc*, "to draw the bow," while the English say "to bend the bow."

‡ Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 340.

§ (Sir Harris Nicolas says in his preface:—"If an author be permitted to anticipate that his work will be attended with any particular result, the hope may be expressed that this account of the battle of Azincourt will tend to remove the absurd impression that the victory must be contemplated with humiliating feelings in France. There is no truth with which the consideration has more deeply impressed him, than that the bravery, the exalted patriotism, and the chivalrous courage of the French character, instead of being tarnished, acquired new lustre on that memorable occasion. The French army was, it is true, almost annihilated by scarcely a tenth of its numbers; but that defeat was the result of a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances, and

Lefebvre, Jean de Vaurin, and Walsingham* expressly say that the plain was a perfect slough. "The ground was soft and cut up by the trampling of the horses, so that they found great difficulty in extricating themselves, so soft was it."

"On the other hand," again says Lefebvre, "the French were so laden with harness that they could not move forward. In the first place, they were laden with heavy breast and back plates of steel, which reached to their knees, besides armor for their legs, and hausse-cols which were placed over the camail that hung from the basinet . . . They were so crowded together that they could not lift their arms to strike their enemies, except some who were in the front."†

Another historian of the English party informs us, that the French were drawn up thirty-two files deep, whilst the English were only four files deep.‡ This enormous depth was of no use to the French; their thirty-two files consisted wholly, or almost wholly, of horsemen, most of whom, far from being able to act, did not even see the action. Now all the English were brought into action; and, out of the fifty thousand French, there were only two or three thousand to oppose the eleven thousand English, or, at least, who would have been able to oppose them, could they have extricated their horses out of the slough.

To arouse these inert masses, the English archers rained, with unceasing shower, ten thousand arrows right in their faces. The iron horsemen stooped their heads, otherwise the arrows would have pierced through the visors of their casques. Then two squadrons of the

left no just stain upon its military fame, beyond error in judgment on the part of its leaders."

Again he says, p. 131—

"Without attempting to take one laurel from the brows of the victors, or wishing, even in the slightest degree, to lessen the glory of a triumph which has never been surpassed, it may be said, that any army, no matter of what extent, would, under precisely similar circumstances, be annihilated; that the leaders of the French were alone to blame for the defeat which they sustained at Azincourt, not from any want of bravery after it commenced, but for suffering themselves to be attacked in such a position; and that brilliant as is the event in the English annals, it is no otherwise humiliating to the French, than from the consideration that it arose from the want of military skill in their commanders. He, therefore, who attempts to deduce from that battle, proof of superior prowess on the part of the conquerors, or founds on it a reflection on the courage of the vanquished, betrays consummate ignorance of the real merits of the case."—TRANSLATOR.

* Even the infantry found great difficulty in moving, "on account of the softness of the ground . . . over the muddy plain." Walsingham, p. 392. Jean de Vaurin was present at the battle, like Lefebvre, but with the opposite party:—"I, an actor in this work, know the truth about it, for in this assembly I was on the side of the French." *Jehan de Vaurin*, vol. v. partie i. chap. ix. p. 16, *MS. de la Bibliothèque Royale*, No. 6756.

† "D'autre part, les François estoient si chargés de harnois qu'ils ne pouvoient aller avant. Premièrement, estoient chargés de cottes d'acier longues, passants les genoux et moult pesantes, et pardessus harnois de jambes et pardessus blancs harnois, et de plus bachelins de carnuil. . . . Ils estoient si pressés l'un de l'autre, qu'ils ne pouvoient lever leurs bras pour frer les ennemis, sinon aucuns qui estoient au front." Lefebvre, t. viii. p. 8.

‡ Titus Livius, p. 27. Lingard, vol. iii. p. 350.

French, wheeling round from both wings, from the one resting on Tramecourt and the other on Azincourt, by dint of furious spurring, moved on slowly to the charge. They were commanded by two excellent men-at-arms, messire Clignet de Brabant, and messire Guillaume de Saveuse. The first squadron, that from Tramecourt, was riddled by a body of archers, concealed in the copses,* who took it unexpectedly in flank. Neither squadron reached the English line.

Of twelve hundred men engaged in this charge, not more than a hundred and twenty got clear, to run upon the stakes of the English archers. The greater number had fallen by the way; men and horses rolled in the mud. Would to Heaven all had so fallen; but those whose horses were only wounded could no longer manage the ungovernable animals, who bore them back on their own ranks.† The vanguard, far from being able to open to allow them to pass, was, as we have seen, so closely wedged together as to be immoveable. One may imagine the fearful scene that took place in this serried mass, the horses startled, backing, maddened by the press, throwing their riders, or bruising them in their armor between iron and iron.

Then the English came up. Quitting their fortress of stakes, and throwing aside their bows and arrows, they marched on quite at their ease, with hatchets, bills, heavy swords, and leaded maces,‡ to demolish this mountain of men and horses mixed together. In time they managed to clear away the vanguard; and then attacked, with their king at their head, the second division.

It was, perhaps, at this moment that eighteen French gentlemen made a dash at the English monarch. They had sworn, it was said, to die or to beat his crown from off his head; one of them struck a gem from it, and all perished.§ This, it was said, did not content historians. They embellish the rumor, and make an Homeric scene out of it, where the king fights over the body of his wounded brother, as Achilles did over that of Patroclus. Next it is the duke of Alençon, the commander of the French army, who kills the duke of York, and cleaves the king's crown. Being quickly surrounded, he surrenders; Henry stretches forth his hand to him, but the duke is killed the while.||

What is more certain is, that as the second

* Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 339. Some say that the English king dispatched a body of archers to take the French in the rear; but this is disproved by the eye-witnesses.

† Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. viii. p. 11.

‡ Ictus reiterabant mortales, inusitato etiam armorum genere usi quisque eorum in parte maxima clavam plumbeam gestabant, quæ capiti alicujus afflicta mox illum præcipitabat ad terram moribundum. *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, *MS.* folio 950.

§ Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. viii. p. 5.

|| This embellishment is quite in Monstrelet's style, t. iii. p. 355. He places it apart from his description of the battle, and after the long list of the dead. Lefebvre, an eye-witness, has not been able to make up his mind to copy Monstrelet here.

division was about to be assaulted, the duke of Brabant came up in haste. He was the duke of Burgundy's own brother, and seemed to have arrived on purpose to redeem the honor of his family. He arrived late indeed, but still in time to die. The brave prince had outstripped his followers; he had not even had time to don his surcoat, but, as a substitute, took his banner, tore a hole in it, put it over his head, and charging right upon the English, was slain at the first shock.

There remained the reserve, which was not long in dispersing. A number of French horsemen, dismounted, but raised up by their varlets, had withdrawn from the fight, and surrendered to the English. At this moment word was brought the king, that a body of the enemy was plundering his baggage; and, besides, he saw some Bretons or Gascons belonging to the reserve, apparently threatening to fall upon him. He felt a momentary fear, especially as he saw his men embarrassed with so many prisoners, and at once ordered every man to kill those who belonged to him. Not one obeyed. These shoeless and stockingless soldiers, who saw the greatest lords of France in their power, and thought they had made their fortune, were ordered to ruin themselves. . . . The king then appointed two hundred men to act as executioners. It was, says the historian, a fearful sight to see these poor, unarmed men, who had just received assurance of safety, butchered, decapitated, hewn into pieces, in cold blood*. . . The alarm was groundless. They were marauders belonging to the neighborhood, inhabitants of Azincourt, who, despite of the duke of Burgundy, their master, had seized the opportunity. He punished them severely,† although they had saved from the booty a rich sword for his son.

The battle over, the archers set about stripping the dead while they were yet warm. Many were drawn out alive from underneath the heaps of the slain; among those so recovered was the duke of Orléans. The next day, on marching off the field, the victor took or slew all that remained alive.‡

"It was a piteous sight to see the great nobles who lay slain there, stripped as naked as the low-born." The spectacle affected the English priest no less:—"And if that sight caused compunction and compassion in us who were strangers passing through the country, how much more did it excite mourning and distress in the native inhabitants, as they waited and saw the soldiery of the country destroyed and disarmed in such a manner. . . . Oh! that

the French nation would come to peace and unity with the English, and turn back from their iniquities, and their wicked ways." Then severity prevails over compassion, and he adds, "let his grief be turned upon his head."*

The English had lost sixteen hundred men; the French ten thousand, almost all of generous blood, a hundred and twenty of whom were lords banneret. The list fills six large pages in Monstrelet. First, seven princes, (the duke of Brabant, the count of Nevers, the constable d'Albret,† the duke of Alençon, the duke of Bar, and his two brothers;) then, lords innumerable, Dampiere, Vaudemont, Marle, Roussy, Salm, Dammartin, &c., &c.; the baillis of the Vermandais, of Macon, Sens, Senlis, Caen, Meaux, and an archbishop, the brave archbishop of Sens, Montaigu, who fought like a lion.

The duke of Burgundy's son bestowed the charity of a fosse on the dead who were left naked on the field of battle. A square was measured out, presenting a frontage of five-and-twenty yards; and, in this enormous fosse, all were buried who had not been removed; the number, by an account kept, amounted to five thousand eight hundred men. The ground was blessed; and all around was planted a strong fence of thorns, for fear of wolves.‡

There were no more than fifteen hundred prisoners; the conquerors having killed, as we have mentioned, all that gave a sign of life. These prisoners were no less than the dukes of Orléans and of Bourbon, the count d'Eu, the count of Vendôme, the count de Richemont, the marshal de Boucicaut, messire Jacques d'Harcourt, messire Jean de Craon, &c. It was an entire French colony transported into England.

After the battle of Meloria, lost by the Pisans, it was said, "Do you want to see Pisa, go to Genoa." After Azincourt, one might have said, "Do you want to see France, go to London."

These prisoners had been made by the common soldiers. The king had an excellent bar-

* Manuscript quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 275.

† The constable was happy in his death, which at once refuted the charges of treachery brought against him. The Religieux frequently recurs (folios 940, 946, 948) to these reports of his treason, which, it is likely, were circulated, particularly at Paris, by the secret influence of the Burgundian party. Nowhere are these charges more directly brought than in the anonymous account published by M. Tailliar:—"Charles d'Albret, constable of France, frequently took his meals with the king in the English army. . . . The constable kept himself in his good towns, and issued ■ prohibition, as if from the king of France, against taking up arms, (et faisoit défendre de par le roi de France que on ne le combattesit nient.)" The manifest falsehood of this last charge would lead one to suspect this anonymous account to emanate from the duke of Burgundy. The writer, too, commits numerous mistakes; he believes it to be Clignet de Brabant who plundered the English camp, &c. In the same page, he calls Henry V. sometimes king of France, sometimes king of England. *Archives du Nord de la France et du Midi de la Belgique, (Valenciennes,) 1839.*

‡ Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 358. According to the anonymous account published by M. Tailliar, the true number of the slain could never be known; those who had buried them swore never to divulge it. *Archives du Nord de la France, (Valenciennes, 1839.)*

■ "Moult pitoyable chose; car de sang froid . . . qui estoit une merveilleuse chose à voir." Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. viii. p. 14.

† It is the Burgundian historian who gives this fact. Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 345.

‡ Lefebvre, t. viii. pp. 16, 17. Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 347. M. de Barante says, I know not on what authority, "Henry V. put a stop to the carnage, and had the wounded assisted." *Hist. des ducs de Bourgogne*, third edition, t. iv. p. 250.

gain of them, for he bought them at a low sum, and exacted enormous ransoms of them.* Meanwhile they were kept in close custody. Henry did not pique himself on imitating the courtesy of the Black Prince.

Henry the Fourth's widow, the widow, at the time she married that monarch, of the duke of Brittany, had the misfortune of seeing her son Arthur a prisoner at London. In this sad interview she had seated in her place a lady, whom Arthur took to be her. The mother's heart bled at the mistake:—"Unhappy child," she exclaimed, "do you not recollect me, then?" They were separated: the king allowed no further communication betwixt mother and son.†

The bitterest for the prisoners was the undergoing the sermons of this king of the priests,‡ of enduring his morality and humility. Immediately after the battle, standing among the dead and wounded, he sent for the herald of France, Montjoie, and said, "It is not we who have committed this slaughter; it is God, for the sins of the French." Then he gravely inquired whose the victory might be, the French king's or his? "Your's, sire," replied the French herald.§

On his march hence to Calais, he ordered, when he came to a halt, bread and wine to be taken to the duke of Orléans; and being told that the prisoner would taste nothing, he went to him and said, "Fair cousin, how do you find yourself?" "Well, my lord." "How comes it that you neither eat nor drink?" "'Tis true I fast." "Fair cousin, grieve not. I know that if God has favored me with victory over the French, it is not for my deserts, but, as I firmly believe, to punish them. Indeed there is nothing surprising in it if all I am told be true; for they say that never has there been seen so many disorders, so much indulgence in pleasure, sin, and wickedness, as may now be seen in France. It is piteous and horrifying to hear. No wonder if God's wrath be awakened."||

Was it sure that England was commissioned to punish France? Was France so completely deserted by God as to require this English discipline, and these charitable lectures?

An eye-witness says, that just before the battle he saw, from the English ranks, a touching sight in the other army. The French of all parties threw themselves into each other's arms, and exchanged mutual forgiveness, breaking bread with one another. From this moment, he adds, hate was changed into love.¶

I cannot find that the English exchanged mutual forgiveness and reconciliation.** They

confessed themselves: each did all that was correct and proper, without troubling himself about the rest.

This English army seems to have been an orderly, well-conducted, soberly-behaved army. No gaming, nor women, nor oaths, were permitted in it. One can hardly tell what they had to confess.

Which died in the happier state? Which side had we rather have been of? . . . The duke of Burgundy's son, Philippe-le-Bon, whom his father hindered from joining the French, exclaimed forty years afterwards—"Nothing can console me for not having been at Azincourt, to have lived or died there."*

The excellence of the French disposition, so clearly shown in this unfortunate battle, is nobly acknowledged by the Englishman, Walsingham, on another occasion:—"When the duke of Lancaster invaded Castile, and his soldiers were dying of hunger, they asked for passes, and went into the Castilian camp, where there were many French auxiliaries. The latter were affected by the miserable plight of the English, showed them all kindness, and supplied them with food.† The fact speaks volumes."

Yet would I fain add the charming verses, full of goodness and amiability,‡ which the duke of Orléans, five-and-twenty years a prisoner in England,§ addresses on his departure to an

ty; some, undoubtedly, were partisans of Mortimer, others of Lancaster; some Lollards, others orthodox.

* "And this . . . I heard the count de Charlerois say, after he had reached the age of sixty-seven." Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. vii. p. 506.

† De suis victualibus refecerunt, p. 342.—Walsingham adds to this a remark of the utmost consequence: Nemo est utrique genti, Angliæ scilicet atque Gallie, licet sibi in propriis sint infesti regionibus, in remotis partibus tanquam fratres subvenire et fidem ad invicem inviolabilem observare. (For it is the wont of these two peoples, namely the English and the French, although deadly enemies in their own land, yet in foreign parts to assist each other like brothers, and to act towards each other with the most scrupulous honor.) Walsingham, *ibidem*.—The fact is, they are brothers, enemies—but after all, brothers.

‡ Notwithstanding the gentleness of his disposition, Charles of Orléans had entertained some thoughts of vengeance after his father's death. The devices on his jewels, according to an inventory drawn up in 1409, seem to allude to this:—"Item, a verge d'or (gold ring?) on which is inscribed, *Dieu le set*, (God knows it.)—Item, another flat gold ring, on which is inscribed *Souviens vous de*, (Remember that)—Item, two others, on which is inscribed *Inverbesserin*—Item, a silver bracelet enamelled with green, inscribed, *Inverbesserin*." Inventory of the jewellery, in gold and silver, belonging to my lord the duke of Orléans, drawn up in presence of my said lord, by my lord de Gaule and my lord de Chaumont, the third day of December, in the year 1409, and written by me, Hugues Perrier, &c.—This curious document was discovered in the papers of the Célestins of Paris. *Archives du Royaume*. L. 1539.

§ ("The duke of Orléans was first sent to Windsor, then to Pomfret castle; about 1430 to the Tower, and in 1433, was committed to the charge of the duke of Suffolk, with an allowance of 14s. 4d. a day, but was transferred to that of Sir Reginald Cobham in 1436. The prince remained in the Tower until July, 1440, when he paid 100,000 nobles for his ransom, and solaced himself during his long imprisonment with literature. A volume of poems, both in French and English, proves that he was endowed with taste and genius, and a copy of them in the British Museum, which contains the earliest view of London, is remarkable for the ingenious manner in which the stages of his imprisonment are represented. The duke first appears in a boat going to the Tower then in apartments in that fortress writing his poems. ■

* *Religieux*, MS. f. 952, verso.

† *Mémoire d'Arthur* iii. edit. Godefroy, (*Histoire de Charles VII.* p. 745.)

‡ *Principes Presbyterorum*, Walsingham, p. 390.

§ *Monstrelet*, t. iii. p. 346.

|| *Lefebvre de Saint-Remy*, t. viii. p. 17.

¶ *Ibidem*, p. 4.

** And yet they were far from belonging to the same par-

English family that had been his jailers.* His captivity lasted almost as long as his life. As long as the English believed that he had a chance of the throne, they would not take ransom for him. Confined, at first, with his fellow-captives, in Windsor Castle, he was soon separated from them, to be imprisoned in that of Pomfret—a sombre and sinister prison, unwont to give back those whom it had once received—witness, Richard II.

Here he passed long years; honorably treated,† but severely, without company, or means of unbending the mind; at the utmost, flying the hawk,‡ a kind of hunting followed by ladies, generally on foot, and almost without changing place. This was but a sorry amusement in that land of fog and of ennui, where it requires all the dissipations of society, and the most violent exercises, to divert one from the depressing effects of the monotony of a sun without play of light, of a climate without change of season, and of a sky without a sun.

But, for all the English could do, a ray from the sun of France ever shone upon this Pomfret castle. The most thoroughly French songs that we possess were written there by Charles of Orléans.§ Our Béranger of the fifteenth century,|| so long encaged, sung but the better for it.

next occurs at a window, viewing the retinue which is to escort him. Again, at the entrance, receiving the gratulations of a knight on his emancipation; and lastly, disappears under the gate of the Tower with a train of horsemen. One of the conditions on which the duke of Orléans was released, was that he would never bear arms against England, to which he was sworn on the sacrament, in the presence of Henry the Sixth and his peers; and even then his enlargement was opposed by the duke of Gloucester, who departed from the council as soon as the service of the mass, which formed part of the ceremony, commenced." Sir H. Nicolas, p. 178.)—TRANSLATOR.

* "My worthiest host and sweetest hostess." *Poésies de Charles d'Orléans*, p. 365.

† See the curious account of the purchase of fourteen beds for the principal prisoners—pillows, bolsters, feathers, Flanders linen, &c. Rymer, third edition, t. iv. p. i. p. 155, March, 1416.

‡ There were other poets among the prisoners made at Azincourt, and the marshal Boucicaut among the rest. *Livre des Faits du Maréchal Boucicaut*. Mém. Coll. Petitot, t. vi. p. 397.

§ Ibidem, p. 156.

|| To form a complete Béranger of that day, would require the union of Eustache Deschamps with Charles of Orléans. Eustache would supply the patriotic, satirical, sensual phases of Béranger. See his poem—"Paix n'aurez ja, s'ils ne rendent Calais," (No peace without Calais, will we.) p. 71.—At times he soars a very lofty flight. In the following ballad, he seems fully to enter into the Titanic and Satanic character of the country of Byron, (See my Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle):—

"Selon le Brut, de l'isle des Géans
Qui depuis fut Albions appelée,
Peuple maudit, tardis en Dieu créans
Sera l'isle de tous poins désolée.
Par leur orgueil vient la dure journée
Dont leur prophète Merlin
Pronostica leur doloireuse fin,
Quand il escript: *vie perdrez et terre.*
Lors monstreront estrangez et voisins:
Au temps jadis estoit cy Angleterre.

*
Visaige d'ange portez (*Angli Angeli*) mais la pensée
De diable est en vous touz dis sortissans
A Lucifer
Destruiz serey; Grecs diront et Latins:
Au temps jadis estoit cy Angleterre.

(According to rumor, the land of the island of Giants, since

He is, perhaps, a somewhat weak Béranger, but never bitter, never vulgar, full of good-will to all, gracious, and amiable. His gentle gayety never goes beyond a smile, and this smile sits near the fount of tears.* One would think this to be the reason why his poems are so short; that he has often to stop lest his tears should overflow And when they well forth, they last—no longer than an April shower.

Most commonly, indeed, his song is the lark's in April† The note is not strong, nor sustained, nor deeply impassioned.‡ It is the lark's, nothing more;§ it is not the nightingale.

called Albion—an accursed people, late believers in God—shall be laid entirely waste. Through their pride comes the dreadful day, their dolorous end, of which their prophet Merlin prognosticated when he wrote, *Ye shall lose life and land*. Then, strangers and neighbors shall point and say—*In time past there was England*. . . . Angels' faces ye bear, (*Angles from Angels*.) but the disposition of the devil is in you all, from the day ye went out from Lucifer. . . . Ye shall be destroyed. Greeks and Latins shall say, *In time past there was England*.)

* "Fortune, vuelliezz moi laisser," (Fortune, wilt thou forsake me?) p. 170.—"Puisqu' ainsi est que vous allez en France, duc de Bourbon, mon compaignon très-cher," (Since, Bourbon, my dearest companion, you depart for France,) p. 206.—"En la forêt d'ennuyeuse tristesse," (In the forest of wearying sadness,) p. 209.—"En regardant vers le pays de France," (On looking towards the land of France,) p. 323.—"Ma très douce Valentinée, Pour moy fustes-vous trop tôt née," (Too early were you born for me, my sweetest Valentina,) p. 269. This breathes the same spirit as Voltaire's—

"Si vous voulez que j'aime encore

Rendez-moi l'âge des amours"

(If you wish me still to love, give me back the age for love.)

And as Béranger's—

"Vous pleurerez, O ma belle maîtresse,
Vous pleurerez, et je ne serai plus"

(You will weep, sweetheart, you will weep, and I shall be gone.)

† Cesar, who was a poet too, and was so full of mind, called his Gaulish legion the *tark*, (alauda,) the singing legion. . . . See vol. i. p. 49.

‡ There is, however, a lively burst of passion in the following verses:—

"Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse, bonne et belle!
* * * * *
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tous jours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder.
La gracieuse, bonne et belle!
Par deça, ni dela la mer,
Ne scays dame ni demoy selle
Qui soit en tout bien parfait telle.
C'est un songe, que d'y penser!
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder."

(Heavens! what good it does to look upon her, her the gracious, good, and fair! Who could tire of her, each day her beauty renews. Heavens! what good it does to look upon her, her the gracious, good, and fair. Neither on this, nor on the other side of the sea, do I know dame or demoiselle so perfect in every grace as she. It is a dream to think of her. Heavens! what good it does to look upon her.) Charles d'Orléans, p. 48.

The poor prisoner had another misfortune to bear; he was always in love. Many of his verses were addressed to a fair lady on this side of the straits. The English women, probably kinder to him than the English men, have borne him no ill-will on this account, if it be true that they have chosen Valentine's day as their festival of love, in memory of him and of his mother Valentina. See, *Poésies de Charles d'Orléans*—note at p. 42, ed 1803.

§ "Le temps a quitté son manteau
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie."

Idem, p. 257.

(The season has cast off its cloak of wind, of coldness, and of rain.)

Such was, generally speaking, the spirit of our primitive and unsophisticated France; somewhat too light, perhaps, for the serious tone of the present day. It was in poetry, what it is in its wines, in its women. Those wines of ours most sought and relished by the world at large, are, it is true, only a breath, but a spiritual breath. No more is French beauty easy to define; it is not the fine blood of England, or the regularity of Italy—what is it then? Motion, grace, an indefinable something, and all the pretty nothings.

With other times comes other poetry. No matter; this lives, and has been surpassed by nothing in the same style. And not long since, when these songs themselves were forgotten, a feeble imitation, a faithless and distant echo, has sufficed to transport us.*

However palled you may be by the books innumerable, and manifold events of the day, however absorbed by the profound literature of foreign countries, and by their powerful music, preserve, my countrymen, ever preserve a warm recollection of that amiable poesy, of those sweet songs, in which your fathers have expressed their joys, their loves, of those songs which touched the hearts of your mothers, and of which you yourselves were born

I have wandered, it seems, but I owed this to the poet, to the prisoner. After this immense misfortune, I owed it, also, to the conquered, to say that they were less deserving of contempt than the conquerors have supposed Perhaps, too, whilst a submissive imitation of English manners and modes of thinking is daily on the increase,† perhaps it is not without its use to say a word in favor of that antique France which has passed away Where is that France of the middle age and of the *renaissance*, of Charles of Orléans and of Froissart? Villon had already asked the question in verses tinged with a deeper melan-

These pretty strains of the lark remind one of that old little song, unacquainted in lightness and vivacity—

"J'étois petite et simplette
Quand à l'école on me mit,
Et je n'y ai rien appris
Qu'un petit mot d'amourette
Et toujours je le redis,
Depuis qu'ay un bel amy."

(I was little and simple when I was put to school, and I learned nothing there save a little word of love. . . . And ever I am repeating it since I have got a gentle friend.)
I care little to know who is the author of the poems of Clotilde Surville. It is sufficient to make me believe them admirable, to know that Lamartine, while a youth, learned them by heart. All the world now knows that the second volume is from the pen of the ingenious M. Nodier, the indefatigable investigator of our old literature, and the bold precursor of the new.—See M. Daunou's notice of Vanderbourg.

† M. de Chateaubriand makes the same complaint, (*Essai sur la Poésie Anglaise*, t. i. p. 349;) a complaint made by Perlin as early as the sixteenth century:—"Il me despitait que ces vilains estans en leur pays nous crachent à la face, et eulx estans à la France, on les honore et révère, comme petits dieux." (It disgusts me to find these wretches, in their own country spitting in our faces, and that when they come to France we honor and revere them as if they were little gods.) Perlin, *Description d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse*, 1558, 8vo, folio 10.

choly than was to be looked for from so joyous a fondling of Paris:—

"Dites-moi en quel pays
Est Flora, la belle Romaine?
Où est la très sage Héloïse?
La reine Blanche, comme un Ils,
Qui chantoit à voix de Sirène?
. . . . Et Jeanne, la bonne Lorraine
Qu'Anglais brûlèrent à Rouen?
* * * *
Où sont-ils, Vierge souveraine?
—Où sont les, neiges de l'autre ■■■?"*

CHAPTER II.

DEATHS OF THE CONSTABLE D'ARMAGNAC
OF THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY—HENRY V., A. D.
1416–1422.

Two men had absented themselves from the battle of Azincourt, the leaders of the two parties, the duke of Burgundy and the count d'Armagnac. Both had reserved themselves.

The king of England had done them service. He had slain not only their enemies, but their friends, their rivals of their own side. Henceforward there was clear ground for them; they had the game to themselves. The two ravens swooped down on the battle-field, and battered on the corpses.

Whose Paris was to be was the question. The duke of Burgundy, who, since July, had kept on foot an army of Burgundians, Lorrainers, and Savoyards, took ten thousand horse with him, and galloped straight to Paris. He was too late; it was taken.

Armagnac was in the city with six thousand Gascons. He had king and dauphin, as well as Paris, in his hands. He assumed the sword of Constable.

The duke of Burgundy halted at Lagny, whence he daily sent messages to his partisans that he was about to march on Paris, assuring them that it was he who had defended the fords of the Somme against the English—all in the hope that the capital would at last declare in his favor. He lingered on in this wise two months and a half at Lagny, until the Parisians nicknamed him "Jean de Lagny qui n'a hâte," (John of Lagny, Nohurry;) a nickname which stuck to him.

Armagnac remained master of Paris; and the more completely master from the deaths, within a few months, of those who had sum-

* (Tell me in what country is Flora, the fair Roman? Where is the wisest Heloise? Where queen Blanche, fair as a lily, who sung with siren voice? And Joan, the good Lorrainer, burned by the English at Rouen? Where are they, O sovereign Virgin?—Where is last year's snow?)

There is infinite grace and sweetness in these verses; the last forms a burden, which recurs with singularly saddening effect. I have altered it a little for perspicuity's sake: it runs—

Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?

(But where ■■■ autumn's snows?)

Villon, ed. de M. Prompsault, p. 156

moned him thither—of the duke de Berri, the king of Sicily, and the dauphin. On the demise of the latter,* the king's second son became dauphin; and the duke of Burgundy, by whom he had been brought up, was in hopes of governing in his name. But this second dauphin died; and so did a third, five-and-twenty days afterwards. The fourth dauphin lived: he was just what the constable wanted; he was a child.

Armagnac, so well treated by death, found himself for a moment king. The perilled kingdom required a man. Armagnac was a bad man, and capable of any evil; but, after all, it cannot be denied that he was a man of head and of action.†

The English were indulging in triumphal rejoicings, in processions, and in Te Deums,‡ and were talking of proceeding in spring to take possession of their city of Paris, when they suddenly learn that Harfleur is besieged. After this terrible battle, which had so lowered the courage of most, Armagnac had the daring to undertake this great siege.

He thought at first to take the place by surprise. He left Paris, although so little sure of it—this was risking Paris for Harfleur. He went himself with a troop of gentlemen; they quailed, and he strung them up as if they had been villains.

Harfleur could be advantageously attacked the side of the sea only. Armagnac applied for vessels to the Genoese. Although they had just expelled the French from Genoa, they nevertheless accepted French money, and furnished a complete fleet—nine large galleys, carracks for the machines employed in sieges, three hundred vessels of all sizes, and five thousand Genoese or Catalan archers.§ And these Genoese fought the huge ocean ships

bravely with their Mediterranean galleys, and repulsed the first fleet which the English sent against them.

Where did Armagnac find the money to support this enormous expense? He could draw nothing from the kingdom. Paris alone was in his power, besides his own fiefs of Languedoc and Gascony; he squeezed and drained Paris.

The Burgundian was still strong there; and an extensive conspiracy was entered into to place it in his hands, at the head of which was a certain lame canon, the brother of the last bishop.* Armagnac discovered all. The canon, arrayed in a violet-colored cloak, was promenaded in a tumbril, and then sentenced to perpetual imprisonment on bread and water. It was given out that the plot had been to kill the king and dauphin; and numerous executions and *noyades* followed. Armagnac, who knew what degree of confidence to repose in the Parisians, organized a quick and terrible police, on the Italian plan: he was said, too, to make war on the Lombard fashion. Bathing in the Seine was prohibited, for fear the numbers of the forcibly drowned should be counted: we know that it was forbidden in Venice to swim in the canal Orfano.

The parliament was purged, as were the Châtelet and the University; three or four hundred burgesses were thrust out of Paris, and all sent to Orléans. The queen, who carried on a secret correspondence with the Burgundian, was sent prisoner to Tours, and one of her lovers flung into the river.†

Armagnac took from the Parisians their chains for the streets, and their arms as well. He suppressed the *grande boucherie*, dividing it into four, for the four quarters of the town. The trade of butcher was no longer to be hereditary, but was thrown open to all fit to exercise it.

Though deprived of their arms, the burgesses were nevertheless not exempt from the cares of war.‡ They were obliged to assess themselves to furnish men-at-arms, in the proportion of one man-at-arms to every three burgesses; and were compelled to labor personally at the fortifications, and to clear out the fosses, one day out of five, each.

■ To credit the historian of the Burgundian party, it was the design of the canon and the other conspirators to massacre the princes. "On Good Friday, after dinner." *Monstrelet*, t. iii. p. 377.

† "Messire Loys Bourdon, on his way from Paris to the wood of Vincennes . . . as he passed by near the king, did him reverence, and then rode on with a careless air . . . (he was arrested) . . . And afterwards, by the king's orders, he was put to the question, and then put into a leathern sack and cast into the Seine. On the sack was written, '*Laissez passer la justice du Roy*.' (Stay not the course of the king's justice.)" *Lefebvre de Saint-Remy*, t. viii. p. 52.

‡ "And the poor folk were driven out of their houses in order to lodge the followers of the Armagnac captains, and it was only by dint of prayer and with great trouble that they were allowed the shelter of their own hôtel, and these scoundrels slept in their beds." *Journal du Bourgeois*, ed. Buchon, t. xiv. p. 209.

* "On this day died my lord Louis of France, eldest son of our lord the king, dauphin of the Viennois and duke of Guyenne, aged twenty or thereabouts, handsome, of good stature, but fat, heavy, slow, and inert; exceedingly curious and costly in dress and jewels, *circa cultum sui corporis*, (for the setting off of his person,) covetous exceedingly of grandeur and of external honor, very expensive in ornaments for his privy chapel, purchasing large images of gold and silver, taking great pleasure in the music of the organ, which, among other worldly delights, he followed up so eagerly, as to keep a number of young choristers for his chapel; and he was well skilled both in Latin and Greek, but made little use of his knowledge, for his pleasure was to pass the whole night sitting up and trifling, and the day in sleeping; he dined at three or four in the afternoon, supped at midnight, and went to bed at daybreak, and often when the sun was rising, and so it was hardly possible that he could live long." *Archives du Royaume. Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiv. f. 39 verso, 19 Décembre, 1415.

† From this time forward the Religieux de Saint-Denis is wholly Armagnac; a great testimony in favor of this party, which was, indeed, the party of national defence.

‡ And in ballads:—

"As the king lay musing on his bed,
He thought himself upon a time,
Those tributes due from the French king,
That had not been paid for so long a time,
Fal, la! la! la! fal larall, larall, la.

"He called unto his lovely page,
His lovely page away came he," &c., &c.

Ballad quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas in his History of the Battle of Azincourt, Appendix, p. 75

§ *Religieux, MS. Baluze, partie 1. folio 24.*

It was ordained that each house should lay in a certain quantity of corn; and to encourage the bringing in of provisions, Armagnac suppressed the *octroi*, (the duty payable at the gates.) By way of indemnification, however, the other taxes were paid twice in the year; and the citizens were obliged to buy all the salt that they required from the public granaries at a high price, and with ready money—the tax-gatherers excepted. Paris sank under the burden of having to defray alone all the expenses of the king and kingdom.

The duke of Burgundy was undoubtedly more easily circumstanced than the constable. He dispatched messengers to the large towns to forbid all payment of taxes in the king's and dauphin's names. Abbeville, Amiens, Auxerre, received this prohibition gratefully, and eagerly obeyed it.* Armagnac, fearful that Rouen would do the same, was for sending troops there; but, rather than admit his Gascons, Rouen slew its bailli and shut its gates.†

The duke of Burgundy moved forward to try Paris, which would have asked no better than to be quit of the constable: but he kept close. Though unable to enter, the duke increased at least the fermentation of men's minds by rendering provisions scarcer than ever; for he put a stop to all supplies from Rouen and from the Beauce. Even the monks, says the historian, were obliged to lay down their kitchens. The king being given to understand, in a lucid interval, that the meagerness of his meals was the work of the Burgundian, his remark to the constable was—"Why do you not drive these fellows away?"‡

Having no means of inflicting a direct wound on his enemy, the duke struck him indirectly a severe blow. He bore off the queen from Tours. She declared herself regent, and issued an edict forbidding the payment of taxes;§ an edict which was circulated not only in the north, but in the south, in Languedoc. This was death to Armagnac. Paris alone was left him; Paris ruined, famishing, and furious.

The king of England had no need to hasten; the French were doing his work—they were enough to ruin France. Emboldened by the neutrality and private good-will of the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, and constantly treating with the Armagnacs, he had the good sense to wait, and defer marching on Paris. With true political forecast, he set about the conquest of Normandy; reducing, first, Lower, then Upper, Normandy—Caen in 1417, Rouen in 1418.

Armagnac had no power to offer any check. He had trouble enough to retain his hold of Paris—the duke of Burgundy was encamped at Montrouge. Henry could lay siege to the im-

portant city of Caen without uneasiness. Caen was even then a great agricultural town, the market of the neighboring provinces. A town like it would have held out had the least assistance been sent. Therefore, as soon as he invested it, he sent proposals of peace to Paris. He spoke of peace, but he waged war. In the midst of the negotiation, news came that he was master of Caen, and had driven forth its whole population, men, women, and children—in all, five-and-twenty thousand souls*—thus this, the capital of Lower Normandy, had become an English town, the same as Harfleur and Calais.

Normandy was destined to be the English granary during this slowly progressing conquest: and to this end Henry V. took his measures, with admirable wisdom, for the maintenance of public tranquillity there, and the protection of industry and agriculture.† He caused the women, churches, and priests to be respected, and even pretended priests, (many peasants had tonsured themselves‡ for safety's sake.) Protection was afforded to all who submitted; and punishment inflicted on all who resisted. On the capture of a town no violence was permitted; but the king usually excepted from the benefit of capitulation a few of the besieged, who were beheaded as having resisted their lawful sovereign, king of France and duke of Normandy.§

So little interruption did the English monarch experience in this military promenade of his, that he did not fear separating his army into four divisions, for the quicker subjugation of the towns. What, indeed, had he to fear, when the only French prince of any power, the duke of Burgundy, was his friend?

The sole care of the latter was to compass the destruction of Armagnac; which could not be very far off, for he was driven to his last shifts, and had begun to melt down the shrines of the saints.|| Their pay failing, his Gascons gradually deserted him, till no more than three thousand remained. He was obliged to employ the burgesses to keep "watch and ward;" those burgesses who detested him on so many accounts, as Gascon, as brigand, and as schismatic.¶ The Bourgeois de Paris expresses

* *Religieux*, MS. folio 59.

† *Ibidem*, folio 79.

‡ Walsingham, p. 397.

§ *Ut rei læsæ majestatis*. *Religieux*, MS. folio 79. The conclusion on this point arrived at by the English legists who accompanied the king, was placed in its true light at the siege of Méaux. *Ibidem*, folio 176.

("It is deserving of notice that the English writers always speak of the French as the natural subjects of Henry; and not contented with considering France as belonging to the crown of England, they describe their resistance to the invasion as an act of rebellion." Sir H. Nicolas, p. 82.)—TRANSLATOR.

|| He set about this cautiously, declaring it to be a loan, and assigning funds to replace the shrines. Nevertheless, the monks of Saint-Denis assured him that it would be an everlasting blot upon the king's reign, recorded in their chronicles:—*Opprobrium sempiternum . . . si redigeretur in chronica*. . . . *Ibidem*, folio 72-99.

¶ Armagnac persevered in his attachment to the duke of Orléans' old pope, the pope of the Pyrenees, the Arago-

* Monstrelet, t. iii. p. 437.

† M. Chérueil has discovered some very curious details in the Archives of Rouen. Chérueil, *Histoire de Rouen sous la Domination Anglaise*, p. 19, Rouen, 1840

‡ "Que ne chassez-vous ces gens-là?" *Religieux*, MS. folio 74-5.

§ Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 41.

his belief that "Armagnac is a devil in man's skin," ("Arminac est un diable en fourrure d'homme.")

The duke of Burgundy offered peace; the Parisians believed themselves on the eve of its consummation; the people already cried "Noël"—when the constable broke off the negotiation. He was sensible that there could be no peace for him; and that its only result would be to throw the king into the duke of Burgundy's hands. The disappointment of their joyous expectations threw the people into mute rage.

One Perrinet Leclerc,† an ironmonger on the Petit-Pont, who had been maltreated by the Armagnacs, got some loose companions to join him, and taking the keys of the Porte Saint-Germain from under his father's pillow, (his father was the warden,) opened it to the Burgundians, when the sire de l'Isle-Adam entered with eight hundred horse. Four hundred citizens soon joined him; and they got both the king and the city into their power. The dauphin's attendants escaped with him into the Bastille; from which, a few days afterwards, the Gascon captain, Barbazan, and the Bretons, Rieux and Tanneguy Duchâtel, venturously sallied forth, and dashed into Paris in the hope of regaining possession of the king. But he was well guarded in the Louvre; l'Isle-Adam encountered them in the streets; and the citizens hurled missiles upon them from the windows.

D'Armagnac, who had secreted himself in the house of a mason, was given up and imprisoned with the leaders of the party. The enemies of the Armagnacs, and, with them, troops of plunderers flocked into Paris, and held to ransom all who were said to be Armagnacs, from house to house. And the less opposition to this was offered by the great Burgundian barons, inasmuch as they themselves took all they could.

Those who thus flocked into Paris were no other than butchers, banished, or ruined men, and such as had had their wives conducted (conducted in military fashion) to Orléans by Armagnac's sergeants. They arrived, furious, meager, and pale with famine. God knows in what state they found their houses.

Reports were incessantly spread that the Armagnacs were entering the city to rescue their comrades. Not a night passed without the citizens being startled out of their beds by the peal of the tocsin. Add to these continual alarms, the scarcity of provisions, supplies of

which were with difficulty procurable, the English commanding the Seine, having invested Pont-de-l'Arche.

On the night of Sunday, the 12th of June, one Lambert, a pewterer, began to stir up the people to massacre the prisoners. It was, he urged, the only means of settling the business; and, if not put to death, they would be sure to effect their escape by bribery.* The mad-dened populace hurried first to the prisons of the Hôtel de Ville. The Burgundian lords, l'Isle-Adam, Luxembourg, and Fosseuse, made an attempt to restrain them; but when they saw they were only a thousand gentlemen, in presence of a mass of forty thousand armed men, they dared not say anything except "Well done, my boys." The rioters then proceeded to force the Palais, St. Eloi's prison, the great Châtelet—where the prisoners attempted to defend themselves†—and then St. Martin's, St. Magloire's, and the Temple. At the little Châtelet they called the roll-call of the prisoners, and murdered them as each passed the wicket.

* The Bourgeois becomes poetical all of a sudden, to set off the massacre with mythology and allegory:—"Le dimanche ensuivant, 12 jour de juing, environ onze heure de nuyt, on cria alarme, comme on faisoit souvent alarme à la porte Saint-Germain, les autres crioient à la porte de Bardelles. Lors s'esmeut le peuple vers la place Maubert et environ, puis après ceulx de deça les pons, comme des halles, et de Grève et de tout Paris, et coururent vers les portes dessus dites; mais nulle part ne trouvèrent nulle cause de crier alarme. Lors se leva la Déesse de Discorde, qui estoit en la tour de Mauconseil, et esveilla Ire la forcenée, et Convoitise, et Enragerie et Vengeance, et prindrent armes de toutes manières, et boutèrent hors d'avec eux Raison, Justice, Mémoire de Dieu. . . . Et n'estoit homme nul qui, en celle nuyt ou jour, eust osé parler de Raison ou de Justice, ne demander où elle estoit enfermée. Car Ire les avoit mise en si profonde fosse qu'on ne les pot oncques trouver toute celle nuyt, ne la journée ensuivant. Si en parla le Prévost de Paris au peuple, et le seigneur de l'Isle-Adam, en leur admonestant pitié, justice et raison; mais Ire et Forcennerie respondit par la bouche du peuple: Malgrebrieu, sire, de vostre justice, de vostre pitié et de vostre raison: maudit soit de Dieu qui aura la pitié de ces faulx traistres Arminaz Angloys, ne que de chiens; car par eux est le royaume de France destruit et gasté, et si l'avoient vendu aux Angloys." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, t. xv. p. 234.

(On the Sunday following, the 12th of June, about eleven o'clock at night, the alarm was given, as had repeatedly occurred, some crying out to haste to the Porte Saint-Germain, others, to the Porte de Bardelles. Then, those of the place Maubert and its vicinity, and next, the people from on this side of the bridges, and from the market, and from the Grève, and from all Paris, are aroused, and hasten to the aforesaid gates; but nowhere did they find any cause for giving the alarm. Then arose the Goddess of Discord, who was in the tower of Evil Council, and awoke Ire the Infuriate, and Covetousness, (or Lust,) and Rage, and Vengeance, and snatched up arms of all kinds, and drove out with them Reason, Justice, Recollection of God. . . . And there was no man who, on that night or day, would have dared to speak of Reason or of Justice, or to ask where they were imprisoned. For Ire had thrown them into so deep a dungeon, that they could not be found all that night or the day following. True, the provost of Paris reminded the people of them, and so did the sire de l'Isle-Adam, admonishing them of pity, justice, and reason; but Ire and Madness answered by the mouth of the people—Curse, sir, on your justice, your pity, and your reason; cursed of God be he who shall have pity on these false traitors, these English Armagnacs, any more than on so many dogs; for it is through them that the realm of France has been destroyed and laid waste, as if they had sold it to the English.)

† "And slew many of these worthless commons." *Monstrelet*, t. iv. p. 97.

nese, Pietro della Luna, (Benedict XIII.,) condemned by the councils of Pisa and of Constance. See the queen's Declaration against him, *Ordonnances*, t. x. p. 436.

* Peace had long been the sole wish of the people, "Vivat, whoever gets the day," they cried, "so that we have peace." *Religieux*, MS. folio 50. So during the massacre in 1418, the cry was, "Peace, peace." *Ibidem*, folio 107.

† "Some daring youths of the commonalty, who had formerly been punished for their demerits." *Monstrelet*, t. iv. p. 87.

This massacre cannot be likened to those of the 2d and 3d of September. It was not an execution, by butchers, at so much a day; but a *bonâ fide* popular massacre, executed by an infuriated people. They slew all, at random, (even prisoners confined for debt;) and among the victims were two presidents of the parliament, with other magistrates, and even some bishops. Finding, in St. Eloi's, the abbot of St. Denys saying mass to the prisoners, with the host in his hand, they threatened him, and brandished a knife over his head; but as he would not let go his hold of the body of Christ, they durst not slay him.

Between Sunday and Monday mornings sixteen hundred persons perished.* All this number were not killed in prison. The massacre went on in the streets as well. If one met one's enemy in them, one had only to cry out that he was an Armagnac, and he was a dead man. A pregnant woman was embowelled. She was left naked in the street; and when the mob around saw the child stir, they cried out, "See, the little dog is still alive."† But no one dared take it up. The priests of the Burgundian party would not baptize the little Armagnacs, in order to ensure their being damned.

The children played with the dead bodies in the streets. The corpse of the constable, with those of others of the party, was left lying three days in the Palace, exposed to the jeers of the passers by, and they cut a strip of skin off his back, that his dead body might not be without its white Armagnac scarf. At length, the stench forced them to bury the poor remains, which were tossed into tumbrils, and then flung, without priests or prayer, into an open fosse in the Marché-aux-Pourceaux, (Swine-market.)‡

In fear for themselves, the partisans of Burgundy were instant in their entreaties to the duke to come to Paris, and he at last made his entry with the queen. It was a day of real jubilee for the people, who cried out lustily, "Long live the king, long live the queen, long live the duke, peace for ever."

Peace came not, or provisions either. The English commanded the lower course of the Seine; the Armagnacs, masters of Melun, commanded the upper. A species of epidemic broke out in Paris and the adjoining country, which carried off fifty thousand men. They suffered themselves to die; their prostration was as great as their fury had been. The murderers sank most helplessly of all, rejecting the sacraments and every consolation of religion. Seven or eight hundred of them died in the Hôtel-Dieu, in despair. One of them ran through the

streets crying out, "I am damned,"* and at last threw himself headlong into a well.

Others thought, on the contrary, that things went on so badly, it must be because they had not killed enough. Not only amongst the butchers, but even in the university were found men to preach that there was no justice to be expected from the princes, that they would allow the prisoners to be ransomed, and that these would be set at liberty with their resentments inflamed, and more formidable than ever. On the 21st of August—a day of immoderate heat†—immense crowds collect and haste on foot to the prisons; at their head, Death on horseback‡—Capeluche, the executioner of Paris. This mass falls on the great Châtelet, when the prisoners, with the consent of their jailers, defend themselves. But the assassins make their way over the roof, and murder all, prisoners and jailers. The scene was repeated in the little Châtelet.§ Thence, they proceed to the Bastille. The duke of Burgundy hurries thither without troops, wishing to remain, at all risks, the favorite of the populace, and entreats them, with soft and fair words, to withdraw; but all was of no avail. In vain did he show confidence in them, condescend to good fellowship, and make himself so far one of them as to shake their leader by the hand,|| (their leader was the hangman;) he gained the shame, and nothing more. All he could obtain was a promise that they would take the prisoners to the Châtelet, on which he gave them up. On their arrival at the Châtelet, they found there another division of the mob, who, having passed no word for their safety, massacred them.

The duke of Burgundy had played a sorry part. He was enraged at having so degraded himself. Having contrived to persuade the assassins to set off and besiege the Armagnacs at Menthéry, in order to open the road for the arrival of corn from the Beauce, he had the gate closed behind them,¶ and Capeluche's head struck off.** At the same time, by way of comfort to the party, he had some Armagnac magistrates decapitated.

This Capeluche, who paid so dearly for the honor of a shake of the hand from a prince of the blood, was a cool fellow, an original in his craft, and who piqued himself on exercising it

* Juvénal des Ursins, p. 354.

† Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, t. xv. p. 246.

‡ Solus equester. . . . Religieux, MS. folio 114.

§ "Put to death full three hundred prisoners." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 120. "During the which assembling and commotion, from eighty to a hundred persons were slain, among whom were three or four women, as it was said . . ." Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil xiv. folio 142 verso, 21 Août.

|| Juvénal des Ursins, p. 353.

¶ Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, t. xv. p. 247 Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 122.

** "Ung nommé Capeluche"—"with two others," adds the clerk to the parliament, . . . "and each of them had a hand struck off in the markets (halles) of Paris. . . ." Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil xiv. folio 144 26 Août.

* Ibidem. The clerk names a lesser number, "To the number of eight hundred persons, or more, as it is said." Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil xiv. folio 139.

† Juvénal des Ursins, p. 351.

‡ Les mauvais enfans jouenoit à les traîner avant la court du Palais. . . . Et furent enfouis . . . en une fosse nommée la Louvière. . . . Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, t. viii. p. 122.

intelligently and conscientiously. He saved a citizen from the massacre at the peril of his own life;* and when he himself was compelled to take the leap, he instructed his varlet how to perform all the minutiae of his closing scene *secundum artem*.†

By becoming master of Paris, the duke of Burgundy had succeeded to all Armagnac's embarrassments. In his turn he was obliged to provide for the police, the safety, and the supplies of the great city, and all this was only to be done by keeping both English and Armagnacs at a distance, that is to say, by making war, and by reimposing the taxes which he had but just abolished, in short, by losing his popularity.

That equivocal part which he had so long played, accusing others of the treachery which he was himself practising, was to have an end. The English advancing along the Seine, and threatening Paris, he had no alternative but to quit it or to fight. But by his constant tergiversations and duplicity, he had enervated his own party, and had no longer any power for peace or for war. Just sentence of God; his success had been his ruin. He had entered, blindfold, a long and sombre alley, without an exit, and could neither advance nor withdraw.

The inhabitants of Rouen and of Paris, who had summoned him to their aid, were, no doubt, Burgundians, and hostile to the Armagnacs; but they were still more so to the English. In their simplicity, they marvelled to see this good duke take no steps against the enemies of their country. His warmest partisans began to own, "that in all his undertakings he was the slowest mortal ever known."‡ Yet what could he do? Invite the Flemings—he was met by a recent treaty with the English.§ The Burgundians!—they had enough to do to protect themselves from the Armagnacs. The latter were masters of the entire centre, of Sens, Moret, Crécy, Compiègne, Montlhéry, a whole circle of towns around Paris, Meaux, and Melun, that is, of the Marne and the Upper Seine. All the force, then, at his disposal, without leaving Paris unprotected, he sent to Rouen: it amounted but to four thousand horse.

That Henry would lay siege to Rouen might long have been foreseen. He had made for it with extreme caution. Not content with securing his rear by two great English colonies, Harfleur and Caen, he had completed the con-

quest of Lower Normandy, by the taking of Falaise, Vire, Saint-Lo, Coutance, and Evreux. He commanded the Seine; not only by Harfleur, but by holding Pont-de-l'Arche. He had already restored a degree of order, reassured the churchmen, invited the absent to return, promising them his countenance, and declaring, that otherwise he would confer their lands or livings on others. He reopened the Exchequer and the other tribunals, appointing his grand treasurer of Normandy their supreme president. He reduced the tax on salt to a mere nothing, "in honor of the Holy Virgin."**

Few kings had been more successful in war, but war was his least resource. His acts prove Henry V. to have had a politic turn of mind, to have been a methodical man, attentive to the details of government and manœuvres of diplomacy. He made his advances slowly, always negotiating, working upon the fears and the interests of all, turning to his advantage with admirable skill the utter disorganization of the country that he had to deal with; and fascinating by his wiles, by his power, or by his irresistible success, those vacillating, unprincipled, or hopeless spirits, who felt themselves without resource. In this wretched country all confidence was lost, for all despised themselves.

He negotiated indefatigably and unceasingly, and with all; first, with his prisoners, as his readiest means; he could play upon their firmness by the irksomeness of their confinement.

At first, his prisoners were allowed only one serving man† of their own country, each. Not but what they were honorably treated, were well lodged,‡ and, no doubt, well fed; still confinement was only the more insupportable on this very account; their spirits sunk under the inactivity of their life. As often as the English king returned to his island, he would visit "his cousins of Orléans and of Bourbon," and converse with them amicably and confidentially. Once he said to them, "I am going to renew the campaign, and will this time spare no expense; I shall not be the loser, the French will pay all." Another time, assuming an air of sadness, he exclaimed, "I am soon for Paris . . . It's a pity; they are a brave people; but what's the use? Courage is of no avail where a people are divided."§

These marks of friendly confidence were intended to throw his prisoners into despair. They were not *Reguluses*. They obtained permission to send the duke of Bourbon, in their name, to persuade the French king to conclude peace, and come to Henry's terms without delay; threatening else to turn English, and do him homage for their lands.||

It was a terrible dissolvent, and enough to

* *Religieux*. MS. folio 115.

† *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, t. xv. p. 246

‡ *Ibidem*, p. 248.

§ Probably, the treaty concerned Flanders only. It was commonly believed that he had formed an alliance with Henry V., in an interview with him at Calais. There exists a treaty offensive and defensive, in which the duke recognises Henry's claims to the crown of France; but it is without date or signature. Probably, it was only the rough draft of a scheme, to divide all conquests made at their joint expense.—It is not unlikely that Jean-Sans-Peur gave the English king to understand that if he assisted him openly, it would be the death-blow of the Burgundian party in France; and that he would serve the English better by observing neutrality than by active assistance. Rymer, third edition, t. iv. pars 1, pp. 177, 178, October, 1416.

* *Id. ibid.* pars 2, p. 51, 4 May, 1417.

† According to the *Religieux*. But Rymer mentions more

‡ See, above, note at p. 92.

§ *Ut communiter dicitur, divisa virtus cito dilabitur. Religieux*, MS. folio 37.

|| Rymer, t. iv. pars 1, p. 191, 27 January, 1417.

make discouragement spread with fearful contagion, to hear these prisoners of Azincourt preaching submission at any cost, and it aided Henry in the negotiations which he was carrying on at one and the same time with all the French princes. As soon as he opened the campaign, (March, 1418,) he renewed the truces with Flanders and with the duke of Burgundy. In July he signed one for Guyenne, and on August 4th, prolonged that with the duke of Brittany. He received with similar complaisance the solicitations of the queen of Sicily, countess of Anjou and of Maine. This pacific monarch had nothing more at heart than to avoid the effusion of Christian blood. Whilst granting these local truces, he lent an ear to the constant propositions for a general peace, made to him by both parties, listening impartially one moment to the dauphin, the next to the duke of Burgundy; but he was not so absorbed by these proposals as to forget to lay hands on Rouen.

By the end of June he had so scoured the country, that no harvest was left to be brought into Rouen, which remained without provisions. For this purpose he had imported eight thousand Irish, savages neither armed nor mounted, but who, penetrating in every direction on foot, or else on little mountain ponies, or on cows, devoured or carried off every thing, bearing away even infants in the hope of ransom money. The peasantry were in despair.*

There were fifteen thousand militia in Rouen, and four thousand men-at-arms, in all, perhaps sixty thousand souls: here was a whole nation to be fed. Henry, well aware that he had nothing to fear, either from the scattered Armagnacs, or from the duke of Burgundy, who had but just besought a truce for Flanders, did not fear to divide his army into eight or nine bodies, so as to effect a perfect circumvallation of Rouen. A communication was kept up between these divisions by trenches, which protected them from shot; and they were guarded against surprise on the side of the country by deep ditches, faced with thorns. All England was there—the king's brothers, Gloucester and Clarence; his constable, Cornwall; his admiral, Dorset; his great diplomatist, Warwick—each was posted before one of the gates.

He had expected an obstinate resistance, his expectations were surpassed. A strong Cabochien leaven fermented at Rouen. The commander of the cross-bows, Alain Blanchard,† and the other chiefs of Rouen, seem to have been in correspondence with the Carmelite, Pavilly, the Paris orator of 1413. The Pavilly of Rouen was the canon, Delivet. These men defended Rouen for seven months; for seven

months did they keep this great English army in check. The townsmen and the clergy rivalled each other in ardor; the priests excommunicated, the townsmen fought. Not content with guarding the walls, they would sally forth upon the English multitudinously, "not through one door, or two, or three, but through all at once."‡

Rouen would have held out still longer, perhaps, but for a revolution within its walls. The city was full of nobles, and believed that it was being betrayed by them. Before, in 1415, when the populace saw the poor resistance the nobles offered to the English, on the latter landing in Normandy, they had broken out into revolt, and put the Armagnac bailli to death. They reposed no more confidence in the Burgundian nobles,† and were ever suspecting them of treachery. On occasion of one of their sorties, the townsmen learn, as they are attacking the English intrenchments, that the supports of the bridge by which they have to return to regain the town, have just been sawn through. They charged their captain, the sire de Bouteiller, with having been privy to this, and he only justified these accusations too well after the surrender of the town, by going over to the English, and receiving fiefs from his new master.

It was not long before Rouen began to suffer the extremity of famine. The inhabitants contrived to dispatch one of their priests to Paris. He was introduced to the king by the Carmelite Pavilly, who spoke for him; and then the man of Rouen added these solemn words:—"Most excellent prince and lord, I am enjoined

* M. Chéruel, p. 46, from a chronicle in verse written by an Englishman present at the siege. *Archæologia Britannica*, t. xxi. xxii.

† Les Engloys descendirent a la Hogue de Saint-Vaast, dimence 1^{er} jour d'aost 1416, adonc estoit le dalfin de Vyane a Rouen avec sa forche: et de là se parti a soy retraire a Paris, et laissa l'ainsné filz du comte de Harcourt, chapitaine du chastel et de la ville, et M. de Gamaches, bailli de la dicte ville, avec grant quantité d'estrangeis qui gardoient la ville et la quiderent piller; mès l'en s'en aperchut, et y out sur ce pourvéanche. Mais nonostant tout, fut levé en la ville une taille de 16,000 liv. et un prest de 12,000, et tout poié dedens la my-aost ensuivant. Et fu commencement de malvèse estreanche; et puis touz s'en alerent au dyable. Et après euls y vint M. Guy le Bouteiller, capitaine de la ville, de par le duc de Bourgogne, avec 1400 ou 1500 Bourguégnons et estrangeis, pour garder la ville contre les Engloys; mais il estoient miez Engloys que Franchois; les quiez estoient as gages de la ville, et si destruisoient la vitaille et la garnison de la ville. (The English landed at the Hogue off St. Vaast, on Sunday, the 1st of August, 1416, and the dauphin of the Viennois was at the time at Rouen with his force. Thence he withdrew to Paris, leaving the count de Harcourt's eldest son captain of the castle and of the city, and M. de Gamaches, bailli of the said city, with a number of strangers to guard the town, and who thought to plunder it; but this was seen through and guarded against. Nevertheless, a tax of 16,000 livres and a loan of 12,000 were levied in the city, and the whole paid by the middle of the following August. And this was the beginning of bad understanding—and then they all went to the devil. And, after them, came M. Guy le Bouteiller, as captain of the town, from the duke of Burgundy, with 1400 or 1500 Burgundians and strangers, to guard the town against the English; but they were rather English than French; for they took pay of the town, and consumed the provisions and supplies of the town.) *MS. chronicle of the period*, for which I am indebted to M. Floquet.

* Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 115.

† With respect to Alain Blanchard, see the memoir, published by M. Auguste Le Prévôt in 1826, *L'Histoire de Rouen sous les Anglais*, par M. Chéruel, (1840:) and *L'Histoire du Privilège de Saint-Romain*, par M. Floquet, t. ii. p. 548.

by the inhabitants of Rouen to make loud complaints against you, and against you, duke of Burgundy, who govern the king, for the oppressions they suffer from the English. They make known to you by me, that if, from want of being succored by you, they are forced to become subjects to the king of England, you will not have in all the world more bitter enemies; and if they can, they will destroy you and your whole generation.”*

The duke of Burgundy promised to send succor, and he sent an embassy! This the English received, as usual, most blandly, it was always so much towards lulling and enervating. They received the duke's embassy at Pont-de-l'Arche, and one from the Dauphin at Alençon.

Besides the immense cessions made by the treaty of Brétigny, the duke of Burgundy offered Normandy. The dauphin proposed, not Normandy, but Flanders and Artois, that is, the duke of Burgundy's best provinces.

Morgan, the English clerk, who was instructed to protract these negotiations for some days, at last said to the dauphin's envoys:—“Why carry on this longer? We hold letters from your master to the duke of Burgundy, proposing that he and the duke shall make common cause against us.” In the same way they trifled with the duke of Burgundy, and at last said—“The king is mad, the dauphin under age, and the duke of Burgundy has no power to yield to us any part of France.”†

These diplomatic farces did not stop the tragedy of Rouen. The English monarch, in order to strike fear into the inhabitants, had had gibbets reared around the city, and some prisoners hung upon them;‡ and he closed the Seine by a bar of wood, chains, and boats, so that no vessel could pass up. The Rouennois had seemed to be reduced to extremity at an early part of the siege, yet held out six months after that. It seemed a miracle. They had eaten horses, dogs, and cats.§ He who found any article of food, no matter its condition, hoarded it up from every eye: it would have been torn from him by his famishing comrades. The most fearful strait to which they were reduced, was the being obliged to expel from the

city all unable to bear arms—old men, women, and children, to the number of twelve thousand. The son had to thrust out his aged father, the husband his wife—all the best feelings of humanity were outraged. This hapless multitude presented themselves at the English intrenchments, but were received on the point of the sword. Repulsed equally by friends and enemies, they remained in the fosse, between the camp and the town, without any other food than the grass they contrived to pluck up. Here they passed the winter, under the open sky; here, women, alas! were delivered . . . and then the Rouennois, anxious that the new-born babe should, at least, receive baptism, would draw it up by a rope, and afterwards let it down from the walls, to die with its mother.* We are not told that the English showed their charity in this way, and yet their camp was full of priests and bishops. And among the rest was the primate of England, the archbishop of Canterbury.

On Christmas-day, when the whole Christian world was rejoicing, and celebrating in happy family meetings the birth of the little Jesus, the English scrupled to make good cheer without throwing the crumbs to these famishing wretches. Two English priests went down amongst these spectres of the fosse, and distributed bread amongst them. The king also sent word to the inhabitants, that he was ready to let them have wherewithal to keep Christmas-day merry; but our Frenchmen would take nothing from their enemy.†

Meanwhile, the duke of Burgundy began to put himself in motion. And first, he went from Paris to Saint-Denys. There he had the oriflamme taken forth by the king, with all solemnity: a cruel mockery, for it was to remain long at Pontoise, and long at Beauvais. Here he received another messenger from Rouen, who had risked his life to be the bearer of the message. It was the last, the voice of an expiring city. He simply stated that in Rouen and its banlieue, fifty thousand human beings had been starved to death. The duke was

■ “The wedir was to hem a payne,
For alle that tyme it stode by rayne.
There men myghte see a grete pite,
A child of ij. zere or iij.
Goo aboute and bedde his brede,
For fadir and modir both lay dede,
And undir hem the water stode,
And zit thay lay crying after fode.
Summe sterven to the dethe,
And summe st spid both eyen and brethe,
And summe croid in the kneis,
And as lene as any treis,
And womene holding in her arme,
A dede child and no thyng warme,
And childrene souking on the pappe
With ynne = dede womain's lappe.
There men myghte fynde fulle rive
X or xij. deie ayens oon alyne.”

Archæologia, t. xxii. p. 373.

† Provisions abounded in the English camp. The Londoners alone had sent the besiegers a ship freighted with wine and beer. M. Chéruel, p. 58, from the Manuscript in Latin, in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, No. 6240, *Chronicon Henrici V.* folio 178.

‡ M. Chéruel, after the English poem, *Archæologia*, t. xxi.

* Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 146.

† See the journal of the negotiations in Rymer, t. iv. pars 2, pp. 70–5, November, 1418.

‡ *Chronique de Normandie*, éd. 1581, p. 173.

§ The English poem gives a strange tariff of the disgusting animals on which the Rouennois supported themselves—it may be, that this tariff is only a ferocious banter on the miserable shifts to which the besieged were put:—A rat fetched 40 pence, (about 40 francs of our present money;) a cat, two nobles, (60 francs;) a mouse, sixpence, (about six francs,) &c. *Archæologia*, t. xxi. xxii.—M. Chéruel has met with a more trustworthy document as regards the price of provisions. It appears from the minutes of a sitting of the chapter, (October 7, 1418,) that it was resolved to melt a silver shrine; and, among other disbursements, is an entry of *sixty livres tournois*, (a thousand francs of our present money?) for two bushels of wheat. M. Chéruel. Rouen sous les Anglais, (p. 53.) from the Registers of the Chapter preserved in the *Archives Départementales de la Seine-Inférieure*. This excellent work abounds in details, equally valuable for the history of Normandy and that of France in general.

touched, and promised relief. Then, having got rid of the messenger, and no doubt reckoning that he should hear no more of Rouen, he turned his back on Normandy and led the king to Provins.

Surrender, then, was inevitable. The English monarch, believing it essential to make an example after so prolonged a resistance, wanted them to surrender at discretion. The Rouennois, who knew what Henry V.'s mercies were, resolved to mine a wall and sally out by night, sword in hand, with God to aid.* The king and the bishops paused; and the archbishop of Canterbury himself was the bearer of terms of capitulation:†—1st. Safety of person, with the exception of five individuals;‡ those of the five who were wealthy, or belonged to the Church, came off clear. But the Englishman required an execution, in verification of the resistance having been rebellion against the lawful king, and Alain Blanchart was the scape-goat. 2d. For the same reason, Henry guaranteed the town all the privileges which the kings of France, his ancestors, had granted it, *before the usurpation of Philippe de Valois*. 3d. The city was to pay a fearful fine, three hundred thousand gold crowns, half in January (it was already the 19th of January)§ and half in February. To squeeze this out of a depopulated, ruined town,|| was not easy. The chances were, that these insolvent debtors would prefer giving up their property, would fly the place, and that the creditor would find houses falling to ruin his only security. The chance was guarded against. The whole town was arrested, and all the inhabitants locked up until payment was made. Guards were stationed at the doors; and no one was allowed to go out without showing a pass, which was supplied at a very high rate.¶ These passes appeared so happy a police regulation, and productive of so good a return, that henceforward they were required in all the towns. Normandy became one vast English jail. This wise and hard government added to these vigorous measures a benefit which appeared rigorous likewise—uniformity of weights, measures, and alnage; the weights of Troyes, measures of Rouen and of Arques, and alnage of Paris.**

Occupied with the organization of the conquered country, the king of England granted a truce to the two French parties, to the Burgundians and Armagnacs. He wanted to recruit and rest his army, and, above all, to amass money to discharge his debt to the bishops, who had furnished him with the means for this protracted expedition. The Church was his bank, but nevertheless required security. Sometimes he had to make over to the bishops the produce of some tax or impost;* at other times they would lend on pledges, on his jewels,† on his crown for instance, and hence, no doubt, the numbers of them that were always in attendance on his camp.‡ Each new conquest he made gave him facilities for discharging the sums they had advanced; they could occupy the vacant benefices and receive the fruits, and when the legitimate occupiers did not return, were installed in them by the king. There was no want of land to bestow. Numbers preferred losing all to return and submission. The district of Caux was a desert: it was peopled with wolves, and the king appointed a *louvettier* to it.

So signal a triumph as the taking of Rouen exalted Henry's pride, and clouded for a moment his clear intellect: such is the weakness of our nature. He believed himself so sure of success, that he did all that lay in his power to fail.

Strange, and yet certain, this conqueror of France was possessor of only one province, and already France herself was not sufficient for him. He began to meddle with the affairs of Germany, wishing to effect a marriage for his brother Bedford there,§ no doubt encouraged by the disorder which prevailed in the empire. A brother of the king of England's was quite enough to make an emperor of—witness Henry III.'s brother, Richard of Cornwall. Henry V. had already begun to bargain for the homage of the archbishops and other princes of the Rhine.

Another folly, and a more foolish one—he sought to get his young brother, Gloucester, adopted by the queen of Naples, and to have the port of Brindisi and duchy of Calabria placed provisionally in his hands.|| Brindisi

* Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 138.

† M. Chéruel, Rouen sous les Anglais, p. 62.

‡ "Likewise, it was conceded by the said lord king, that all and each might return . . . save *Luc*, an Italian, Guillaume de Houdetot, knight, bailli, Alain Blanchart, Jehan Segneult, mayor, master Robin Delivet, and save that individual who spoke of old in evil and unseemly terms, if he can be discovered, without fraud or subterfuge." . . . *Vidimus de la Capitulation de Rouen, aux Archives de Rouen*, (communicated to me by M. Chéruel.) Rymer gives the same document in Latin; t. iv. P. ii. p. 82, January 13th, 1419.

§ Januarii instantis, Februarii instantis. The articles that follow prove the date to have been 1418, not 1419. See Rymer, t. iv. P. ii. p. 82.

|| The magnificent entry of the conqueror formed a striking contrast with the ruin, of his own making, around. The honest and humane Mr. Turner is himself shocked at it. Hist. of England, t. ii. p. 465, ed. in 8vo.

¶ Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 143.

** Rymer, t. iv. P. ii. p. 92, February 15, 1419.

* For instance, in 1415, he assigns to the archbishop of Canterbury and bishops of Winchester, &c., all proceeds from wardships and marriages, forfeitures, &c. Rymer, t. iv. P. i. p. 150, November 28, 1415.

† For instance, July 24, 1415, June 22, 1417. Id. t. iv. P. i. p. 136; P. ii. p. 4.

‡ *Prelatorum, semper sibi assistentium, consilio . . . Religieux*, MS. folio 129, ann. 1418.

§ Super sponsalibus inter Bedfordium et filiam uncam Fr. Burgravii Nuremberiensis, filiam uncam ducis Lotoringiæ, aliquam consanguineam imperatoris. Rymer, t. iv. P. ii. p. 100, Mar. 18, 1419.

|| "With Joanna, queen of Apulia, touching the adoption of John, duke of Bedford. The duke is to send fifty thousand ducats, as soon as the forts of Brindisi shall be made over to him . . . the duke is to be bound to repair in person, within eight months, with a thousand men-at-arms, and two thousand archers. He is not to interfere with the government of the kingdom, with the exception of the duchy of Calabria, which he is to govern at his pleasure." Ibidem, p. 98, Mar. 12, 1419.

was one of the ports of embarkation for Jerusalem. Italy was to Henry the road to the Holy Land, and already he had envoys reconnoitring in Syria. Meanwhile this project made Alphonso the Magnanimous, king of Aragon, his mortal enemy, for that monarch aspired to be adopted by Naples; and thus Henry united against himself two maritime powers, the Aragonese and the Castilians.* Henceforward Guyenne,† nay, England itself, was imperilled. Not long before, the Castilians, led by a Norman, admiral of Castile, had gained a great naval battle over the English.‡ Their ships might easily either ravage the coasts of England, or, at the least, sail to Scotland and bring over the Scotch to the dauphin's aid.

So little did Henry see his danger as regarded the dauphin, Scotland, and Spain, that he did not fear giving umbrage to the duke of Burgundy. The latter, who was wretchedly dependent on England with respect to truces with Flanders, endeavored to soften the English king; and, having solicited an interview, proposed to him one of Charles VI.'th's daughters as a bride, with Guyenne and Normandy as her dower; but Henry demanded Brittany into the bargain, as a dependency of Normandy, along with Maine, Anjou, and Touraine. The duke of Burgundy had not shrunk from bringing the young princess to this melancholy negotiation, as if to see whether she would please. She did please; but the Englishman was not the less hard and insolent. Ordinarily so sparing of words and measured in speech, he forgot himself so far as to say, "Fair cousin, know that we will have your king's daughter and the rest besides, or that we will drive both him and you out of this realm."§

The English king declined entertaining his propositions; and there were at the time with the duke two brave men who were at the head of the dauphin's troops, Barbazan and Tannegui Duchâtel, who importuned him to listen to them. It was high time for France, so near ruin, to forget her feuds and become one; and to this the parliament both of Paris and of Poitiers directed their efforts, as did the queen, and more efficaciously, for she attacked the duke of Burgundy through the agency of a lovely

woman, full of wit and grace, who spoke, wept,* and managed to touch that hardened heart.

On the 11th of July, a singular spectacle was witnessed, at the small bridge of Pouilly,—the duke of Burgundy, surrounded by the ancient servants of the duke of Orléans, and by the brothers and kindred of the prisoners taken at Azincourt, and of the slaughtered Parisians. He insisted on kneeling to the dauphin. Both sides submitted to signing a treaty of friendship and of mutual succor. This friendship, however, between those who had such good reasons for reciprocal hate, had to be brought to the touchstone of proofs.

The English were not without uneasiness.† Seven days after this treaty, (18th July,) Henry V. dispatched afresh commissioners to renew the affair of the marriage. Strangest of all, and which will surprise those who are not aware of the facility with which the English drop their natural character when interest requires it, he became all of a sudden eager and gallant, and sent a costly present of jewels to the princess.‡ It is true that they were stopped on the way by the dauphin's folk, who thought it no harm to carry to the brother what was destined for the sister.

Henry soon had cause to feel reassured. It was beyond the duke of Burgundy's power to extricate himself from the equivocal situation in which the interests of Flanders placed him. His treaty with the dauphin did not break off the negotiations which he had entered into since June for the renewal of the truce between Flanders and England, and its renewal was publicly proclaimed by the duke of Bedford at London, on the 28th of July. On the 29th, the Burgundians who garrisoned Pontoise, near Paris, allowed themselves to be surprised by the English. The inhabitants, flying to Paris, threw it into extreme consternation. This alarm was increased, when, on the 30th, the duke of Burgundy, hurriedly bearing away the king from Paris to Troyes, passed under the walls of Paris without entering, and making no other provision for the defence of the distracted Parisians than the nomination of his nephew, a boy of fifteen, to the captaincy of their city.§

* From the year 1413, the English had very impolitely interfered with the internal affairs of Aragon. Ferreras, t. vi. of the French translation, p. 190.

† The people of Bayonne write to the king of England, that "an armed whaler has taken a clerk of the king of Castile's," from whom they learn that forty Castilian ships had sailed to Scotland to fetch the Scotch auxiliaries, and, touching at Belle-Isle for the dauphin's troops, would bring the united forces to Bayonne. Rymer, t. iv. p. ii. p. 128, July 22, 1419. Subsequently, they write word that the Aragonese are about to lay siege to their city in concert with the Castilians. Ibidem, p. 132, September 5.

‡ The Norman, Robert de Bracquemont, admiral of Castile. *Religieux*, MS. folio 159. I shall take occasion further on to speak of this illustrious family, and of the Bethencourts, allies and kindred of the Bracquemonts, and to whom the latter made over their rights to the Canary islands. See *L'Histoire de la Conquête des Canaries*, faite par Jean de Bethencourt. Escrite du temps même par P. Bontier et J. Leverrier, prestres; Paris, (1630.) 12mo.

§ Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 157.

* The good monk of Saint-Denys calls her "The respectable and prudent lady of Giac." . . . *Religieux*, folio 137. It is certain, at least, that she was a very able woman. Her husband, the sire de Giac, in his inability to divine why all he undertook succeeded, ascribed the merit to the devil, to whom he had vowed one of his hands.

† "It is not known," writes one of the English agents to Henry V., "whether we shall have warre or pees. . . . But withynne six dayes." . . . Rymer, *ibidem*, p. 126, July 14, 1419.

‡ According to the *Religieux*, and no doubt it was the current rumor, their value was a hundred thousand crowns! Folio 148.

§ Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 148. The extreme discontent of the capital peeps out even of the pale and timid notes of the clerk to the parliament: "This day (August 9) the English foraged up to the gates of Paris. . . . And Paris was garrisoned by only a few men-at-arms, owing to the absence of the king, the queen, my lord the dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, and others of the lords of France, who up to this period have offered little resistance to the said English,

After all this, the dauphin's followers believed, whether right or wrong, that the duke had an understanding with the English. They knew that the Parisians were exceedingly wroth at being thus deserted by their good duke, on whom they had so relied. Believing him to be a lost and ruined man, their old hate burst forth with the more violence, that at last vengeance seemed possible after such a lapse of years.

Besides, the dauphin's party was at this time excited by a naval triumph of the Castilians over the English, and knew that the united armies of Castile and Aragon were about to lay siege to Bayonne, and that the Spanish fleet was to bring the dauphin his Scotch auxiliaries. They believed that the king of England, thus attacked on several sides, would not know which way to turn.

The dauphin, a youth of but sixteen, was in but indifferent hands. His chief counsellors were, Maçon, and Louvet, president of Provence, two legists, and of that class which had ever at hand, in order to justify a royal crime, some quibble of high treason. His other advisers were men-at-arms, brave Armagnac, Gascon, and Breton brigands, accustomed for ten years to a petty war of surprises, and of underhand tricks, which were exceedingly like so many murders.

The duke was warned by almost all his servitors, that he would perish in the interview which the dauphin requested of him. The dauphin's people had undertaken to construct on the bridge of Montereau the gallery where the interview was to take place; a long and tortuous wooden gallery, with no barrier midway, contrary to the custom ever observed in that mistrusting age. Notwithstanding all this, he would keep the appointment,* and the dame de Giac, who did not quit him, wished him so to do.

The duke being after his time, Tannegui Duchâtel went to bring him. On this the duke hesitated no longer, but, clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "This is he in whom I trust,"† and hurried forward on Duchâtel's suggesting that the dauphin was waiting for him. In this manner he separated him from his attendants, so that the duke entered the gallery accompanied only by the sire de Navailles, a brother of the capital de Buch's, who was in the pay of the English, and had just taken Pontoise: both were slaughtered, (Sept. 10th, 1419.)

Different accounts are given of the alterca-

and to their enterprises" *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiv. folio 191.

* Did she betray him? Every one thought so when she was observed to remain with the dauphin after the murder. Yet she lost by Jean-Sans-Peur's death the hope of a large fortune. Innocent or guilty, what could she have expected in Burgundy but the hate of the widow, all-powerful through her son?

† See M. de Barante who has collected all the authorities

tion that arose. According to the generally best informed historian, some of the dauphin's attendants rudely observed, "Come on, my lord, you have been very slow;"* to which the duke replied, that "it was the dauphin who was slow, and that his delays and negligence had wrought much harm to the realm." Another account makes him say, that it was impossible to treat except in the king's presence, and that the dauphin must meet him there; when the sire de Navailles, placing one hand on his sword, and with the other seizing the young prince by the arm, cried out with the southern vehemence of the house of Foix, "Whether you like or not, come you shall, my lord." This account, which is that of the dauphin's attendants, bears none the less for that marks of credibility; for they confess that their greatest fear was the dauphin's escaping from them, and returning to his father and the duke of Burgundy.

Tannegui Duchâtel always averred that it was not he who struck the duke. Others boasted of the deed. One of them, Le Bouteiller, said, "I told the duke of Burgundy, 'Thou didst strike off the hand of the duke of Orléans, my master; I will strike off thine.'"

However little the duke of Burgundy was to be regretted, his death did the dauphin immense harm.† Jean-Sans-Peur and his party had fallen exceedingly low; soon there would have been no Burgundians. Rouen could never forget that he had left her unassisted. Paris, so devoted to him, saw herself similarly deserted in the hour of danger. All the world had begun to despise and to hate him. From the minute he was slain, all became Burgundians.

Men were worn out, their sufferings no language can describe. They were but too happy to find some pretence for submission. Each exaggerated to himself his own pity and indignation. The disgrace of calling in the foreigner was veiled beneath a fine semblance of vengeance. In reality, Paris submitted through sheer starvation. The queen submitted because, after all, if her son were not king, her daughter, at least, would be queen. Philippele-Bon, son of the duke of Burgundy, was the only one who was sincere—he had his father to avenge. But, no doubt, he likewise thought it would be to his interest; the branch of Burgundy swelled the greater by ruining the elder

* Tardavistis . . . tardavistis. . . . *Religieux, MS* folio 150.

† "... the lord de Barbezant . . . loudly reproached those who had contrived this murder, saying, that they had ruined their master in honor and reputation; and that he had rather have been dead than present at that day, although perfectly ignorant of what was intended to be done." Monstrelet, t. iv. pp. 188-9.—"Through which deed great mischief and irreparable harm is likely to happen, more so than before, to the shame of the perpetrators, and chiefly to the injury of my lord, the dauphin, who, as heir-apparent, looks forward to the crown, and who will receive less assistance towards establishing his right to the succession after the demise of our lord the king, and will have more enemies and adversaries than before." *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiv. folio 193, September, 1419.

branch, by placing on the throne a stranger who would ever have one foot only on this side of the straits, and who, if he were wise, would govern France through the duke of Burgundy.

It must not be supposed that Paris lightly called in the stranger. Sufferings, of which nothing that has since occurred, except perhaps the siege of 1590, has given any idea, reduced the capital to this hard extremity. To learn how the mind is debased and materialized by a long course of misery, one should read the chronicle of a Burgundian of Paris, who wrote day by day. The perusal of this heart-breaking little work gives one some sense of the miseries and brutality of the time. On turning from the pages of the placid and judicious Religieux de Saint-Denys, to the journal of this furious Burgundian, one seems to change not only the author but the age—it is like the commencement of an age of barbarism. The brutal instinct of physical wants predominates throughout; in every page is the accent of misery, the hoarse voice of famine. The writer is preoccupied by the price of provisions, the difficulty of getting in supplies; corn is dear, vegetables do not come in, fruit is beyond all purchase, the vintage is bad, the enemy is reaping our harvest. Two words give the whole work—"I am hungry, I am cold;" those piercing cries which the author heard incessantly during the long winter nights.

Paris, then, suffered the Burgundians, who still enjoyed the whole authority there, to take their way. The young St. Pol, the duke of Burgundy's nephew, and captain of Paris, was sent in November to the king of England, with master Eustache Atry, "in the name of the city, of the clergy, and of the commune." He received them in the most affable manner, declaring that all he sought was the independent possession of what he had conquered, and the hand of the princess Catherine, and graciously saying, "Am I not myself of the blood of France? If I become the king's son-in-law I will defend him against every man, alive or dead."*

He had more than he asked for. His ambassadors, encouraged by the dispositions of the new duke of Burgundy, insisted on their master's right to the crown of France, and the duke acknowledged that right. (Dec. 2d, 1419.) The king of England had been three years in conquering Normandy, Jean-Sans-Peur's death seemed to give him France in a single day.

By the treaty concluded at Troyes in the name of Charles VI., the king of England was secured the hand of his daughter, and the inheritance of his kingdom:—"It is agreed, that immediately after our death, the crown and

kingdom of France shall remain and *shall for evermore* be our said son, king Henry's, and his heirs The faculty and the *exercise of governing* and ordering the public affairs of the said kingdom, shall be and shall remain, during *our life*, our said son, king Henry's, assisted by the nobles and the learned of the said kingdom As long as we live all writs shall be issued under our name and seal; however, in the event of any special case it shall be lawful for our son to issue his letters to our subjects, by which he will order, prohibit, and command in our name and *in his own, as regent*"

After this, was not the following article meant in derision?—"All conquests which shall be gained by our said son, king Henry, over the disobedient, shall be and shall be made to our profit."

This monstrous treaty worthily concluded with these lines, in which the king proclaimed the dishonor of his family, in which the father proscribed the son:—"Considering the horrible and enormous crimes and delicts perpetrated in the said realm of France, by Charles, *self-styled dauphin* of Viennois, it is agreed that we, our said son the king, and also our very dear son Philippe, duke of Burgundy, *shall in no wise treat of peace* or of accord with the said Charles, and shall neither treat nor cause overtures to be made, except by the consent and counsel of all and each of us three, and of the three estates of the aforesaid two kingdoms."*

This shameful expression, *self-styled dauphin*, was paid for in ready money to the mother. Isabella was instantly assigned two thousand francs a month, on the mint of Troyes.† For this sum she denied her son and delivered up her daughter. The Englishman took at one swoop from the French monarch all—his kingdom and his child. The poor young creature was obliged to marry a master, and brought him as her dower her brother's ruin. She had to take an enemy to her bed, and bear him sons accursed of France.

So little courtesy did he pay her, that on the very morning after the wedding night, he set off to lay siege to Sens;‡ whence this implacable hunter of men hastened to Montereau. Failing to reduce the castle, he hung the prisoners he had taken on the brink of the fosse.§ Yet this was during the first month of his marriage—that moment when there is no heart but what loves and pardons. His young French

* See this treaty, in three languages—Latin, French, and English, in Rymer, t. iv. p. ii. pp. 171, 179, May 21, 1420.

† Ibidem, p. 188, June 9, 1420.

‡ Just as tournaments were preparing in honor of his marriage, "He said, in the hearing of all, 'I pray my lord the king, whose daughter I have married, and all his servants, and I command my own servants to be all ready to-morrow morning to proceed to the siege of Sens, and there every one can tilt and tourney.'" Journal du Bourgeois de Paris. t. xv. p. 275.

§ And, of course, in sight of the castle. Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 258.

* Tanquam verus gener Regis et ex claro priscorum Regum Franciæ (sanguine) ducens originem, sibi fidelis existeret contra quoscunque viventes. Religieux, MS. f. 152 verso.

bride was in the family way, but he treated the French no better.

Notwithstanding this impetuosity, he had to wait patiently before Melun, where the brave Barbazan held him in check many months. Putting every means in requisition, the English king brought to the siege Charles VI. and the two queens, speaking in the name of his father-in-law, and using his wife as a lure and a snare. All these manœuvres were unsuccessful. The besieged made a valiant resistance; murderous combats took place round the walls and under the walls, in the mines and countermines, and Henry did not spare his own person even. At length, provisions failing, surrender was inevitable. According to his wont, the Englishman excepted from the benefits of the capitulation many of the burgesses, whom he executed, as well as all the Scotch in the place, and even two monks.*

During the siege of Melun, Paris had been put in his hands by the Burgundians, with the four forts of Vincennes, the Bastille, the Louvre, and the Tower de Nesle. He made his entry in December, on horseback, between the king of France and the duke of Burgundy. The latter was in mourning,† in token of grief and of vengeance; perhaps through modesty, too, by way of excuse for the sorry figure he made in bringing in the stranger. The king of England was followed by his brothers, the dukes of Clarence and Bedford, by the duke of Exeter, the earl of Warwick, and all his lords. Behind him, amongst other banners, was borne his own peculiar ensign, the lance with the fox's brush;‡ an ensign, apparently, which he had formerly chosen, as a good *fox-hunter*, in the joyousness of youth, and in his maturer age, a king and a victor, he still displayed, with insolent simplicity, this huntsman's symbol in his grand hunt of France.

The English king was well received at Paris:§ whose heartless inhabitants (misery had made them so) welcomed the foreigner as they would have welcomed peace herself. The clergy went forth in procession to meet the kings, and to offer relics to their kiss. They were conducted to Notre-Dame, where they performed their devotions at the grand altar. Thence the king of France repaired to his hôtel Saint-Pol; the true king, the king of England, went to reside in his good fortress of the Louvre, (Dec. 1420.)

He took possession, as regent of France, by

assembling the states on the 6th of December, 1420, and making them confirm the treaty of Troyes.*

To secure the son-in-law's inheritance, it behooved to proscribe the son. The duke of Burgundy and his mother appeared before the king of France, who sat as judge at St. Pol's, to make "great complaint and clamor on account of the piteous death of the late duke Jean of Burgundy." The king of England sat on the same bench with the French king. Master Nicolas Raulin demanded, in the name of the duke of Burgundy and his mother, that Charles, calling himself dauphin, Tanneui Duchâtel, and all the assassins of the duke of Burgundy, should be drawn in a tumbril, torch in hand, through all the squares, to make the *amende honorable*. The king's advocate supported the same view, as did the university.† The king authorized the process; and Charles, having been proclaimed and cited to appear in three days before the parliament at the Table of Marble, was, in default, condemned to banishment, and ejected from all right to the crown of France, (January 3d, 1421.)‡

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.—

COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE, A. D. 1414–1418.—
DEATHS OF CHARLES VI. AND OF HENRY V.,
A. D. 1422.—TWO KINGS OF FRANCE, CHARLES
VII. AND HENRY VI.

DURING the years 1421 and 1422, the Englishman often took up his abode in the Louvre, exercising the powers of royalty, condemning and pardoning, dictating ordinances, and nominating the crown officers. At Christmas and at Pentecost he held plenary court, (*cour plénière*,) and ate in public with the young queen. The Parisians crowded to see their majesties sitting, crown on head; and around, in grand array, the English bishops, princes, barons, and knights. The famished crowd flocked to feast their eyes on the sumptuous banquet, the rich plate; then went away fasting, without the masters of the household having offered re-

* Rymer, t. iv. p. ii. p. 192, December 6, 1420. It was ratified by the English parliament, May 21, 1421. Ibidem, p. iv. p. 25.

† Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 289.

‡ The sentence passed by the French king, "with the advice of the parliament," is dated by Rymer, December 23, 1420.—"Considering that Charles, calling himself dauphin, had concluded alliance with the duke of Burgundy . . . all guilty of this murder are incapable of all dignities."—See, also, the violent manifesto of Charles VI. against his son, beginning, "O true God," &c., January 17, 1419, Ord. t. xii. p. 273.—A still more odious ordinance is the one ordering that the Parisians shall be paid what is due to them out of the property of those who are proscribed, so as to associate Paris with the benefits of the confiscation. Ord. t. xii. p. 281. This reminds us of the English statutes, which gave the commons a share in the goods of the Lollards. See, above, p. 81.

* Id. ibid. p. 283.

† Id. ibid. p. 285.

‡ "And a fox's tail was embroidered on his ensign." Journ. du Bourgeois de Paris, t. xv. p. 275. On his entry into Rouen, it was a real brush:—"He was followed by a page," says Monstrelet, (t. iv. p. 140.) "bearing a lance, at the end of which, near the point, was fastened a fox's brush, by way of streamer, which afforded great matter of remark among the wise-heads."

§ Even the clerk to the parliament is hurried away by the general feeling, if we may judge by his constant mention of processions and of supplications for the welfare of the two kings: "They were most joyously and honorably received in the city of Paris." . . . Archives, Registres du Parlement, Censilxiv. folio 224.

freshment to any one. It was not like this under our kings, they said as they went away; on these occasions there was open table, each who would was welcome to sit down, the servants helped, and largely, of the king's own dishes and wines. But now king and queen were at St. Pol, neglected and forgotten.

After all, the greatest grumblers could not deny that the Englishman looked the king right royally. His mien was lofty, his air coldly proud; but he constrained his disposition so far as to address each graciously, according to his rank, more particularly churchmen. It was observed to his praise that he never backed what he affirmed with an oath: all he said was, "Impossible," or else, "It must be."* In general his words were few. His answers were brief, and "cut like a razor."†

His grandest aspect was, when the hearer of ill-news: not an emotion was apparent; all was lofty equanimity. The violence of his character, the passions which lay beneath and were generally kept under, flashed out rather in the hour of success; the man stood confessed at Azincourt . . . But, at the time we are now treating of, he was much higher still, so high that most men's heads would have been turned—king of England, and, in fact, of France, dragging after him his ally and his servant, the duke of Burgundy, his prisoners, the king of Scotland, the duke of Bourbon, and the brother of the duke of Brittany, and, lastly, ambassadors from all Christian princes. Those of the Rhine paid particular court to him, and stretched forth the hand for English gold. The archbishops of Mentz and of Trèves had done him homage, and become his vassals.‡ The palatine and other princes of the empire, with all their German haughtiness, prayed him to be their arbiter, and were not far from acknowledging his jurisdiction. The imperial crown which he had assumed so boldly at Azincourt, seemed to have become on his head the real crown of the Holy Empire, the crown of Christendom.

Such a power had, as may well be supposed, its weight in the Council of Constance. Here, this little England was first recognised as a quarter of the world, as one of the four nations of the council. The king of the Romans, Sigismund, who had formed a close alliance with the English, thought to lead, whilst, in truth, he was led by them. The prisoner pope, at

first intrusted to the keeping of Sigismund, was subsequently confided to the care of an English bishop. Henry V., who had already so many French and Scotch princes in his prisons, got this precious hostage for the Church's peace in his hands as well.

For the better understanding of the part played by England and France in this council, we must go back a little. However melancholy the state of the Church then was, still we must speak of it, and leave for a moment this Paris of Henry Vth's. Besides, the history of France must be sought at Constance as well as at Paris.

If ever general council was œcumenic, it was this of Constance. It might have been fancied not so much the representative of the world, as the world itself bodily, both lay and ecclesiastical.* It seemed, indeed, to answer to that wide definition which Gerson gave of a council, "An assembly from which not one of the faithful is excluded."† But many of those present were very far from deserving the title of faithful. So well was the world represented by the multitude here collected, that the council contained examples of all its moral depravities and scandals. The fathers who composed it, and who were to reform Christendom, could not even reform the motley crowds who followed in their suite. They held their sittings in the midst of a fair as it were, surrounded by drinking booths and bagnios.

Politicians entertained considerable doubts of the utility of the Council.‡ But the great man of the Church, Jean Gerson, would hold the contrary opinion, filled with a faith and hope beyond all others. Sick of grief at the Church's sickness,§ he could not resign himself to the sad spectacle. His master, Pierre d'Ailly, had found repose in a cardinalship; and his friend, Clemengis, who had written so much against the papal Babylon, went to see this Babylon with his own eyes, and was so taken with her as to become the secretary and friend of the popes.

Gerson desired reform seriously, vehemently, and he was ready to pay any price for it. To effect reform, three things were required:—1st, To restore the unity of the pontificate, by cutting off the three heads of the papacy; 2d, To fix and consecrate doctrine; Wickliff, disinterred and burnt at London,|| seemed to have risen

* Impossibile est; vel: Sic fieri oportebit. *Religieux, MS.* folio 153.

† Chronique de George Chastellain, éd. de M. Buchon, 1836, p. 26. On citing Chastellain for the first time, I cannot refrain from thanking M. Buchon for having collected with so much sagacity the scattered fragments of this great and eloquent historian. Let us hope that the missing part, which M. Lacroix has just discovered at Florence, will speedily be made public.

‡ See the power given by the king of England to the palatine of the Rhine, to receive the homage of the elector of Cologne. Rymer, t. iv. p. i. pp. 158-9, May 4, 1416.—Also, another power given to the same palatine (a pensioner of England's) to receive the homage of the electors of Mentz and Trèves. *Ibid.* p. ii. p. 102, April 1, 1419.

* A hundred and fifty thousand persons are said to have been present: the horses belonging to the princes and prelates were computed at thirty thousand. Cochleus, *Hist. Huss. lib. ii.*: Boyko, *Geschichte der Kirchenversammlung zu Kostnitz*, (Prag. 1796,) i. 66.

† See, above, p. 75.

‡ Petrus de Alliaco, *De Difficultate Reformationis in Concilio*, ap. Von der Hardt, *Concil. Constant. t. i. p. vi* p. 256. Schmidt, *Essai sur Gerson*, p. 37, (Strasb. 1839.)

§ In lecto adverse valetudinis meæ. Gerson, *Epist. de Reform. Theologia*, t. i. p. 122.

|| This disgusting scene took place in 1412; the same year that Jerome of Prague exhibited so unseemly a spectacle in Bohemia, when he hung the papal bull round the neck of a courtesan. Vater, *Synchronistische Tafeln der Kirchengeschichte*, Halle, 1828.

again at Prague in the person of John Huss; 3d, To restore the power of the monarchy, and, indeed, society itself, by condemning the murderous doctrine of the Franciscan, Jean Petit.*

The peculiar difficulty of Gerson's position arose from his having entertained, or seeming still to entertain, many of the opinions of his adversaries; and hence his implacable zeal against them. At a former period he, no less than Jean Petit, had promulgated the homicidal doctrine, "No victim more agreeable to God than a tyrant."† In his notions, too, on the hierarchy and the jurisdiction of the Church, he, likewise, in some degree, approximated to the innovators. John Huss maintained, as Wickliff had done, that it is lawful for every priest to preach, without being authorized either by the bishop or the pope; and Gerson, even at Constance, allowed priests and even lay doctors to vote with the bishops, and so judge the pope. He reproached John Huss with rendering the inferior independent of authority, and constituted this inferior—the judge of authority itself.

Sentence of deposition was pronounced against the three popes. John XXIII. was degraded and imprisoned. Gregory XII. abdicated. Benedict XIII. (Petro della Luna) withdrew into a fort in the kingdom of Valencia, and, though deserted by France, and even by Spain, and having only his tower and his rock to own him, nevertheless braved the Council, judged his judges, saw them pass away as he had seen so many others, and died invincible at nearly a hundred years of age.

The Council treated John Huss as a pope; that is to say, very badly. In reality, since 1412, this doctor had been the national pope, as it were, of Bohemia. Supported by the whole nobility of the country, director of the queen, favored, perhaps, privily by king Wenceslaus,‡ as Wickliff appears to have been by Edward III. and Richard II., (brother-in-law to Wenceslaus,) John Huss was quite as much a politician as a theologian. He wrote in the vernacular tongue,§ defended the nationality of Bohemia against the Germans, and against foreigners generally, and withstood the popes, especially as being foreigners. But he did not, like Luther, attack the papacy itself. As soon as he arrived in Constance, he obtained absolution from John.

John Huss maintained the same opinions as Wickliff on the hierarchy. Like him he desired a national, indigenous clergy, elected

from local considerations; and in this he pleased the barons, who, as the ancient founders, patrons, and defenders of the churches, would be all powerful in local elections. Huss, then, like Wickliff, was the man of the nobles. Three times did the knights of Bohemia write to the Council in order to save him;* and, on his death, they armed their peasants and began the fearful Hussite war.

In other respects, Huss was much less Wickliff's disciple than he believed himself to be. His opinions on the Trinity were nearly the same; but he neither attacked the real presence nor the doctrine of free will.† At least, I do not find in his works that he approximates to Wickliff on these essential questions as much as one would suppose, judging from the heads of his condemnation.

In philosophy, far from being an innovator, John Huss was the champion of the old doctrine of scholasticism. Through his influence, the university of Prague remained faithful to the realism of the middle age, whilst that of Paris, led by d'Ailly, Clemengis, and Gerson plunged into the bold novelties of nominalism started (or revived) by Occam. It was the innovator in matters of religion, John Huss, who defended the old philosophic *credo* of the schools. He supported it in his Bohemian university, whence he had expelled all foreigners; he supported it at Oxford, and, through his violent disciple, Jerome of Prague, he supported it even at Paris. Jerome had come to brave in his chair, from his throne, the formidable university of Paris,‡ to denounce the masters of Navarre for teaching nominalism, to stigmatize them as heretics in philosophy, and pernicious adversaries of the realism of St. Thomas.

How far may this scholastic question have embittered our Gallicans, even the best and holiest of them? This is a point one shrinks from fathoming. They themselves would, probably, have been at a loss on the subject. They believed their hatred of John Huss to proceed solely from his sharing Wickliff's heretical doctrines.

The Council was opened on the 5th of November, 1414; as early as the 27th of May, Gerson had sent instructions to the archbishop of Prague to deliver John Huss over to the secular arm. "We must," were his words, "cut short disputes which compromise the truth; we must, in merciful cruelty, employ

* According to some, Jean Petit was not a Franciscan, but merely a lay-clerk. Labbe, Chronol. Hist. pars 1, p. 298; Bulaeus, Hist. Univers. t. v. p. 895.

† Imitated from the line of Seneca, the tragedian. "*Nulla Deo gratior victima quam tyrannus.*" Gerson, Considerationes contra Adulatores, t. iv. p. 624, Consid. vii.

‡ Wenceslaus supported him against the charges of the monks and priests; see his answer in Pfister, Hist. d'Allemagne, t. vi. p. 50, of the French translation by Pagnis, (1837.)

§ Tractatus et opuscula, in Latino sine vulgari Bohemico, per ipsum editos. Concil. Labbe, t. xii. p. 127.

* Royko, Geschichte der Kirchenversammlung zu Konstanz, (Prag. 1796.) ii. theil, 5, 9, 10, 56.

† He does not seem to have entertained any clear views of these questions. He comments on the epistles, without perceiving the differences between St. Peter and St. Paul, St. James and St. John, &c. See his second volume *passim*. Historia et Monumenta Hussi et Hieronymi Pragensis, 2 vols. fol. Nuremberg, 1715.

‡ Royko, 1 theil, 112. John Huss is reported to have challenged the whole university of Paris:—"Let all the doctors of Paris come. I long to dispute with those who have burned my books, and so struck at the honor of the whole world." Concil. Labbe, t. xii. p. 140.

fire and sword.* The Gallicans would have liked the archbishop to spare the Council this terrible task, but who would have dared to lay hands in Bohemia on the man of the Bohemian knights?

John Huss was intrepid, after the fashion of Zuinglius, and seems, too, to have been reckless and over-daring as well. He wished to face his enemies, and appeared before the Council. Besides, he trusted in Sigismund's word, and the safe-conduct with which he had provided him. Here he found every one his enemy, the pope excepted. The fathers, who felt that their violence against the papacy had made them suspected in the eyes of the people, needed to strike some vigorous blow at heresy as a proof of their faith. The Germans thought it exceedingly proper to burn a Bohemian; the Nominalists easily resigned themselves to the death of a Realist.† The king of the Romans, who had pledged his word for his safety,‡ seized the opportunity of destroying a man whose popularity might strengthen Wenceslaus in Bohemia.

Even those who did not judge the Bohemian heretical, condemned him as *rebellious*: whether erring or not, he was bound, they argued, to recant at the order of the Council.§ This assembly, which had just denied thrice the pope's infallibility, claimed for itself infallibility and omnipotence over the reason of individuals. The ecclesiastical republic declared itself as absolute as the pontifical monarchy, and laid down the question betwixt authority and liberty, betwixt the majority and the minority; a feeble minority undoubtedly, and which, in this large assembly, was reduced to one individual: the individual would not yield, he preferred perishing.

It must have cost Gerson many a struggle to resolve on consummating this sacrifice to spiritual authority, this immolation of a human being In the course of the following year, another such sacrifice was required. Jerome of Prague had escaped; but when he learned how his master had died, he was ashamed to live, and delivered himself up to his

judges. The Council had no option but to give the lie to its first act, or else burn this victim as well.*

One of Gerson's aspirations, one of the blessings which he expected from the Council, was the solemn condemnation of the right to kill, preached by Jean Petit And to gain this, it behooved to begin by killing two men! . . . Two? Two hundred thousand, perhaps. This Huss, burnt, resuscitated in Jerome, and burnt again, is so far from dead, that now he returns in the shape of a great, an armed people, carrying on the controversy sword in hand. The Hussites, armed with sword, lance, and scythe, led by the little Procop and by Zisca, the indomitable one-eyed Zisca, put to flight and chase the famous German cavalry; and on Procop's death, the drum made of his skin will still lead these barbarians, and beat through Germany its murderous roll.

Our Gallicans had paid dearly for the reform of Constance, and yet did not reap its expected advantages,† for it was skilfully eluded. The Italians, who at first had the other three nations against them, contrived to win over the English, who, though they had seemed so zealous, and had so vehemently charged France with prolonging the evils of the Church, joined with the Italians in ruling, (contrary to the opinion of the French and the Germans,) that the pope should be elected previously to all reform, in other words, in ruling that there should be no serious reform. This determined upon, the Germans made common cause with the Italians and English, and the three nations elected an Italian pope. The French were left alone, and dupes, certain to have the pope their foe, as they had opposed his election. To be dupes in this fashion, however, simply because they had persevered in endeavoring to carry out the reform of the Church, was to be gloriously duped.

This took place in 1417. The constable, d'Armagnac, a partisan of the aged Benedict XIII., governed Paris in the king's name and in the dauphin's. He got the dauphin to order the university to suspend its judgment on the election of the new pope, Martin V.; but so weak had the party become, even in Paris, notwithstanding the means of terror which he had tried, that the university was emboldened to disregard the order and approve the election.

* See the particulars of the execution of John Huss and of Jerome. Monumenta Hussi, t. ii. pp. 515-21, 532-35. Poggio, who was present at Jerome's trial, was transported by his eloquence. He calls him, *Virum dignum memorie sempiternæ*, (a man whose memory ought never to die.)—This man, so haughty and stiff-necked, displayed heroic gentleness when at the stake. Noticing a peasant who was bringing wood with great zeal, he exclaimed, "O worthy simplicity, thousand fold is the guilt of those who beguile thee!"

† Clemengis had written to them from the Council, that it would lead to no result: "All our hopes of ever seeing union have died away. . . . Who would willingly spend his labor in a hopeless matter? Like the schism of the Greeks, the schism of the Latin Church will be uncared for and forgotten." Nic. Clemeng. Epist. t. ii. p. 312.

* *Securis brachii secularis. . . . In ignem mittens misericordii crudelitate. Nimis altercando deperdetur veritas. . . . Vos brachium invocare viis omnibus convenit.* Gerson, Epist. ad Archiepisc. Prag., May 27, 1414. Bukeus, v. 270.

† Pierre d'Ailly had powerfully contributed to the fall of John XXII. (Royko, i. 88;) and, by way of compensation, exhibited so much the greater zeal against the heretic. He sought to confuse him by strange subtleties, seeking to get him to acknowledge that he who does not believe in universals, does not believe in transubstantiation.

‡ The safe-conduct bears date October 18, 1414. *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, t. i. p. 210, (edition of 1783.)

§ John Huss himself informs us of the efforts that were made to extort from him the absolute sacrifice of human reason. Neither arguments nor examples were spared. Among others, his adversaries adduced that strange legend of a holy woman who entered a nunnery in a man's dress, and, as a man, was accused of having got one of the nuns with child; she acknowledged her guilt, confessed the fact, and brought up the child. The truth was not known till her death. Joh. Hussi Monumenta, Epist. 31, ed. Nur. 1558.

The university was in haste to win the pope over to her, for she perceived that the system of free elections in the Church, which she had so strenuously supported, brought her no profit. She had lowered the papacy and exalted the power of the bishops, who, in concert with the nobles, got elected to benefices as they became vacant, incapable, illiterate persons, the younger brothers of noble families, and their ignorant chaplains, the sons of their serfs, whom they made take the tonsure for the purpose. The popes, at least, if they installed priests whose conduct tended little to edification, seldom chose any but talented men. The university proclaimed that it had rather the pope *should present to benefices*.^{*} It was a curious spectacle to see the university, so long allied with the bishops against the pope, returning to her mother, the popedom, and invoking the central power of the Church against the bishops, and against local elections. But this pontifical power had been slain by the university, and she could only recur to it by renouncing her own maxims, by denying and killing herself.

Thus, it was Gerson's fate to see the end of the papacy and of the university. After the Council of Constance he withdrew, bruised, not into France—there was no longer a France—but sought an asylum in the depths of the forests of the Tyrol, and afterwards at Vienna, where he was entertained by Frederick of Austria, the friend of that pope whose deposition had been Gerson's work.

At a subsequent period, the duke of Burgundy's death encouraged Gerson to return, but no further than the borders of France, than Lyons—a French, formerly an imperial city, but always a city open to all, a merchant republic whose privileges gave protection to all; a common country for Swiss, Savoyard, German, Italian, as well as for Frenchmen.

This confluence of rivers and of peoples, distantly overlooked by the Alps, this ocean of men of every country, this great, wide city, with its sombre streets and black staircases which seem to scale the sky,[†] was a more solitary place of retreat than the solitudes of the Tyrol. Here he retired into a Célestin convent, of which his brother was prior, and expiated, by monastic docility, his domination over the Church, enjoying the happiness of obeying, the peace of having no more a will of his own, and of feeling no longer the sense of self-responsibility. If he resumed at times his all-powerful pen, it was with the desire of calming the strife within, of finding ■ means of reconciling mysticism and reason, of being scientific

cally mystical and methodically mad. Beyond a doubt this fine mind must have been conscious at last that all this was in vain. It is said, that in the latter years of his life he could only bear the company of children, as was the case with Rousseau and Bernardin-de-Saint-Pierre. He lived wholly with them, instructing them,^{*} or rather himself receiving instruction from those whom our Saviour loved.[†] With them he learned simplicity, unlearned scholasticism. Simplicity, purity—sustained by these two powerful wings,[‡] he took his flight. On his tomb was engraved the fine inscription which sums up the whole of his energetic being, effacing all that was not of God (happy he, who, in our fallen state, merits such an epitaph)—“*Sursum corda.*”[§]

The result of the Council of Constance, for France, was a defeat, and a greater defeat than we can find words to tell—a battle of Azincourt. After having so long had a pope to herself, a sort of French patriarch, through whom she could influence her Scotch and Spanish allies, she was doomed to see the unity of the Church outwardly re-established, and re-established against her interests, and in favor of those of her enemies. Would not this Italian pope, the client of the Anglo-German party, interfere in the affairs of France, and dictate to her whatever he was ordered by the foreigner?

England had conquered by policy as well as by arms. She had borne a principal part in the election of Martin V.: she held in her grasp his predecessor, John XXIII., who was intrusted to the keeping of cardinal Winchester, Henry Vth's uncle,^{||} and Henry could exact from the pope all he might consider necessary for the accomplishment of his designs on France, Naples, the Low Countries, Germany and the Holy Land.

In this pitch of greatness to which England appeared to have arrived, there was, however, one subject of uneasiness. We must not forget that this greatness was principally due to the strict alliance between the episcopacy and the throne, under the house of Lancaster: these two powers were agreed to reform the Church, and conquer schismatic France. Now, at the

^{*} See his fine treatise, *De Parvulis ad Christum Trahendis*, (On bringing little children unto Christ.) Gerson, t. iii, p. 277. Although this treatise is wholly in the spirit of the priest and of the confessor, it is worth while to compare it with Montaigne's chapter on education, with Fénelon and with Rousseau.

[†] He relied on their intercession, and, the evening before his death, called them together to beg them to say in their prayers, “O Lord! have mercy on your poor servant, Jean Gerson.”

[‡] Imitatio Christi.

[§] “Lift up your hearts.” With regard to Gerson's tomb, and the worship of which it was the object, until the Jesuits had raised another influence into the ascendant, see *L'Histoire de l'Eglise de Lyon par Saint-Aubin*, and ■ letter of M. Aimé Guillon's in M. Gence's pamphlet, *Sur l'Imitation Polyglotte de M. Montfalcon*. There is only one likeness of Gerson extant; which M. Jarry de Mancy has given in his *Galerie des Hommes Utiles*, from a manuscript.

^{||} Rymer, t. iv. P. i. p. 34, 1418.

^{*} Buleus, *Hist Universitatis Par. t. v. pp. 307-9*. An assembly of nobles and of prelates, presided over by the dauphin, imprisoned the rector of the university, who had inadvertently on the way in which they directed ecclesiastical elections, and bestowed benefices. The parliament did not support the university, but excused itself. This was the burial of the university as ■ popular power.

[†] See, as regards Lyons and its mysticism, the first volume of this history, p. 172.

very moment of reform, the English bishops had only too clearly shown how little they cared for it; whilst, on the other hand, scarcely was the conquest of France begun, before the good intelligence of the two allies, episcopacy and royalty, was already compromised.

For a century, England had been accusing France of being adverse to all reform, and of prolonging the schism. She spoke of these matters at her ease, she who, by her statute of provisors,* had from an early period ended all papal influence in ecclesiastical elections. Separated from the pope in this respect, she could afford to impute the continuance of the schism to the French. France, submissive to

* ("... the feeble administration of Edward II. gave way to ecclesiastical usurpations at home as well as abroad. His magnanimous son took a bolder line. After complaining ineffectually to Clement VI. of the enormous abuse which reserved almost all English benefices to the pope, and generally for the benefit of aliens, he passed in 1350 the famous statute of provisors. This act, reciting one supposed to have been made at the parliament of Carlisle, which, however, does not appear, and complaining in strong language of the mischief sustained through continual reservation of benefices, enacts that all elections and collations shall be free, according to law; and that, in case any provision or reservation should be made by the court of Rome, the king should for that turn have the collation of such benefice, if it be of ecclesiastical election or patronage. This devolution to the crown, which seems a little arbitrary, was the only remedy that could be effectual against the connivance and timidity of chapters and spiritual patrons. We cannot assert that a statute so nobly planned was executed with equal steadiness. Sometimes by royal dispensation, sometimes by neglect or evasion, the papal bulls of provision were still obeyed, though fresh laws were enacted to the same effect as the former. It was found on examination in 1367, that some clerks enjoyed more than twenty benefices by the pope's dispensation. And the parliaments both of this and of Richard II.'s reign invariably complain of the disregard shown to the statute of provisors. This led to other measures. . . .

"The principal European nations determined, with different degrees indeed of energy, to make a stand against the despotism of Rome. In this resistance England was not only the first engaged, but the most consistent; her free parliament preventing, as far as the times permitted, that wavering policy to which a court is liable. We have already seen, that a foundation was laid in the statute of provisors under Edward III. In the next reign, many other measures tending to repress the interference of Rome were adopted; especially the great statute of premunire, which subjects all persons bringing papal bulls, for translation of bishops and other enumerated purposes into the kingdom, to the penalties of forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment. This act received, and probably was designed to receive, a larger interpretation than its language appears to warrant. Combined with the statute of provisors, it put a stop to the pope's usurpation of patronage, which had impoverished the Church and kingdom of England for nearly two centuries. Several attempts were made to overthrow these enactments; the first parliament of Henry IV. gave a very large power to the king over the statute of provisors, enabling him even to annul it at his pleasure. This however does not appear in the statute-book. Henry, indeed, like his predecessors, exercised rather largely his prerogative of dispensing with the law against papal provisions; a prerogative which, as to this point, was itself taken away by an act of his own, and another of his son Henry V. But the statute always stood unrepealed; and it is a satisfactory proof of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the legislature, that in the concordat made by Martin V. at the council of Constance with the English nation, we find no mention of reservation of benefices, of annates, and the other principal grievances of that age; our ancestors disdaining to accept by compromise with the pope any modification, or even confirmation of their statute law. They had already restrained another flagrant abuse, the increase of first-fruits by Boniface IX.; an act of Henry IV., forbidding any greater sum to be paid on that account than had formerly been accustomed." Hallam's Europe During the Middle Ages, vol. ii. pp. 339-40, and pp. 356-7.)—TRANSLATOR.

the pope, desired a French pope at Avignon; England, independent of the pope on the one essential question, desired a pope universal, and preferred him at Rome to elsewhere. But, from the moment there ceased to be a French pope, the English troubled themselves no more about the reform, either of the pontificate or of the Church.

The English had proclaimed their victory God's own work, and their king ordered the first coin he struck in France to be inscribed with the legend, *Christus regnat, Christus vincit, Christus imperat*, (Christ reigns, conquers, and commands.) He treated the French priests with the greatest moderation and courtesy, and herein understood his own interest, for these priests were to the full as much priests as Frenchmen, and would easily attach themselves to a prince who respected the gown. But this was not the interest of the lords bishops, who accompanied the king in the double capacity of counsellors and creditors; to whose advantage it was that the flight of the French ecclesiastics should leave a large number of benefices vacant for them to administer, or even seize and occupy. In this we must, perhaps, seek the cause of the severity with which the English council, almost wholly composed of churchmen, treated the priests in the captured towns. On the capitulation of Rouen, the terms of which were drawn up and negotiated by the archbishop of Canterbury, the famous canon de Livet was exempted from the amnesty and sent to England. If he did not perish, it is that he was rich, and compounded for his life. The monks were treated more hardly still than the priests. When Melun surrendered, two who were found in the garrison were put to death. On the taking of Meaux, three monks belonging to the abbey of Saint-Denys, were only saved, with great difficulty, by the protests of their abbot; but the notorious bishop Cauchon, the tool of cardinal Winchester, threw them into loathsome dungeons.*

All this must have struck terror into the absent beneficiaries. The bishop of Paris, Jean Courtecuisse, dared not return to his bishopric; and similar absences left numerous benefices at the discretion of the lords bishops, and large fruits to collect. The king, who undoubtedly would have been better pleased by the return of such as absented themselves, and by their rallying round him, was never weary of recalling them, and holding out the threat that he would dispose of their benefices;† but they took care not to return. Their benefices being then considered vacant, the lords bishops disposed

* In horribili carcere cum vite austeritate detineri fecit. —The Religieux de Saint-Denys, undeterred by the prejudices of his order, is of opinion, with his customary good sense, that although monks, they were bound to fight against the enemy: . . . "Without consideration for the laws which authorize men, in whatever rank of life, to repel force by force . . . and to fight for their country." *Religieux*, MS. fol. 176-7.

† See Rymer, *passim*, ann. 1420-22.

of them to their creatures; and so there were two titulars to each benefice. After having so long accused France of prolonging the pontifical schism, the English conquest gradually created a schism among the French clergy.

These large and lucrative transactions alone explain the constant presence of the great dignitaries of the English Church in Henry's camp, in all his expeditions. They follow his every step, seemingly forgetful of their flocks. The souls of the islanders may shift for themselves; and the English pastors are too busy to save those of the continent. At the siege of Harfleur, we find only the bishop of Norwich, who is the king's chief adviser. But after the battle of Azincourt, Henry, eager to return to France, throws himself into the hands of the bishops. He empowers the two heads of the episcopacy, the archbishop of Canterbury and cardinal Winchester, to collect, on behalf of the crown, the feudal *dues on wards, marriages, and forfeitures, for our approaching voyage*.^{*} And before he could begin another expedition, it behooved to put Harfleur in a state of defence; † for Henry, kept thoroughly informed of the state of things in France, did not doubt that Armagnac would endeavor to tear from him this inappreciable result of the last campaign. It is clear that the bishops, who alone had money ever at command, made him the necessary advances, and were assigned, as security, the produce of these lucrative dues.

Henry's uncle, cardinal Winchester, became by degrees the richest man in England, perhaps in the world. At a subsequent period he makes such loans to the crown, as no monarch of the day could have done; from twenty thousand, up to fifty thousand pounds sterling at a time. ‡ Some years after Henry's death, he was for a moment the real king of France and England, (A. D. 1430–1432.) Henry, in his lifetime, had publicly reproved him for usurping the rights of the crown; § and he even believed that Winchester was impatiently looking out for his death, and desired to hasten it.

Perhaps he was here mistaken; but what is certain is, that the two royalties—the military royalty and the episcopal and financial one, were able to begin the conquest together, but could not enjoy it together; that it would not be long before they came into collision. While straining every nerve in his great effort, the siege of Rouen, and needing money, Henry

ventured to speak of reforming the morals of the clergy.* The bishops granted him an aid to carry on the war, but not gratis. They made him give over to them, in return, a number of heretics.

In 1420, under pretence of immediate danger of a Scotch invasion, he obtained a fifth from the clergy of the north of England, and empowered the archbishop of York to levy it. † This was the terrible year of the treaty of Troyes. He had no hopes of drawing any thing from France, from a ruined country, which was this very year deprived of all that had been left it—independence and nationality. On the contrary, he endeavored to bind Normandy and Guyenne to England in the firmest manner, by exempting the Norman clergy from certain dues, and by lessening the import duty on Bordeaux wines. ‡

But in 1421 he required money at any cost. Charles VII. occupied Meaux, and was laying siege to Chartres. The English had consumed the whole preceding campaign in taking Melun. Henry V. was compelled to press heavily on both kingdoms; on England, discontented, grumbling, and all astonished at being asked to pay when in expectation of receiving tribute rather from the conquered country; and on unhappy France, a corpse, a skeleton, with no longer any blood to suck, but only the bones to gnaw. Henry spared the English pride by calling the tax a loan, a *voluntary* loan, but which was levied violently and harshly, since in each county certain wealthy individuals were constrained to advance the quota in which the county was assessed, with liberty to indemnify themselves by extracting the money from their fellow tax-payers how they could: the names of all recusants *were to be sent to the king*. §

Normandy was spared, as regarded forms, almost as much as England. The king convened the three estates of Normandy at Rouen, to lay before them *what he desired to do for the public benefit*. Now his first desire was to receive a tenth from the clergy. In return, he limited the military power of the captains of the cities, || repressed the excesses of the soldiery, and abolished the right of *prisage* in Normandy, &c.

The English loan and the Norman tenth being insufficient to pay this vast army of four thousand men-at-arms, and of thousands of archers which he had brought from England, he was compelled to a measure which fell like a thunderbolt on all English France, and was especially terrible to Paris—he struck a coin double or triple the value of the current coin, and proclaimed that all imposts were to be paid

* *Exitus et proficus de wardis et maritagii. ac etiam forisfacturas. . . . Volentes quod H. Cantuariensi archiepiscopo, H. Wintoniensi cancellario nostro, et T. Dunelmensi episcopo, ac . . . militi nostro J. Rothenhale persolvantur.* Rymer, t. iv. p. i. p. 150, November 28, 1415.

† There was an impressment of masons, slaters, &c., for the works at Harfleur. Ibidem, p. 152, December 16, 1415.

‡ See the list of these loans in Turner, *Hist. of England*, t. iii. p. 152, note.

§ Henry upbraided him, among other felonies, with counterfeiting the royal coin. See the letters of pardon which he grants him. Rymer, t. iv. p. ii. p. 7, June 23, 1417.—Conqueror and popular as Henry V. then was, he yet feared this dangerous priest. On the 14th of the following September, he grants him a favor, calls him his uncle, &c.

■ Turner, t. iii. p. 216, note.

† Rymer, t. iv. p. ii. p. 155, October 27, 1420.

‡ That is, imported into England. Ibid. pp. 153, 160; January 22 and March 22, 1420.

§ Ibid. t. iv. p. iv. p. 19, April 21, 1421.

|| A knight is deputed to make an inquiry into this matter. Ibid. p. 26, May 5, 1421.

in it: this was doubling or tripling the taxes. This measure was still more fatal to the people than profitable to the treasury. All private transactions were deranged by it; and it was found necessary to issue vexatious regulations from time to time throughout the year, in order to interpret and modify this one grand vexation.*

Henry stood in only too great need of the heavy and devouring army which he brought over with him. His brother Clarence had just been defeated and slain, along with two or three thousand English, in Anjou, (battle of Baugé, March 23d, 1421.) Even in the north, the count d'Harcourt had taken up arms against the English, and was overrunning Picardy. Saintrailles and La Hire made forced marches to join him. By degrees, all of gentle blood passed over to the side of Charles VII.,† to the side of that party which was engaging in venturesome expeditions and bold inroads. The peasants, it is true, as sufferers from these enterprises and their attendant pillage, would necessarily rally round that master who could protect them.‡

The ferocity of the old Armagnac foragers served Henry V. His laying siege to Meaux, whose captain, the bastard de Vaurus, a kind of ogre,§ had struck indescribable terror into the surrounding country, was a popular act. But, since the bastard and his men expected no mercy, they defended themselves with the fury of despair. From the ramparts they indulged in every kind of insult to Henry V., who was there in person; they led an ass round them, which they alternately crowned and beat, calling it their prisoner, the king of England. These brigands, without intending it, were of essential service to France. They kept the English before Meaux the whole winter—eight long months; and Henry's fine army was wasted by cold, hunger, and pestilence. The siege was opened on the 6th of October; on the 18th of December, Henry, who saw his army already thinned, wrote in all haste to Germany and Portugal for soldiers; probably the English cost him more than these foreigners would. To decide the German mercenaries to take pay with him rather than with the dauphin, he assured them, among other things, that he would pay them in better money.||

* Ordonnances, t. xi. pp. 115-16, *passim*.

† "At this time there happened to be no lord or knight of name, either English or any other, in France, which emboldened the Armagnacs." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, ann. 1423; Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 143.

‡ At least, this is what Monstrelet and Fenin, the historians of the Burgundian party, say:—"And there were many who began to take up arms on the English side, though not of much rank." . . . Monstrelet, *ibidem*.—Pierre de Fenin, too, asserts, "The poorer sort loved the English king beyond all others, because he was firm in protecting them against the gentlemen." Fenin, p. 187, (*Mademoiselle Dupont's* excellent edition, 1837.)

§ All know the fearful story of the poor pregnant woman who was bound to a tree by order of one of the Vauruses, gave birth to a child during the night, and was devoured by wolves. *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, t. xv. p. 315.

|| Rymer, t. iv. p. iv. p. 45, December 18, 1421.

There was no relying on the duke of Burgundy. He came for a moment to the siege; but soon withdrew, under pretext that his presence was needed in Burgundy to force the cities of the duchy to accept the treaty of Troyes. Henry had good reason to believe that the duke himself had privily instigated their opposition to a treaty which annulled the eventual right of the house of Burgundy to the French crown, as well as those of the dauphin, of the duke of Orléans, and of all the French princes. And wherefore had the young Philip made such a sacrifice to the friendship of the English?—because he thought that he required their aid to avenge his father and defeat his enemy. But it was they, on the contrary, who stood, and greatly, in need of his aid. Success had deserted them. While the duke of Clarence was being defeated in Anjou, the duke of Burgundy had had a brilliant affair in Picardy, where he had fallen on the Dauphinois—Saintrailles and Gamaches—before they could effect a junction with d'Harcourt, and had defeated and taken them prisoners.*

The mutual ill-will between the English and Burgundians was of old date; for the latter had soon writhed under the insolence of their allies. As early as 1416, when the duke of Gloucester was committed as a hostage to Jean-Sans-Peur, his son, then count of Charolais, having come to pay the English duke a visit, the latter, who was at the moment engaged in conversation with some Englishmen, took no further notice of the prince's arrival than by simply saying "Good morning," without even turning to him.† At a subsequent period, an altercation arising between Cornwall, the marshal of England, and the brave Burgundian captain, Hector de Saveuse, the English general, who was at the head of a strong body of men, forgot himself so far as to strike Saveuse with his gauntlet. Deep is the hatred left by an act of the kind; and the Burgundians took no pains to conceal it.

That man of the Burgundian party who was, perhaps, the most deeply compromised, was the sire de l'Île-Adam, he who had retaken Paris and put a stop to the massacres there. He thought that at least his master, the duke of Burgundy, would profit by it; but, as we have seen, the duke delivered up the capital to Henry V. L'Île-Adam could not conceal his chagrin. One day he presents himself before the king of England, clad in a coarse gray coat. This the king could not overlook. "L'Île-Adam," said he to him, "is that the robe of a marshal of France?" Instead of apology, the latter answered, that he had had it made on purpose for travelling in by boat on the Seine, and looked the king steadily in the face. "What!" said the Englishman, haughtily, "how dare you look a prince in the face when you speak to him?"—"Sire," said the

* Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 354.

† *Id.* t. iii. p. 401.

Burgundian, " 'tis the custom of us Frenchmen ; when a man speaks to another, no matter his rank, with eyes cast down, we say that he is no true man, since he dares not look one in the face." "It is not the English custom," was the king's dry remark. But Henry took the warning ; one who spoke so firmly was not likely to remain long on the English side. L'Île-Adam had once taken Paris : he might attempt to take it again, in case of a rupture between Henry and the duke of Burgundy. Shortly afterwards, the duke of Exeter, captain of Paris, under some pretext or other, laid hands on the Burgundian, and dragged him to the Bastille. The lower orders clamorously rose up, and were about to defend him, when the English made a murderous charge upon them, as if on an enemy's troops.*

Henry sought to put L'Île-Adam to death, but the duke of Burgundy interceded successfully for him. What was put to death, beyond all possibility of restoration, was the English party in Paris.

The change is sensible in the *Journal du Bourgeois*. National feelings awaken in him ; he rejoices over a defeat sustained by the English,† and begins to grow tender over the fate of the Armagnacs, who die without the privilege of confession.‡

The English king, foreseeing, no doubt, a rupture with the duke of Burgundy, seems to have been anxious to secure positions against him in the Low Countries. He treated with the king of the Romans for the acquisition of Luxembourg, and next sought to conclude close alliance with Liege.§ The reader will remember that it was precisely by the same acquisition and the same alliance that the house of Orléans made that of Burgundy its irreconcilable enemy.

To act thus against an ally who had been so useful to him, and to prepare a war in the north when he could not bring that in the south to a close, was strangely imprudent. What, then, were the king of England's resources ?

According to his budget, as it was stated in 1421 by the archbishop of Canterbury, cardinal Winchester, and two other prelates, his revenue amounted to only fifty-three thousand pounds sterling, his current expenditure to fifty thousand—(twenty-one thousand being swallowed up by Calais alone, and the neighboring

march.)* There was thus an apparent surplus of three thousand pounds sterling. But, out of this small sum he had to provide for the expense of artillery, of fortifications, buildings, embassies, the keep of prisoners, for his household, &c. ; and, in this statement, there appear no funds† for the discharge of the interest on the old debts contracted on account of Harfleur, Calais, &c., which went on increasing.

Thus, Henry Vth's position became a very gloomy one. This conqueror and ruler of Europe would soon find himself under the most humiliating rule of all rules, that of his creditors. On the one hand, he had to drag after him this cumbersome council of lords bishops, who could not fail of becoming daily both more necessary, and more imperious ; and, on the other hand, the men-at-arms, the captains, who had hired mercenary troops for him, might be instantly expected to claim their arrears.‡

At bottom, Henry V. found his conquest to be distress and misery. England encountered in its action on Europe in the fifteenth century, the same obstacle which France had encountered in the fourteenth, when she extended her arms vigorously southwards and northwards, towards Italy, the Empire, and the Low Countries, in which great effort her strength had failed her, her arms had dropped languidly down, and she was left in that state of languor in which the English conquest surprised her.

The English had imagined that they had only to make war for France to pay. They found the land a desert. Misery had followed misery for fifteen years, so that the ruins of ruins alone remained. So little did they draw from the conquered country, that, for their own preservation, they were obliged to bring the means of living into it. But where get them ? As we have said, the Church alone, at this period, had any wealth. But how could the house of Lancaster, which had thriven beneath the shadow of the Church, and by delivering up her enemies to her, assume, against the Church, the character of those self-same enemies, of the heretical levellers she had handed over to the fires of Smithfield.

For a century England had reproached France with making the Church a source of profit, with diverting ecclesiastical property to profane uses, and had undertaken to put an end to the scandal. The English Church and monarchy had united to accomplish this task, and they had, in fact, crushed France. . . . This done, where were the conquerors ? At the point at which they had found the conquered ; obliged to turn to the same necessitous resources which

* Id. t. iv. pp. 277, 309. At last the Parisians made the discovery that their real enemy was the Englishman. They had already had warning in words :—The English ambassadors "requerent ledit président de exposer icelle créance, pour ce que chacun n'eust scu bien aisément entendre leur françois langage . . ." (beg the said president to explain their credentials, since all might not readily understand their French language.) . . . *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiv. fol. 215-16, May, 1420.

† "The people bore them too mortal hate." *Journal du Bourgeois*, p. 96, 4to.

‡ "There was great feasting at Paris . . . better have wept . . . what pity and grief throughout Christendom." *Ibid.* p. 94, August 3, 1422.

§ Rymer, t. iv. P. iv. p. 38, July 17, 1421 ; p. 73, August 6, 1422.

* Pro Calesio et marchiis ejusdem, xxi. m. marcas ; pro custodia Angliæ, viii. m. marcas ; pro custodia Hiberniæ, ii. m. marcas. *Ibid.* p. 27, May 6, 1421.

† Et nondum provisum est, &c. *Ibid.*

‡ These claims became so urgent on the death of Henry V., that the council of regency was obliged to assign for their payment the *third* and the *third* of the *third* of all the king's personal gains in the war from booty, prisoners, &c. *Statutes of the Realm*, vol. ii., (1422,) 215, ed. in fol. 1816

they had imputed to them as a crime, and with all the shame of self-contradiction into the bargain. If the king of the priests abstained from laying hands on the goods of the priests, he was lost. Thus, that colossal edifice, whose foundations English pharisaism had thought to seal in the blood of the English Lollards and French schismatics, began to appear such as it really was, frail and in ruins.

All this was only too clearly seen by Henry V.; he had no longer a hope. Rouen had cost him a year; Melun, a year; Meaux, a year. It was during this last interminable siege, while he was seeing his fine army melt away around him, that he received the news of his queen's having given birth to a son in Windsor castle. He showed no joy at the tidings; but comparing his own destiny with that of this child, said, with prophetic sadness:—"Henry of Monmouth will have reigned a short time, and conquered largely; Henry of Windsor will reign long and lose all: God's will be done!"

It is said that while occupied with these sombre forebodings, he was visited by a hermit, who addressed him as follows:—"Our Lord, who seeks not your destruction, has sent a holy man to me, and this is what the holy man has said: 'God orders you to cease from tormenting his Christian people of France; if not, you have but a short time to live.'"*

Henry V. was still young; but he had travailed hard in this world: the time was come for him to rest; and rest he had had none since his birth. He was seized after his winter campaign with a violent irritability of the bowels, a very common disease at this time, and which was called St. Antony's fire. Dysentery laid hold of him.† However, the duke of Burgundy being on the eve of an engagement, and having sent to him for reinforcements, he feared that the young French prince would gain a second victory alone, and replied, "I will not send, I will come." He was by this time extremely weak, and obliged to use a litter. But he could proceed no further than Melun, and they had to bear him back to Vincennes. Informed by his physicians of his approaching end, he commended his son to the care of his brothers, and gave them two wise counsels: in the first place, to keep on good terms with the duke of Burgundy; in the second, should a treaty be set on foot, to insist upon Normandy as a *sine qua non*.

Then he had the penitential psalms read to him, and on the priest's coming to the words of the penitential psalms, "Thou shalt build up the walls of Jerusalem," the warlike genius of the dying man was aroused by his very piety: "Ah!" he exclaimed, "had God suffered me to live out my days, and bring this French war

to an end, I am the man who would have conquered the Holy Land!"*

It seems as if at this last moment he felt some doubts as to the legitimacy of his French conquest, and needed to reassure himself. I incline to infer this from the words which he added, as if in reply to some mental objection:—"Neither ambition nor vain worldly glory moved me to take up arms. My war has been approved of by holy priests and wise men, and in making it I have not put my soul in peril." Soon after this, he breathed his last, (August 31st, 1422.)

England, whose convictions he had thus given expression to on his death-bed, rendered him the same testimony that he had borne to himself. His body was conveyed to Westminster, (with a mourning such as mocked belief,) not like that of a king or a conqueror, but as if it were the relics of a saint.†

He died the 31st of August; Charles VI. followed him on the 21st of October.‡ The people of Paris mourned their poor mad king, as devotedly as the English their victorious Henry V.

"All those who were in the streets or at the windows, wept and cried out, just as if each saw the being he most loved die. Of a verity, their lamentations were like those of the prophet—'*Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo*.'"

"The poorer sort cried out, 'Ah! dearest prince, never shall we have one so good as thou! Never shall we see thee more. Cursed be death! Since thou hast left us, we shall never have aught but war. Thou art at rest, we remain in tribulation and dolor.'"

Charles VI. was borne to Saint-Denys, "poorly accompanied for a king of France, by his chamberlain only, his chancellor, his confessor, and some inferior officers of his household." A single prince followed his bier—the duke of Bedford.|| "Alas! his son and relatives could not follow him, for they were lawfully excused."¶ His fine family was all but extinct; his three oldest sons were no more: of his daughters, the eldest had been the wife of the unfortunate Richard II., and after his death, of the duke of Orléans, a prisoner the whole of his life: the second, married to the duke of Burgundy, died of grief: the third had been forced to wed the enemy of France. Charles VI.'s only surviving son was a proscribed and disinherited man.

When the body was lowered into the grave,

* He had employed the knight, Guillebert de Launey, in exploring the country, and his report is extant:—"Visits to several cities, ports, and rivers, as well of Egypt as of Syria, in the year of grace 1422, by command, &c." Turner, vol. ii. 477, ed. in 8vo.

† "As if certain that he either would be, or was, a saint in Paradise." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 410.

‡ After the fourth or fifth attack of quartan fever. *Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil* xiv. f. 259 verso.

§ Journal du Bourgeois, t. xv. p. 324.

|| Chastellain, p. 117; Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 417.

¶ Juvenal des Ursins, p. 396.

■ Chronique de Georges Chastellain, p. 115, éd. Buchon.

† The hostile party gave out that he had died eaten up by lice. Bernier, *Mémoires sur Senlis*, p. 13, (1831.)

the *huissiers d'armes* broke their wands, threw them into it, and reversed their maces. Then Berri, French king-at-arms, exclaimed, "May God have mercy on the soul of the most high and most excellent prince Charles, king of France, sixth of the name, our *natural* and sovereign lord;" after a pause he continued, "God give long life to Henry, by the grace of God king of France and England, our sovereign lord."*

After announcing the king's death, we must mention that of the nation. From 1418 to 1422, the mortality was frightful. These mournful years revolve in a murderous circle: war brings on famine, famine pestilence; and this in its turn reproduces famine. We may fancy ourselves reading of that night of Exodus, in which the angel passes and repasses, touching each house with his sword.

The year in which the massacres at Paris took place, (A. D. 1418,) wretchedness, fright, and despair brought on an epidemic which is said to have carried off in this city alone, eighty thousand souls.† "About the end of September," says the eye-witness, with his frightful simplicity of statement, "they died in such numbers, and so fast, that it was necessary to dig large trenches in the burial grounds, into which they were cast by thirties and forties, packed like bacon, and scarcely sprinkled over with earth. One only met in the streets priests carrying our Lord, (the host.)"

In 1419, there was no harvest got in. The husbandmen were either dead or had fled: little had been sown, and that little had been laid waste. Provisions rose to a fearful price. It was hoped that the English would restore some order and security, and provisions become more abundant: on the contrary, there was a famine.

"When eight o'clock struck, so great was the throng at the bakers' doors, you must have seen the sight to believe it . . . All over Paris you might have heard the piteous lamentations of little children crying out, 'I am dying of hunger.' You might see on a dunghill twenty or thirty children, boys and girls, perishing of cold and hunger: and there was none so hard-hearted but, hearing them cry out in the night, 'I am dying of hunger,' felt full of pity for them. Some worthy citizens bought three or four houses, which they converted into hospitals for poor children."‡

In 1421, a like and a severer famine. The

men employed to kill the dogs were followed by crowds of poor, who, as they killed, devoured all, "flesh and guts."* The country, depopulated, was peopled after another fashion: flocks of wolves scoured the fields, scratching and digging up the corpses; they entered Paris by night-time as if to take possession. It looked as if the city, each day like a desert, would soon be theirs; no fewer than twenty-four thousand houses were said to have been untenanted.†

There was no remaining longer in Paris. The taxes were overwhelming. Beggars (another tax) flocked to it from all quarters, and at last, there were more beggars than other persons, so that men preferred departing, and abandoning their property. In like manner the laborers abandoned the fields, and throwing away the mattock, said amongst themselves, "Let us fly to the woods with the wild beasts . . . farewell wives and children . . . let us do the worst we can, let us give ourselves up to the devil."‡

Strung to this pitch, men weep no more; there is an end of tears, or, in the midst of tears, there burst forth diabolic joys and savage laughter. . . . It is the most tragic characteristic of the period, that the gloomiest moments are alternated with fits of phrenised gayety.

The beginning of this long series of woes, "of this dolorous dance," as the Bourgeois de Paris calls it, is coincident with the madness of Charles VI., coincident with the too famous masquerade of satyrs, with piously burlesque mysteries, with the farces of the Bazoche.§

* *Ibid.* p. 300.

† Clearly, an exaggerated number. However, it must be remembered that there were then more houses in proportion than now, from the smallness of their size; and that there was hardly a family but what had a house to itself.—It results from some details in the account given of Flamel, that the population had begun to fall off as early as 1406. Vilain, *Hist. de Flamel*, p. 355.

‡ *Journal du Bourgeois*, p. 309. We regret our inability, from want of space, to follow in our description of these melancholy years the counsel given the historic writer by M. Sismondi, with so deep a feeling of humanity:—

"Let us not hurry on; when the narrator hurries forward, he gives a false idea of history. . . . These years, so barren of virtues and of bright examples, were quite as long in their flight for the unhappy people of the realm, as those which are resplendent with heroism. As they rolled on, some were sinking under the weight of years, others had been succeeded by their children: the nation was no longer the same. . . . The reader never feels this flight of time, unless he sees how this time has been filled up: its duration is ever proportioned to the number of facts presented to him, and, in some sort, to the number of pages he has to peruse. You may warn him that whole years are silently passed over, but he is unconscious of them." Sismondi, t. xii. p. 216.

§ ("The Bazoche, or Bazoche, was an association of the *clercs du Parlement*, (clerks to the Parliament.) The etymology of the name is uncertain; some antiquaries think it was derived from *basilique*, (basilica,) which anciently designated any building of royal foundation; and that as this association met in the *Palais*, it was thence called *basilique*, afterwards corrupted into *bazoche*. However this may be, the Bazoche is supposed to have been instituted in 1302, by Philippe-le-Bel, who gave it the title of *Royaume de la Bazoche*, (kingdom of the Bazoche,) and ordered that it should form a tribunal for judging, without appeal, all civil and criminal matters that might arise among the clerks, and all actions brought against them. He likewise ordained

* Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 419.

† "According to the reckoning of the parish priests." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 119.—"The gravediggers . . . stated . . . that they had buried above a hundred thousand persons." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, t. xv. p. 251. A little before he has said, that in the first five weeks there perished a hundred and fifty thousand souls. To these calculations, which are exceedingly suspicious, he subjoins one which seems more trustworthy:—"The cordwainers, on the day of their general meeting, reckoned up the deaths that had occurred in their trade . . . and found that eighteen hundred, as well masters as knaves, had died within these two months." *Ibidem*.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 297.

The year in which the duke of Orléans was assassinated, was signalized by the incorporation of the fiddlers.* This corporation, no doubt especially required at so joyous an epoch, had grown into importance and respectability. Treaties of peace were publicly proclaimed to the accompaniment of numerous violins: hard-

that the president should be called *Roi de la Basoche*, (king of the Basoche,) and that the king and his subjects should have an annual *montre* or review.

"This tribunal was composed of a president, (the king,) a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, a treasurer, master of requests, registrars, ushers, &c. Its audiences were held on Wednesdays and Saturdays, in the *grande chambre*. Its judgments began with this pompous preamble:—*La Basoche régnante et triomphante en titres d'honneur, salut*, (The Basoche, reigning and triumphing in honorable titles, greeting,) and terminated thus:—*fait audit royaume, &c.*, (delivered in the said kingdom, &c.)

"The *montre*, or review of the *Basoche*, was a singular ceremony. The members of this body, on the last Saturday of the month of May, planted in the court of the *Palais* (thence called *cour de Mai*) a lofty tree, after having thrown down that of the preceding year. On each side of the tree were suspended their arms, which were *azure*; three inkstands, or; supporters, two angels. Francis I., wishing to see this spectacle, signified his desire to the *Parlement*, who, at the request of the advocate-general of the *Basoche*, granted in 1540, two days' vacation for the fête. The king expressed his satisfaction with the ceremony, in which seven or eight hundred clerks appeared on horseback, in fine order.

"An insurrection having broke out in Guyenne after the death of Francis, the king of the *Basoche* offered to Henry II. six thousand men to repress the insurgents. The king accepted the offer, and six thousand clerks set out armed for Guyenne. Their services were satisfactory, and the king granted them several privileges. Among others, they had the right of cutting down trees in the royal forests for the ceremony of the *Mai*. In virtue of this privilege, the clerks cut down annually, in the forest of Bondi, three oaks, one of which served for the *Mai*, and the others were sold for the benefit of the *Basoche*.

"There was also allotted to them annually a certain part of the fines adjudged to the king, to the *Parlement*, and to the Court of Aids. The king of the *Basoche* had also the right of coining money, but it had no currency except among his own subjects.

"The revenues of this kingdom consisted of the fines above mentioned, the produce of the two oaks, donations from the *Parlement*, and *bégaunes*, a sort of fee exacted from all the new clerks.

"Under the reign of Henry III. the number of subjects of the king of the *Basoche* amounted to nearly ten thousand; but Henry forbidding any of his subjects to take the title of king, the president of the *Basoche* was called the chancellor.

"The members of the *Basoche* took upon themselves to exhibit plays in the *Palais*, in which they censured the public manners; indeed, they may be said to have been the first comic authors and actors that appeared in Paris. While other performers exhibited the mysteries of the Passion, the *Basochiens* acted farces and pantomimes on the large marble table in the grand hall of the *Palais*. The money given by the spectators was devoted to the expenses of the performance, and for a banquet, of which the actors and officers of the *Basoche* partook.

"In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the *Basochiens* were governed by a chancellor, elected annually, and their *montre* was confined to their officers, who, dressed in red, rode on horseback through the streets of Paris, and performed pieces of music at the doors of their dignitaries, and the principal members of the *Parlement*; after which they went to the forest of Bondi, and cut down their trees, one of which they planted in the *cour du Mai*.

"At the commencement of the revolution, the *Basochiens* formed a troop, the uniform of which was red, but they were afterwards disbanded by a decree of the National Assembly." The History of Paris from the Earliest Period to the Present Day, &c.—Whittaker & Co., 1825, vol. ii. pp. 106-8.)—TRANSLATOR.

* The fiddlers seem to have been in great request: "When once present at a feast or a marriage, they are to stay until it is all over." *Archives, Ordinatio super officio de Jongleurs, &c.*, April 24, 1407, *Registre*, J. 161, No. 270.

ly six months passed without a peace being proclaimed and sung.*

The eldest of Charles VIth's sons, the first dauphin, was an indefatigable player on the harp and spinet. He kept a large band of musicians, and would often send for the young choristers of Nôtre-Dame. He sang, danced, and *led*, (balait,) night and day; † and this, too, while the Cabochiens were in power and killing his friends: and he managed to kill himself as well, by dint of singing and dancing.

This outward gayety, breaking out in the saddest moments, is not a trait peculiar to our history. The Portuguese chronicle teaches us, that the king, Don Pedro, in his terrible mourning for Inez, which lasted till his death, experienced a strange craving for dancing and music. All he took pleasure in was two things—executions and concerts. The latter he required to be stunning, violent, got up with wind instruments, whose piercing voice might despotically drown the voice within his breast, and make the body, automaton-like obey its movements. To this end he had trumpets made of great length, of silver. At times, when he could not sleep, he would order out his trumpets and dance along the streets by torch-light; his people would rise, too, and, either through compassion or the excitability of southern temperaments, people and king would dance together until he was satisfied, and the dawn brought him back, exhausted, to his palace. ‡

It appears certain that, in the fourteenth century, dancing became, in many countries, involuntary and maniacal. The violent processions of the Flagellants set the example: § and the overpowering epidemics, and fearful shock to the whole nervous system which devolved on the survivors, readily took the form of St. Vitus's dance. || Phenomena of this kind are well known to be contagious. The sight of convulsions acted the more powerfully, inasmuch as men's souls were agitated by convulsions and vertigo. Sound and sick would dance confusedly together. They were seen to seize each other's hands convulsively in the streets and in the churches, and to set off in a

* But this was a custom of very ancient date.—"And it was proclaimed at Paris, with four trumpets and six fiddlers, (September 19, 1418.) . . . And every day at Paris, especially by night, great cheer was made for the said peace, with fiddlers, and otherwise, (July 11, 1419.)" *Journal du Bourgeois*, pp. 249-60.

† This is what the butchers so upbraided him with. The Religieux de Saint-Denis and the clerk to the parliament also notice it. See, above, p. 73.

‡ Chroniques de l'Espagne et du Portugal, published by M. Ferd. Denis, (1840.) t. i. pp. 121, 122.

§ For an account of the black plague, of the Flagellants, and their songs, see, above, vol. i. p. 430. There is a highly important article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by the learned and eloquent Littré, *Sur les Grandes Epidémies*. (In the February number, 1836, t. v. of the fourth series, p. 220.)

|| M. Larrey, who has given a very interesting notice on chorea or St. Vitus's dance, (danse de Saint-Gui,) seems to have overlooked the frequency of this malady in the fourteenth century. *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, t. xvi. pp. 424-437.

round. Often those who at first laughed, or looked coldly on, would feel their eyes grow dim, their head turn, and would join the circle and whirl off with the rest. The circles went on increasing, interlacing, growing vaster, blinder, more rapid and phrensied, like immense reptiles, each writhe of which should minutely add to their bulk. There was no staying the monster; but his rings could be cut through, and they used to break the electric chain by falling on some of the dancers with fist and foot. This rude dissonance dissolving the harmony, they found themselves free; otherwise they would have whirled round till nature gave way, and have danced to death.

This phenomenon of the fourteenth century does not recur in the fifteenth: but we find in England, France, and Germany, a fantastical amusement which reminds one of these vast popular dances of the sick and dying. It was called the dance of death, or dance Macabre;* and was exceedingly relished by the English, who introduced it among us.†

Not long since, there might be seen at Bale,‡ and there is still seen at Lucerne, and at the Chaise-Dieu in Auvergne, a series of pictures, representing Death dancing with men of all ages and all ranks, and dragging them along. These painted dances were destined to be realized once more;§ for, undoubtedly, they originated in some of the sacred mimes which used to be represented in the churches, the *parvis*, the cemeteries, or even in processions in the streets,|| and were suggested, primarily, by the efforts of the wicked angels to carry off souls, as still displayed in numerous bas-reliefs found in our churches.¶ But in proportion as the Christian sentiment grew weaker, spectacles of the kind ceased to be religious, recalled no thoughts of judgment, salvation, or resurrection,** but became dryly moral, hardly phi-

losophic and material. It was no longer the Devil, offspring of sin and of corrupt will, but Death, death the skeleton, material and fatal. As we all know, the human skeleton, with its angular and awkward outline, reminds one at the first glance of life in a thousand ridiculous ways, but its frightful *rixtus* soon assumes, in return, an ironical air. . . . Less strange in form than through the fantastic nature of its postures, it is man and it is not man. . . . Or, if it be he, it seems, horrible mountebank! to display triumphantly, with cruel cynicism, the utter nakedness which is to remain arrayed in earth.

The spectacle of the Dance of Death was represented at Paris,* in 1424, in the Cemetery of the Innocents. This narrow precinct, into which for so many centuries the enormous city had poured almost all its inhabitants, was at first at one and the same time a burial-place; a lay-stall, haunted at night by robbers; and, in the evenings, by prostitutes, who followed their calling among the tombs. Philippe-Auguste enclosed it with walls, and, by way of purifying it, dedicated it to St. Innocent, ■ child crucified by the Jews. In the fourteenth century, the churches being altogether full, it became the fashion among the worthy citizens to be buried in the cemetery. A church was built here; towards erecting† which, Flamel was a contributor, and he had carved over the portal strange, inexplicable signs, which, as the rumor ran, concealed mighty mysteries of alchemy. Flamel contributed, too, towards the building of the charnel-houses which were reared all around. The principal tombs lay under the arcades of these charnel-houses: above was a flooring and garrets, where were hung the half-rotted bones dug up out of the graves,‡ for there was little room here, and the dead had little rest; a corpse laid in this teem-

* That is to say, according to M. Van Praet, (Catalogue des Livres imprimés sur Velin,) "Cemetery Dance;" he deduces the word from the Arabic *Magabir*, *Magabarah*, "a cemetery." Others derive it from the English—"make, break," joined together, so as to imitate the sound of the friction and crashing of bones. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, the belief began to be that Macabre was a man's name—the most improbable conjecture of all.

† Perhaps they also introduced the Blind-man's Dance, and the Blind-man's Tourney:—"Four blind men were placed, all armed, each with ■ cudgel in his hand, in the park, and a stout porker was let loose, which they were to have if they could kill it. So it was done, and they began this strange combat, for they gave each other so many hard blows . . ." Journal du Bourgeois, p. 353, ann. 1425.

‡ Also in the cemetery at Dresden, at St. Mary's, Lubeck, at the new temple, Strasbourg, and under the arches of the castle of Blois, &c. Perhaps the earliest of these paintings was the one at Minden, Westphalia, which bore the date of 1333.

§ Living art, art in action, has everywhere preceded figured art, (see note on the next column.) Vico, among others, had been well aware of this. As regards dancing, see, in particular, Bonnet's curious work, *Histoire de la Danse*, 12mo. Paris, 1723.

¶ See Charles Magnin, *Origines du Théâtre*, t. iii.

¶ Iconographie Chrétienne, par M. M. Didron et Alexandre Lenoir.

** I have spoken of these dramas at the end of Book 4, vol. i. In another work of mine, (Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle, p. 167, second edition,) I have described from

Blunt's Vestiges of Ancient Manners discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily, (p. 158,) a delightful mime of the Resurrection, which is represented in one of the processions at Messina.

* "Item, in the year 1424, was made (*faite*) the *Danse Macabre* at the Innocents, and was begun about the month of August, and finished the following Lent." Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, p. 352. "In the year 1429, Richart, the cordelier, preaching at the Innocents, was mounted on ■ lofty scaffolding nearly a toise and a half high, his back turned on the charnel-houses, over against the stand of wagons (?) (*charronnerie*), on the site of the *Danse Macabre*." Ibid. p. 384.—I am of opinion, like Félibien, and MM. Dulaure, de Barante and Lacroix, that this dance was at first really represented, and not, as M. Peignot concludes, a painting. This is the natural order, as I have just observed in a preceding note; first comes representation: then, painting; and, lastly, books of engravings, with explanations. The first known edition of the *Danse Macabre* is in French, (1485:) the first edition in Latin was published by a Frenchman, (1490,) but its title states "Versibus Alemanicis descripta," (the descriptions in German verse.) See M. Peignot's curious work, so interesting in a bibliographical point of view, *Recherches sur les Danses des Morts et sur l'Origine des Cartes à Jouer*, Dijon, 1826.

† See Félibien, Sauval, and, above all, Vilain's *Histoire de Flamel*, pp. 32, 101, 134.—See, too, above, p. 18.

‡ The external ground-floor, resting against the gallery of the tombs, and supporting the garrets where the bones were dried, was let off into shops for laundresses, milliners, writers, &c.

ing clay, in nine days was a skeleton. Meanwhile, such was the torrent of dead matter which flowed through, and so vast the deposite which remained, that when the cemetery was destroyed, the soil had been raised eight feet above the adjoining streets.* Out of this long alluvion of ages, a mountain of death had arisen to overpeer the living.†

* See Cadet-de-Vaux's memoir, Thouret's report, and the *procès-verbal* of the clearing out of the cemetery of the Innocents, quoted by M. Héricart de Thury, in his *Description des Catacombes*, pp. 176, 178.

† ("For many centuries Paris had only one public place of interment, the Cemetery des Innocens, originally a part of the royal domains lying without the walls, and given by one of the earliest French kings as a burial-place to the citizens, in an age when internments within the city were forbidden. Previous to the conversion of this ground into a cemetery, individuals were allowed to bury their friends in their cellars, courts, and gardens; and internments frequently took place in the streets, on the high roads, and in the public fields. . . . Philip Augustus enclosed it in 1186, with high walls, because it had been made a place of the grossest debauchery, and the gates were shut at night. . . . The population of Paris gradually increasing, this cemetery was soon found insufficient; and, in 1218, it was enlarged by Pierre de Nemours, bishop of Paris, and from that time no further enlargement of its precincts was ever made. Generation after generation being piled one upon another within the same ground, the inhabitants of the neighboring parishes began, in the fifteenth century, to complain of the great inconvenience and danger to which they were exposed; diseases were imputed to such a mass of collected putrescence, tainting the air by exhalations, and the waters by filtration. . . . The mode of interment was of the most indecent kind, being not in single graves, but in common pits. 'I am astonished,' says Philip Thicknesse, writing from Paris, 'that where such an infinite number of people live in so small a compass, they should suffer the dead to be buried in the manner they do, or within the city. There are several burial-pits in Paris, of a prodigious size and depth, in which the dead bodies are laid side by side, without any earth being put over them till the ground-tier is full: then, and not till then, a small layer of earth covers them, and another layer of dead comes on, till, by layer upon layer, and dead upon dead, the hole is filled with a mass of human corruption, enough to breed a plague. . . . but everybody and everything in Paris is so much alive, that not a soul thinks about the dead.' These *fosses communes* were emptied once in thirty or forty years, and the bones deposited in what was called *le grand Charnier des Innocens*, (the great charnel-house of the Innocents,) an arched gallery, which surrounded the burial-place. One of these pits, which was intended to contain two thousand bodies, having been opened in 1779, the inhabitants of the adjoining streets presented a memorial to the lieutenant-general of the police. . . . The last grave-digger, François Pontrac, had, by his own register, in less than thirty years, deposited more than ninety thousand bodies in that cemetery. . . . It was calculated, that since the time of Philip Augustus, one million two hundred thousand bodies had been interred there, and it had been in use as a cemetery many ages before his time. . . . The council of state, in 1785, decreed that the cemetery should be cleared of its dead, and converted into a market-place, after the canonical forms . . . should have been observed. The archbishop, in conformity, issued a decree for the suppression, demolition, and evacuation of the cemetery, directing that the bones and bodies should be removed to the new subterranean cemetery . . . the Royal Society of Medicine appointed a committee, to explain the plans which should be presented for this extraordinary operation. . . . The common people of Paris regarded this burial-place with so much veneration, that some danger was apprehended should any accident provoke their irritable feelings during an exposure which no precaution could prevent from being shocking to humanity. Every possible precaution was therefore taken . . . the pomp with which some of the remains were removed, and the decent and religious care with which the bones and undistinguished corpses were conveyed away, reconciled them to the measure. The night scenes, when the work was carried on by the light of torches and bonfires, are said to have been of the most impressive character."

The bones were removed to the subterranean quarries, which had furnished the stone for the construction of Paris, and were at last, in 1810, arranged there in regular galleries,

Such was the fitting theatre of the dance Macabre. It was begun in September, 1424, when the summer heats had abated, and the first rains rendered the place less infectious. These representations were continued for many months.

Whatever disgust the place and the sight might inspire, it was a matter calculated to awaken reflection, to behold at this murderous season, in a town so frequently and severely visited by death, this hungry, sickly, scarcely living crowd, joyously hailing Death as a play, hanging insatiably on his scaramouch jests at morality, and so absorbed in it, as to sport unthinkingly over the bones of their fathers, and the pits gaping for themselves.

After all, why should they not laugh until the fatal hour? This common dance of great and little was the true festival of the time, its natural comedy. Not to speak of those millions of unremembered men who had borne a part in it for some years, was not that a curious round which had been danced by kings and princes—by Louis of Orléans and Jean-Sans-Peur, by Henry V. and Charles VI.! What sport for death, what a malicious pastime to have brought the victorious Harry within a month's reach of the crown of France! After a life of unremitting toil for that end, he wanted but one little month added to his existence, to be the survivor of Charles VI. . . . No not a month, not a day more was to be his. Nor will he be allowed to die on the field of battle; he must be tied to his bed by dysentery and die of the piles.*

Had Death been upbraided with these mockeries of his, he could have been at no loss for

forming the celebrated catacombs of Paris. History of Paris, &c. Whittaker & Co. 1825, vol. iii. pp. 324-8.)—TRANS LATOR.

* Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 407. Juvénal des Ursins, p. 394. This mockery of death's struck his contemporaries. A gentleman, messire Sarrazin d'Arles, on seeing one of his men who had witnessed Henry's funeral procession, asked him whether the king "had his boots on."—"No, my lord, by my faith he had not."—"My good friend," said Sarrazin, "never believe me if he has not left them in France." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 412.

(Lingard (note to p. 379, vol. iii.) says that the disease of which Henry died is described by different writers as a dysentery, a fistula, and a pleurisy.

The following estimate of Henry's character by the same elegant writer, corresponds in the main points with the picture so vividly drawn by M. Michelet:—"The splendor which conquest threw round the person of Henry during his life, still adheres to his memory four centuries after his death. But he was not only a warrior: he was also a statesman. The praise of constitutional courage he may share with many of his predecessors: he surpassed most of them in the skill with which he fomented the dissensions among his antagonists, and improved to the best advantage the unexpected events which checkered the busy scene of French politics. Success, however, gave a tinge of arrogance to his character. He did not sufficiently respect the prejudices, or spare the feelings, of his new subjects: the pomp and superiority which he displayed mortified their vanity; and the deference which he exacted from the proudest of the French nobility was reluctantly yielded by men, who, under the weak reign of Charles, had been accustomed to trample on the authority of their sovereign. Continually engaged in war, he had little leisure to discharge the duties of a legislator: but he has been commended for his care to enforce the equal administration of justice, and was beloved by the lower classes both in France and England, for the

an answer. He might have replied that when all was said, he had hardly cut off any but those who had ceased to live. The conqueror had died at the very moment his conquest was drooping, and could make no further progress; Jean-Sans-Peur, when—all his tergiversations worn threadbare, and known at last for what he was by his own adherents even—he saw himself forever degraded and powerless. Parties and leaders of parties, all were victims of despair. The Armagnacs, smote at Azincourt, and smote in the massacre of Paris, were much more severely struck down by their crime at Montreuil. The Cabochiens and Burgundians had been obliged to confess that they had been dupes, that their duke of Burgundy was the friend of the English: they, who had thought themselves France, had themselves been compelled to turn English. Thus, each had survived his principles and his faith: moral death, which is the true one, was at the bottom of every heart. To behold the Dance of Death, there remained the dead only.

Even the English, the conquerors, could not be other than dull and dispirited, though sitting at their favorite play. England, who by her conquest had gained for king an infant, who was a Frenchman on the mother's side, might be considered dead, especially if he should turn out like his grandfather, Charles VI. And yet, to France this child was English, was Henry VI. of Lancaster: his elevation to the throne was her death as a nation.

When, some years afterwards, this young Anglo-Frank king, or, rather, neither the one nor the other, was brought by cardinal Winchester to deserted Paris, the procession passed before the hôtel Saint-Paul, at one of the windows of which sat queen Isabella, widow of Charles VI. She was pointed out to the royal child as his grandmother: the two shadows regarded each other; the pale young figure raised his bonnet and bowed; the aged queen, on her side, made an humble inclination of the body, then turned away her face, and burst into tears.*

BOOK THE TENTH.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES VII. HENRY VI.—THE IMITATION.
THE PUCELLE. A. D. 1422-1429.

"THE deadeſt dead," ſaid a ſage, "are the beſt, are the neareſt the reſurrección."*

It is a mighty thing to be able to have done with hope, to have eſcaped from the alternations of joys and fears, to be dead to pride and deſire . . . Death on this wiſe is rather life.

This living death of the ſoul renders it calm and intrepid. What can he fear here below, who is no longer of us? How can all the threats in the world affect a ſpirit?

The Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt, the fineſt of Chriſtian books next to the Goſpel, ſprang, like it, from the boſom of death. The death of the ancient world, the death of the middle age, bore theſe germs of life.

The firſt known manuſcript of the Imitation ſeems to belong† to the end of the fourteenth

century, or the beginning of the fifteenth. From 1421 the copies become innumerable; twenty were found in one monaſtery alone. The newly-born art of printing was chiefly employed in reproducing the Imitation. There are two thouſand editions of it in Latin, a thouſand in French. The French have ſixty different tranſlations of it, the Italians thirty, &c.†

All nations have laid claim to this, the book univerſal of Chriſtianity, as to a national work. The French point out the Gallicisms‡ in it;

cum MSS. p. 13. M. Gence conſiders the manuſcript of Melck, 1421, to be the moſt ancient. M. Haſe thinks the manuſcript of Grandmont may be of the cloſe of the fourteenth century. *Bib. Royale, fonds de Saint-Germain*, No. 837.

* Et tantost elle ſ'inclina vers lui moult humblement et ſe tourna d'autre part plorant. *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, éd. Buchon, t. xv. p. 433.

I cannot refrain here from tendering my thanks to the numerous individuals who have favored me with valuable communications, and, in particular, to my friends or pupils of the Normal School, and of the Ecole des Chartes et des Archives, many of whom, though young men, have already gained celebrity as inſtructors and men of ſcience—to MM. la Cabane, Caſtelnaud, Chérueſ, Deſſales, Roſenwald, de Stadler, Teulet, Thomassy, Yanoski, &c.

† No doubt the real number of editions and tranſlations is ſtill greater; I only give the number of thoſe which have come to the knowledge of one of our moſt learned bibliographers—Barbier, *Dissertation ſur Soixante Traductions Françaiſes*, &c., p. 254, (1812.) M. Gence made out a liſt of numerous editions indicated in the Italian Archives, (*Catalogues of the Congregation of the Index*.) at the time theſe were tranſferred to Paris.—Among the tranſlators of the Imitation, we are ſurpriſed to meet with the two names of Corneille and La Mennais. Heroic and polemic genius have nothing in common with the book of peace and humility.

‡ De Imitatione, éd. Gence, *Index Grammaticus*.

protection which he afforded them againſt the oppreſſion of their ſuperiors. To thoſe who ſerved him, if he were a ſtern, he was alſo a bountiful maſter: and though he puniſhed ſeverely, he rewarded with munificence. By military men he was beloved and adored; and the officers of the army in France reſolved to prove the ſincerity of that attachment which they profeſſed for him while living, by the extraordinary pomp with which they paid the laſt duties to his remains." *Lingard's Hiſtory of England*, vol. iii. p. 381.)—TRANSLATOR.

* I ſuppoſe the reader to bear in mind the laſt few pages of the preceding book.

† De Imitatione Chriſti, éd. Gence, 1826; *Descriptio Codi-*

the Italians, the Italianisms;* the Germans, the Germanisms.†

All orders of the priesthood, which are, as it were, so many nations of the Church, equally contest the authorship of the Imitation. The priests claim it for Gerson;‡ the canons-regular, for Thomas à Kempis;§ the monks, for one Gersen, a Benedictine.|| Many others, too, might advance pretensions to it, for we find in it passages from all saints, all doctors.¶ St. Francis de Sales alone has pierced to the truth of this doubtful matter, "Its author," he says, "is the Holy Ghost."***

Nor is the date less a point of controversy than the author and his country. The thirteenth, the fourteenth, and the fifteenth centuries claim the honor. It is in the fifteenth that the book makes a sensation and becomes

* A few are specified by M. Gregory. It is true that several of these words are not exclusively Italian, but words common to all tongues of the Latin stock. Gregory, *Mémoire sur le Vritable Auteur de l'Imitation*, given to the public by M. Lanjuinais, 12mo, (1827,) pp. 23-4.

† Schmidt, *Essai sur Gerson*, (1839,) p. 122. Gieseler, *Lehrbuch*, ii. iv. 348.

‡ If we wish to fix on the greatest man of the fifteenth century for the author, or the last compiler of the Imitation, Gerson is certainly he. The venerable M. Gence has devoted his whole life to the support of this position. To bear it out, we must suppose that Gerson's taste changed exceedingly during his retirement at Lyons. His works, *De Parvulis ad Christum Trahendis*, and the *Consolatio Theologiae*, which are of this date, are for the most part written in the pedantic style of the time. In some of his sermons and smaller works in French, particularly in that addressed to his sisters, we find a lively, simple turn, not unworthy of the author of the Imitation; however, even in this there occur subtleties and passages marked by bad taste. For instance, speaking of the Annunciation, he says that the Virgin "shut the portal of discretion," (*ferma la portière de discrétion*.) &c. Gerson, t. iii. pp. 810, 841.

§ Thomas à Kempis has on his side the testimony of three of his countrymen, John Busch, Peter Schott, and John Tritenheim, all three of the fifteenth century. One can hardly believe, however, that this laborious copyist could soar so high: his *Soliloquium Animæ* affords no grounds for supposing it. "Christ," he writes, "*has borne me on his shoulders, has taught me like a mother, cracking spiritual nuts for me, and putting them into my mouth.*" This indulgence in imagery (and what imagery!) is little worthy, as M. Faugère well observes, of the man who wrote the Imitation. *Eloge de Gerson*, (1838,) p. 80.

|| This pretended Gerson is a fiction of the Benedictines of the seventeenth century, and was hailed by Rome out of hatred to Gerson. M. Gregory has expended much ingenuity in giving it a breath of life. He starts the ingenious hypothesis, that the first sketch of the Imitation was a set of rules for a school or sect: but I think it much more likely to have been a monastic manual. M. Daunou has demonstratively shown the weakness of M. Gregory's system. (*Journal des Savants*, December, 1826, October and November, 1827.) In the opinion of MM. Daunou and Hase, both excellent paleographers, the authority on which he depends, the manuscript of Arona, belongs to the fifteenth, not to the thirteenth century.

¶ M. Gence has collected from all authors, sacred and profane, whatever passages bear a relation, no matter how distant, to the expressions of the Imitation; and by this he had risked doing wrong to his beloved book, by giving the idea that it is a mere cento.—Suarez thinks that the three first books are from the pens of Jean de Verceil, of Ubertino de Casal, and of Pietro Renalutio; that Gerson may have added the fourth book, and Kempis have arranged the whole. This eclecticism is exceedingly arbitrary: its only specious point is, that the fourth book, which is much more priestly in its tendency than the others, might very well be from a different pen. J. M. Suarez, *Conjectura de Imitatione*, 1667, 4to, Rome.

*** See, also, in M. Gence's edition, p. 53, the acute and paradoxical note which he has borrowed from a manuscript belonging to M. l'Abbé Mercier de Saint-Léger.

popular; but it wears all the appearance of having seen the light at an earlier period, and of having been prepared in preceding ages.*

How could it have been otherwise? The very principle of Christianity is nothing else than the imitation of Christ.† Christ descended, to encourage us to ascend. He has given us himself as our highest model.

The life of the saints was but imitation; monastic rules are nothing else. But the word *Imitation* could only be pronounced at a late period. The book which we so call, bears in many manuscripts a title which must be a very ancient one—"Books of Life." In monastic language, *Life* is synonymous with *Rule*.‡ May not, then, the work have originally been a *Rule of Rules*, a fusion of whatever was most edifying in each rule?§ In particular, it seems marked by the spirit of wisdom and of moderation which characterized the great order, the order of St. Benedict.

These experienced masters of the life internal, early felt that in order to direct the soul into the way of real, solid perfection, and without danger of relapse, it was essential to proportion spiritual nourishment to the strength of the disciple, to give milk to the weak, meat to the strong. Thence the three degrees, (known, it is true, by the ancients,) which constitute the natural division of the work, of the Imitation—purgative life, illuminative life, imitative life.

The different titles which the work still bears in manuscripts, appear to correspond with these three degrees. Some, struck with the aid it affords to destroy the old Adam within us, entitle it, "*Reformatio Hominis*." Others taste in it already the inmost sweets of grace, and call it "*Consolatio*." At length, raised and reassured, man acquires confidence in this gentle God, dares to lift his eyes to him, to take him for his model, feels conscious of the greatness

* "There were, in the middle age, two existences—the one, warlike; the other, monastic: on the one side, the camp and war; on the other, prayer and the cloister. The warlike class was imaged forth and expressed in the epopees of chivalry: that which grew old in cloisters felt the need of a similar picture of itself. It felt a need to give utterance to its dreamy effusions, to the sorrows of solitude tempered by religion; and who can tell whether the *Imitation* were not the secret epopee of monastic life? whether it did not grow gradually, be suspended, then resumed? whether, in short, it were not the collective work of the monachism of the middle age, and which it has bequeathed us as the result of its profoundest thoughts, and as its most glorious monument?" Such are M. Ampère's words in his *Lectures*; and I feel happy in agreeing with my ingenious friend. I will only add, that this monastic epopee could not in my opinion have been brought to a conclusion till the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

† The ancients had had a glimpse of the idea of imitation. The Pythagoreans defined virtue to be, '*Ὁμολογία πρὸς τὸ θεῖον*,' (Consentaneousness with the godlike;) and Plato's definition (the *Timæus* and *Theætetus*) was, '*Ὁμολογίαι θεῶν κατὰ τὸ δυνατόν*,' (likeness to God as far as possible.) Theodore of Mopsuestia, more stoic than Christian, said harshly, "Christ was no more than myself; I can make myself divine by virtue."

‡ Especially in the phraseology of the canons-regular of St. Augustin. Gence, p. 27.

§ These rules are not monastic codes only; they contain many moral precepts and religious effusions. See, *passim*, Holsteinius's *Collections*, &c.

of his destiny, elevates himself to the bold thought of *imitating God*, and the book takes the title, "IMITATIO CHRISTI."

Thus, the end was marked high from the beginning; but was at first missed through the impetuosity and excess of desire.

Imitation in the thirteenth and in the fourteenth century, was either too material or too mystic. The most ardent of the saints, he who, perhaps, of all was most transported with the love of God, St. Francis, got no further than the imitation of Christ poor, of Christ bleeding, than the stigmata of the Passion. Ubertino de Casal, the Franciscan, Ludolph, and even Tauler, still call upon us to imitate all the material circumstances of the life of our Lord.* When they leave the letter and aspire to the spirit, love leads them astray, they go beyond imitation, and seek union—the unity of man and God. Undoubtedly, such is the bent of the soul; it seeks only its own death, that it may live wholly in the loved object.† And yet, all would be lost for passion, were the imprudent to reach their aim and attain unity; in unity, there would be no room for love; to love requires two.

This was the shoal on which were wrecked all the mystics of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and even the great Rusbrock himself, who wrote against the mystics.

The marvel of the Imitation, in the form which it at last assumed, (perhaps about the year 1400,) is its moderation and wisdom. The soul walks in it between two shoals, materialism and mysticism, grazing without running against them, and passing between as if unconscious of the danger, passing in her simplicity. . . . Beware, this simplicity is not simple in its essence, it is much rather the consummation of wisdom; like that *second ignorance* of which Pascal speaks, that ignorance which succeeds knowledge.

* There can be nothing less judicious or more puerile than Ubertino's interpretation of the Gospel. The ox, he says, signifies that we ought to ruminate all that Christ has done for us, &c. *Arbor Crucifixi Jesu*, lib. iii. c. 3.—Tauler himself, who writes at a later period, falls into similarly ridiculous explanations:—*Via per sinistri pedis vulnus, est sitibunda nostræ sensualitatis mortificatio (?)*. Tauler, ed. Coloniae, p. 809.—As to Ludolph, he overloads the Gospel with romantic embellishments which are any thing but edifying. He gives the following description of the person of our Saviour:—"His hair was a deep hazel, like the shadow on the green of the sea, falling into graceful curls upon his shoulders, and parted on the crown of the head after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead was smooth and large, his cheeks without wrinkle or other spot, save that of a comely red; his nose and mouth formed with perfect symmetry; his beard thick, but not long, in color like the hair of his head, and parting in the middle like a fork; his aspect simple and mortified, his eyes bright. His rebuke was awful, his exhortation mild and winning, his look full of gravity. He would weep often, but never laugh . . . his speech was powerful and weighty, his words few, but exquisitely adapted to his subject." Ludolphus, *Vita Christi*, (translated into French by Guill. le Menand, 1521, folio, fol. 7.)

† *Animus magis est ubi amat quam ubi animat*, (the soul is rather there where it loves, than where it animates,) says St. Bernard. On this tendency of the soul to lose itself in God, and on the necessity of resisting it, see St. Bonaventura's *Stimuli Amoris*, p. 242, and Rusbrock, *De Ornatu Spiritualium Nuptiarum*, l. ii. p. 333.

This simplicity, with depth, is peculiarly the character of the third book of the Imitation. The soul, detached from the world in the first, is strengthened in the second. In the third, it is no longer solitude; the soul has near her a companion, a friend, a master, and the gentlest of all masters. A winning struggle begins, an amiable and pacific war between extreme weakness and that infinite strength which is naught else but goodness. We follow with emotion all the alternations of this beautiful religious contest; the soul sinks, rises, sinks again, weeps. He is there to comfort her:—"I am here," he whispers, "to aid thee ever, and still more than before, if thou wilt confide in me . . . Courage! all is not lost . . . Often dost thou feel thyself troubled, tempted. Ah! the reason is, that *Thou art man, and not God; flesh, not an angel*.* How is it possible for thee never to fall: the angels could not remain steadfast in heaven, nor the first man in Paradise . . ."

This compassionate understanding of our weaknesses and of our falls, is sufficient proof that this great work was completed when Christianity had lived long, had gained experience, and ripened into infinite indulgence. We feel throughout a powerful maturity, a sweet and rich autumnal savor; there are none of the acridities of youthful passion. To reach this point, one must have loved often, cooled, then loved again. It is love, conscious of itself, enjoying, and deeply, the fruition of self-knowledge, love harmonized, and henceforward beyond all danger from the follies of love.

I know not whether *first* love is the most ardent, but, assuredly, the last is greatest and deepest. Often do we see that about the middle of life, and often past this, all passions, all thoughts at last gravitate together and concentrate on one object. Science itself, multiplying its ideas and points of view, was at this day but a mirror, cut facet-wise, in which passion, reflecting herself, and inflaming herself with her own reflection, reproduced her own image to infinity . . . Such, from time to time, flash forth the tardy loves of the wise, those vast, profound passions one shrinks from sounding . . . Such, and deeper still, is the passion we find in this book; great as the object which it seeks; great as the world which it quits . . . The world? . . . It has perished. This tender and sublime colloquy is held on the ruins of the world, on the tomb of mankind.† The two survivors love each other both out of their own love, and out of the annihilation of all the rest.

It is unlikely that religious passion should of

■ "Homo es, et non Deus,
Caro es, non Angelus."
Imitatio, l. iii. c. 57, p. 268, ed. Gence.

† Grainville's grand sketch seems to promise by its title the development of this dramatic situation; it does not keep its word; it could not. This materialist epopee is much more *The death of the globe than the last man*. See M. Nodier's excellent article on the life of Grainville in the *Dict. de la Conversation*, t. xxxi.

herself, and without external influences, have arrived at such a feeling of isolation. The more probable supposition is, that if the soul has so completely weaned herself from things here below, it is because she has grown weary of them. I do not perceive in this the voluntary death of a pure soul only, but an absorbing widowhood, and the death of an antecedent world. This void, which God comes to fill up, is caused by the utter wreck of a social world which has been swallowed up wholly, body and goods, Church and country. To make such a desert, an Atlantis must have disappeared.

Now, how did this book of solitude become a popular work? How, while treating of monastic contemplation, could it contribute to restore mankind to movement and to action?

It is that at the last moment, when all were sinking, when death seemed imminent, the great book left its solitude, its priestly tongue, and called on the people in the very language of the people. A French version appeared,—a version simple, bold, inspired; and appeared under the true title for the time—"Internelle Consolation," (Comfort for the Soul.)

The "Consolation" is a practical book, and for the people. It does not contain the last term of religious initiation, the dangerous fourth book of the "Imitatio Christi."

The "Imitatio," in the general disposition of its four books, follows a sort of rising scale, (as abstinence, asceticism, communication, union.) The "Consolation" begins at the second step, asceticism; goes on to seek strength in divine communications; and redescends to abstinence, to separation, that is to say, to the practical. It ends, where the "Imitatio" begins.

If the general plan of the "Consolation" have not, like that of the "Imitatio," the noble character of a progressive initiation, yet in form and style it is far superior. The lumbering rhymes, the coarse cadences of the barbarous Latin of the "Imitatio," disappear almost wholly in the French "Consolation." Its style presents that precise character which charms us in the sculpture of the fifteenth century—simplicity and even elegance; the simplicity and distinctness of Froissart, but far more quick and impulsive,* as if partaking of the involuntary emotions of a deeply-moved soul. . . . And, moreover, in some passages of the French, you are sensible of a certain delicacy of feeling imperceptible in the original.†

What must have been the emotion of the people, of women, of the unhappy, (the unhappy at this time were all the world,) when for the first time they heard the divine word, no longer in the language of the dead, but as a living word; not as the formula of a ceremony, but as the lively voice of the heart, their own voice, the marvellous manifestation of their secret thought. . . . This of itself was a resurrection. Humanity raised her head, she loved, and desired to live:—"I shall not die, I shall live, I shall still gaze on the works of God!"

"My faithful friend and spouse,* my sweet and gentle friend, who are to give me the wings of true liberty, may I find in you rest and comfort. . . . O Jesus, light of everlasting glory, only support of the pilgrim soul, for you is my desire voiceless, and my silence speaks. . . . Alas! how long you are in coming! Come, now, console your poor one. Come, come, without you there is no hour happy. . . . Ah! I feel it, Lord, you are come,† you have had pity on my tears and sighs. . . . Praise be to you, O true Wisdom of the Father. Every thing praises and blesses you; my body, my soul, and all your creatures."‡

We cannot doubt that the popular book was rapidly circulated. Mankind, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, experienced an entirely

And grieve not nor be wroth, *should he leave thee, say FOR OBEDIENCE SAKE, or any other reasonable cause. For thou shouldst know that we must at last be separated in this world from one another, at least by death, until we shall be come to that beautiful city of Paradise, where we shall NEVER BE PARTED ONE FROM THE OTHER.*) Consolacion, l. i. c. 9, f. xii. verso, ed. 1520.—Ita et tu aliquem necessarium et dilectum amicum, pro amore Dei disce relinquere. Nec graviter feras, quum ab amico derelictus fueris, sciens quoniam oportet nos omnes tandem ab invicem separari. (So do thou learn to leave any near and beloved friend for the love of God. Nor take it ill if thou shalt be left by thy friend, knowing that it behooves us all at last to be separated from each other.) Imitatio, l. ii. c. 9, p. 98, ed. Genée.—The French version does not say "learn to leave," but, "grieve not nor be wroth, *should he leave thee*;" adding the touching thought, "FOR OBEDIENCE SAKE," . . . (here is a perfect conventional elegy, for in conventional life the purest friendship was a crime:) and then, how amiable the close —. . . "that beautiful city of Paradise. . . . where we shall NEVER BE PARTED ONE FROM THE OTHER."

* The Latin is far from displaying this noble confidence. It fears inflaming the monastic imagination, and simply says,—*"O mi dilectissime sponse, amator purissime,"* (O most beloved spouse, purest lover.) . . . How much purer is the French,—*"Mon loyal ami et époux,"* (My faithful friend and spouse.) To repress emotion still further, the useless addition occurs in the Latin of—"Jesu, dominator universæ creaturæ," (Jesus, ruler of the universal creature.) Imitatio, l. iii. c. 21, p. 171, ed. Genée. Internelle Consolation, l. ii. c. 26, fol. 56-7, ed. 1520, 12mo. This edition of the "Consolacion," which seems to me to be a reimpression of the one in 4to, without date, is the most modern one one can bear to read; style and orthography are already spoiled in that of 1522. A reprint of this fine work in its original form, with the glosses that have crept into the text in each new edition carefully weeded out, is a desideratum. An important manuscript of the "Consolacion" has been discovered at Valenciennes by M. Onésyme Leroy. See Etudes sur les Mystères et sur les MSS. de Gerson, 1837, Paris.

† This fine transition is not in the Latin: which is here feeble and unconnected in comparison with the French.

‡ I have changed two or three words, and have suppressed a simple, though energetic passage, and one well suited to a work destined for the people, to-wit:—"Vous seul estes ma joye; et sans vous, il n'y a point viande qui vaille," (You are my sole joy; and without you no meat does me good.)

* The rhythm seems to me generally like Gerson's in his French sermons. I could easily believe him the author, not of the "Imitatio," but of the "Consolation."

† I shall quote only one instance, but a very remarkable one:—*Si tu as un bon ami et profitable à toy, tu le dois volontiers laisser pour l'amour de Dieu, et estre séparé de luy. Et ne te trouble pas ou courrouce, s'il te laisse, comme PAR OBEISSANCE ou autre cause raisonnable. Car tu dois savoir qu'il nous fault finalement en ce monde estre séparé l'un de l'autre, au moins par la mort, jusques à ce qu'en celle belle cité de paradis serons venus, de laquelle nous ne PARTIRONS JAMAIS L'UN D'AVEC L'AUTRE.* (If thou hast a good friend and who is profitable to thee, thou oughtest willingly to leave him through love of God, and separate from him.)

new want—that of reproducing and diffusing thought. Writing became a mania; and it was no longer fine handwriting, but the nimblest hands, which amassed money. Writing, more and more hurried, ran a risk of becoming illegible.* . . . Manuscripts, till then chained† to the desks of the churches and convents, had broken the chain, and ran from hand to hand. Few could read; but they who could, read aloud. Those who could not, listened with but the greater avidity, and treasured up in their young and ardent memories whole books.

Need was there for reading, listening, thinking all alone, since there was almost an entire cessation of religious instruction and of teaching. These cares, the ecclesiastical dignitaries left to hirelings. We have seen in 1405 and 1406, that for two winters, two Lents, not a sermon was preached in Paris; hardly, indeed, had there been any public worship.

And when they did mount the pulpit, what did they preach? Their dissensions, their hates; they cursed their adversaries. How be surprised at the religious soul's withdrawing into itself, at its seeking to turn a deaf ear to the discordant voices of the doctors, and being alive to one only voice—that of God? "Speak, Lord, your servant hears you . . . The children of Israel formerly said to Moses, 'Speak to us, let not the Lord speak to us, lest we die.' Such is not my prayer, O Lord. No; let not Moses speak, nor the prophets.‡ . . . They give the letter, you the spirit. Speak yourself, O, eternal Truth, *that I die not.*"§

* Petrarch complains of this in the middle of the fourteenth century; and the complaint is reiterated by Clemengis in the fifteenth. He particularly dwells on the indistinctness and *continuity* of the writing, by which each line was made one word as it were:—"Surrexerunt scriptores, quos *cursores* vocant, qui rapido juxta nomen *cursu* prope- rantes, nec per membra curant orationem discernere, nec pleni aut imperfecti sensus notas apponere, sed in uno impetu, velut hi qui in stadio currunt . . . ut vix antequam ad metum veniant, pausam faciant. . . . Oro ne per *cursorios* istos, at ita dicam, brodiatores id describi facias." (There have arisen writers, whom they call *runners*, who, hurrying on, as their name imports, with rapid *run*, neither distinguish the paragraphs, nor insert stops of any kind, but go on in a breath, scarcely pausing until they reach the goal, like men contending in the race. I pray you not to get it written out by these *short-hand writers*.) Nic. Clemeng. Epist. t. ii. p. 306.—As early as the year 1304, it had been found necessary to issue a royal edict, prohibiting the notaries from using abbreviations—their writing had become a kind of algebraical notation:—"Non apponant abbreviations . . . cartularia sua faciant in bona papyro," &c. Ordonnances, t. i. p. 417, July, 1304.

† Enchaînés et attachés es chayères du cheur. Vilain, Hist. de Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie. pp. 62-3. Sometimes, for greater safety, they were placed in an iron cage. In 1406, a breviary requiring some repair, a locksmith was employed to get it out, by sawing two bars of the cage in which it was kept. Ibidem.

‡ Non loquatur mihi Moyses, aut aliquis ex prophetis; sed Tu, &c. Imitatio, l. iiii. c. 2, p. 119, ed. Gence, 1826.

§ These bold expressions must have appeared the more dangerous in the vulgar tongue; and hence, no doubt, the reason that most of the manuscripts of the "Consolacion" have disappeared. It was printed before 1500 without date, and then (perhaps under Lutheran influence) editions appeared in the several years, 1522, 1525, 1527, 1533, 1542. The Calvinists, who reproduced so many works in the vulgar tongue, do not seem to have thought of this, apparently because they found in it nothing sufficiently dogmatic about

The power of the book lies in this; that, with all its noble spirit of Christian liberty, it is untainted by any polemic feeling, hardly containing an occasional allusion to the unhappy dissensions of the time. The pious author observes a respectful silence on the infirmities of our old mother Church. . . .*

Whether the Imitation be a French work or not,† it was in France that its action was felt. This is evidenced, not only by the large numbers of French versions of it, (above sixty!) but more particularly by the fact, that the most celebrated version is a French one: an eloquent and original version, which transformed a monastic book into a popular work.

Besides, there is a higher argument, and which forecloses this vain dispute—the Imitation was given to that people who could no longer do without the Imitation. Useful elsewhere, beyond doubt, with us this book was a vital want. No nation had sunk deeper into death; none stood in greater need of ransacking the depths of the soul for the source of life which is hidden there. None could better understand the first words of the book:—"The kingdom of God is in yourselves," said our Lord Jesus Christ. Turn, then, with all thy heart into thyself, and leave this wicked world. . . . Wherever thou mayest be, thou hast here no abiding resting-place. Thou art a stranger and a pilgrim, and wilt find rest nowhere save in thy heart, when thou shalt be truly united with God. Why, then, search up and down for rest? Raise thyself, by love, to dwell in the heavens, and regard not the things of this world but as a passer by, for they pass and return to nothingness, and thou, also, with them‡

To whom could this language of sublime melancholy and deep solitude be more fitly addressed than to that people, that country, where

predestination. On the other hand, the Catholic clergy, detecting in this popular book of the fifteenth century a kind of foretaste of Protestantism, began to take it from the poor nuns, whose sweetest nourishment it must have been. And so they were deprived of what formed religion's greatest charm to them in the middle age—first, of the sacred plays, next, of books. This intellectual fasting has ever been enforced in proportion to the misgivings of the Church.—It is impossible not to be moved, on reading in this woman's book (ed. 1520, copy in the Mazarin collection) the remarks and the prayers written in it by the nuns to whom it has belonged, and who bequeathed it as their only treasure.

* Senescenti ac propemodum effluete matri Ecclesie, (our aged and almost effete mother Church.) Tauler, (from Sainte Hildegarde,) pp. 815-16, ed. Colan.

† It is a Christian and universal, not a national book. Could it be national, it would be ours rather than any other country's. It has not the *Petrarchish* impulsiveness of the Italian mystics; and still less the fantastic flowers of the German, their depth of thought with puerility of style, their dangerous softness of heart. The "Imitation" presents more sentiments than images, and is so far truly French. In literature, the French sketch rather than paint, or if they paint, it is in camæum. Clemengis says, "Non inele-ganter quidam dixit, 'Color est vitæ colore.'" (It has been said, and not inelegantly, that 'Coloring consists in avoiding coloring.') Nic. Clemengis, t. ii. p. 277, Epist. 96.—Elsewhere, I have given more at length my opinions of our language and literature. See my Origines du Droit, Introduction, pp. 117-32.

‡ Interne Consolacion, l. i. c. i. fol. 1, 2,

all was ruins? The application was direct; God seemed to speak to France and to say to her, as he does to death, "From eternity I have known thee by thy name; thou hast found grace, I will give thee rest."*

Naught less than this goodness was required to reanimate hearts so near the verge of despair. The Church Universal had failed, the national Church had perished. Moreover, (terrible temptation to blasphemy!) a foreign Church had, by conquest and murder, taken possession of France; a foreign master had appeared "as king of the priests."†

France, after having suffered so much from the mad pride of the mad, had learned from the English to know another kind of pride—that of the wise. She had been made to endure the pious lectures of Henry V., amidst the carnage of Azincourt and the executions of Rouen. Still, all this was nothing; she had to witness in the true kings of England, its bishops, the strange spectacle of wisdom uninformed by the Spirit of God. The king of the priests being dead, she had (it was the natural progression)—the priest-king;‡ that realization of a terrible ideal, unknown to preceding ages, the royalty of usury in the churchman—murderous violence combined with Pharisaism . . . a Satan! . . . but in a new form; no longer the old figure of Satan, in disgrace and a fugitive, but Satan authorized, decent, *respectable*, Satan rich, fat on his episcopal throne, dogmatizing, judging and reforming the saints.

Satan having become this venerable person, the opposite character remained for our Lord. It behooved him to be dragged by the constable before this grave *chief-justice* as a miserable *parish runaway*,§ what do I say, as a heretic or a sorcerer, as one strongly suspected of being familiar with the demon, if not the demon himself; it behooved our Lord to suffer himself to be condemned and burnt, as devil, by the devil . . . Things are to go on so far . . . Then, the wonder-struck bystanders will see this worthy judge, astonished in his turn, change countenance, and writhe under his ermine . . . Each will then resume his natural character; the drama is finished, the mystery—consummated . . .

The Imitation of Jesus Christ, his Passion reproduced in the Pucelle—such was the redemption of France.

An objection may here be started, which presently no one would think of making: it matters not, we will answer it here.

The spirit of this book is resignation. Now this spirit, diffused among the people, ought, apparently, to have calmed and lulled, instead of inspiring the heroism of national resistance. How explain this seeming contradiction?

Thus: the resurrection of the soul does not give life to one virtue exclusively, but to all. Resignation did not come alone, but with hope, which is also of God, and with hope, faith in justice . . . The spirit of the Imitation was to the priest patience and *passion*, (long-suffering;) to the people, it was *action*, the heroic impulse of a simple heart. . . .

Nor is it a subject of surprise that a people, thus wrought upon, should be embodied in a woman; that a woman should be led from patience and the gentler virtues, to manly virtues and the deeds of war; that the saint should turn soldier. She has herself told us the secret of this transformation; 'tis a woman's secret: "THE PITY for the realm of France!"*

Here is the cause, never let us forget it, the final cause of this revolution. As to secondary causes, political interests, human passions, we will speak of them too: they all had to try their strength, struggle towards the goal, fail, own their powerlessness, and so do homage to the great moral cause which alone carried them through.

CHAPTER II.

SEQUEL OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER. CHARLES VII., HENRY VI. A. D. 1422–1429. SIEGE OF ORLEANS.

THE young king, brought up by the Armagnacs, was chiefly supported by them and shared their unpopularity. These Gascons were the most veteran troops of France; but the most plundering and cruel. The hatred with which they inspired the north was quite enough to have created a Burgundian, an English party there. These brigands of the south appeared more strange and foreign than the foreigners.

Charles VII. next tried foreigners, those foreigners who were accustomed to English wars, the Scotch. They were the deadliest enemies of England, and their hatred might be relied upon as well as their courage. High hopes were entertained of these auxiliaries. A Scot was made constable of France; another, count of Touraine. Yet, notwithstanding their indisputable bravery, they had been often defeated in England, and they were so in France, not only indeed defeated, but exterminated—at Crevant† and at Verneuil, (A. D. 1423, 1424.) The English took care that not one should escape. It was pretended that the Gascons, through jealousy, had failed properly to support them.‡

* Procès de la Pucelle, Interrogatoire du 15 Mars, 1431 p. 123, éd. Buchon, 1827.

† See, respecting the *mass for the victory* founded at Auxerre, as well as the fantastic privilege granted to the house of Chastellux, Lebeuf, Hist. d'Auxerre, t. ii. p. 283; Millin, Voyage, t. i. p. 163; Michelet, Origines du Droit, p. 435.

‡ Amelgard adds, (l. ii. c. 24, p. 27,) that the French were

* Te ipsum novi ex nomine, &c.

† Principes presbyterorum. Walsingham, p. 390.

‡ As regards cardinal Winchester, see, above, p. 111, and c. iv. further on.

§ Statutes of the Realm, vol. ii. 176, (1414.)

The English nearly gave Charles VII. a much more useful and important ally; I allude to the duke of Burgundy. There were two English administrations, Gloucester's at London, Bedford's at Paris; and the two brothers maintained so bad an understanding, that at the very moment Bedford was espousing the duke of Burgundy's sister, Gloucester declared war against him.* A word on this singular story.

The duke of Burgundy, count of Flanders, could not think Flanders truly his own until he had flanked it with Holland and Hainault; both of which having devolved on an heiress, he managed to marry her with a cousin of his, a sickly child, hoping there would be no issue, and that he should reap the inheritance. Jacqueline, who was a young and lovely woman, could not resign herself to this;† so she left her sorry husband, nimbly crossed the straits, and proposed herself to the duke of Gloucester.‡ The English, who have the Low Countries right before them, and have ever ogled them fondly, could not resist the temptation; and Gloucester was foolish enough to take her, (A. D. 1423.) He was a man of limited capacity, equally ambitious and incapable. He had formerly aspired to the throne of Naples, and now he saw his brother Bedford reigning in France, while in England his uncle, cardinal Winchester, reduced his protectorship to an empty name. He undertook, then, Jacqueline's cause; and so began against the duke of Burgundy, the indispensable ally of the English, a war which was to him a question of existence; a war without hope of accommodation, and in which the sovereign of Flanders would expend his last man. This was hazarding English France, and perilling Bedford. Gloucester, it is true, cared for neither.

In his anger, the duke of Burgundy concluded a secret alliance with the duke of Brittany, and then launched against Bedford two demands for money—claiming, first, the dowry of his first wife, Charles VI.'s daughter, 100,000 crowns; second, a pension of 20,000 livres promised him by Henry V., to induce him to acknowledge his right to the crown.§ What could Bedford do? He had no money; so offered in its stead to give him possession, a possession beyond all price, and to which no money could be equivalent, of Peronne, Montdidier et Roze, Tournai, Saint-Amand, and

Mortaigne, that is to say, of his entire barrier on the north, (September, 1423.)*

For each folly of Gloucester's, Bedford paid. In 1424, Gloucester, as Jacqueline's knight, challenges the duke of Burgundy to single combat. The sole result of this bravado was, that Bedford was near being utterly lost by it. The troops of Charles VII. made a lodgment in the very heart of English France, in Normandy; and he had to give battle at Verneuil, in order to drive them out, (Aug. 17, 1424.) As early as June, Bedford had won back the duke of Burgundy by an enormous sacrifice, having pawned him his eastern frontier, Bar-sur-Seine, Auxerre, and Macon.†

Thus all northern France seemed likely to fall, piecemeal, into the duke of Burgundy's hands. But, suddenly, the wind changed. The wise Gloucester, in the midst of this war which he had begun for Jacqueline, forgets that he had married her, forgets that she is at this moment besieged in Bergues, and takes to himself another wife, a beautiful Englishwoman.‡ This new folly had all the effect of a wise act. The duke of Burgundy allowed himself to be reconciled to the English, and affected to believe all Bedford told him. The essential point for him was to be left to despoil Jacqueline, occupy Holland and Hainault, and to prepare for the occupation of Brabant, to which he must in a short time succeed.

Thus, Charles VII. derived little advantage from an accident which promised to be so serviceable to him. All he reaped from it, was being acknowledged for the lawful king of France by the count de Foix, governor of Languedoc, who, seeing that sooner or later the duke of Burgundy would turn against the English, declared himself impelled thereto by his conscience,§ and surrendered Languedoc to him; on the clear understanding that Charles VII. was to draw neither money|| nor troops thence, and was not in any manner to disturb the petty sovereignty which the count de Foix had managed for himself.

It was probable, that the friendship between

consolated for the loss of the bloody battle of Verneuil by the extermination of the Scotch.

* Bedford himself did not hesitate to offend the duke of Burgundy, by causing the parliament of Paris to annul a judgment given by the Flemish tribunals. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, 1423, April 30, J. 573.

† See the charming, although rather long and romantic account of this given by Chastellain, c. lxiv. pp. 69-71, éd. Buchon, (1836.)

‡ She told Gloucester gayly, that she wanted both a husband and an heir. Vossius, *Annal. Holl.* l. xix. p. 528; Dujardin et Sellius, t. iii. p. 426.

§ *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 249, No. 12, 13, September, 1423.

* "We give, transfer, and abandon the towns, castles, and castellanies of Péronne, Roze, and Montdidier . . . the town, city, and bailiwick of Tournai, Tournes, Saint-Amand, and Mortaigne . . ." *Ibidem*, September, 1423. Tournai, it is true, was not in the hands of the English, but the duke of Burgundy felt himself sure of reducing it.—The history of the republic of Tournai yet remains to be written. See *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 528, 607, and *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Collection d'Esnaux*, vol. c.

† The duke binds himself to restore them, "provided that within two years he is paid the sums due to him by the said king." *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 247, June, 1424.

‡ A petition on behalf of Jacqueline was carried up to the house of lords by some English ladies, (Lingard, ann. 1425.) This burlesque looks as if it had been got up by Winchester, to blazon the scandal, and give the finishing stroke to his nephew.

§ He procured a written opinion from the celebrated judge of Foix, the juris-consult Rebonit, who, after a deliberate examination into the respective claims of Charles VII. and Henry VI., decided in favor of the first. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Doat*, ccxiv. 34. 52, March 5, 1423.

|| D. Vaissette, *Hist. du Languedoc*, t. iv. p. 474, ann. 1423.

the houses of Anjou and Lorraine would be more directly useful to Charles VII. The head of the house of Anjou was at the time a woman—queen Yolande, widow of Louis II., duke of Anjou, count of Provence, and aspirant to the crown of Naples. She was a daughter of a king of Aragon, and of a Lorraine lady of the house of Bar; and when the English committed the egregious fault of disquieting the houses of Anjou and of Aragon by pretending to Naples, Yolande formed an alliance with Lorraine and the French king against them. She married her daughter to Charles VII., and her son René to the only daughter of the duke of Lorraine.

This last marriage appeared an impossibility. Charles-le-Hardi, duke of Lorraine, had been the bitter enemy of the houses of Orléans* and Armagnac, had married a kinswoman of the duke of Burgundy's, and, at the massacre of 1418, had received from Jean-Sans-Peur the sword of constable. In 1419, we find him suddenly changed, hostile to the Burgundian, and altogether French.

To understand this miracle, it must be remembered that in the never-ending battle which was the life of Lorraine in the middle age,† the two rival houses, Lorraine and Bar, had used themselves up by dint of battling. Only two old men were left, the duke de Bar, an aged cardinal, and the duke of Lorraine, whose only child was a daughter. The cardinal settled his duchy on his nephew René; and, in the view of uniting the whole country under one province, sought the hand of the heiress of Lorraine for him, in the name of God and of peace. The duke, who was ruled at the time by a French mistress,‡ consented to bestow his daughter and his dominions on a French prince of that very house of Bar with which he had been so long at feud.

The English had helped forward the match

by a flagrant insult to the duke of Lorraine. Henry V. had asked his daughter's hand,* but had married the French king's daughter; and, at the same time, he awoke the duke's fears by seeking to acquire Luxemburg, lying at the very gates of Lorraine. The duke, too, became the more exasperated, when, in 1424, the Burgundians, the allies of the English, seized the town of Guise in Picardy, the which town was his. On this, he called together the states of his duchy, and obtained from them a solemn recognition of Lorraine as a feminine fief, and of his daughter, the wife of René of Anjou, as his heiress.

The greatness of the house of Anjou, and its strict alliance with Charles VII. ought, it would seem, to have strengthened the royal party. But this house had too much to do in Lorraine, and in Italy. The selfish and politic Yolande sought to temporize, keep the English in play, and so save the patrimonial domains of the house of Anjou from their presence. At least, she would wait until her sons should be firmly established in Lorraine and Naples.

However, she was of service to her son-in-law, Charles VII. She estranged him, by her wise counsels, from the old Armagnac party; and had the address to bring over the Bretons to him by making him bestow the sword of constable on the count de Richemont, the duke of Brittany's brother. Richemont would only accept it on the express condition, that the king would dismiss the murderers of the duke of Burgundy.

It was the Bretons who saved the kingdom in Duguesclin's time; and Charles VII., by rallying round him the Bretons, Gascons, and Dauphinois, had thenceforward on his side the true military strength of France. Spain sent him Aragonese; Italy, Lombards. Yet, with all this, the war went feebly on. Money was wanting: union still more so. The king's favorites combined to cause Richemont's first enterprises to miscarry, though not with impunity: the rough Breton executed two of them, within six months, without form or trial.† Since the king required a favorite, he gave him one with his own hand, the young La Tremouille,‡ and the first use the latter made of the ascendancy which he acquired, was to procure Richemont's removal. Strange thing to do,—the king forbade his constable to fight for him; and the king's followers and those of Richemont were on the point of drawing swords on each other.

* And of the house of France in general, with which he ever disputed the right to the marches of Champagne. In 1408, Charles-le-Hardi had made a will, particularly excluding any Frenchman from becoming his heir. In 1412, irritated by the parliament's giving judgment against him, he dragged the royal scutcheons at his horse's tail. See the anecdote related by Juvénal, to the honor of his father, the advocate-general, and the shame of the dukes of Burgundy and Lorraine. Juvénal des Ursins, p. 247.

† These princes of Lorraine and of Bar, almost constantly at war with France, yet lose no opportunity of sacrificing their lives for her. As soon as a great battle is at hand, they hasten to our ranks. Their history is uniformly heroic: they are there the killed at Crécy, at Nicopolis, at Azincourt, &c. See D. Calmet, *Histoire de Lorraine*, t. ii. *passim*.

‡ Perchance this mistress, who came so opportunely for the interests of the house of Anjou and of Bar, was thrown in the duke's way by the unscrupulous Yolande; who even raised up a rival to her own daughter by introducing Agnes Sorel to her son-in-law, Charles VII. She aroused and stimulated the young monarch by the exhortations of Agnes; and, probably, lulled the aged duke of Lorraine by those of the adroit Alizon. Calmet says that Alizon du May was of "highly disreputable" origin; but she made up for this by her beauty, wit, and prolificness, presenting her aged lover with five children in the course of a few years. So, according to the chronicle, "She ruled the duke as she listed." *Chronique de Lorraine*, given in the last volume of Don Calmet's *Preuves*, p. 12.

* D. Calmet, *Hist. de Lorraine*, t. ii. p. 680.

† See the fearful history of the sire de Giac, who gave poison to his wife, and setting her on horseback, made her gallop till she died. When taken prisoner by Richemont, and about to be put to death, he besought that his right hand, which he had given over to the devil, might first be cut off, for fear of the devil's dragging down his whole body along with it. *Histoire d'Arthur de Richemont*, Collection Petitot, t. viii. pp. 445, 456.

‡ The king said to him, "You give him to me, fair cousin, but you will have cause to repent, for I know him better than you." *Ibidem*, p. 440.

Thus, Charles VII. found that he made less progress than ever. He had tried Gascons, Scots, and Bretons, all brave, all indisciplinable. Neither the duke of Burgundy's cooling towards the English, nor the apparent submission of Anjou and Lorraine, had given him any real strength. His party seemed to be irremediably divided and hopelessly powerless.

SIEGE OF ORLEANS.

The English, fully aware of this disorganization, thought that the time had at last arrived for forcing the barrier of the Loire; and they drew together round Orléans all their own disposable troops, and all they could procure elsewhere.

The whole force, thus collected, barely amounted to ten or eleven thousand men;* but this was a great effort in the then posture of their affairs. The duke of Gloucester was troubling England by his quarrels with his uncle, cardinal Winchester.† Bedford could draw no money from a country so utterly ruined as France;‡ and, to attract or retain the great English barons and their men, was obliged constantly to make them fresh gifts of lands and fiefs;§ that is, to be ever increasing the discontent of the French nobles. The Parisian chronicler remarks that by this time, hardly any French gentlemen remained by the English party: one by one they had gone over to the other side.||

The English army seemed a small one to invest Orléans with, and to bar the Loire. But they were, at least, the best soldiers that the English had in France, and made up for their want of numbers by throwing up prodigious works. They begirt the city, not with a continuous enclosure such as Edward III. had raised around Calais, but with a succession of forts or bastilles, which commanded the spaces left between each; and the plan of these works, drawn by an able engineer from contemporary accounts, shows them to have been truly formidable.¶

A baron of the highest rank was appointed to the command of each of these bastilles.

The commander-in-chief, Salisbury, took under his own charge, assisted by the Suffolks, and by the bravest of the brave, the aged Talbot, the bastille towards the district of La Beauce. The strong and triple bastille, on the south, beyond the Loire, the post of danger, was intrusted to a warrior whose name was less known, but a man of determination, and inspired with a bitter hatred of France—to William Glasdale, who had sworn that if he should enter the town he would put all to the sword,* men, women, and children. Even the names of these English bastilles were indicative of their determination not to raise the siege, whatever might happen. One was called Paris; another, Rouen; a third, London. What a disgrace would not the English have felt it to surrender London!

These bastilles were not mute fortresses, but living enemies that, along with insults and bravadoes, vomited into the town stone bullets, weighing from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and sixty pounds each.

The strongholds in the vicinity—Montargis, Rochefort, Le Puiset, Beaugenci, and Meung, all which places the besiegers had made sure of, and which might be considered altogether English, were so many other bastilles, a short distance off.

Orléans was worth these great efforts. This city was not only the centre of France, the elbow of the Loire, the key of the South, advantages resulting from its situation; but, as regards population even, it was the very life and heart of a party. When, disgusted by the rapine of the Armagnacs, all the other towns went over to the Burgundians, Orléans had remained faithful; and when the reaction against that party took place at Paris, it was to Orléans that the princes confided the care of such wives and children of the fugitives as they desired to retain hostages.

Its citizens displayed extraordinary zeal. They readily allowed their faubourgs to be burned down—that is to say, a whole city, larger than Orléans itself, containing a countless number of convents and churches,† which would have been so many posts for the English to occupy. They allowed what was necessary to be done, and did what was necessary themselves. They taxed themselves, and cast cannon. Exempted by their privileges from admitting a garrison, they asked for one, and gave welcome to all and whatever troops were sent; to Gascons, led by Saintraille, La Hire, Albret; to Italians, under Signore Valperga; to Aragonese, under Don Mathias and Don Coaraze; to Scots, led by a Stuart, and, finally, to the bastard of Orléans and sixty fire-eaters

* According to a very probable computation. Jollois, *Histoire du Siège d'Orléans*, p. 45, fol. 1833.

† They were on the point of coming to blows in the streets of London. See the cardinal's warlike letter in *Turner's History of England*, vol. iii. p. 21.

‡ Ten thousand marks, promised to the English garrisons of Picardy and of Calais, were to be provided for out of the ransom paid by the king of Scotland, the duty on wool, &c. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Bréguign 58, ann. 1426, July 25.*

§ M. Berriat-Saint-Prix (*Hist. de Jeanne d'Arc*, p. 159) has made out a catalogue, from documents in the *Treasure of Charters*, of the gifts of lands, annuities, &c., bestowed by the duke of Bedford on the English lords—Warwick, Salisbury, Talbot, Falstolf, Arundel, Suffolk. Nor did Bedford forget himself. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes Registres*, 173-5.

|| See, above, p. 112.

¶ *Histoire du Siège d'Orléans*, par M. Jollois, Ingénieur en chef des Ponts-et-Chaussées, (1833, fol. Orléans,) pp. 24-40. See, in particular, the maps and plans.

* *Chronique de la Pucelle*, éd. Buchon, 1827, p. 286.

† Those of St. Aignan, St. Michel-des-Fossés, St. Avit, St. Victor, the convents of the Jacobins, the Cordeliers, the Carmelites, St. Mathurin's, St. Louis's, St. Marc's, &c., &c. *L'Histoire et Discours au vray du Siège*, &c. Orléans, 1606, pp. 9, 10.

—in all, four or five thousand soldiers of all nations.

There were, too, some Lorrainers, sent perhaps by the duke of Lorraine or by his son-in-law, young René of Anjou, the duke of Bar.

Orléans saw itself besieged with heroic gaiety. The English being unable to blockade it on the side of the Sologne, it commanded supplies through this channel, and, on one occasion, got in nine hundred swine at once. The citizens laughed at the English balls, by which hardly any one was killed: the story even ran that a ball had taken off a man's shoes, without even touching his feet. On the contrary, the cannon of the city wrought havoc: they bore tremendous names; one was called *Riflard*,* (the chiseller.) They had, too, the celebrated culverin of a skilful Lorraine cannonier, master Jean; and man and culverin went right to the mark. The English were brought acquainted with this master Jean, who was never tired of killing, and of jeering them as he killed. At times, he would fall, pretending to be shot, and be borne off the walls, to the transport of the English; when he would hasten back more lively than ever, and surpass his best shots.†

Nor was there lack of violins. The citizens sent a fiddler to the English, to beguile their spleen in the tiresome winter months; and Dunois made a present to Suffolk of a good mantle of fur in return for a dish of figs.‡

One day, to the great amazement of the citizens, as the commander-in-chief, Salisbury, was making the round of the towers, Glasdale, pointing to Orléans, said to him, "My lord, you see your city;"§ but, as he looked in that direction, he saw nothing, for a bullet entered his eye and carried away a portion of the skull. Now, this bullet happened to be fired from a tower called *Nôtre-Dame*, and Salisbury had recently plundered the church of *Nôtre-Dame de Cléry*.||

From October 12, 1428, to February 12, 1429, the siege went on with various success. Sorties, false attacks, skirmishes when attempts were made to throw supplies into the town, and even duels, served to try and amuse both parties. On one occasion, two Gascons were pitted against two Englishmen, and had the advantage. On another, the pages belonging to the two armies fought, and the English gained the day. Six Frenchmen rode up to the English bastilles, inviting to break a lance: the invitation was declined.

The English went on slowly completing their fortifications, and it became evident that the city would at last be entirely circumvallated. However careless the king might be about saving the appanage of the duke of Orléans, the

truth was incontestable that Orléans once fallen, the English might march unopposed into Poitou, Berri, and the Bourbonnois, live at the expense of those provinces, and, after having ruined the North, ruin the South. The duke of Bourbon sent to its relief his eldest son, the count de Clermont, who, with some Scotch troops, and assisted by the barons of Touraine Poitou, and Auvergne, was to throw in supplies, and, at the same time, cut off those which the duke of Bedford had just dispatched from Paris to the English camp, under the charge of the brave Falstoff. Bedford had taken advantage of the old Cabochien grudge borne by Paris to Orléans, to reinforce his English troops with a body of Paris crossbow men, with the provost of Paris at their head.* The supply consisted of a hundred wagon-loads of ammunition and provisions, particularly of herrings, indispensable at Lent. Wagons, troops, the whole convoy, in fact, marched in file, and nothing was easier than to cut off and destroy them. La Hire, the Gascon, who was in advance of the French, burned to fall upon them, but was strictly forbidden by the count de Clermont, who was advancing slowly with the main body. Meanwhile, the English took the alarm. Falstoff intrenched himself in the midst of his wagons, and of a palisade of stakes, which the provident English always carried along with them. He posted his English archers on his right, the Paris crossbow men on his left. Despite of the count de Clermont, his men were borne away by their hate; the Scots threw themselves from their horses to fight the English on equal footing; and the Gascon Armagnacs rushed on their old enemies of Paris. But archers and crossbow men stood firm; and the Scot and Gascon ranks being thrown into disorder, the English sallied out from their stockade, put them to flight, and slew from three to four hundred. The count de Clermont remained immovable. La Hire, in his rage, turned upon the English engaged in the pursuit, and slew several.

It behooved to enter Orléans after this sorry business; and the inhabitants, always inclined to the satirical,† called the fight the battle of herrings. Indeed, many of the barrels having been burst open by the shots, the field seemed strewn with herrings rather than corpses.

Slight as the check was, it discouraged every one. The cautious made haste to quit a city which seemed lost. The young count of Clermont had the weakness to leave with his two thousand men. The admiral of France and the chancellor of France thought it would be a pity to have the great officers of the crown taken by the English, and went too.

* Ibid. p. 12. † Ibid. p. 13. ‡ Ibid. pp. 12. 48.

§ Chroniques de France, dictes de Saint-Denys, imp. à Paris, par Anthoine Verard, (1493.) lii. 143. According to Grafton, this capital shot was fired by a child, the son of the cannonier, who had gone to his dinner. Grafton, p. 531.

|| L'Histoire et Discours au vray, pp 6 8

* Ibid. p. 33. Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, éd. Buchon, t. xv. p. 380.

† A proverb, often repeated in the sixteenth century, but I imagine long before applied to the spirit of the ancient schools of Orléans, was, "At Orléans, the gloss is worse than the text."—The Orléanists were called "wasps."

The men-at-arms having no longer hopes of human aid, the priests did not rely much on divine; so that the archbishop of Reims set off, and even the bishop of Orléans left his sheep to defend themselves as they best might.*

They all departed on the 18th of February, assuring the burgesses that they would soon return in force. Nothing could retain them. The bastard of Orléans, who defended the appanage of his house with as much skill as valor, had vainly told them from the 12th that miraculous succor was at hand; that a daughter of God, who promised to save the city, would come from the marches of Lorraine. The archbishop, who had been secretary to the pope,† and who was an old diplomatist, did not much heed a story of a miracle.

Dunois himself did not place such implicit reliance on succor from on high, as to neglect employing a very worldly and politic expedient against the English. He sent Saintrailles to the duke of Burgundy to request him, as the kinsman of the duke of Orléans, to take the city into his keeping. The duke, Philippe-le-Bon, had just acquired, in addition to the strong post of Namur, those two wings of Flanders, Hainault and Holland, which the English had committed the mistake of contesting with him; and here he was requested to take possession of the great and important position—the centre of France. He was in the way of acquiring; and so did not refuse Orléans. He went straight to Paris and told the matter to Bedford, who dryly answered that he had not been at such pains and trouble for the duke of Burgundy;‡ whereupon, the latter, exceedingly wroth, recalled his troops from the siege.

We know not if the English lost many men by the withdrawal of the Burgundians; but at the time of their departure, they had just finished their works round the town. The Burgundians left on the 17th of April. On the 15th, the English had completed their last bastille on the side of La Beauce, that which they had named Paris; and by the 20th, they had completed on the side of the Sologne, that of Saint-Jean-le-Blanc, which blocked up the Upper Loire, whence the citizens had hitherto drawn their supplies.

Provisions becoming scarce, discontent began. No doubt many thought that they had made sacrifices enough to preserve the place for their lord; and judged that it was better for Orléans to become English than to be destroyed. Nor was this all. A hole was discovered in the city wall; there was treachery at work.

On the other hand, Dunois could expect nothing from Charles VII. The States, assem-

bled in 1428, had voted money, and summoned the vassals who held by feudal service. Neither men came, nor money. The receiver-general had not four crowns in his chest.* When Dunois sent La Hire to solicit succor, the king, who kept him to dinner, could only give him, it is said, a fowl and a sheep's tail.† Whatever be the truth of this anecdote, the desperate situation of Charles VII. is proved by the exorbitant offer which he made to the Scotch, to cede them Berri as the price of fresh aid.‡

We are not well informed of the intrigues which divided this little court. In this extremity of distress, divisions had naturally increased. The old Armagnac counsellors, who had been removed for a time by the influence of Richemont and of the king's mother-in-law, must have regained favor. This southern party would have been glad to have a king of the South, keeping court at Grenoble.§ On the contrary, the king's mother-in-law, the duchess of Anjou, could not preserve Anjou if the English definitively passed the Loire. In this her interest squared with that of the house of Orléans: but the house of Anjou had so many other interests, so varied, and so diverse, that the duchess thought it expedient to amuse the English by constant negotiation. When the further defence of Orléans seemed impossible, (May, 1429,) the old cardinal de Bar hastened to come to an understanding with Bedford in the name of his nephew, René of Anjou, for fear of his missing the succession to Lorraine, secure of René's disavowing all knowledge of the transaction, should Charles VIIth's affairs wear a different aspect.||

The impending downfall of Orléans terrified the adjoining cities of the Loire into assisting her to the best of their power. The nearest, Angers, Tours, and Bourges, sent provisions; Poitiers and La Rochelle, money; and then, as the alarm spread, the Bourbonnois, Auvergne, and even Languedoc, furnished the city with supplies of saltpetre, sulphur, and steel.¶

By degrees the whole of France was interested in the fate of one town. Men were touched by the brave resistance of the inhabitants of Orléans, and their fidelity to their lord. They pitied Orléans, and the duke of Orléans as well. The English were not satisfied with

* Nisi quatuor scuta. *Déposition de la Veuve du Receveur, Marguerite la Touroude, Procès MS. de la Pucelle, Révision.*

† Vigiles de Charles VII. par Martial de Paris. This chronicle in rhyme was said to have been so popular, as to have been sung even by the country-folk.

‡ Traité du 10 Novembre, 1428. Barante, t. v. p. 256, third edition. Dupuy asserts that the county of Saintonge was given to the king of Scotland and to his heirs male, to do homage for and hold as a peerage of France. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Dupuy, 337, November, 1428.*

§ Thomassin asserts that the council persuaded the king to withdraw into Dauphiny. It must be remembered that Thomassin was a Dauphinois, and one of the counsellors of the dauphin, Louis XI.

|| *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, J 582.*

¶ M. Jollois (p. 52) has given the receipts. *Archives de la Ville de Orléans, Comptes de la C'ommune, ann. 1428-9.*

* L'Histoire et Discours au vray, p. 46.

† Pope John XXIII. The archbishop had been chancellor of France since 1425. *Gallia Christiana*, t. ix. p. 135.

‡ He said that "he should be very sorry to have beaten the bushes, to allow others to catch the young birds." *Jean Chartier*, p. 18.

keeping him a prisoner all his life; they sought to deprive him of his appanage, to ruin both him and his children. This fresh misfortune revived the memory of the numerous other woes of this house: there were none but had sung in their infancy the "complaints" current at that day on the death of Louis of Orléans.* Charles of Orléans could not defend his city; but his ballads crossed the straits, and pleaded for him.

Touching truth, and one honorable to human nature—in the midst of the most fearful miseries, amidst desolation and famine, when the wolves were taking possession of the land, when, to use the expression of a contemporary, there was not a house left standing, out of the cities, from Picardy to Germany, the people were yet alive to the woes of others, and had a fund of pity for a prince, a prisoner, a prince, a poet, deprived of his parent by a murder, and himself devoted for life to a living death of captivity and exile.†

The women, above all, entertained these sentiments of pity. Less swayed by interest, they are more faithful than man to the unfortunate. In general, they lacked policy to resign themselves to the English yoke, and remained good Frenchwomen. Duguesclin was well aware that there was nothing more French in France than the women, when he said, "There is not a spinner but will ply her distaff for my ransom."‡

One of the first examples of resistance had been set by a young woman, the lady de la Roche-guyon, who long held out the fortress which belonged to her, and who, when forced to surrender, refused to do homage for it to the English; they presumed to propose to her a marriage with a traitor, Gui Bouteillier, who had betrayed Rouen, desiring to leave one devoted to themselves the master of so important a fortress as Roche-guyon. He had the place, but not the lady; she preferred abandoning every thing, and facing poverty with her children.§

* *Cantilenas lugubres super morte dolorosa et à proditoribus nefandis proditorie perpetrata. . . . Religieux de Saint-Denis, MS. folio 878.*—True, "complaints" were also composed on the death of the duke of Burgundy. We read in a letter of grace, that a canon of Reims, finding one of these "complaints" at the end of a genealogy of Henry VI., had in his passion cut out the verses with his knife: the king pardons him on condition that he shall have drawn up "two handsome 'trees,' to be hung up, fastened with cramp-hooks, in the city of Reims, the other in its shrievalty." *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, Registre clxxiii. 676, ann. 1427.*

† This popular feeling was lively expressed by the Pucelle, who said that her mission was to deliver not only Orléans, but the duke of Orléans. *Procès, déposition du duc d'Alençon, Notices des MSS. t. iii. pp. 366-7.*

‡ See, above, vol. i. p. 463.

§ Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 176. It is only right to add that resistance was not confined to the women solely. Monstrelet makes mention of the brave brigand, Tabary, (iv. 112:) the Bourgeois of a captain, a plebeian of Saint-Denis, who was murdered through envy, (ed. Buchon, p. 241:) the Religieux mentions the Norman, Bracquemont, who commanded the Castilian fleet in its victory over the English, *MS Baluze, iv. 159:* and he further relates how a Norman, Jean Bigot, in the very height of Henry Vth's success,

The women had remained French; the priests turned French again. They had discovered at last that the English, with all their show of respect for the Church,* were its worst enemies. After trying to force the Church of England on the country, Bedford startled that of France by the exorbitant demand that it should cede to the king, to defray the expenses of the war, all the gifts, whether of land or other, which had been made it for the last forty years. These two attempts proved unlucky to the English. They succeeded to the reputation of impiety which had attached to the Armagnacs; while their plundering some churches drew upon them the execration of the people.†

The greatness of the house of Lancaster did not repose on a firm basis, but on two lies. In England they had said, "We only ask the Church for her prayers;" and yet they attempted to lay hand on the goods of the Church. In France they had said, "We are the true heirs to the throne, usurped by Philippe de Valois; we are the true kings of France, we are Frenchmen." Such an assertion in the mouth of Edward III., who was French by the mother's side, and who spoke in French, might have deceived: but, by a strange contrast, it was just at the accession of Henry V. that the house of commons began to frame its acts in the English tongue;‡ and when these pretended Frenchmen did us the favor to make use of our language,§ they so disfigured and maltreated it, that they seemed as great enemies of the language as of the nation.

With all this the English had certainly one thing in their favor—their young king, Henry VI., was, indisputably, French on his mother's side, and the grandson of Charles VI., whom he was only too like as to the weakness of his mind. On the contrary, the legitimacy of Charles VII. was exceedingly doubtful. He was born in 1403, while the intimacy between his mother and the duke of Orléans was at its height; and she herself had given adhesion to acts in which he was called—the *self-styled*

and when he seemed invincible, got together some men, slew four hundred of the English, and sent their colors to Notre-Dame, Paris, that the Englishman might recognise his own colors there when he made his entry. *Ibidem, iv. 147.*

* Bedford got himself elected canon of the cathedral of Rouen. Deville, *Description des Tombeaux de Rouen.*

† The English government was exceedingly severe; as is proved by the very pardons granted by it.—A schoolmaster is pardoned a fine of thirty-two crowns of gold for having educated the son of an Armagnac, (*Archives, Trésor des Chartes, J. Registre clxxiii. 19. 1424:*) letters of grace are granted to a monk for having nursed a wounded Armagnac, (*Ibidem, 692. 1427.*) to a student who has studied law at Angers, (*Ibidem, 689.*) to two brothers who have been visited by an Armagnac man-at-arms—he had effected his entry through the window in order to maltreat them, (*Ibidem, Registre clxxv. 197. 1432.*) to a mason of Rouen who had said that if the dauphin retook the town, there was a way to prevent the English garrison in the town from making sorties. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, Registre clxiv. 14. 1424.*

‡ Augustin Thierry, *Histoire de la Conquête, t. iv. p. 279, ed. 1826.* Hallam's *Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 575. (1)*

§ See, above, note at p. 113.

dauphin. Henry VI. had not yet been crowned at Reims; neither had Charles VII. The people of that period acknowledged a king by two signs only, royal birth and being crowned. Charles VII. was not king by the religious tie; and it was not certain that he was so by the natural. This question, a matter of indifference to politicians, who judge according to their interests only, was every thing to the people: the people wish to obey right alone.

A woman had obscured this great question of right: a woman cleared it up.

CHAPTER III.

THE PUCELLE OF ORLEANS. A. D. 1429.

THE originality of the Pucelle, the secret of her success, was not her courage or her visions, but her good sense. Amidst all her enthusiasm, the girl of the people clearly saw the question, and knew how to resolve it.

The knot which politician and doubter could not unloose, she cut. She pronounced, in God's name, Charles VII. to be the heir: she reassured him as to his legitimacy, of which he had doubts himself; and she sanctified this legitimacy by taking him straight to Reims, and, by her quickness, gaining over the English the decisive advantage of the coronation.

It was by no means rare to see women take up arms. They often fought in sieges:* witness the eighty women wounded at Amiens;† witness Jeanne Hachette. In the Pucelle's day, and in the self-same years as she, the Bohemian women fought like men in the wars of the Hussites.‡

No more, I repeat, did the originality of the Pucelle consist in her visions. Who but had visions in the middle age? Even in this prosaic fifteenth century, excess of suffering had singularly exalted men's imaginations. We find at Paris, one brother Richard, so exciting the populace by his sermons, that at last the English banished him the city.§ Assemblies of from fifteen to twenty thousand souls|| were collected by the preaching of the Breton Carmelite friar, Conecta, at Courtrai and at Arras. In the space of a few years, before and after the Pucelle, every province had its saint—

* Instances are innumerable. We will only cite that of the ladies of Lalain, (A. D. 1452, 1581:) the second of whom defended Tournai against the greatest captain of the sixteenth century, the prince of Parma. Reiffenberg, notes to the Belgic edition of Barante, v. 341.

† See, above, vol. i. p. 219.

‡ "And the women armed themselves, like so many devils, full of all cruelty, and many were found slain after encounters." Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 366.

§ Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, t. xv. pp. 119-122. D'Artigny, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais were of opinion that Richard had tutored Jeanne Darc. See M. Berriat-Saint-Prix's peremptory refutation of this supposition in his *Histoire de la Pucelle*, pp. 242-3.

|| Meyer, *Annales Rerum Flandicarum*, f. 271, verso.

either a Pierrette, a Breton peasant girl who holds converse with Jesus Christ;* or a Marie of Avignon,† a Catherine of Rochelle;‡ or a poor shepherd, such as Saintrilles brings up from his own country, who has the stigmata on his feet and hands,§ and who sweats blood on holy days, like the present holy woman of the Tyrol.||

Lorraine, apparently, was one of the last provinces to expect such a phenomenon from. The Lorrainers are brave, and apt to blows, but most delight in stratagem and craft. If the great Guise saved France, before disturbing her, it was not by visions. Two Lorrainers make themselves conspicuous at the siege of Orléans, and both display the natural humor of their witty countryman, Callot; one of these is the cannonier, master Jean, who used to counterfeit death so well; the other is a knight who, being taken by the English and loaded with chains, when they withdrew, returned riding on the back of an English monk.¶

The character of the Lorraine of the Vosges, it is true, is of a graver kind. This lofty district, from whose mountain sides rivers run seaward through France in every direction, was covered with forests of such vast size as to be esteemed by the Carlovingians the most worthy of their imperial hunting parties. In glades of these forests rose the venerable abbeys of Luxeuil and Remiremont; the latter, as is well known, under the rule of an abbess who was ever a princess of the Holy Empire, who had her great officers, in fine, a whole feudal court, and used to be preceded by her seneschal, bearing the naked sword. The dukes of Lorraine had been vassals, and for a long period, of this female sovereignty.**

It was precisely between the Lorraine of the Vosges and that of the plains, between Lorraine and Champagne, at Dom-Remy, that the brave and beautiful girl, destined to bear so well the sword of France, first saw the light.

Along the Meuse, and within a circuit of ten leagues, there are four Dom-Remys; three in the diocese of Toul, one in that of Langres.†† It is probable that these four villages were, in ancient times, dependencies of the abbey of Saint-Remy, at Reims.‡‡ In the Carlovingian

* From Bretagne bretonnant. Journal du Bourgeois de Paris, t. xv. p. 134 (?) 1430.

† Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 347.

‡ Procès, éd. Buchon, (1827,) p. 87.

§ Journal du Bourgeois, t. xv. p. 411, (1430.) Jean Charlier, p. 47.

|| See La Mystique Chrétienne by J. Goerres, and the articles by M. Guido Goerres, in the Munich Review, (Historisch-Politische Blätter, 1839.) However widely different the opinions of these celebrated writers may be from those entertained by ourselves, we are bound to pay the most serious attention to facts so curious in themselves and so conscientiously observed.

¶ Histoire au vray du Siège, p. 92, éd. 1606.

** See, above, vol. i. p. 170.

†† There is still another Dom-Remy; but at a greater distance from the Meuse.

‡‡ In a deed of the year 1090, Dom-Remy-la-Pucelle is enumerated among the dependencies of the abbey. M. Varin, Archives Administratives de Reims, p. 212. The village was afterwards alienated from the abbey; which,

period, our great abbeys are known to have held much more distant possessions; as far, indeed, as in Provence, in Germany, and even in England.*

This line of the Meuse is the *march* of Lorraine and of Champagne, so long an object of contention betwixt monarch and duke. Jeanne's father, Jacques Darc,† was a worthy Champenois.‡ Jeanne, no doubt, inherited her disposition from this parent; she had none of the Lorraine ruggedness, but much rather the Champenois mildness; that simplicity, blended with sense and shrewdness, which is observable in Joinville.

A few centuries earlier, Jeanne would have been born the serf of the abbey of Saint-Remy; a century earlier, the serf of the sire de Joinville, who was lord of Vaucouleurs, on which city the village of Dom-Remy depended. But, in 1335, the king obliged the Joinvilles to cede Vaucouleurs to him.§ It formed at that time the grand channel of communication between Champagne and Lorraine, and was the high road to Germany, as well as that of the bank of the Meuse—the cross or intersecting point of the two routes. It was, too, we may say, the frontier between the two great parties: near Dom-Remy was one of the last villages that held to the Burgundians; all the rest was for Charles VII.

In all ages this *march* of Lorraine and of Champagne had suffered cruelly from war; first, a long war between the east and the west, between the king and the duke, for the possession of Neufchâteau and the adjoining places; then war between the north and south, between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs. The remembrance of these pitiless wars has never been effaced. Not long since was seen, near Neufchâteau, an antique tree with sinister name, whose branches had no doubt often borne human fruit—*Chêne des Partisans*, (the Partisans' Oak.)

The poor people of the *march* had the honor of being directly subject to the king; that is, in reality, they belonged to no one, were neither supported nor managed by any one, and

nevertheless, seems to have long continued to nominate to the cure, (M. Varin, quoting *D. Martel, Hist. MS. de Reims*.) This is a more important fact than is apparent on the face of it. The Pucelle being born in an ancient fief of Saint-Remy's, we perceive how the idea of Reims, and of the coronation, was the dominant idea of her mission. She called Charles VII. nothing but *dauphin*, until after he was crowned.

* See, among other works, the learned introduction to M. Varin's publication, Archives de Reims, pp. 23-4.

† This is the orthography followed by Jean Hordal, a descendant of a brother of the Pucelle's. Hordal, *Johann Darc historia*, 1612, 4to. After this, one cannot surely derive the name from the village of Arc.

‡ Born at Montier-en-Der. A German, we hear, has lately contrived to give the family an illustrious Italian origin.

§ Charles V. annexed it inseparably to the crown, in 1365. "There may still be seen, near Vaucouleurs, large stones, fixed by the orders of the emperor Albert and of Philippe-le-Bel, to mark the limits of their empires." Dict. Géogr. de Vosgien, chanoine de Vaucouleurs, éd. 1767. Lebrun de Charmettes, t. i. p. 323.

had no lord or protector but God. People so situated are of a serious cast. They know that they can count upon nothing; neither on their goods nor on their lives. They sow, the soldier reaps. Nowhere does the husbandman feel greater anxiety about the affairs of his country, none have a directer interest in them; the least reverse shakes him so roughly! He inquires, he strives to know and to foresee; above all, he is resigned: whatever happens, he is prepared for it; he is patient and brave. Women even become so; they must become so, among all these soldiers, if not for the sake of life, for that of honor, like Goëthe's beautiful and hardy Dorothea.

Jeanne was the third daughter of a laborer,* Jacques Darc, and of Isabella Romée.† Her two godmothers were called, the one, Jeanne, the other, Sibylle.

Their eldest son had been named Jacques, and another, Pierre. The pious parents gave one of their daughters the loftier name of Saint Jean.‡

While the other children were taken by their father to work in the fields, or set to watch cattle, the mother kept Jeanne at home, sewing or spinning.§ She was taught neither reading nor writing; but she learned all her mother knew of sacred things.|| She imbibed her religion, not as a lesson or a ceremony, but in the popular and simple form of an evening fireside story, as a truth of a mother's telling. . . . What we imbibe thus with our blood and milk, is a living thing, is life itself. . . .

As regards Jeanne's piety, we have the affecting testimony of the friend of her infancy, of her bosom friend, Haumette, who was younger than she by three or four years. "Over and

* There may be seen at this day, above the door of the hut where Jeanne Darc lived, three scutcheons carved on stone—that of Louis XI., who beautified the hut; that which was undoubtedly given to one of her brothers, along with the surname of Du Lis; and a third, charged with a star and three ploughshares, to image the mission of the Pucelle and the humble condition of her parents. Vallet, *Mémoire adressé à l'Institut Historique, sur le nom de famille de la Pucelle*.

† The name of Romée was often assumed in the middle age by those who had made the pilgrimage to Rome.

‡ This Christian name is that of a great number of celebrated men of the middle age: John of Parma, (reputed author of the *Evangelium Perdurabile*;) Jean Fidenza, (St. Bonaventura,) Jean Gerson, Jean Petit, John Occam, Jean Calvin, John Huss, &c. It seems to announce in those families that gave it to their children, a kind of mystical tendency. In all religious ages the choice of a name has been a matter of the utmost importance, (see my *Origines du Droit*), and most especially, with the Christians of the middle age, who placed the child under the patronage of the saint whose name he bore. See, above, note, vol. i. pp. 175, 447.

§ "Interrogated whether she had learned any art or trade, said, 'Yes, that her mother had taught her to sew, and that she did not think there was a woman in Rouen who could teach her any thing. Did not go to the field to tend sheep or any other cattle. . . . Has not done so since she was grown up, and had arrived at years of understanding; does not remember whether she tended them or not in her infant years.'" *Procès, Interrog. du 22 et 24 Février, 1431*, pp. 58, 60, ed. Buchon, 1827. It seems to me that Jeanne's own testimony ought to be preferred to that of the witnesses on the second trial, and who, too, depose to events which have occurred so long before.

|| "That none but her mother taught her her belief." *Ibidem, Interrog. du 22 Février, p. 55.*

over again," she said, "I have been at her father's, and have slept with her, in all love, (*de bonne amitié*).* . . . She was a very good girl, simple and gentle. She was fond of going to church, and to holy places. She spun, and attended to the house, like other girls. . . . She confessed frequently. She blushed when told that she was too devout, and went too often to church." A laborer, also summoned to give evidence, adds, that she nursed the sick, and was charitable to the poor. "I know it well," were his words; "I was then a child, and it was she who nursed me."

Her charity, her piety, were known to all. All saw that she was the best girl in the village. What they did not see and know was, that, in her, celestial ever absorbed worldly feelings, and suppressed their development. She had the divine gift to remain, soul and body, a child. She grew up strong and beautiful; but never knew the physical sufferings entailed on woman.† They were spared her, that she might be the more devoted to religious thought and inspiration. Born under the very walls of the church, lulled in her cradle by the chimes of the bells, and nourished by legends, she was herself a legend, a quickly passing and pure legend, from birth to death.

She was a living legend . . . but her vital spirits, exalted and concentrated, did not become the less creative. The young girl *created*, so to speak, unconsciously, and *realized* her own ideas, endowing them with being, and imparting to them, out of the strength of her original vitality, such splendid and all-powerful existence, that they threw into the shade the wretched realities of this world.

If poetry mean *creation*, this, undoubtedly, is the highest poetry. Let us trace the steps by which she soared thus high from so lowly a starting-point.

Lowly in truth, but already poetic. Her village was close to the vast forests of the Vosges. From the door of her father's house she could see the old *oak* wood,‡ the wood haunted by fairies; whose favorite spot was a fountain near a large beech, called the fairies' or the *ladies'* tree.§ On this the children used to hang garlands, and would sing around it. These antique *ladies* and mistresses of the woods were, it was said, no longer permitted to assemble round the fountain, barred by their sins.|| However, the Church was always mistrustful of the old local divinities; and to ensure their complete expulsion, the *curé* annually said a mass at the fountain.

Amidst these legends and popular dreams,

* Stetit et jacuit amorose in domo patris sui. *Déposition d'Hannette, Procès MS. de Révision.*

† "Has heard several women say that the said Pucelle . . . never had had . . . (catamenia?). *Déposition de son vieil écuyer, Jean Daulon, Procès MS. de Révision.*

‡ Que on voit de l'huys de son père. *Procès, Interrog. du 24 Février, 1431, p. 71, éd. Buchon, 1827.*

§ Ibidem, p. 69.

|| Propter eorum peccata. *Procès de Révision, Déposition de Beatrix.*

Jeanne was born. But, along with these, the land presented a poetry of a far different character, savage, fierce, and, alas! but too real,—the poetry of war. War! all passions and emotions are included in this single word. It is not that every day brings with it assault and plunder, but it brings the fear of them—the tocsin, the awaking with a start, and, in the distant horizon, the lurid light of conflagration, . . . a fearful but poetic state of things. The most prosaic of men, the lowland Scots, amidst the hazards of the *border*, have become poets: in this sinister desert, which even yet looks as if it were a region accursed, ballads, wild but long-lived flowers, have germed and flourished.

Jeanne had her share in these romantic adventures. She would see poor fugitives seek refuge in her village, would assist in sheltering them, give them up her bed, and sleep herself in the loft. Once, too, her parents had been obliged to turn fugitives; and then, when the flood of brigands had swept by, the family returned and found the village sacked, the house devastated, the church burnt.

Thus she knew what war was. Thoroughly did she understand this anti-Christian state, and unfeigned was her horror of this reign of the devil, in which every man died in mortal sin. She asked herself whether God would always allow this, whether he would not prescribe a term to such miseries, whether he would not send a liberator as he had so often done for Israel—a Gideon, a Judith? . . . She knew that woman had more than once saved God's own people, and that from the beginning it had been foretold that woman should bruise the serpent. No doubt she had seen over the portal of the churches St. Margaret, together with St. Michael, trampling under foot the dragon.* . . . If, as all the world said, the ruin of the kingdom was a woman's work, an unnatural mother's, its redemption might well be a virgin's: and this, moreover, had been foretold in a prophecy of Merlin's; a prophecy which, embellished and modified by the habits of each province, had become altogether Lorraine in Jeanne Darc's country. According to the prophecy current here, it was a Pucelle of the marches of *Lorraine* who was to save the realm;† and the prophecy had probably assumed this form through the recent marriage of René of Anjou with the heiress of the duchy of Lorraine, a marriage which, in truth, turned out very happily for the kingdom of France.

* See the Actes des Bollandistes, July 20. St. Margaret sees the devil appear in shape of a dragon, and puts him to flight by making the sign of the cross. She escapes from her husband's house, disguised in man's attire, and with her hair cut close, (tonsis crinibus in virili habitu.) *Legenda Aurea Sanctorum, c. cxlvi. ed. 1489.*

† This Pucelle was to come from the *hoary* wood, (*bois cheu*;) now, there was a wood so called at the very entrance of Jeanne Darc's village:—Quod debebat venire puella ex quodam nemore *canuto* ex partibus Lotharingæ. *Déposit, du premier témoin de l'Enquête de Rouen, Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 347.*

One summer's day, a fast-day, Jeanne being at noontide in her father's garden, close to the church,* saw a dazzling light on that side, and heard a voice say, "Jeanne, be a good and obedient child, go often to church." The poor girl was exceedingly alarmed.

Another time she again heard the voice and saw the radiance; and, in the midst of the effulgence, noble figures, one of which had wings, and seemed a wise *prud'homme*. "Jeanne," said this figure to her, "go to the succor of the king of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him." She replied, all trembling, "Messire, I am only a poor girl; I know not how to ride† or lead men-at-arms." The voice replied, "Go to M. de Baudricourt, captain of Vaucouleurs, and he will conduct thee to the king. St. Catherine and St. Marguerite will be thy aids." She remained stupified and in tears, as if her whole destiny had been revealed to her.

The *prud'homme* was no less than St. Michael, the severe archangel of judgments and of battles. He reappeared to her, inspired her with courage, and told her "the pity for the kingdom of France."‡ Then appeared sainted women, all in white, with countless lights around, rich crowns on their heads, and their voices soft and moving unto tears: but Jeanne shed them much more copiously when saints and angels left her. "I longed," she said, "for the angels to take me away too."§

If, in the midst of happiness like this she wept, her tears were not causeless. Bright and glorious as these visions were, a change had from that moment come over her life. She who had hitherto heard but one voice, that of her mother, of which her own was the echo, now heard the powerful voice of angels—and what sought the heavenly voice! That she should quit that mother, quit her dear home. She, whom but a word put out of countenance,|| was required to mix with men, to address soldiers. She was obliged to quit for the world and for war, her little garden under the shadow of the church, where she heard no ruder sounds than those of its bells,¶ and where the birds ate out of her hand: for such was the attractive sweetness of the young saint, that animals and the fowls of the air came to her,** as formerly to the fathers of the desert, in all the trust of God's peace.

Jeanne has told us nothing of this first struggle that she had to undergo: but it is clear that it did take place, and that it was of long duration, since five years elapsed between her

first vision, and her final abandonment of her home.

The two authorities, the paternal and the celestial, enjoined her two opposite commands. The one ordered her to remain obscure, modest, and laboring; the other to set out and save the kingdom. The angel bade her arm herself. Her father, rough and honest peasant as he was, swore that rather than his daughter should go away with men-at-arms, he would drown her with his own hands.* One or other, disobey she must. Beyond a doubt this was the greatest battle she was called upon to fight; those against the English were play in comparison.

In her family, she encountered not only resistance but temptation; for they attempted to marry her, in the hope of winning her back to more rational notions, as they considered. A young villager pretended that in her childhood she had promised to marry him; and on her denying this, he cited her before the ecclesiastical Judge of Toul. It was imagined that rather than undertake the effort of speaking in her own defence, she would submit to marriage. To the great astonishment of all who knew her, she went to Toul, appeared in court, and spoke—she who had been noted for her modest silence.

In order to escape from the authority of her family, it behooved her to find in the bosom of that family some one who would believe in her: this was the most difficult part of all. In default of her father, she made her uncle a convertite to the truth of her mission. He took her home with him, as if to attend her aunt who was lying-in. She persuaded him to appeal on her behalf to the sire de Baudricourt, captain of Vaucouleurs. The soldier gave a cool reception to the peasant, and told him that the best thing to be done was "to give her a good whipping,"† and take her back to her father. She was not discouraged; she would go to him, and forced her uncle to accompany her. This was the decisive moment; she quitted forever her village and family, and embraced her friends, above all, her good little friend, Mengette, whom she recommended to God's keeping; as to her elder friend and companion, Haumette, her whom she loved most of all, she preferred quitting without leave-taking.‡

At length she reached this city of Vaucouleurs, attired in her coarse red peasant's dress,§ and took up her lodging with her uncle at the house of a wheelwright, whose wife conceived a friendship for her. She got herself taken to Baudricourt, and said to him in a firm tone, "That she came to him from her Lord, to the

* Procès, Interrog. du 22 Février, p. 59, éd. Buchon.

† Ibidem.

‡ Ibidem, 15 Mars, p. 123.

§ Ibid. 27 Février, p. 75.

|| *Sape habebat verecundiam, &c. Procès MS. de Révision. Déposition d'Haumette.*

¶ She was passionately fond of the sound of bells. . . . "She promised to give him wool . . . to ring well."

Procès MS. de Révision, Déposition de Perin.

** *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, t. xv. p. 387, éd. 1827.

* Procès, Interrog. du 12 Mars, éd. 1827, p. 97.

† *Daret ei alapas. Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 301.*

‡ *Nescivit recessum . . . multum flevit. . . . Procès MS. de Révision. Déposition d'Haumette.*

§ *Faupuribus vestibus rubeis. Ibidem, Dépos. de Jean de Metz.*

end that he might send the dauphin word to keep firm, and to fix no day of battle with the enemy, for his Lord would send him succor in Mid-Lent. . . . The realm was not the dauphin's but her Lord's; nevertheless, her Lord willed the dauphin to be king, and to hold the realm in trust." She added, that despite the dauphin's enemies, he would be king, and that she would take him to be crowned.

The captain was much astonished: he suspected that the devil must have a hand in the matter. Thereupon, he consulted the *curé*, who, apparently, partook his doubts. She had not spoken of her visions to any priest or churchman.* So the *curé* accompanied the captain to the wheelwright's house, showed his stole, and adjured Jeanne to depart if sent by the evil spirit.†

But the people had no doubts; they were struck with admiration. From all sides, crowds flocked to see her. A gentleman, to try her, said to her, "Well, sweetheart; after all, the king will be driven out of the kingdom, and we must turn English." She complained to him of Baudricourt's refusal to take her to the dauphin; "And yet," she said, "before Mid-Lent, I must be with the king, even were I to wear out my legs to the knees; for no one in the world, nor kings, nor dukes, nor daughter of the king of Scotland, can recover the kingdom of France, and he has no other who can succor him save myself, albeit I would prefer staying and spinning with my poor mother, but this is no work of my own; I must go and do it, for it is my Lord's will."—"And who is your lord?"—"God!" . . . The gentleman was touched. He pledged her "his faith, his hand placed in hers, that with God's guiding he would conduct her to the king." A young man, of gentle birth, felt himself touched likewise; and declared that he would follow this holy maid.

It appears that Baudricourt sent to ask the king's pleasure;‡ and that in the interim he took Jeanne to see the duke of Lorraine, who was ill, and desired to consult her. All that the duke got from her was advice to appease God by reconciling himself with his wife. Nevertheless, he gave her encouragement.§

On returning to Vaucouleurs she found there a messenger from the king, who authorized her to repair to court. The reverse of the battle

of herrings had determined his counsellors to try any and every means. Jeanne had proclaimed the battle and its result on the very day it was fought; and the people of Vaucouleurs, no longer doubting her mission, subscribed to equip her and buy her a horse.* Baudricourt only gave her a sword.

At this moment an obstacle arose. Her parents, informed of her approaching departure, nearly lost their senses, and made the strongest efforts to retain her, commanding, threatening. She withstood this last trial; and got a letter written to them, beseeching them to forgive her.

The journey she was about to undertake was a rough and a most dangerous one. The whole country was overrun by the men-at-arms of both parties. There was neither road, nor bridge, and the rivers were swollen: it was the month of February, 1429.

To travel at such a time with five or six men-at-arms was enough to alarm a young girl. An English woman, or a German, would never have risked such a step; the *indelicaey* of the proceeding would have horrified her. Jeanne was nothing moved by it; she was too pure to entertain any fears of the kind. She wore a man's dress, a dress she wore to the last: this close, and closely fastened dress was her best safeguard. Yet was she young and beautiful. But there was around her, even to those who were most with her, a barrier raised by religion and fear. The youngest of the gentlemen who formed her escort, deposes that though sleeping near her, the shadow of an impure thought never crossed his mind.

She traversed with heroic serenity these districts, either desert, or infested with soldiers. Her companions regretted having set out with her, some of them thinking that she might be perhaps a witch; and they felt a strong desire to abandon her. For herself, she was so tranquil, that she would stop at every town to hear mass. "Fear nothing," she said, "God guides me my way; 'tis for this I was born." And again, "My brothers in paradise tell me what I am to do."†

Charles VIIth's court was far from being unanimous in favor of the Pucelle. This inspired maid, coming from Lorraine, and encouraged by the duke of Lorraine, could not fail to strengthen the queen's and her mother's party, the party of Lorraine and of Anjou, with the king. An ambuscade was laid for the Pucelle some distance from Chinon, and it was a miracle she escaped.‡

So strong was the opposition to her, that when she arrived, the question of her being admitted to the king's presence was debated for two days in the council. Her enemies

* *Procès, Interrog. du 12 Mars, p. 97, ed. 1827.*

† *Apportaverat stolam . . . adjuraverat. Ibidem, Dépos. de Catherine, femme du charron, (Evidence of Catherine, the wheelwright's wife.)*

‡ Compare on this important point Lebrun and Laverdy. I am far from believing that Jean was *chosen and destined*, as some believe of the good and brave Andrew Hofer, (Le-wald, Tyrol, 2 band, 1836, München;) but can well fancy that Baudricourt consulted the king, and that the latter's mother-in-law, Yolande of Anjou, had come to an understanding with the duke of Lorraine on the advantage to be derived from her. On her departure, she was encouraged by the duke; and on her arrival welcomed, as we shall see, by queen Yolande.

§ *Chronique de Lorraine, ap. D. Calmet, Preuves, t. II. p. 6.*

* *Equum pretit xvi. francorum. Procès MS. de Révision. Déposition de Jean de Metz.*

† *Sui fratres de Paradiso. Procès MS. de Révision. Evidence of Jean de Metz.*

‡ *Ibid. Evidence of brother Seguin.*

hoped to adjourn the matter indefinitely, by proposing that an inquiry should be instituted concerning her in her native place. Fortunately, she had friends as well, the two queens, we may be assured, and, especially, the duke of Alençon, who having recently left English keeping, was impatient to carry the war into the north in order to recover his duchy. The men of Orléans, to whom Dunois had been promising this heavenly aid ever since the 12th of February, sent to the king and claimed the Pucelle.

At last the king received her, and surrounded by all the splendor of his court, in the hope, apparently, of disconcerting her. It was evening; the light of fifty torches illumed the hall, and a brilliant array of nobles and above three hundred knights were assembled round the monarch. Every one was curious to see the sorceress, or, as it might be, the inspired maid.

The sorceress was eighteen years of age;* she was a beautiful† and most desirable girl, of good height, and with a sweet and heart-touching voice.‡

She entered the splendid circle with all humility "like a poor little shepherdess,"§ distinguished at the first glance the king, who had purposely kept himself amidst the crowd of courtiers, and although at first he maintained that he was not the king, she fell down and embraced his knees. But as he had not been crowned, she only styled him dauphin:—"Gentle dauphin," she addressed him, "my name is Jehanne la Pucelle. The King of heaven sends you word by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Reims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of heaven, who is king of France." The king then took her aside, and, after a moment's consideration, both changed countenance. She told him, as she subsequently acknowledged to her confessors:—"I am commissioned by my Lord to tell you, that you are the *true heir* to the French throne, and the *king's son*."||

A circumstance which awoke still greater astonishment and a sort of fear is, that the first prediction which fell from her lips was accomplished the instant it was made. A soldier who was struck by her beauty, and who expressed his desires aloud with the coarseness of the camp, and swearing by his God: "Alas!" she exclaimed, "thou deniest him, and art so near thy death!" A moment after, he fell into the river and was drowned.*

Her enemies started the objection, that if she knew the future it must be through the devil. Four or five bishops were got together to examine her; but through fear, no doubt, of compromising themselves with either of the parties which divided the court, they referred the examination to the University of Poitiers, in which great city was both university, parliament, and a number of noble men.

The archbishop of Reims, chancellor of France, president of the royal council, issued his mandate to the doctors, and to the professors of theology—the one, priests, the others, monks, and charged them to examine the Pucelle.

The doctors introduced, and placed in a hall, the young maid seated herself at the end of the bench, and replied to their questionings. She related with a simplicity that rose to grandeur† the apparitions of angels with which she had been visited, and their words. A single objection was raised by a Dominican, but it was a serious one—"Jehanne, thou sayest that God wishes to deliver the people of France; if such be his will, he has no need of men-at-arms." She was not disconcerted:—"Ah! my God," was her reply, "the men-at-arms will fight, and God will give the victory."

Another was more difficult to be satisfied—a Limousin, brother Seguin, professor of theology at the university of Poitiers, a "very sour man," says the chronicle. He asked her in his Limousin French, what tongue that pretended celestial voice spoke? Jehanne answered, a little too hastily, "A better than yours."—"Dost thou believe in God?" said the doctor, in a rage: "Now, God wills us not to have faith in thy words, except thou showest a sign." She replied, "I have not come to Poitiers to show signs or work miracles; my sign will be the raising of the siege of Orléans. Give me men-at-arms, few or many, and I will go."‡

Meanwhile, it happened at Poitiers as at

but that if he were not, that He would grant him the mercy not to be killed or thrown into prison, but to be able to take refuge in Spain or in Scotland. Sala, *Exemples de Hardiesse*, MS. Français, de la Bibl. Royale, No. 180. Lebrun, t. i. pp. 180-3.—It may be inferred from the answers of the Pucelle to her judges, but which are, indeed, exceedingly obscure, that this crafty court abused her simplicity, and sought to confirm her belief in her visions by having a sort of Mystery played before her, in which an angel brought down the crown. *Procès*, pp. 77, 94-5, 102-6, éd. 1827.

* Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 348.

† Magno modo. Evidence of brother Seguin. *Ibidem*, p. 349.

‡ Notices des MSS. *Ibidem*.

* In February, 1431, she stated her age to be "nineteen or thereabouts." *Procès*, Interrog. du 21 Février, 1431, p. 54, éd. 1827. Twenty witnesses supported this statement. See the summary of the whole evidence given by M. Berriat-Saint-Prix, pp. 178-9.

† Mammæ, quæ pulchræ erant. *Dépositions*, Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 373. M. Lebrun de Charmettes would fain make her a finished beauty. On the contrary, the English chronicler, Grafton, in his laughable anger, says that it was not much trouble to her to remain a maid, "because of her foule face." Grafton, p. 534.—The likeness of Jeanne Darc found on the margin of a copy of her trial (*Procès*) is but some clerk's scrawl. See the fac-simile given by M. Guido Goerres in the second edition of his work, *Die Jungfrau von Orléans*, 1841.

‡ Philippus Bergam. De Claris Mulleribus, cap. civii.; from the report of an Italian nobleman who had seen her at the court of Charles VII. *Ibidem*, p. 369.

§ *Paupercula bergereta*. . . . *Procès MS de Révision*. Evidence of Gaucourt, grand-master of the king's household.

|| Fifteenth witness. *Notices*, &c., p. 348. According to a somewhat later, but still very probable account, she reminded him of a circumstance known to himself alone; namely, that one morning in his oratory he had prayed to God to restore his kingdom to him if he were the lawful heir,

Vaucouleurs, her sanctity seized the hearts of the people. In a moment, all were for her. Women, ladies, citizens' wives, all flocked to see her at the house where she was staying, with the wife of an advocate to the parliament, and all returned full of emotion. Men went there too; and counsellors, advocates, old hardened judges, who had suffered themselves to be taken thither incredulously, when they had heard her, wept even as the women did,* and said, "The maid is of God."

The examiners themselves went to see her, with the king's equerry; and on their recommending their never-ending examination, quoting learnedly to her, and proving to her from the writings of all the doctors that she ought not to be believed, "Hearken," she said to them, "there is more in God's book than in yours. . . . I know neither A nor B; but I come commissioned by God to raise the siege of Orléans, and to have the dauphin crowned at Reims. . . . First, however, I must write to the English, and summon them to depart: God will have it so. Have you paper and ink? Write as I dictate.† . . . To you! Suffort, Classidas, and La Poule, I summon you, on the part of the King of heaven, to depart to England."‡ . . . They wrote as she dictated; she had won over her very judges.

They pronounced as their opinion, that it was lawful to have recourse to the young maiden. The archbishop of Embrun, who had been consulted,§ pronounced similarly; supporting his opinion by showing how God had frequently revealed to virgins, for instance, to the sibyls, what he concealed from men; how the demon could not make a covenant with a virgin; and recommending it to be ascertained whether Jehanne were a virgin. Thus, being pushed to extremity, and either not being able or being unwilling to explain the delicate distinction betwixt good and evil revelations, knowledge humbly referred a ghostly matter to a corporeal test, and made this grave question of the spirit depend on woman's mystery.

As the doctors could not decide, the ladies did;|| and the honor of the Pucelle was vindicated by a jury, with the good queen of Sicily, the king's mother-in-law, at their head. This farce over; and some Franciscans who had been deputed to inquire into Jehanne's character in her own country, bringing the most favorable report, there was no time to lose. Orléans was crying out for succor, and Dunois

sent entreaty upon entreaty. The Pucelle was equipped, and a kind of establishment arranged for her. For squire she had a brave knight, of mature years, Jean Daulon, one of Dunois's household, and of its best conducted and most discreet members. She had, also, a noble page, two heralds-at-arms, a *maître d'hôtel*, and two valets: her brother, Pierre Darc, too, was one of her attendants. Jean Pasquerel, a brother eremite of the order of St. Augustin, was given her for confessor. Generally speaking, the monks, particularly the mendicants, were stanch supporters of this marvel of inspiration.

And it was, in truth, for those who beheld the sight, ■ marvel to see for the first time Jehanne Darc in her white armor and on her beautiful black horse, at her side a small axe* and the sword of Saint-Catherine, which sword had been discovered, on her intimation, behind the altar of Saint-Catherine-de-Fierbois. In her hand she bore a white standard, embroidered with fleurs-de-lis, and on which God was represented with the world in his hands, having on his right and left two angels, each holding a fleur-de-lis. "I will not," she said, "use my sword to slay any one;"† and she added, that although she loved her sword, she loved "forty times more" her standard. Let us contrast the two parties, at the moment of her departure for Orléans.

The English had been much reduced by their long winter siege. After Salisbury's death, many men-at-arms whom he had engaged, thought themselves relieved from their engagements and departed. The Burgundians, too, had been recalled by their duke. When the most important of the English bastilles was forced, into which the defenders of some other bastilles had thrown themselves, only five hundred men were found in it. In all, the English force may have amounted to two or three thousand men; and of this small number part were French, and, no doubt, not to be much depended upon by the English.

Collected together, they would have constituted a respectable force; but they were distributed among a dozen‡ bastilles or boulevards, between which there was, for the most part, no communication; a disposition of their forces,

* "And the said Pucelle treated my brother and me very handsomely. She was armed at all points, save her head, and bore a lance in her hand. And when we had alighted at Selles, I called on her at her lodging, and she sent for wine, and told me that I should soon drink some at Paris; and to see her and hear her is to see as if a thing divine. . . . And I saw her mount, armed all in white, save her head, a little axe in her hand, on a large black courser . . . and then she rode to the door of the church, which was hard by, and said in a feminine voice, (*en assez voix de femme* :—) 'Do you priests and all serving the Church, make processions and offer prayers to God.' On which she resumed her journey, saying, 'Speed on, speed on,' her standard unfurled, which was borne by a comely page, and a little axe in her hand." Letter from Gui de Laval to his mother and grandmother. Labbe, Alliance Chronol. p. 672.

† Nolebat uti ense suo, nec volebat quenquam interficere. *Procs MS. de Révision*. Evidence of brother Seguin.

‡ Monstrelet exaggerates at random. He says *sixty* bastilles, and raises the number of English killed in the southern bastilles to *seven or eight thousand*, &c.

* Plouroient à chaudes larmes. Chronique de la Pucelle, p. 300, éd. 1827.

† Evidence of the eye-witness, Versailles. Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 350.

‡ This letter and the others dictated by the Pucelle are certainly authentic. They bear an heroic impress which it would have been impossible to have counterfeited, and are marked by a thorough French vivacity, in the style of Henri IV., but besides this, by simplicity and sanctity. See these letters in Buchon, de Barante, Lebrun, &c.

§ Lenglet du Fresnoy; from the MS. of Jacques Gelu, De Puella Aurelianensi, MSS. Lat. Bibl. Regie, No. 6199.

|| Fut icelle Pucelle baillée à la Roïne de Cecile, &c. Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 351.

which proves that Talbot and the other English leaders had hitherto been rather brave and lucky than intelligent and skilful. It was evident that each of these small isolated forts would be weak against the large city which they pretended to hold in check; that its numerous population, rendered warlike by a siege, would at last besiege the besiegers.

On reading the formidable list of the captains who threw themselves into Orléans, La Hire, Saintrailles, Gaucourt, Culan, Coaraze, Armagnac; and remembering that, independently of the Bretons under marshal de Retz, and the Gascons under marshal de St. Sévère—the captain of Châteaudun, Florent d'Illiers, had brought all the nobility of the neighborhood with him to this short expedition, the deliverance of Orléans seems less miraculous.*

It must, however, be acknowledged that for this great force to act with efficiency, the one essential and indispensable requisite, unity of action, was wanting. Had skill and intelligence sufficed to impart it, the want would have been supplied by Dunois; but there was something more required—authority, and more than royal authority, too, for the king's captains were little in the habit of obeying the king: to subject these savage, untameable spirits, God's authority was called for. Now, the God of this age was the Virgin much more than Christ;† and it behooved that the Virgin should descend upon earth, be a popular Virgin, young, beauteous, gentle, bold.

War had changed men into wild beasts; these beasts had to be restored to human shape, and be converted into docile Christian men—a great and a hard change. Some of these Armagnac captains were, perhaps, the most ferocious mortals that ever existed; as may be inferred from the name of but one of them, a name that strikes terror, Gilles de Retz, the original of Blue Beard.‡

One hold, however, was left upon their souls; they had cast off humanity and nature, without having been able wholly to disengage themselves from religion. These brigands, it is true, hit upon strange means of reconciling religion and robbery. One of them, the Gascon La Hire, gave vent to the original remark, "Were God to turn man-at-arms, he would be a plunderer;"§ and when he went on a foray, he offered up his little Gascon prayer without

entering too minutely into his wants, conceiving that God would take a hint—"Sire God, I pray thee to do for La Hire what La Hire would do for thee, wert thou a captain, and were La Hire God."*

It was at once a risible and a touching sight to see the sudden conversion of the old Armagnac brigands. They did not reform by halves. La Hire durst no longer swear; and the Pucelle took compassion on the violence he did himself, and allowed him to swear "by his baton." The devils found themselves all of a sudden turned into little saints.

The Pucelle had begun by requiring them to give up their mistresses, and attend to confession.† Next, on their march along the Loire, she had an altar raised in the open air, at which she partook of the communion, and they as well. The beauty of the season, the charm of a spring in Touraine, must have added singularly to the religious supremacy of the young maid. They themselves had grown young again, had utterly forgotten what they were, and felt, as in the spring-time of life, full of good-will and of hope, all young like her, all children. . . . With her they commenced, and unreservedly, a new life. Where was she leading them? Little did it matter to them. They would have followed her, not to Orléans only, but just as readily to Jerusalem. And the English were welcome to go thither too: in a letter she addressed to them she graciously proposed that they all, French and English, should unite, and proceed conjointly to deliver the Holy Sepulchre.‡

The first night of encamping she lay down all armed, having no females with her; and, not being yet accustomed to the hardships of such a mode of life, felt indisposed the next day.§ As to danger, she knew not what it meant. She wanted to cross the river, and advance on the northern or English side, right among their bastilles, asserting that the enemy would not budge; but the captains would not listen to her, and they followed the other bank, crossing two leagues below Orléans. Dunois came to meet her: "I bring you," she said, "the best succor mortal ever received, that of the King of heaven. It is no succor of mine,

* "Sire Dieu, je te prie de faire pour la Hire ce que La Hire ferait pour toi, si tu étais capitaine et si La Hire était Dieu." Mémoires concernant la Pucelle, Collection Petitot, viii. 127.

† *Procès MS. de Révision.* Evidence of Dunois.—"Jeanne ordonna que tous se confessassent . . . et leur fît oster leurs filletes." Id. *ibid.* p. 163.

‡ "Vous, duc de Bedford, la Pucelle vous prie et vous requiert que vous ne vous fâcies mie détruire. Se vous lui fâcies raison, encore pourrez-vous venir en sa compagnie, l'oû que les Franchois feront le plus bel fait que oncques fut fait pour la Chrestienté." (You, duke of Bedford, the Pucelle prays and requires you not to compel to your destruction. If you do her right, you may then proceed along with her, there where the French will work the finest deed that ever yet was wrought for Christendom.) *Lettre de la Pucelle*, Lebrun i. 450, d'après le *MS. 5965 de la Bibl. Royale*.

§ *Multum lasa, quia decubuit cum armis.* *Procès MS. de Révision.* Evidence of Louis de Contes, the Pucelle's page.

* ("The two greatest fighting men in France at this period, were Poton de Saintrailles and La Hire. Few knights of romance so repeatedly distinguished themselves. Next to them, Dunois the bastard d'Orléans, and the marshal St. Sévère, appeared foremost in the military career. The co-existence of these four truly chivalric warriors with Joan of Arc, contributed greatly to the results which her spirit, example, and impulse mainly occasioned. La Hire died at last in a good old age, worn out with heroic exertions." Note, p. 69, vol. iii. of Turner's *Hist. of England*.)—*TRANSLATOR*.

† This I have already noticed, (see vol. i. p. 228;) and I shall presently return to the subject.

‡ See, further on, the frightful trial, from the *MS. de la Bibliothèque Royale*.

§ "Si Dieu se faisait homme d'arme, il serait pillard."

but from God himself, who, at the prayer of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne, has taken pity on the town of Orléans, and will not allow the enemy to have at one and the same time the duke's body and his city."^{*}

She entered the city at eight o'clock of the evening of April 29th, and so great and so eager was the crowd, striving to touch her horse at least, that her progress through the streets was exceedingly slow; they gazed at her "as if they were beholding God."[†] She rode along speaking kindly to the people, and, after offering up prayers in the church, repaired to the house of the duke of Orléans' treasurer; an honorable man, whose wife and daughters gladly welcomed her; she slept with Charlotte, one of the daughters.

She had entered the city with the supplies ; but the main body of the relieving force fell down as far as Blois, where it crossed the river. Nevertheless, she was eager for an immediate attack on the English bastilles, and would summon the northern bastilles to surrender, a summons which she repeated, and then proceeded to summon the southern bastilles. Here Glasdale overwhelmed her with abuse, calling her cow-herd and prostitute, (*vachère et ribaude*).† In reality, they believed her to be a sorceress, and felt great terror of her. They detained her herald-at-arms, and were minded to burn him, in the hope that it would break the charm ; but, first, they considered it advisable to consult the doctors of the university of Paris. Besides, Dunois threatened to retaliate on their herald whom he had in his power. As to the Pucelle, she had no fears for her herald, but sent another, saying, “ Go, tell Talbot if he will appear in arms, so will I . . . if he can take me, let him burn me.”

The army delaying, Dunois ventured to sally forth in search of it; and the Pucelle, left behind, found herself absolute mistress of the city, where all authority but hers seemed to be at an end. She caracolled round the walls, and the people followed her fearlessly.¶ The next day, she rode out to reconnoitre the English bastilles, and young women and children went, too, to look at these famous bastilles, where all remained still, and betrayed no sign of movement. She led back the crowd with her to attend vespers at the church of Saint-Croix; and as she wept at prayers,|| they all wept likewise. The citizens were beside themselves;

they were raised above all fears, were drunk with religion and with war,—seized by one of those formidable accesses of fanaticism, in which men can do all, and believe all, and in which they are scarcely less terrible to friends than to enemies.

Charles VIIIth's chancellor, the archbishop of Reims, had detained the small army at Blois. The old politician was far from imagining such resistless enthusiasm, or, perhaps, he dreaded it. So he repaired to Orléans with great unwillingness. The Pucelle, followed by the citizens and priests singing hymns, went to meet him, and the whole procession passed and re-passed the English bastilles. The army entered, protected by priests and a girl.*

This girl, who, with all her enthusiasm and inspiration, had great penetration, was quickly aware of the cold malevolence of the newcomers, and perceived that they wanted to do without her, at the risk of ruining all. Dunois having owned to her that he feared the enemy's being reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops under Sir John Falstaff, "Bastard, bastard," she said to him, "in God's name I command thee as soon as you know of his coming to apprise me of it, for if he passes without my knowledge, I promise you that I will take off your head."[†]

She was right in supposing that they wished to do without her. As she was snatching a moment's rest with her young bedfellow, Charlotte, she suddenly starts up, and exclaims, "Great God, the blood of our countrymen is running on the ground. . . . 'tis ill done: why did they not awake me? Quick, my arms, my horse!" She was armed in a moment, and finding her young page playing below, "Cruel boy," she said to him, "not to tell me that the blood of France was spilling." She set off at a gallop, and coming upon the wounded who were being brought in, "Never," she exclaimed, "have I seen a Frenchman's blood without my hair rising up!" †

On her arrival, the flying rallied. Dunois, who had not been apprized any more than she, came up at the same time. The bastille (one of the northern bastilles) was once more attacked. Talbot endeavored to cover it; but fresh troops sallying out of Orléans, the Pucelle put herself at their head, Talbot drew off his men, and the fort was carried.

Many of the English who had put on the priestly habit by way of protection were brought in by the Pucelle, and placed in her own house to ensure their safety; she knew the ferocity of her followers. It was her first victory, the first time she had ever seen a field of carnage.

* Ibidem. Evidence of Dunois, *Notices des MSS.* iii. 353.

† She seemed, at the least, an angel, a creature above all physical wants. At times, she would continue a whole day on horseback, without alighting, eating, or drinking, and would only take in the evening some sippets of bread in wine and water. See the evidence of the various witnesses, and the *Chronique de la Pucelle*, éd. Buchon. (1827.) p. 309.

¶ She was keenly alive to the insults of the English. Hearing herself called "the Armagnacs' whore," she wept bitterly, and called God to attest her innocence, then, feeling herself comforted, she said, "I have had news of my Lord." Notices des MSS. iii. p. 359.

|| *Procès MS. de Révision.* Evidence of Compaing, canon of Orléans.

* May 4, 1429. *Ibid.* Evidence of brother Pasquerel, the Pucelle's confessor.

† Evidence of Daulon, her squire. Notices des MSS. iii. 355.

‡ "Que mes cheveux ne me levassent en sus." Ibid.
Evidence of the same.

§ *Procès MS. de Révision.* Evidence of Louis Contes, her page.

She wept on seeing so many human beings who had perished unconfessed.* She desired the benefit of confession for herself and retainers, and as the next day was Ascension Day, declared her intention of communicating and of passing the day in prayer.

They took advantage of this to hold a council without her; at which it was determined to cross the Loire and attack St. Jean-le-Blanc, the bastille which most obstructed the introduction of supplies, making at the same time a false attack on the side of La Beauce. The Pucelle's enviers told her of the false attack only; but Dunois apprized her of the truth.

The English then did what they ought to have done before: they concentrated their strength. Burning down the bastille, which was the object of the intended attack, they fell back on the two other bastilles on the south—the Augustins' and the Tournelles: but the Augustins' was at once attacked and carried. This success, again, was partly due to the Pucelle; for the French being seized with a panic terror, and retreating precipitately towards the floating bridge which had been thrown over the river, the Pucelle and La Hire disengaged themselves from the crowd, and, crossing in boats, took the English in flank.

There remained the Tournelles; before which bastille the conquerors passed the night: but they constrained the Pucelle, who had not broken her fast the whole day, (it was Friday,) to recross the Loire. Meanwhile the council assembled; and in the evening it was announced to the Pucelle that they had unanimously determined, as the city was now well victualled, to wait for reinforcements before attacking the Tournelles. It is difficult to suppose such to have been the serious intention of the chiefs; the English momentarily expecting the arrival of Sir John Falstaff with fresh troops, all delay was dangerous. Probably the object was to deceive the Pucelle, and to deprive her of the honor of the success to which she had largely prepared the way. But she was not to be caught in the snare.

"You have been at your council," she said, "I have been at mine;"† then, turning to her chaplain, "come to-morrow at break of day, and quit me not; I shall have much to do—blood will go out of my body; I shall be wounded below my bosom."

In the morning, her host endeavored to detain her. "Stay, Jeanne," he said, "let us partake together of this fish which is just fresh caught." "Keep it," she answered gayly, "keep it till night, when I shall come back over the bridge, after having taken the Tournelles, and I will bring you a *godden* to eat of it with us."‡

Then she hurried forward with a number of men-at-arms and of citizens to the *porte de Bourgogne*; which she found kept closed by the sire de Gaucourt, grand master of the king's household. "You are a wicked man," said Jeanne to him; "but whether you will or not, the men-at-arms shall pass." Gaucourt felt that with this excited multitude his life hung by a thread; and besides, his own followers would not obey him. The crowd opened the gate, and forced another which was close to it.

The sun was rising upon the Loire at the very moment this multitude were throwing themselves into boats. However, when they reached the Tournelles, they found their want of artillery, and sent for it into the town. At last they attacked the redoubt which covered the bastille. The English made a brave defence.* Perceiving that the assailants began to slacken in their efforts, the Pucelle threw herself into the fosse, seized a ladder, and was rearing it against the wall, when she was struck by an arrow betwixt her neck and shoulder. The English rushed out to make her prisoner, but she was borne off. Removed from the scene of conflict, laid on the grass, and disarmed, when she saw how deep the wound was—the arrow's point came out behind—she was terrified, and burst into tears.† Suddenly she rises; her holy ones had appeared to her; she repels the men-at-arms, who were for *charming* the wound by words, protesting that she would not be cured contrary to the Divine will. She only allowed a dressing of oil to be applied to the wound, and then confessed herself.

Meanwhile no progress was made, and it was near nightfall. Dunois himself ordered the retreat to be sounded. "Rest awhile," she said, "eat and drink;" and she betook herself to prayers in a vineyard. A Basque soldier‡ had taken from the hands of the Pucelle's squire her banner, that banner so dreaded by the enemy: "As soon as the standard shall touch the wall," she exclaimed, "you can enter."—"It touches it."—"Then enter, all is yours." And, in fact, the assailants, transported beyond themselves, mounted "as if at a bound." The English were at this moment attacked on both sides at once.

For the citizens of Orléans, who had eagerly watched the struggle from the other side of the Loire, could no longer contain themselves, but opened their gates and rushed upon the bridge. One of the arches being broken, they threw over it a sorry plank; and a knight of St. John,

was a nickname for the English, taken from their common exclamation of 'God damn it,' so that this vulgarity was a national characteristic in the reign of Henry VI.—Note, p. 78, vol. iii. Turner's Hist. of England.)—TRANSLATOR.

* "It seemed . . . that they asked to be immortal." L'Histoire et Discours au vray du Siège, p. 67.

† Timuit, flevit. . . . Apposuerunt oleum olivarum cum lardo. Notices des MSS. iii. 360.

‡ ("D'Aulon, her appointed attendant . . . observing that the bearer of her banner was fatigued, ordered a stout Basque soldier to uphold it." Turner, Hist. of England, vol. iii. p. 81.)—TRANSLATOR.

* *Ibid.* Evidence of brother Pasquerel, her confessor.

† Vos fuistis in vestro consilio, et ego in meo. *Ibid.* Evidence of the same. Notices des MSS. iii. 359.

‡ *Procès MS. de Révision.* Evidence of Colette, wife of the treasurer Milet, with whom she resided at Orléans.

("The witness Colette deposed that Godon [Godden]")

completely armed, was the first to venture across. At last, the bridge was repaired after a fashion, and the crowd flowed over. The English, seeing this sea of people rushing on, thought that the whole world was got together.* Their imaginations grew excited: some saw St. Aignan, the patron of the city; others, the Archangel Michael fighting on the French side.† As Glasdale was about to retreat from the redoubt into the bastille, across a small bridge which connected the two, the bridge was shivered by a cannon-ball, and he was precipitated into the water below, and drowned before the eyes of the Pucelle, whom he had so coarsely abused. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "how I pity thy soul."‡ There were five hundred men in the bastille: they were all put to the sword.

Not an Englishman remained to the south of the Loire. On the next day, Sunday, those who were on the north side abandoned their bastilles, their artillery, their prisoners, their sick. Talbot and Suffolk directed the retreat, which was made in good order, and with a bold front. The Pucelle forbade pursuit, as they retired of their own accord. But before they had lost sight of the city, she ordered an altar to be raised in the plain,§ had mass sung, and the Orléanois returned thanks to God in presence of the enemy, (Sunday, May 8.)||

The effect produced by the deliverance of Orléans was beyond calculation. All recognised it to be the work of a supernatural power; which though some ascribed to the devil's agency, most referred to God, and it began to be the general impression that Charles VII. had right on his side.

Six days after the raising of the siege, Gerson published a discourse to prove that this marvellous event might be reasonably considered God's own doing.¶ The good Christine de

Pisan also wrote to congratulate her sex;* and many treatises were published, more favorable than hostile to the Pucelle, and even by subjects of the duke of Burgundy, the ally of the English.†

CORONATION OF CHARLES VII.

Charles VIIth's policy was to seize the opportunity, march boldly from Orléans to Reims, and lay hand on the crown—seemingly a rash, but in reality a safe step, before the English had recovered from their panic. Since they had committed the capital blunder of not having yet crowned their young Henry VI., it behooved to be beforehand with them. He who was first anointed king would remain king. It would also be a great thing for Charles VII. to make his royal progress through English France, to take possession, to show that in every part of France the king was at home.

Such was the counsel of the Pucelle alone, and this heroic folly was consummate wisdom. The politic and shrewd among the royal counsellors, those whose judgment was held in most esteem, smiled at the idea, and recommended proceeding slowly and surely: in other words, giving the English time to recover their spirits. They all, too, had an interest of their own in the advice they gave. The duke of Alençon recommended marching into Normandy—with a view to the recovery of Alençon. Others, and they were listened to, counselled staying upon the Loire, and reducing the smaller towns. This was the most timid counsel of all; but it was to the interest of the houses of Orléans and of Anjou, and of the Poitevin, La Trémouille, Charles VIIth's favorite.

Suffolk had thrown himself into Jargeau: it was attacked, and carried by assault.‡ Beauvency was next taken, before Talbot could receive the reinforcements sent him by the regent, under the command of Sir John Falstaff. The constable, Richemont, who had long remained secluded in his own domains, came with his Bretons, contrary to the wishes of either the king or the Pucelle, to the aid of the victorious army.§

She abhors hatreds, seditions, and vanities. She lives in the spirit of mildness and prayers, in sanctity and justice. She employs no means of success which the Church forbids; no surprise; no deceit: and she has no hope of any pecuniary advantage. She is sound in her belief; and exposes her body to wounds, without any extraordinary precaution to secure it. She has not been employed, till all proper inquiries and examinations have been made. The warriors obey her willingly, and expose themselves, under her orders, to all the dangers of war; yet all following the rules of prudence and of the military art." Cited by Mr. Turner, *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. note, p. 88.—TRANSLATOR.

* "I, Christine, who have wept these eleven years in cloistered abbey," &c. Raimond Thomassy, *Essai sur les Ecrits de Christine de Pisan*, p. 42.

† Henric de Gorkheim, *Propos. libr. duo*, in Sibylla Francica, ed. Goldast. 1606. See the other authors cited by Lebrun, ii. 325, and iii. 7-9, 72.

‡ See, in particular, in the *Procès de Révision*, the duke of Alençon's evidence. The duke seeking to defer the assault, the Pucelle said to him, "Ah! gentle duke, are you afraid? Did I not promise your wife to bring you back sound and safe?" Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 354.

§ All this is related at tedious length in the *Panegyrique*

* "As they owned in the evening, when brought into Orléans." *L'Histoire et Discours au vray*, p. 89.

† According to the tradition current at Orléans, preserved by M. Le Maire, (*Hist. d'Orléans*.) it was in memory of this appearance that Louis XI. instituted the order of St. Michel, with the motto "*Immensi tremor Oceani*," (the roar of the illimitable ocean.) However, there is no reference to this in the ordinance issued by Louis, for the foundation of the order. The motto, beyond a doubt, refers solely to the celebrated pilgrimage to St. Michel's Mount, *In periculo maris*, (Mount, in peril of the sea.)

‡ "Surrender," she cried out, "surrender to the King of heaven! You have called me *strumpet*, but I pity your soul and those of your friends" . . . and she deeply sorrowed for his soul, and for the souls of the others who were drowned." Notices des MSS. iii. 362.

§ ("At the end of the second mass, Joan asked if the countenances of the English were still turned on the French? 'They are looking towards Maine,' was the answer. 'They are retiring,' she replied, 'let them go, and let us thank God. We will not pursue them, as it is Sunday.'" Turner, *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 84.)—TRANSLATOR.

|| The siege had lasted seven months, from October 12, 1428, to May 8, 1429. The Pucelle raised the siege in ten days. The day of deliverance was kept as a fête by the Orléanois: the day's proceedings commenced with the delivery of a eulogy on Jeanne Darc, and a procession went the round of the city, in which the Pucelle was represented by a young boy. Polluche, *Essais Hist. sur Orléans*, remarque 77. Lebrun de Charmette, ii. 128.

¶ It is not sure that the pamphlet is Gerson's. Gerson's Opera, iv. 859.

(The writer, whether Gerson or not, speaks of the Pucelle as follows:—"She seeks neither honor nor worldly men.

A battle was imminent, and Richemont was come to carry off its honors. Talbot and Falstoff had effected a junction; but, strange to tell, though the circumstance paints to the life the state of the country and the fortuitous nature of the war, no one knew where to find the English army, lost in the desert of La Beauce, the which district was then overrun with thickets and brambles. A stag led to the discovery: chased by the French vanguard, the scared animal rushed into the English ranks.

The English happened to be on their march, and had not, as usual, intrenched themselves behind their stakes. Talbot alone wished to give battle, maddened as he was at having shown his back to the French at Orléans. Sir John Falstoff, on the contrary, who had gained the battle of herrings, did not require to fight to recover his reputation, but with much prudence advised, as the troops were discouraged, remaining on the defensive. The French men-at-arms did not wait for the English leaders to make up their minds, but, coming up at a gallop, encountered but slight resistance.* Talbot would fight, seeking, perhaps, to fall; but he only succeeded in getting made prisoner. The pursuit was murderous; and the bodies of two thousand of the English strewed the plain. At the sight of such numbers of dead La Pucelle shed tears; but she wept much more bitterly when she saw the brutality of the soldiery, and how they treated prisoners who had no ransom to give. Perceiving one of them felled, dying, to the ground, she was no longer mistress of herself, but threw herself from her horse, raised the poor man's head, sent for a priest, comforted him, and smoothed his way to death.†

After this battle of Patay, (June 28 or 29,) the hour was come, or never, to hazard the

expedition to Reims. The politic still advised remaining on the Loire; and the securing possession of Cosne and La Charité. This time they spoke in vain; timid voices could no longer gain a hearing. Every day there flocked to the camp men from all the provinces, attracted by the reports of the Pucelle's miracles, believing in her only, and, like her, longing to lead the king to Reims. There was an irresistible impulse abroad to push forward and drive out the English—the spirit both of pilgrimage and of crusade. The indolent young monarch himself was at last hurried away by this popular tide, which swelled and rolled in northwards. King, courtiers, politicians, enthusiasts, fools, and wise, were off together, either voluntarily or compulsorily. At starting they were twelve thousand; but the mass gathered bulk as it rolled along, fresh comers following fresh comers. They who had no armor joined the holy expedition with no other defence than a leathern jack, as archers or as *coutiliers*, (dagsmen,) although, may be, of gentle blood.

The army marched from Gien on the 28th of June, and passed before Auxerre without attempting to enter; this city being in the hands of the duke of Burgundy, whom it was advisable to observe terms with. Troyes was garrisoned partly by Burgundians, partly by English; and they ventured on a sally at the first approach of the royal army. There seemed little hope of forcing so large and well garrisoned a city, and especially without artillery. And how delay, in order to invest it regularly? On the other hand, how advance and leave so strong a place in their rear? Already, too, the army was suffering from want of provisions. Would it not be better to return? The politic were full of triumph at the verification of their forebodings.

There was but one old Armagnac counsellor, the president Maçon, who held the contrary opinion, and who understood that in an enterprise of the kind the wise part was the enthusiastic one, that in a popular crusade reasoning was beside the mark. "When the king undertook this expedition," he argued, "it was not because he had an overwhelming force, or because he had full coffers, or because it was his opinion that the attempt was practicable, but because Jeanne told him to march forward and be crowned at Reims, and that he would encounter but little opposition, such being God's good pleasure."

Here the Pucelle coming and knocking at the door of the room in which the council was held, assured them that they should enter Troyes in three days. "We would willingly wait six," said the chancellor, "were we certain that you spoke sooth."—"Six! you shall enter to-morrow."**

She snatches up her standard; all the troops

de Richemont, par Guillaume Gruel, Collection Petitot, t. viii.

("The constable Richemont, unwilling to relinquish the share of triumph to which his high military rank entitled him, hastened to the camp, notwithstanding the jealous prohibition of La Tremouille. He was accompanied by 400 lances and twice as many archers; and Joan, who considered this movement as an express violation of the royal commands, and therefore as an open act of rebellion, strongly urged the employment of force in order to compel his retirement. But his ancient companions in arms, who knew the importance of the reinforcement which he headed, calmed her zeal, and received him with joy. We learn much of the estimation in which the Maid of Orléans was held by the words in which the constable addressed her in their first interview. 'Joan,' said the blunt and plain-spoken soldier, 'I have been told that you have been inclined to offer me battle. I have yet to learn whether or not you come from God. If you do so, I fear you not, for God knows the uprightness of my heart; and if you are from the devil, I fear you still less.' Even to the cautious and practised judgment of Richemont, the extraordinary nature of the incidents in which Joan of Arc had been concerned wore a supernatural appearance." History of France, by the Rev. E. Smedley, pp. 342-3.)—TRANSLATOR.

* Falstoff fled with the rest, and was degraded from the order of the garter. He was grand master of the household to the duke of Bedford. His degradation (the order was in a short time restored to him) was, probably, a blow levelled at Bedford. See Grafton, and M. Berbrager's *Memoir on Falstoff*.

† Tenendo eum in caput et consolando. *Procès MS. de la Pucelle*. Evidence of her page, Louis de Contes.

** *Procès MS. de Révision*. Evidence of Simon Charles

follow her to the fosse, and they throw into it fagots, doors, tables, rafters, whatever they can lay their hands upon. So quickly was the whole done, that the citizens thought there would soon be no fosses. The English began to lose their head as at Orléans, and fancied they saw a cloud of white butterflies hovering around the magic standard. The citizens, for their part, were filled with alarm, remembering that it was in their city the treaty had been concluded which disinherited Charles VII. They feared being made an example of, took refuge in the two churches, and cried out to surrender. The garrison asked no better, opened a conference, and capitulated on condition of being allowed to march out with what they had.

What they had was, principally, prisoners, Frenchmen. No stipulation on behalf of these unhappy men had been made by Charles's counsellors who drew up the terms of surrender. The Pucelle alone thought of them; and when the English were about to march forth with their manacled prisoners, she stationed herself at the gates, exclaiming, "O my God! they shall not bear them away!" She detained them, and the king paid their ransom.

Master of Troyes on the 9th of July, on the 15th he made his entry into Reims; and on the 17th (Sunday) he was crowned. That very morning the Pucelle, fulfilling the Gospel command to seek reconciliation before offering sacrifice, dictated a beautiful letter to the duke of Burgundy; without recalling any thing painful, without irritating, without humiliating any one, she said to him with infinite tact and nobleness—"Forgive one another heartily, as good Christians ought to do."

Charles VII. was anointed by the archbishop with oil out of the holy ampulla, brought from Saint-Remy's. Conformably with the antique ritual,* he was installed on his throne by the spiritual peers, and served by lay peers both during the ceremony of the coronation and the banquet which followed. Then he went to St. Marculph's to touch for the king's evil.† All ceremonies thus duly observed, without the omission of a single particular, Charles was at length, according to the belief of the time, the true and the only king. The English might now crown Henry; but in the estimation of the people, this new coronation would only be a parody of the other.

At the moment the crown was placed on Charles's head, the Pucelle threw herself on her knees, and embraced his legs with a flood of tears. All present melted into tears as well.

She is reported to have addressed him as

follows:—"O gentle king, now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orléans, and should bring you to your city of Reims to be crowned and anointed, showing you to be true king and rightful possessor of the realm of France."

The Pucelle was in the right: she had done and finished what she had to do: and so, amidst the joy of this triumphant solemnity, she entertained the idea, the presentiment, perhaps, of her approaching end. When, on entering Reims with the king, the citizens came out to meet them singing hymns, "Oh, the worthy, devout people!" she exclaimed, . . . "If I must die, happy should I feel to be buried here."—"Jehanne," said the archbishop to her, "where then do you think you will die?"—"I have no idea; where it shall please God. . . . I wish it would please him that I should go and tend sheep with my sister and my brothers. . . . They would be so happy to see me! . . . At least, I have done what our Lord commanded me to do." And raising her eyes to heaven, she returned thanks. All who saw her at that moment, says the old chronicle, "believed more firmly than ever that she was sent of God."*

CHAPTER IV.

CARDINAL WINCHESTER.—TRIAL AND DEATH OF
THE PUCELLE. A. D. 1429-1431.

SUCH was the virtue of the coronation, and its all-powerful effect in northern France, that from this moment the expedition seemed but to be a peaceable taking of possession, a triumph, a following up of the Reims festivities. The roads became smooth before the king; the cities opened their gates and lowered their drawbridges. The march was as if a royal pilgrimage from the cathedral of Reims to St. Medard's, Soissons,—and Nôtre-Dame, Laon. Stopping for a few days in each city, and then riding on at his pleasure, he made his entry into Château-Thierry, Provins, whence rested and refreshed, he resumed his triumphal progress towards Picardy.

Were there any English left in France?—It might be doubted. Since the battle of Patay, not a word had been heard about Bedford; not that he lacked activity or courage, but that he had exhausted his last resources. One fact alone will serve to show the extent of his distress—he could no longer pay his parliament: the courts were therefore closed, and even the entry of the young king Henry could not be circumstantially recorded, according to custom, in the registers, "for want of parchment."†

* See Varin, Archives de Reims, and my Origines du Droit.

† An anonymous writer, as early as the twelfth century, mentions this healing virtue as having been transmitted to our kings by St. Marculph. Acta SS. Ord. S. Bened. ed. Mabillon, t. vi. M. de Reiffenberg gives a list of the authors who have adverted to the subject, in the notes to his edition of M. de Barante, t. iv. p. 261.

* Chroniques de la Pucelle, Collection Petitot, t. viii. pp. 206-7. Notices des MSS. t. iii. p. 369, Evidence of Dunois.

† Ob defectum pergameni et eclipsim justiciæ. Registre

So situated, Bedford could not choose his means; and he was obliged to have recourse to the man whom of all the world he least loved, his uncle, the rich and all-powerful cardinal Winchester, who, not less avaricious than ambitious, began haggling about terms, and speculated upon delay.* The agreement with him was not concluded until the 1st of July, two days after the defeat of Patay. Charles VII. then entered Troyes, Reims—Paris was in alarm, and Winchester was still in England. To make Paris safe, Bedford summoned the duke of Burgundy, who came, indeed, but almost alone; and the only advantage which the regent derived from his presence was getting him to figure in an assembly of notables, to speak therein, and again to recapitulate the lamentable story of his father's death. This done, he took his departure; leaving with Bedford, as all the aid he could spare, some Picard men-at-arms, and even exacting, in return, possession of the city of Meaux.†

There was no hope but in Winchester. This priest reigned in England. His nephew, the *Protector*, Gloucester, the leader of the party of the nobles, had ruined himself by his imprudence and follies. From year to year, his influence at the council table had diminished, and Winchester's had increased. He reduced the protector to a cipher, and even managed yearly to pare down the income assigned to the protectorate:‡ this, in a land where each man is strictly valued according to his rental, was murdering him. Winchester, on the contrary, was the wealthiest of the English princes, and one of the great pluralists of the world. Power follows, as wealth grows. The cardinal, and the rich bishops of Canterbury, of York, of London, of Ely, and Bath, constituted the council; and if they allowed laymen to sit there, it was only on condition that they should not open their lips: to important sittings, they were not even summoned. The English government, as might have been foreseen from the moment the house of Lancaster ascended the throne, had become entirely episcopal; a fact evident on the face of the acts passed at this period. In 1429, the chancellor opens the parliament with a tremendous denunciation of heresy; and the council prepares articles against the nobles, whom he accuses

of brigandage, and of surrounding themselves with armies of retainers,* &c.

In order to raise the cardinal's power to the highest pitch, it required Bedford to be sunk as low in France as Gloucester was in England, that he should be reduced to summon Winchester to his aid, and that the latter, at the head of an army, should come over and crown the young Henry VI. Winchester had the army ready. Having been charged by the pope with a crusade against the Hussites of Bohemia, he had raised, under this pretext, several thousand men. The pope had assigned him, for this object, the money arising from the sale of indulgences; the council of England gave him more money still to detain his levies in France.† To the great astonishment of the crusaders they found themselves sold by the cardinal; who was paid twice over for them, paid for an army which served him to make himself king.

With this army, Winchester was to make sure of Paris, and to bring and crown young Henry there. But this coronation could only secure the cardinal's power, in proportion as he should succeed in decrying that of Charles VII., in dishonoring his victories, and ruining him in the minds of the people. Now, he had recourse, as we shall see, to one and the same means (a very efficacious means in that day) against Charles VII. in France, and against Gloucester in England—a charge of sorcery.

It was not till the 25th of July, nine days after Charles VII. had been well and duly crowned, that the cardinal entered with his army into Paris. Bedford lost not a moment, but put himself in motion with these troops to watch Charles VII.‡ Twice they were in presence, and some skirmishing occurred. Bedford feared for Normandy, and covered it; meanwhile, the king marched upon Paris, (August.)

This was contrary to the advice of the Pucelle; her voices warned her to go no further than St. Denys. The city of royal burials, like the city of coronations, was a holy city; beyond, she had a presentiment lay a some-

* This episcopal administration is strongly evidenced by a fact very little known. The Freemasons had been denounced in an act passed in the third year of the reign of Henry VI., as forming associations contrary to the laws, and their annual chapters prohibited, &c. But in 1429, when the influence of the protector gave way to that of his uncle, the cardinal, we find the archbishop of Canterbury forming a lodge of Freemasons, and declaring himself its master. The Early History of Freemasonry in England, by James Orchard Halliwell, (London, 1840,) p. 95.

† "No lord shall maintain pillours, robbours, oppressours of the people, mansleers, felons, outlaws, ravishers, unlawful hunters, or other misdoers." Parl. 4, 344.—TRANS LATOR.

‡ Rymer, t. iv. pp. 159, 165, &c.

§ Bedford's defiance to "Charles of Valois" is written in the sanctified, hypocritical style, which is the general characteristic of the documents emanating from the house of Lancaster:—"Have pity and compassion on the poor Christian people . . . Choose some plain or other spot in the country of Brie . . . And then, if you have any thing to offer touching the good of peace, we will do and allow all that a good Catholic prince can and should do." Monstrelet, t. v. p. 241, August 7.

du Parlement, quoted in the preface to t. xiii. of the Ordonnances, p. 67.—"In order to write the pleadings and the decrees . . . it has several times happened . . . that the clerks have been obliged to purchase parchment at their own expense." Archives, Registres du Parlement, Samedi, xx^e jour de Janvier, 1431.

* Vessels are pressed for transports as early as the 15th of June; the terms on which he is to aid the king, his nephew, are not agreed upon till the 18th; the treaty is dated the 1st of July, and on the 16th we still find the regent and the French council reiterating their prayer to Winchester to come and bring the king as quickly as possible. See these various papers in Rymer, (third edition,) t. iv. pp. 144-50.

† He was allowed, in addition, twenty thousand livres, for the payment of the men-at-arms. Archives, Trésor des Chartes. J. 249, Quittance du 3^e Juillet, 1429.

‡ Turner, Hist. of England, vol. iii. p. 111.

thing over which she would have no power. Charles VII. must have thought so likewise. Was there not danger in bringing this inspiration of warlike sanctity, this poesy of crusade which had so deeply moved the rural districts, face to face with this reasoning, prosaic city, with its sarcastic population, with pedants and Cabochiens?

It was an imprudent step. A city of the kind is not to be carried by a *coup de main*; it is only to be carried by starving it out. But this was out of the question, for the English held the Seine both above and below. They were in force; and were, besides, supported by a considerable number of citizens who had compromised themselves for them. A report, too, was spread that the Armagnacs were coming to destroy the city and raze it to the ground.

Nevertheless, the French carried one of the outposts. The Pucelle crossed the first fosse, and even cleared the mound which separated it from the second. Arrived at the brink of the latter, she found it full of water; when, regardless of a shower of arrows poured upon her from the city walls, she called for fascines, and began sounding the depth of the water with her lance. Here she stood, almost alone, a mark to all; and, at last, an arrow pierced her thigh. Still, she strove to overcome the pain, and to remain to cheer on the troops to the assault. But loss of blood compelled her to seek the shelter of the first fosse; and it was ten or eleven o'clock at night before she could be persuaded to withdraw to the camp. She seemed to be conscious that this stern check before the walls of Paris must ruin her beyond all hope.

Fifteen hundred men were wounded in this attack, which she was wrongfully accused of having advised. She withdrew, cursed by her own side, by the French, as well as by the English. She had not scrupled to give the assault on the anniversary of the Nativity of Our Lady, (September 8th;) and the pious city of Paris was exceedingly scandalized thereat.*

Still more scandalized was the court of Charles VII. Libertines, the politic, the blind devotees of the letter—sworn enemies of the spirit, all declared stoutly against the spirit, the instant it seemed to fail. The archbishop of Reims, chancellor of France, who had ever looked but coldly on the Pucelle, insisted, in opposition to her advice, on commencing a negotiation. He himself came to Saint-Denys to propose terms of truce, with, perhaps, a secret hope of gaining over the duke of Burgundy, at the time at Paris.

* Here the violence of the Bourgeois becomes amusing:—"So filled with wickedness and unbelief, that, on the word of a creature in the shape of a woman with them, called the Pucelle, (what it might be God alone knows,) they conspired on the anniversary of the Nativity of Our Lady . . . to attack Paris." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, éd. Buchon, p. 395.

Evil regarded and badly supported, the Pucelle laid siege during the winter to Saint-Pierre-le-Moustiers, and la Charité. At the siege of the first, though almost deserted by her men,* she persevered in delivering the assault and carried the town. The siege of the second dragged on, languished, and a panic terror dispersed the besiegers.

CAPTURE OF THE PUCELLE.

Meanwhile, the English had persuaded the duke of Burgundy to aid them in good earnest. The weaker he saw them to be, the stronger was his hope of retaining the places which he might take in Picardy. The English, who had just lost Louviers, placed themselves at his disposal; and the duke, the richest prince in Christendom, no longer hesitated to embark men and money in a war of which he hoped to reap all the profit. He bribed the governor of Soissons to surrender that city; and then laid siege to Compiègne, the governor of which was, likewise, obnoxious to suspicion. The citizens, however, had compromised themselves too much in the cause of Charles VII. to allow of their town's being betrayed. The Pucelle threw herself into it. On the very same day she headed a sortie, and had nearly surprised the besiegers; but they quickly recovered, and vigorously drove back their assailants as far as the city bridge. The Pucelle, who had remained in the rear to cover the retreat, was too late to enter the gates, either hindered by the crowd that thronged the bridge, or by the sudden shutting of the barriers. She was conspicuous by her dress, and was soon surrounded, seized, and dragged from her horse. Her captor, a Picard archer,—according to others, the bastard of Vendôme,—sold her to John of Luxembourg. All, English and Burgundians, saw with astonishment that this object of terror, this monster, this devil, was after all only a girl of eighteen.

That it would end so, she knew beforehand; her cruel fate was inevitable, and—we must say the word—necessary. It was necessary that she should suffer. If she had not gone through her last trial and purification, doubtful shadows would have interposed amidst the rays of glory which rest on that holy figure: she would not have lived in men's minds the MAID OF ORLEANS.

When speaking of raising the siege of Orléans, and of the coronation at Reims, she had said, "Tis for this that I was born." These

* After the retreat had been sounded, Daulon perceived the Pucelle apart from her own followers: "And he asked her what she was doing there thus alone, and wherefore she did not retreat like the rest; and, after she had taken her helmet (salade) from her head, she replied that she was not alone, and that she had in her company fifty thousand of her people, and that she would not leave the spot until she had taken the said town. He says, he who is now bearing witness that, for all that she said, she had with her no more than four or five men." Evidence of Daulon, *Notices des MSS.* iii. 370.

two things accomplished, her sanctity was in peril.

War, sanctity, two contradictory words! Seemingly, sanctity is the direct opposite of war, it is rather love and peace. What young, courageous heart can mingle in battle without participating in the sanguinary intoxication of the struggle and of the victory? On setting out, she had said that she would not use her sword to kill any one. At a later moment she expatiates with pleasure on the sword which she wore at Compiègne, "excellent," as she said, "either for thrusting or cutting."* Is not this proof of a change? The saint has become a captain. The duke of Alençon deposed that she displayed a singular aptitude for the modern arm, the murderous arm,—artillery. The leader of indisciplinable soldiers, and incessantly hurt and aggrieved by their disorders, she became rude and choleric, at least when bent on restraining their excesses. In particular, she was relentless towards the dissolute women who accompanied the camp. One day she struck one of these wretched beings with St. Catherine's sword, with the flat of the sword only; but the virginal weapon, unable to endure the contact, broke, and it could never be reunited.†

A short time before her capture, she had herself made prisoner a Burgundian partisan, Franquet d'Arras, a brigand held in execration throughout the whole north of France. The king's bailli claimed him, in order to hang him. At first she refused, thinking to exchange him; but, at last, consented to give him up to justice.‡ He had deserved hanging a hundred times over. Nevertheless, the having given up a prisoner, the having consented to the death of a human being, must have lowered, even in the eyes of her own party, her character for sanctity.

Unhappy condition of such a soul, fallen upon the realities of this world! Each day she must have lost something of herself. One does not suddenly become rich, noble, honored, the equal of lords and princes, with impunity. Rich dress, letters of nobility,§ royal favor—all this could not fail at the last to have altered her heroic simplicity. She had obtained for

her native village exemption from taxes, and the king had bestowed on one of her brothers the provostship of Vaucouleurs.

But the greatest peril for the saint was from her own sanctity, from the respect and adoration of the people. At Lagny, she was besought to restore a child to life. The count d'Armagnac wrote, begging her to decide which of the two popes was to be followed.* According to the reply she is said to have given, (falsified, perhaps,) she promised to deliver her decision at the close of the war, confiding in her internal voices to enable her to pass judgment on the very head of authority.

And yet there was no pride in her. She never gave herself out for a saint: often, she confessed that she knew not the future. The evening before a battle she was asked whether the king would conquer, and replied that she knew not. At Bourges, when the women prayed her to touch crosses and chaplets, she began laughing, and said to dame Marguerite, at whose house she was staying, "Touch them yourself, they will be just as good."†

The singular originality of this girl was, as we have said, good sense in the midst of exaltation; and this, as we shall see, was what rendered her judges implacable. The pedants, the reasoners who hated her as an inspired being, were so much the more cruel to her from the impossibility of despising her as a mad woman, and from the frequency with which her loftier reason silenced their arguments.

It was not difficult to foresee her fate. She mistrusted it herself. From the outset she had said—"Employ me, I shall last but the year, or little longer." Often, addressing her chaplain, brother Pasquerel, she repeated, "If I must die soon, tell the king, our lord, from me, to found chapels for the offering up of prayers for the salvation of such as have died in defence of the kingdom."‡

Her parents asking her, when they saw her again at Reims, whether she had no fear of any thing, her answer was, "Nothing, except treason."§

Often, on the approach of evening, if there happened to be any church near the place where the army encamped, and, particularly, if it belonged to the Mendicant orders, she gladly repaired to it, and would join the children who were being prepared to receive the sacrament. According to an ancient chronicle, the very day on which she was fated to be made prisoner, she communicated in the church of St. Jacques, Compiègne, where, leaning sadly against a pillar, she said to the good people and children who crowded the church:—"My good friends and my dear children, I tell

* Bonus ad dandum de bonnes buffes et de bons torchons. *Procès*, MS. 27 Februarii, 1431.

† See the evidence of the duke of Alençon and of Jean Chartier, ed. Codefroy, pp. 29, 42.

‡ "She had consented to his death . . . because he had owned to his being a murderer, thief, and traitor." *Interrogatoire du 14 Mars*, 1431.

§ ("In December (1429) Charles presented the Maid of Orléans with letters of nobility, and directed her to wear its splendid garments. Her manners continued to display the same piety, modest, temperate, and compassionate character which she had always sustained. Greatness and fame diminished none of her virtues. . . . One of her natural answers to her judges shows the popular feeling towards her:—"Many people came of their own accord to see me; and if they kissed my hands and my clothes, I could not help it. The poor people came to me of their own will, because I never did them any harm, and assisted them, as far as was in my power." *Turner*, *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 96.)—TRANSLATOR.

* In *Berriat-Saint-Prix*, p. 337, and in *Buchon*, p. 539, edition of 1838.

† *Procès de Révision*. Evidence of Marguerite la Touroude.

‡ *Ibidem*. Evidence of brother Jean Pasquerel.

§ *Ibidem*. Evidence of Spinal.

you of a surety, there is a man who has sold me; I am betrayed, and shall soon be given up to death. Pray to God for me, I beseech you; for I shall no longer be able to serve my king or the noble realm of France."*

The probability is, that the Pucelle was bargained for and bought, even as Soissons had just been bought. At so critical a moment, and when their young king was landing on French ground, the English would be ready to give any sum for her. But the Burgundians longed to have her in their grasp, and they succeeded: it was to the interest not of the duke only and of the Burgundian party in general, but it was, besides, the direct interest of John of Ligny, who eagerly bought the prisoner.

For the Pucelle to fall into the hands of a noble lord of the house of Luxembourg, of a vassal of the chivalrous duke of Burgundy,† of the *good* duke, as he was called, was a hard trial for the chivalry of the day. A prisoner of war, a girl, so young a girl, and, above all, a maid, what had she to fear amidst loyal knights?‡ Chivalry was in every one's mouth as the protection of afflicted dames and damsels. Marshal Boucicaut had just founded an order which had no other object.§ Besides, the worship of the Virgin, constantly extending in the middle age, having become the dominant religion,|| it seemed as if virginity must be an inviolable safeguard.

To explain what is to follow, we must point out the singular want of harmony which then existed between ideas and morals, and, however shocking the contrast, bring face to face with the too sublime ideal, with the Imitation, with the Pucelle, the low realities of the time; we must (beseeching pardon of the chaste girl who forms the subject of this narrative) fathom the depths of this world of covetousness and

of concupiscence. Without seeing it as it existed, it would be impossible to understand how knights could give up her who seemed the living embodiment of chivalry, how, while the Virgin reigned, the Virgin should show herself, and be so cruelly mistaken.

The religion of this epoch was less the adoration of the Virgin than of woman; its chivalry was that portrayed in the *Petit Jehan de Saintré**—but with the advantage of chastity, in favor of the romance, over the truth.

Princes set the example. Charles VII. receives Agnes Sorel as a present from his wife's mother, the old queen of Sicily; and mother, wife, and mistress, he takes them all with him, as he marches along the Loire, the happiest understanding subsisting between the three.

The English, more serious, seek love in marriage only. Gloucester marries Jacqueline; among Jacqueline's ladies his regards fall on one, equally lovely and witty, and he marries her too.†

But, in this respect, as in all others, France and England are far outstripped by Flanders,‡ by the count of Flanders, by the great duke of Burgundy. The legend expressive of the Low Countries, is that of the famous countess who brought into the world three hundred and sixty-five children.§ The princes of the land, without going quite so far, seem, at the least, to endeavor to approach her. A count of Clèves has sixty-three bastards.|| John of Burgundy, bishop of Cambrai, officiates pontifically, with his thirty-six bastards and sons of bastards ministering with him at the altar.¶

* See, above, note at p. 30.

† According to some, this lady was already his mistress: however this may be, the fact of the bigamy is incontestable. Compare Lingard, Turner, &c.

‡ In the first volume I have depicted this fat and soft Flanders, and have shown how, with its feminine custom, it has constantly been transferred from one master to another, has married over again husband and husband. The Flemish women have often acted in the spirit of this custom of Flanders. Divorces are common here, (Quetelet, *Recherches*, 1822, p. 101.) In this point of view, the history of Jacqueline is exceedingly curious. This valiant countess of four husbands, who held out her domains against the duke of Burgundy, did not take equal care of herself. Trucking Holland for a last husband, and having retired with him into an old donjon-keep, she is said to have amused herself, as if aiming at the weathercock, by throwing empty jugs at his head; and it is furthermore said that one of these jugs, which had been taken out of the fosse, bore an inscription, in four lines, the sense of which was, "Know that dame Jacqueline, having drunk once out of this jug, threw it at his head in the fosse, where it sank." Reiffenberg, notes to Barante, t. iv. p. 396. See the Archives du Nord de la France, t. iv. livraison 1.—On the 1st of December, 1434, Jacqueline published the reasons for the nullity of her marriage with the duke of Brabant:—"Through the which marriage and alliance feeling her conscience wounded, she had confessed, and had received absolution on condition of giving twelve hundred crowns for alms, and of performing, which she has done, certain bodily penances." *Particularités Curieuses sur Jacqueline de Bavière*, p. 76, 8vo, Mons, 1838.

§ Art. de Vérifier les Dates, Hollande, ann. 1276, liii. 184.

|| Ibidem, Clèves, liii. 184. That portion of this work which relates to the Low Countries was written, as is now known, by the canon Ernst, the learned author of the *Histoire du Limbourg*, lately republished and edited by M. Lavalleye, (Liège, 1837.)

¶ Reiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, p. 25 of the Introduction.

■ Barante; on the authority of the *Chroniques de Bretagne*.

† "After this, the duke went to the lodgings where she was confined, and spoke some words to her; but what they were I do not now recollect, although I was present." Monstrelet, v. 294.

‡ See what I have said above (vol. i. p. 229) on the influence of women in the middle age, on Heloise, Blanche of Castile, Laura, &c.; and particularly, the paper I read at the Institute, *Sur l'Éducation des Femmes et sur les Écoles de Religieuses dans les Ages Chrétiens*, (May, 1838.)

§ "And the thirteen knights-companions are to know, (bearing as their device a white lady on a green shield), in the first place, that every knight is justly bound to guard and defend the honor, state, goods, fame, and praise of all ladies and damsels," &c. *Livre des Faits du Maréchal de Boucicaut*, Collection Petitot, vi. 507.

|| The festivals in honor of the Virgin go on constantly increasing in number, — the feast of the Annunciation, of the Presentation, Assumption, &c. In the beginning, her principal festival is that of the *Purification*; in the fifteenth century, so little need has she of being purified, that the *Immaculate Conception* triumphs over all opposition, and becomes almost a dogma. M. Didron has remarked how the Virgin, represented as aged, at first, in the paintings of the catacombs, gradually becomes young again in the middle age. See his *Iconographie Chrétienne*.—By the seventeenth century, the Virgin has lost much ground; and the Spanish ambassador who requested Louis XIV., in his master's name, to admit the *Immaculate Conception*, was turned into ridicule.

Philippe-le-Bon had only sixteen bastards,* but he had no fewer than twenty-seven wives, three lawful ones and twenty-four mistresses.† In these sad years of 1429 and 1430, and during the enactment of this tragedy of the Pucelle's, he was wholly absorbed in the joyous affair of his third marriage. This time, his wife was an Infanta of Portugal, English by her mother's side, her mother having been Philippa of Lancaster;‡ so that the English missed their point in giving him the command of Paris,§ as detain him they could not; he was in a hurry to quit this land of famine, and to return to Flanders to welcome his young bride. Ordinance ceremonies, festivals, concluded, or interrupted and resumed, consumed whole months. At Bruges, in particular, unheard-of galas took place, rejoicings fabulous to tell of, insensate prodigalities which ruined the nobility—and the burgesses eclipsed them. The seventeen nations which had their warehouses at Bruges, displayed the riches of the universe. The streets were hung with the rich and soft carpets of Flanders. For eight days and eight nights the choicest wines ran in torrents; a stone lion poured forth Rhenish, a stag, Beaune wine; and at meal-times, a unicorn spouted out rose-water and malvoisie.||

But the splendor of the Flemish feast lay in the Flemish women, in the triumphant beauties of Bruges, such as Rubens has painted them in his Magdalen, in his Descent from the Cross. The Portuguese could not have delighted in seeing her new subjects: already had the Spaniard, Joan of Navarre, been filled with spite at the sight, exclaiming, against her will, "I see only queens here."¶

On his wedding day, (January 10th, 1430,) Philippe-le-Bon instituted the order of the Golden Fleece,** "won by Jason," taking for device the conjugal and reassuring words, "*Autre n'auray*," (no other will I have.)

* There are extant countless letters and deeds of this worthy prince's, relating to the board and bringing up of bastards, pensions to mothers and nurses, &c. See, in particular, the *Archives de Lille, Chambre des Comptes, Inventaire*, t. viii.

† Reiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, Introduction, p. 25.

‡ Her father was the brave bastard, John I., who had just founded a new dynasty in Portugal, as the bastard Transtamare had done in Castile. It was a flourishing time for bastards. The able and bold Dunois, when but twelve years old, declared he was no son of the rich fool Canny's, and wanted none of his property, but that he was "the bastard of Orléans."

(Philippa was daughter of John of Gaunt, by his first wife, Blanche.)—TRANSLATOR.

§ The English appear to have been forced to this step: "The Parisians requested the duke of Burgundy to be pleased to take the government of Paris upon him." Monstrelet, v. 264.

|| *Ibidem*, p. 275, &c.

¶ See, above, vol. i. p. 355.

** The absurd mania for allegorizing prevalent in the fifteenth century, insisted on seeing in the order of the Fleece the triumph of the Flemish woollen manufacturers. The mistake seems impossible. The gallant founder of the order added to the fleece a collar of flint-stones with the motto, "Ante ferit quam flamma micat." (It strikes before it flashes.) Twenty meanings have been sought in this: there is only one. The English Garter, with its prudish device, and the Rose of Savoy, are not a whit more obscure.

Did the young bride believe in this? It is dubious. This Jason's, or Gideon's fleece,* (as the Church soon baptized it,) was, after all, the golden fleece, reminding one of the gilded waves, of the streaming yellow tresses which Van Eyck, Philippe-le-Bon's great painter,† flings amorously round the shoulders of his saints. All saw in the new order the triumph of the fair, young, flourishing beauty of the north, over the sombre beauties of the south. It seemed as the Flemish prince, to console the Flemish dames, addressed this device of double meaning, "*Autre n'auray*," to them.

Under these forms of chivalry, awkwardly imitated from romances, the history of Flanders at this period is nevertheless one fiery, joyous, brutal, bacchanalian revel. Under color of tournaments, feats of arms, and feasts of the Round Table, there is one wild whirl of light and common gallantries, low intrigues, and interminable junketings.‡ The true device of the epoch is that presumptuously taken by the sire de Ternant at the lists of Arras:—"Que j'aie de mes desirs assouissance, et jamais d'autre bien." (Let my desires be satisfied, I wish no other good.)§

The surprising part of all this is, that amidst these mad festivals and this ruinous magnificence, the affairs of the count of Flanders seemed to go on all the better. The more he gave, lost, and squandered, the more flowed in to him. He fattened and was enriched by the general ruin. In Holland alone he met with any obstacle; but without much trouble he acquired the positions commanding the Somme and the Meuse—Namur and Peronne. Besides the latter town, the English placed in his hands Bar-sur-Seine, Auxerre, Meaux, the approaches to Paris, and, lastly, Paris itself.

Advantage after advantage, Fortune piled her favors upon him, without leaving him time to draw breath between her gifts. She threw into the power of one of his vassals the Pucelle, that precious gage for which the English would have given any sum. And, at this very moment, his situation became complicated by another of Fortune's favors, for the duchy of Brabant devolved to him; but he could not take possession of it without securing the friendship of the English.

The death of the duke of Brabant, who had talked of marrying again, and of raising up heirs to himself, happened just in the nick of

* Afterwards, as the prince grew old, Jason became Joshua. Reiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, pp. 22, 24. I shall take an opportunity of speaking of the political importance of the order.

† Elsewhere, I shall speak of the revolution which this great man effected in the arts. He was, first, valet-de-chambre, then, counsellor to Philip the Good. He was attached to the embassy sent to escort the infanta Isabella from Portugal. See the account of the journey in the *Documents Inédits publiés par M. Gachard*, ii. 63-91.

‡ The festival of the *Eaters and Drinkers* was celebrated this very year (1442) at Dilbeck and Zelick. A silver tooth is the prize of the best eater, and a silver cock of the best drinker.

§ Note of M. Reiffenberg's to Barante, v. 264.

time for the duke of Burgundy.* He had acquired almost all the provinces which bound Brabant—Flanders, Hainault, Holland, Namur, and Luxembourg, and only lacked the central province, that is, rich Louvain, with the key to the whole, Brussels. Here was a strong temptation: so, passing over the rights of his aunt,† from whom, however, he derived his own, he also sacrificed the rights of his wards, and his own honor and probity as a guardian,‡ and seized Brabant. Therefore, to finish matters with Holland and Luxembourg, and to repulse the Liégeois who had just laid siege to Namur,§ he was necessitated to remain on good terms with the English; in other words, to deliver up the Pucelle.

Philippe-le-Bon (good) was a good man, according to the vulgar idea of goodness, tender of heart, especially to women, a good son, a good father, and with tears at will. He wept over the slain at Azincourt; but his league with the English cost more lives than Azincourt. He shed torrents of tears at his father's death; and then, to avenge him, torrents of blood. Sensibility and sensuality often go together; but sensuality and concupiscence are not the less cruel when aroused. Let the desired object draw back; let concupiscence see her fly and conceal herself from its pursuit, then it turns to blind rage. . . . Wo to whatever opposes it! . . . The school of Rubens, in its Pagan bacchanalia, rejoices in bringing together tigers and satyrs,|| "lust hard by hate."¶

He who held the Pucelle in his hands, John of Ligny, the duke of Burgundy's vassal, found himself precisely in the same situation as his suzerain; like him, it was his hour of cupidity, of extreme temptation. He belonged to the glorious house of Luxembourg, and to be of kin to the emperor, Henry VII., and to king John of Bohemia, was an honor well worth preserving unsullied; but John of Ligny was poor, the youngest son of a youngest son.** He had contrived to get his aunt, the rich countess of Ligny and of Saint-Pol, to name him her sole heir;†† and this legacy, which lay exceedingly

open to question, was about to be disputed by his eldest brother. In dread of this, John became the docile and trembling servant of the duke of Burgundy, of the English, and of every one. The English pressed him to deliver up his prisoner to them; and, indeed, they could easily have seized her in the tower of Beaulieu, in Picardy, where they had placed her. But, if he gave her up to them, he would ruin himself with the duke of Burgundy, his suzerain, and the judge in the question of his inheritance, who, consequently, could ruin him by a single word. So he sent her, provisionally, to his castle of Beaurevoir, which lay within the territory of the empire.

The English, wild with hate and humiliation, urged and threatened. So great was their rage against the Pucelle, that they burned a woman alive for speaking well of her.* If the Pucelle herself were not tried, condemned, and burned as a sorceress, if her victories were not set down as due to the devil, they would remain in the eyes of the people miracles, God's own works. The inference would be, that God was against the English, that they had been rightfully and loyally defeated, and that their cause was the devil's. According to the notions of the time, there was no medium. A conclusion like this, intolerable to English pride, was infinitely more so to a government of bishops, like that of England, and to the cardinal, its head.

Matters were in a desperate state when Winchester took them in hand. Gloucester being reduced to a cipher in England, and Bedford in France, he found himself uncontrolled. He had fancied that on bringing the young king to Calais, (April 23d,) all would flock to him: not an Englishman budged. He tried to pique their honor by fulminating an ordinance "against those who fear the enchantments of the Pucelle:"† it had not the slightest effect. The king remained at Calais, like a stranded vessel. Winchester became eminently ridiculous. After the crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land‡ had dwindled down in his hands to a crusade against Bohemia, he had cut down the latter to a crusade against Paris. This bellicose prelate, who had flattered himself that he should officiate as a conqueror in Notre-Dame, and crown his charge there, found all the roads blocked up. Holding Compiègne, the enemy barred the route through Picardy, and holding Louviers, that through Normandy. Meanwhile the war dragged slowly on, his money wasted away,§

* He died August 4, according to the *Art de Vérifier les Dates*; according to Meyer, the 8th. He was treating with René of Anjou, the heir to Lorraine, for his daughter's hand.

† Margaret of Burgundy, countess of Hainault, daughter of Philip the Bold and of Margaret of Flanders, through whom the feminine fief of Brabant came to the house of Burgundy.

‡ The mother of Charles and John of Burgundy (sons of the count de Nevers, who fell at Azincourt) had for her second husband Philip the Good, (they were married in 1424,) and he shared with her the guardianship of his two sons-in-law. With respect to the spoliation of the house of Nevers, see, especially, *Bibl. Royale, MSS. fonds Saint-Victor*, No. 1080, fol. 53-96.

§ Monstrelet, t. v. p. 298, August, 1430.

|| See, among other pictures, a Jordaens in M. Pankoucke's collection.

¶ Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. i. 417.

** He was the third son of John, lord of Beaurevoir, who was the youngest son of Guy, count of Ligny.

†† His aunt's death was momentarily expected: it took place in 1431. See *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, Comtes de Saint-Pol, iii. 720.

* "She said . . . that dame Jehane . . . was a good woman." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, p. 411, éd. 1827.

† *Contra terrificatos incantationibus Puellæ*. Rymer, t. iv. pars 4, pp. 160-5, May 3, and December 12, 1430.

‡ Contemplated by Henry V. See, above, p. 114.

§ Although the cardinal managed to obtain considerable grants of money, he yet spent largely of his own. One chronicler affirms that the *expenses* of the coronation were borne by him; no doubt, he also advanced the sums necessary for the trial of the Pucelle.— . . . Magnificis suis

and the crusade dissolved in smoke. Apparently the Devil had to do with the matter; for the cardinal could only get out of the scrape by bringing the deceiver to his trial; by burning him in the person of the Pucelle.

He felt that he must have her, must force her out of the hands of the Burgundians. She had been made prisoner May 23d; by the 26th a message is dispatched from Rouen, in the name of the vicar of the Inquisition, summoning the duke of Burgundy and John of Ligny to deliver up this woman, suspected of sorcery. The Inquisition had not much power in France; its vicar was a poor and very timorous monk, a Dominican, and, undoubtedly, like all the other Mendicants, favorable to the Pucelle. But he was here, at Rouen, overawed by the all-powerful cardinal, who held the sword to his breast; and who had just appointed captain of Rouen a man of action, and a man devoted to himself, the earl of Warwick, Henry's tutor.* Warwick held two posts, assuredly widely different from one another, but both of great trust; the tutelage of the king, and the care of the king's enemy; the education of the one, the superintendence of the trial of the other.†

The monk's letter was a document of little weight, and the University was made to write at the same time. It was hardly possible that the heads of the University should lend any hearty aid to expediting a process instituted by the Papal Inquisition, at the very moment they were going to declare war on the pope at Bâle, on behalf of the episcopacy. Winchester himself, the head of the English episcopacy, must have preferred a trial by bishops, or, if he could, to bring bishops and inquisitors to act in

sumtibus in regem Franciæ . . . coronari. Hist. Croyland, Contin. ap. Gale, Angl. Script. i. 516.

* The little Henry VI. says in the act appointing Warwick his tutor, We have chosen the earl of Warwick. . . . "Ad nos erudiendum . . . in et de bonis moribus, literatura, idiomate vario, nutritura et facietia . . ." (to instruct us . . . as well in good manners as in literature, the tongues? nurture and the graces. . . .) Rymer, t. iv. pars 4, July 1, 1428.—The *molle atque facietum*, (easy and graceful,) which Horace attributes to Virgil as the highest gift of eloquence, sounds strangely when applied to the rude jailer of the Pucelle. However, he seems to have been but little the more gentle to his pupil, for the first stipulation he makes on accepting the post of tutor, is the power of chastising him. See the Articles which he delivered to the council of regency. Turner's England, vol. iii. notes, pp. 27-8.

(The fourth Article sets forth:—"As the king is grown in years, in stature of his person, and in conceit and knowledge of his high authority, and from day to day as he groweth, shall cause him more and more to grudge with chastising, and to lothe it, so that it may reasonably be doubted lest he should conceive of the said earl, or any other that will take upon him to chastise him for his defaults, displeasure and indignation: that Gloucester and the council promise, that they shall firmly and truly assist him in chastising of him for his defaults, and support the said earl therein.")

And the eighth:—"That it may be known to the king, that it is with Gloucester's assent and of the council, that the king be chastised for his defaults or trespasses, and that for *awe* thereof he forbear the more to do amiss, and entend the more busily to virtue and to learning; they should come to the king, and declare it."—TRANSLATOR.

† See an order to pass in review the earl of Warwick, captain of the castle, city, and bridge of Rouen, and of one lance on horseback, fourteen on foot, and forty-five archers, for the safety of the castle, &c. *Archives du Royaume*, K. 63, March 22, 1430.

concert together. Now he had in his train and among his adherents, a bishop just fitted for the business, a beggared bishop, who lived at his table, and who assuredly would sentence or would swear just as was wanted.

Pierre Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, was not a man without merit. Born at Reims,* near Gerson's place of birth, he was a very influential doctor of the University, and a friend of Clemengis, who asserts that he was both "good and beneficent."† This goodness did not hinder him from being one of the most violent of the violent Cabochien party; and as such he was driven from Paris in 1413. He re-entered the capital with the duke of Burgundy, became bishop of Beauvais, and, under the English rule, was elected by the University conservator of its privileges. But the invasion of northern France by Charles VII., in 1429, was fatal to Cauchon, who sought to keep Beauvais in the English interests, and was thrust out by the citizens. He did not enjoy himself at Paris with the dull Bedford, who had no means of rewarding zeal; and repaired to the fount of wealth and power in England, to cardinal Winchester. He became English, he spoke English. Winchester perceived the use to which such a man might be put, and attached him to himself by doing for him even more than he could have hoped for. The archbishop of Rouen having been translated elsewhere,‡ he recommended him to the pope to fill that great see.§ But neither the pope nor the chapter would have any thing to do with Cauchon; and Rouen, at war at the time with the University of Paris,|| could not well receive as its archbishop a member of that University. Here was a complete stop; and Cauchon stood with gaping mouth in sight of the magnificent prey, ever in hopes that all obstacles would disappear before the invincible cardinal, full of devotion to him, and having no other God.

It was exceedingly opportune that the Pucelle should have been taken close to the limits of Cauchon's diocese; not, it is true, within the diocese itself; but there was a hope of making it believed to be so. So Cauchon wrote, as judge ordinary, to the king of England, to claim the right of trying her; and, on

* See, as regards Cauchon, Du Boulay, *Historia Univers. Parisiensis*, v. 912.—The Burgundian, Chastellain, (éd. Buchon, 1836, p. 66,) calls him "Très-noble et solempnel clerc," (a most noble and grave priest.)—His extreme severity towards churchmen of the opposite party has been already noticed, p. 110.—See, too, the *Religieux de Saint-Denis*, MS. Baluze, Bibl. Royale, tome dernier, folio 176.

† See, also, the letter addressed to him by Clemengis, and headed "Contractus amicitie mutue;" (Contract of mutual friendship.) Nicol. de Clemeng. *Epistolæ*, ii. 323.

‡ Gallia Christiana, xi. 87-8.

§ *Litteræ directæ Domino Summo Pontifici pro translatione D. Petri Cauchon, episcopi Belvacensis, ad ecclesiam metropolitanam Rothomagensis*, (Letters addressed to our lord, the pope, touching the translation of my lord Peter Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, to the metropolitan church of Reims.) Rymer, t. iv. pars 4, p. 152, December 15, 1429.

|| See the Remonstrance de Rouen contre l'Université Châtelain, 167.

the 12th of June, the University received the king's letters to the effect that the bishop and the inquisitor were to proceed to try her with concurrent powers. Though the proceedings of the Inquisition were not the same as those of the ordinary tribunals of the Church, no objection was raised. The two jurisdictions choosing thus to connive at each other, one difficulty alone remained; the accused was still in the hands of the Burgundians.

The University put herself forward, and wrote anew to the duke of Burgundy and John of Ligny. Cauchon, in his zeal, undertook to be the agent of the English, their courier, to carry the letter himself,* and deliver it to the two dukes; at the same time, as bishop, he handed them a summons, calling upon them to deliver up to him a prisoner over whom he claimed jurisdiction. In the course of this strange document of his, he quits the character of judge for that of negotiator, and makes offers of money, stating that although this woman cannot be considered a prisoner of war, the king of England is ready to settle a pension of two or three hundred livres on the bastard of Vendôme, and to give the sum of six thousand livres to those who have her in their keeping: then, towards the close of this missive of his, he raises his offer to ten thousand, but pointing out emphatically the magnitude of the offer, "As much," he says, "as the French are accustomed to give for a king or a prince."

The English did not rely so implicitly on the steps taken by the University, and on Cauchon's negotiations, as to neglect the more energetic means. On the same day that the latter presented his summons, or the day after, the council in England placed an embargo on all traffic with the markets of the Low Countries, and, above all, with Antwerp, (July 19,) prohibiting the English merchants from purchasing linens there, and the other goods for which they were in the habit of exchanging their wool.† This was inflicting on the duke of Burgundy, count of Flanders, a blow in the most sensible part, through the medium of the great Flemish manufactures, linens and cloth: the English discontinued purchasing the one, and supplying the material for the other.

While the English were thus strenuously urging on the destruction of the Pucelle, did Charles VII. take any steps to save her? None, it appears:‡ yet he had prisoners in his hands, and could have protected her by threat-

ening reprisals. A short time before, he had set negotiations on foot through the medium of his chancellor, the archbishop of Reims; but neither he nor the other politics of the council had ever regarded the Pucelle with much favor. The Anjou-Lorraine party, with the old queen of Sicily, who had taken her by the hand from the first, could not, at this precise juncture, interfere on her behalf with the duke of Burgundy. The duke of Lorraine was on his death-bed,* the succession to the duchy disputed before the breath was out of his body, and Philippe-le-Bon was giving his support to a rival of René of Anjou's,—son-in-law and heir to the duke of Lorraine.

Thus, on every side, interest and covetousness declared against the Pucelle, or produced indifference to her. The good Charles VII. did nothing for her, the good duke Philippe delivered her up. The house of Anjou coveted Lorraine, the duke of Burgundy coveted Brabant; and, most of all, he desiderated the keeping open the trade between Flanders and England. The little had their interests to attend to as well. John of Ligny looked to inherit Saint-Pol, and Cauchon was grasping at the archbishopric of Rouen.

In vain did John of Ligny's wife throw herself at his feet, in vain did she supplicate him not to dishonor himself. He was no longer a free man, already had he touched English gold;‡ though he gave her up, not, it is true, directly to the English, but to the duke of Burgundy. This house of Ligny and of Saint-Pol, with its recollections of greatness and its unbridled aspirations, was fated to pursue fortune to the end—to the Grève.§ The surrender of the Pucelle seems to have felt all his misery; he had painted on his arms a camel succumbing under its burden, with the sad device, unknown to men of heart, "Nul n'est tenu à l'impossible," (No one is held to impossibilities.¶)

What was the prisoner doing the while? Her body was at Beaurevoir, her soul at Compiègne; she was fighting, soul and spirit, for the king who had deserted her. Without her, she felt that the faithful city of Compiègne would fall, and, with it, the royal cause

tion of the king's conduct. M. Berriat-Saint-Prix considers him to be inexcusable, p. 239. In the royal letters granting various privileges to the citizens of Orléans immediately after the raising of the siege, not a word is said of the Pucelle; the deliverance of the city is attributed, "To the divine grace, the efforts of the inhabitants, and the aid of the men of war, (*gens de guerre*.'" Ordonnances, xiii. preface, p. 15.—See, however, further on, the expedition undertaken by Saintrailles.

* He died on the 25th of January, 1431, a few months afterwards. Art de Vérifier les Dates, iii. 54.

† The ransom money was paid before the 20th of October, as is proved by one of the documents copied by M. Mercier from the archives of Saint-Martin-des-Champs. Note by the abbé Dubois, Dissertation, éd. Buchon, 1827, p. 217.

‡ See, further on, the death of John of Ligny's nephew, the famous constable de Saint-Pol, who fancied for a moment that he had erected a sovereignty for himself between the territories of the houses of France and Burgundy, and was beheaded at Paris in 1475.

§ Le Mausolée de la Toison d'Or Amst., 1689, p. 14. Histoire de l'Ordre, iv. 27

* Cauchon received a hundred sous a day from the English, as is proved by his receipt, (a fact for which I am indebted to M. Jules Quicherat, on the authority of the MS. de la Bibl. Royale, Coll. Gaignière, vol. iv.)

† Rymer, t. iv. pars 4, p. 165, July 19, 1430. For a full appreciation of the kind of commercial wars which commenced between the growing manufactures of England and those of the Low Countries, see the prohibitions against importing English woollen cloths into Flanders, (in the years 1428, 1464, 1494,) and, finally, their withdrawal (in 1499) on the promise of a reduction of the duties on raw wool sold to the Flemings by the English in the Calais market. Rapport du Jury sur l'Industrie Belge, rédigé par M. Gachard, 1836.

‡ M. de l'Averdy can only allege conjectures in extenua-

throughout the North. She had previously tried to effect her escape from the towers of Beaulieu; and at Beaurevoir she was still more strongly tempted to fly: she knew that the English demanded that she should be given up to them, and dreaded falling into their hands. She consulted her saints, and could obtain no other answer than that it behooved to be patient, "that her delivery would not be until she had seen the king of the English."—"But," she said within herself, "can it be that God will suffer these poor people of Compiègne to die, who have been, and who are, so loyal to their lord?"* Presented under this form of lively compassion, the temptation prevailed. For the first time she turned a deaf ear to her saints: she threw herself from the tower, and fell at its foot half-dead. Borne in again and nursed by the ladies of Ligny, she longed for death, and persisted in remaining two days without eating.

Delivered up to the duke of Burgundy, she was taken to Arras, and then to the donjon-keep of Crotoy, which has long been covered by the sands of the Somme. From this place of confinement she looked out upon the sea, and could sometimes desery the English downs—that hostile land into which she had hoped to carry war for the deliverance of the duke of Orléans.† Mass was daily performed here by a priest who was also a prisoner, and Jeanne prayed ardently; she asked, and it was given unto her. Though confined in prison, she displayed her power all the same; as long as she lived, her prayers broke through the walls, and scattered the enemy.

On the very day that she had predicted, forewarned by the archangel, the siege of Compiègne was raised—that is, on the 1st of November. The duke of Burgundy had advanced as far as Noyon, as if to meet and experience the insulting reverse personally. He sustained another defeat shortly afterwards at Germigny, (November 20.) Saintrilles then offered him battle at Peronne, which he declined.

These humiliations undoubtedly confirmed the duke in his alliance with the English, and determined him to deliver up the Pucelle to them. But the mere threat of interrupting all commercial relations would have been enough. Chivalrous as he believed himself to be, and the restorer of chivalry, the count of Flanders was at bottom the servant of the manufacturers and the merchants. The manufacturing cities and the flax-spinning districts would not have allowed commerce to be long interrupted, or their works brought to a stand-still, but would have burst forth into insurrection.

At the very moment the English had got possession of the Pucelle, and were free to proceed to her trial, their affairs were going on very badly. Far from retaking Louviers, they had lost Chateau-galliard. La Hire took it by escalade, and finding Barbazan a prisoner there, set that formidable captain at liberty.

The towns voluntarily went over to Charles VII., the inhabitants expelling the English: those of Melun, close as the town is to Paris, thrust the garrison out of the gates.

To put on the drag, if it were possible, while the affairs of England were thus going rapidly down-hill, some great and powerful engine was necessary, and Winchester had one at hand—the trial and the coronation. These two things were to be brought into play together, or rather, they were one and the same thing. To dishonor Charles VII., to prove that he had been led to be crowned by a witch, was bestowing so much additional sanctity on the coronation of Henry VI.; if the one were avowedly the anointed of the Devil, the other must be recognised as the anointed of God.

Henry made his entry into Paris on the 2d of December.* On the 21st of the preceding month, the University had been made to write to Cauchon, complaining of his delays, and beseeching the king to order the trial to be begun. Cauchon was in no haste; perhaps thinking it hard to begin the work before the wage was assured, and it was not till a month afterwards that he procured from the chapter of Rouen authority to proceed in that diocese.† On the instant, (January 3, 1431,) Winchester issued an ordinance, in which the king was made to say, "that on the requisition of the bishop of Beauvais, and exhorted thereto by his dear daughter, the University of Paris, he commanded her keepers to *conduct* the accused to the bishop."‡ The word was chosen to show that the prisoner was not given up to the ecclesiastical judge, but only lent, "to be taken back again if not convicted." The English ran no risk, she could not escape death; if fire failed, the sword remained.

Cauchon opened the proceedings at Rouen, on the 9th of January, 1431. He seated the vicar of the Inquisition near himself, and began by holding a sort of consultation with eight doctors, licentiates or masters of arts of Rouen, and by laying before them the inquiries which he had instituted touching the Pucelle, but which, having been conducted by her enemies, appeared insufficient to these legists of Rouen. In fact, they were so utterly insufficient, that the prosecution, which, on these worthless data, was about to have been commenced against her

* The route through Picardy being too dangerous, he was taken by way of Rouen. In his letter, dated Rouen, November 6, 1430, he empowers the chancellor of France to postpone the re-opening of the parliament:—"Seeing that the roads are extremely dangerous and perilous." In another letter, dated Paris, November 13, he grants a further postponement. *Ordonnances*, xlii. 159.

† The chapter did not grant this until after solemn deliberation:—"Let all be summoned to take into consideration the request preferred by the lord bishop of Beauvais, and appear, under penalty of forfeiting the church allowances for eight days, in case of non-attendance. . . . Let the charges against a certain woman detained in jail . . . be explained to the same in French, and let her be admonished in all charity . . ." *Archives de Rouen. reg. capitulaires*, 14th and 15th of April, 1431, fol. 98, (communicated by M. Chéruel.)

‡ *Notices des MSS.* iii. 13.

* Examination, March 14, 1431.

† Examination, March 12, 1431.

on the charge of *magic*, was instituted on the charge of *heresy*.

With the view of conciliating these recalcitrating Normans, and lessening their superstitious reverence for the forms of procedure, Cauchon nominated one of their number, Jean de la Fontaine, examining counsellor, (*conseiller examinateur*.) But he reserved the most active part, that of promoter of the prosecution, (*promoteur du procès*,) for a certain Estivet, one of his Beauvais canons by whom he was accompanied. He managed to consume a month in these preparations;* but the young king having been at length taken back to London, (February 9,) Winchester, tranquil on this head, applied himself earnestly to the business of the trial, and would trust no one to superintend it. He thought, and justly, that the master's eye is the best, and took up his residence at Rouen in order to watch Cauchon at work.

His first step was to make sure of the monk who represented the Inquisition. Cauchon, having assembled his assessors, Norman priests and doctors of Paris, in the house of a canon, sent for the Dominican, and called upon him to act as his coadjutor in the proceedings. The shaveling timidly replied, that "if his powers were judged sufficient, he would act as his duty required." The bishop did not fail to declare that his powers were amply sufficient; on which the monk further objected, "that he was anxious not to act as yet, both from scruples of conscience and for legality of the trial," and begged the bishop to substitute some one in his place, until he should ascertain that his powers were really sufficient.†

His objections were useless; he was not allowed so to escape, and had to sit in judgment, whether he would or not. There was another motive, besides fear, which undoubtedly assisted in keeping him to his post—Winchester assigned him twenty gold sous for his pains. Perhaps, the Mendicant monk had never seen such a quantity of gold in his life.‡

TRIAL OF THE PUCELLE.

On February 21, the Pucelle was brought before her judges. The bishop of Beauvais admonished her "with mildness and charity," praying her to answer truly to whatever she should be asked, without evasion or subterfuge, both to shorten her trial and ease her conscience.

* On the 13th of January, Cauchon assembles some abbots, doctors, and licentiates, and tells them that articles on which the accused can be questioned may be extracted from the informations already taken. Ten days are consumed in making this little extract; it is approved on the 23d, and Cauchon charges the Norman, Jean de la Fontaine, licentiate in canon law, to make this preliminary examination, which was a sort of preparatory trial, of inquiry into life and manners, which constituted the initiatory proceedings in ecclesiastical suits. Ibid. 17.

† I would willingly believe that the repugnance thus manifested by the vicar of the Inquisition, proceeded from a feeling of humanity. I find, in a document of the 13th century, an inquisitor of Toulouse complaining of the rigor of the secular judges. *Archives du Royaume*, J. 1024.

‡ See his receipt in the documents copied by M. Mercier from the Archives of Saint-Martin-des-Champs

—Answer, "I do not know what you mean to question me about, you might ask me things which I would not tell you."—She consented to swear to speak the truth upon all matters, except those which related to her visions; "But, with respect to these," she said, "you shall cut off my head first." Nevertheless, she was induced to swear that she would answer all questions "on points affecting faith."

She was again urged on the following day, the 22d, and again on the 24th, but held firm—"It is a common remark even in children's mouths," was her observation, "that *people are often hung for telling the truth*." At last, worn out, and for quietness' sake, she consented to swear "to tell what she knew *upon her trial*, but not all she knew."*

Interrogated as to her age, name, and surname, she said that she was about nineteen years old. "In the place where I was born,† they called me Jehanette, and in France Jehanne" But, with regard to her surname, (the *Pucelle*, the maid,) it seems, that through some caprice of feminine modesty she could not bring herself to utter it, and that she eluded the direct answer by a chaste falsehood—"As to surname, I know nothing of it."

She complained of the fetters on her limbs; and the bishop told her that as she had made several attempts to escape, they had been obliged to put them on. "It is true," she said, "I have done so, and it is allowable for any prisoner. If I escaped, I could not be reproached with having broken my word, for I had given no promise."

She was ordered to repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave*, perhaps in the superstitious idea that if she were vowed to the devil she durst not—"I will willingly repeat them if my lord of Beauvais will hear me confess:" adroit and touching demand; by thus reposing her confidence in her judge, her enemy, she would have made him both her spiritual father and the witness of her innocence.

Cauchon declined the request; but I can well believe that he was moved by it. He broke up the sitting for that day, and, on the day following, did not continue the interrogatory himself, but deputed the office to one of his assessors.

At the fourth sitting she displayed unwonted animation. She did not conceal her having heard her voices: "They awakened me," she said, "I clasped my hands in prayer, and besought them to give me counsel; they said to me, 'Ask of our Lord.'"—"And what more did they say?"—"To answer you boldly."

" . . . I cannot tell all; I am much more fearful of saying any thing which may displease them, than I am of answering you. . . . For to-day, I beg you to question me no further."

* The text is, "de dire ce qu'elle sauroit sur son procès, mais non tout ce qu'elle sauroit."

† Domremy in Champagne, on the frontiers of Burgundy would be distinguished in Joan's time from France Proper.)

—TRANSLATOR.

The bishop, perceiving her emotion, persisted:—"But, Jehanne, God is offended, then, if one tells true things?"—"My voices have told me certain things, not for you, but for the king." Then she added, with fervor, "Ah! if he knew them, he would eat his dinner with greater relish. . . . Would that he did know them, and would drink no wine from this to Easter."

She gave utterance to some sublime things, while prattling in this simple strain:—"I come from God, I have naught to do here; dismiss me to God, from whom I come. . . ."

"You say that you are my judge; think well what you are about, for of a truth I am sent of God, and you are putting yourself in great danger."

There can be no doubt such language irritated the judges, and they put to her an insidious and base question, a question which it is a crime to put to any man alive:—"Jehanne, do you believe yourself to be in a state of grace?"

They thought that they had bound her with an indissoluble knot. To say no, was to confess herself unworthy of having been God's chosen instrument; but, on the other hand, how say yes? Which of us, frail beings as we are, is sure here below of being truly in God's grace? Not one, except the proud, presumptuous man, who, of all, is precisely the furthest from it.

She cut the knot, with heroic and Christian simplicity:—

"If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it."*

The Pharisees were struck speechless.†

But, with all her heroism, she was nevertheless a woman. . . . After giving utterance to this sublime sentiment, she sank from the high-wrought mood, and relapsed into the softness of her sex, doubting of her state, as is natural to a Christian soul, interrogating herself, and trying to gain confidence:—"Ah! if I knew that I were not in God's grace, I should be the most wretched being in the world. . . . But, if I were in a state of sin, no doubt the voice would not come. . . . Would that every one could hear it like myself. . . ."

These words gave a hold to her judges. After a long pause, they returned to the charge with redoubled hate, and pressed upon her question after question designed to ruin her. "Had not the voices told her to *hate* the Burgundians?" . . . "Did she not go when a child to the *Fairies'* tree?" &c. . . . They now longed to burn her as a witch.

At the fifth sitting she was attacked on delicate and dangerous ground, namely, with regard to the appearances she had seen. The bishop, become all of a sudden compassionate

and honeyed, addressed her with—"Jehanne, how have you been since Saturday?"—"You see," said the poor prisoner, loaded with chains "as well as I might."

"Jehanne, do you fast every day this Lent?"—"Is the question ■ necessary one?"—"Yes, truly." "Well then, yes, I have always fasted."

She was then pressed on the subject of her visions, and with regard to a sign shown the dauphin, and concerning St. Catherine and St. Michael. Among other insidious and indelicate questions, she was asked whether, when St. Michael appeared to her, he *was naked*? . . . To this shameful question she replied, without understanding its drift, and with heavenly purity, "Do you think, then, that our Lord has not wherewith to clothe him?"*

On March 3, other out-of-the-way questions were put to her, in order to entrap her into confessing some diabolical agency, some evil correspondence with the devil. "Has this Saint Michael of yours, have these holy women, a body and limbs? Are you sure the figures you see are those of angels?"—"Yes, I believe so, as firmly as I believe in God." This answer was carefully noted down.

They then turn to the subject of her wearing male attire, and of her standard. "Did not the soldiery make standards in imitation of yours? Did they not replace them with others?"—"Yes, when the lance (staff) happened to break."—"Did you not say that those standards would bring them luck?"—"No, I only said, 'Fall boldly upon the English,' and I fell upon them myself."

"But why was this standard borne at the coronation, in the church of Reims, rather than those of the other captains? . . ." "It had seen all the danger, and it was only fair that it should share the honor."†

"What was the impression of the people who kissed your feet, hands, and garments?"—"The poor came to me of their own free-will, because I never did them any harm, and assisted and protected them, as far as was in my power."‡

It was impossible for heart of man not to be touched with such answers. Cauchon thought it prudent to proceed henceforward with only a few assessors on whom he could rely, and quite quietly. We find the number of assessors varying at each sitting from the very beginning of the trial: § some leave, and their places are taken by others. The place of trial is similarly changed. The accused, who at first is interrogated in the hall of the castle of Rouen, is now questioned in prison. "In order not to fatigue the rest," Cauchon took there only two

* Examination, February 27, éd. Buchon, (1827,) p. 75. See, also, other fantastic questions put by the casuists, p. 131, and *passim*.

† Ibidem, March 3 and 17, pp. 81-2, 132-3.

‡ Ibidem, March 3, p. 84.

§ At the first interrogatory or examination, there were thirty-nine assessors present; at the second, February 22, forty-seven; on the 24th, forty; on the 27th, fifty-three; on March 3, thirty-eight, &c. Notices des MSS. iii. 23.

* Idem, éd. Buchon, (1827,) p. 68.

† Fuerunt multum stupefacti. . . . The report of the trial goes on to state, that they broke up the sitting that very moment, (et illâ horâ dimiserunt.) Procès de Revision, Notices des MSS. iii. 477.

assessors and two witnesses, (from the 10th to the 17th of March.) He was, perhaps, emboldened thus to proceed with shut doors, from being sure of the support of the Inquisition; the vicar having at length received from the Inquisitor-General of France full powers to preside at the trial along with the bishop, (March 12.)

In these fresh examinations, she is pressed only on a few points indicated beforehand by Cauchon.

"Did the voices command her to make that sally out of Compiègne in which she was taken?"—To this she does not give a direct reply:—"The saints had told me that I should be taken before midsummer; that it behooved so to be, that I must not be astonished, but suffer all cheerfully, and God would aid me. . . . Since it has so pleased God, it is for the best that I should have been taken."

"Do you think you did well in setting out without the leave of your father and mother? Ought we not to honor our parents?"—"They have forgiven me."—"And did you think you were not sinning in doing so?"—"It was by God's command; and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers I should have set out."*

"Did not the voices call you daughter of God, daughter of the Church, the maid of the great heart?"—"Before the siege of Orléans was raised, and since then, the voices have called me, and they call me every day, 'Jehanne the Pucelle, daughter of God.'"

"Was it right to attack Paris, the day of the Nativity of Our Lady?"—"It is fitting to keep the festivals of Our Lady; and it would be so, I truly think, to keep them every day."

"Why did you leap from the tower of Beaurévoir?" (the drift of this question was to induce her to say that she had wished to kill herself.)—"I heard that the poor people of Compiègne would all be slain, down to children seven years of age, and I knew, too, that I was sold to the English; I would rather have died than fall into the hands of the English."†

"Do St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?"—"They love what our Lord loves, and hate what he hates."—"Does God hate the English?"—"Of the love or hate God may bear the English, and what he does with their souls, I know nothing; but I know that they will be put forth out of France, with the exception of such as shall perish in it."‡

"Is it not a mortal sin to hold a man to ransom, and then to put him to death?"—"I have not done that."—"Was not Franquet d'Arras put to death?"—"I consented to it, having been unable to exchange him for one of my men; he owned to being a brigand and a traitor."

* Procès, (éd. 1827.) March 12, p. 98.

† Ibidem, March 14, p. 103. To a like question, she replies on the following day that she would again escape if God would permit, "using the Gallic proverb, '*Ayde-toi, Dieu te aidera.*' (God helps those who help themselves.)" Procès, MS., March 15.

‡ Examination, March 17, éd. Buchon, (1827,) p. 127.

His trial lasted a fortnight, before the bailli of Senlis."—"Did you not give money to the man who took him?"—"I am not treasurer of France, to give money."*

"Do you think that your king did well in killing, or causing to be killed, my lord of Burgundy?"—"It was a great pity for the realm of France; but, whatever might have been between them, God sent me to the aid of the king of France."†

"Jehanne, has it been revealed to you whether you will escape?"—"That does not bear upon your trial. Do you want me to depone against myself?"—"Have the voices said nothing to you about it?"—"That does not concern your trial; I put myself in our Lord's hands, who will do as it pleaseth him." . . . And, after a pause, "By my troth, I know neither the hour nor the day. God's will be done."—"Have not your voices told you any thing about the result, generally?"—"Well then, yes; they have told me that I shall be delivered, and have bade me be of good cheer and courage"‡

Another day she added:—"The saints tell me that I shall be victoriously delivered, and they say to me besides, 'Take all in good part; care not for thy martyrdom; thou shalt at the last enter the kingdom of Paradise.'"[§]—"And since they have told you so, do you feel sure of being saved, and of not going to hell?"—"Yes, I believe what they have told me as firmly as if I were already saved."—"This assurance is a very weighty one."—"Yes, it is a great treasure to me."—"And so, you believe you can no longer commit a mortal sin?"—"I know nothing of that; I rely altogether on our Lord."

At last, the judges had made out the true ground on which to bring the accusation; at last, they had found a spot on which to lay stronghold. There was not a chance of getting this chaste and holy girl to be taken for a witch, for a familiar of the devil's; but, in her very sanctity, as is invariably the case with all mystics, there was a side left open to attack: the secret voice considered equal, or preferred to, the instruction of the Church, the prescriptions of authority—inspiration, but free and independent inspiration—revelation, but a personal revelation—submission to God; what God? the God within.

These preliminary examinations were concluded by a formal demand, whether she would submit her actions and opinions to the judgment of the Church; to which she replied, "I love the Church, and would support it to the best of my power. As to the good works which I have wrought, I must refer them to the King of heaven, who sent me."^{||}

The question being repeated, she gave no

* Ibidem, March 14, p. 112.

† Ibid. March 3 and 14, p. 79.

‡ Ibid. March 17, p. 125.

§ Ibid. March 17, p. 130

|| Ibid. March 14.

other answer, but added, "Our Lord and the Church, it is all one."

She was then told, that there was a distinction; that there was the Church *triumphant*, God, the saints, and those who had been admitted to salvation; and the Church *militant*, or, in other words, the pope, the cardinals, the clergy, and all good Christians—the which Church, "properly assembled," cannot err, and is guided by the Holy Ghost.—"Will you not then submit yourself to the Church *militant*?"—"I am come to the king of France from God, from the Virgin Mary, the saints, and the Church *victorious* there above; to that Church I submit myself, my works, all that I have done or have to do."—"And to the Church *militant*?"—"I will give no other answer."

According to one of the assessors she said that, on certain points, she trusted to neither bishop, pope, nor any one; but held her belief of God alone.*

The question on which the trial was to turn was thus laid down in all its simplicity and grandeur, and the true debate commenced: on the one hand, the visible Church and authority, on the other, inspiration attesting the invisible Church . . . invisible to vulgar eyes, but clearly seen by the pious girl, who was forever contemplating it, forever hearing it within herself, forever carrying in her heart these saints and angels . . . there was her Church, there God shone in his brightness; everywhere else, how shadowy He was! . . .

Such being the case at issue, the accused was doomed to irremediable destruction. She could not give way, she could not, save falsely, disavow, deny what she saw and heard so distinctly. On the other hand, could authority remain authority if it abdicated its jurisdiction, if it did not punish? The Church militant is an armed Church, armed with a two-edged sword; against whom? Apparently, against the refractory.

Terrible was this Church in the person of the reasoners, the scholastics, the enemies of inspiration; terrible and implacable, if represented by the bishop of Beauvais. But were there, then, no judges superior to this bishop? How could the episcopal party, the party of the University, fail, in this peculiar case, to recognise as supreme judge its Council of Bâle, which was on the eve of being opened? On the other hand, the papal Inquisition, and the Dominican who was its vicar, would undoubtedly be far from disputing the superiority of the pope's jurisdiction to its own, which emanated from it.

A legist of Rouen, that very Jean de la Fontaine who was Cauchon's friend and the enemy of the Pucelle, could not feel his conscience at ease in leaving an accused girl, without counsel, ignorant that there were judges of appeal,

on whom she could call without any sacrifice of the ground on which she took up her defence. Two monks likewise thought that a reservation should be made in favor of the supreme right of the pope. However irregular it might be for assessors to visit and counsel the accused, apart from their coadjutors, these three worthy men, who saw Cauchon violate every legal form for the triumph of iniquity, did not hesitate to violate all forms themselves for justice' sake, intrepidly repaired to the prison, forced their way in, and advised her to appeal. The next day, she appealed to the pope and to the council. Cauchon, in his rage, sent for the guards and inquired who had visited the Pucelle. The legist and the two monks were in great danger of death.* From that day they disappear from among the assessors, and with them the last semblance of justice disappears from the trial.

Cauchon, at first, had hoped to have on his side the authority of the lawyers, which carried great weight at Rouen. But he had soon found out that he must do without them. When he showed the minutes of the opening proceedings of the trial to one of these grave legists, master Jehan Lohier, the latter plainly told him that the trial amounted to nothing, that it was all informal, that the assessors were not free to judge, that the proceedings were carried on with closed doors, that the accused, a simple country girl, was not capable of answering on such grave subjects and to learned doctors, and, finally, the lawyer had the boldness to say to the churchman, "The proceedings are, in point of fact, instituted to impugn the honor of the prince, whose side this girl espouses; you shall cite him to appear as well, and assign him an advocate." This intrepid gravity, which recalls Papinian's bearing towards Caracalla, would have cost Lohier dear; but the Norman Papinian did not, like the other, calmly wait the death-stroke on his curule chair; he set off at once for Rome, where the pope eagerly attached such a man to himself, and appointed him one of the judges of the Holy See: he died, dean of the Rota.†

Apparently, Cauchon ought to have been better supported by the theologians. After the first examinations, armed with the answers which she had given against herself, he shut himself up with his intimates, and availing himself, especially, of the pen of an able member of the University of Paris, he drew from these answers a few counts, on which the opinion of the leading doctors and of the ecclesiastical bodies was to be taken. This was the detestable custom, but in reality (whatever has been said to the contrary) the common and regular way of proceeding in inquisitorial trials. These propositions, extracted from the answers

* The inquisitor declared that if the monks were troubled, he would take no further share in the trial. Ibid. 502.

† See the exceedingly curious and naïve evidence of the worthy *greffier*, (clerk,) Guillaume Manchon. Ibid. 500.

* Non crederet nec prelato suo, nec papa, nec culcunque, quia hoc habebat a Deo. Notices des MSS. iii. 477.

given by the Pucelle, and drawn up in general terms, bore a false show of impartiality; although, in point of fact, they were a caricature of those answers, and the doctors consulted could not fail to pass an opinion upon them, in accordance with the hostile intention of their iniquitous framers.*

But, however the counts might be framed, however great the terror which hung over the doctors consulted, they were far from being unanimous in their judgments. Among these doctors, the true theologians, the sincere believers, those who had preserved the firm faith of the middle age, could not easily reject this tale of celestial appearances, of visions; for then they might have doubted all the marvels of the lives of the saints, and discussed all their legends. The venerable bishop of Avranches replied, on being consulted, that, according to the teaching of St. Thomas, there was nothing impossible in what this girl affirmed, nothing to be lightly rejected.†

The bishop of Lisieux, while acknowledging that Jeanne's revelations might be the work of the devil, humanely added, that they might also be *simple lies*, and that if she did not submit herself to the Church, she must be adjudged schismatic, and be vehemently *suspected* in regard to faith.

Many legists answered like true Normans, by finding her guilty and most guilty, *except she acted by God's command*. One bachelor at law went further than this; while condemning her, he demanded, in consideration of the weakness of her sex, *that the twelve propositions should be read over to her*, (he suspected, and with reason, that they had not been communicated to her,) and that they should then be laid before the pope—this would have been adjourning the matter indefinitely.‡

The assessors, assembled in the chapel of the archbishopric, had decided against her on the showing of these propositions. The chapter of Rouen, likewise consulted, was in no haste to come to a decision, and to give the victory to the man it detested and trembled at having for its archbishop; but chose to wait for the reply of the University of Paris, which had been applied to on the subject. There could be no doubt what this reply would be; the Gallican party, that is, the University and scholastic party, could not be favorable to the Pucelle; an individual of this party,§ the bishop of Coutances, went beyond all others in the harshness and singularity of his answer. He

wrote to the bishop of Beauvais, that he considered the accused to be wholly the devil's, "because she was without the two qualities required by St. Gregory, virtue and humanity," and that her assertions were so heretical, that though she should revoke them, she must nevertheless be held in strict keeping.

It was a strange spectacle to see these theologians, these doctors, laboring with all their might to ruin the very faith which was the foundation of their doctrine, and which constituted the religious principle of the middle age in general—belief in revelations, in the intervention of supernatural beings. . . . They might have their doubts as to the intervention of angels; but their belief in the devil's agencies was implicit.

And was not the important question whether internal revelations ought to be hushed, and to disavow themselves at the Church's bidding, was not this question, so loudly debated in the outer world, silently discussed in the inner world, in the soul of her who affirmed and who believed in their existence the most firmly of all? Was not this battle of faith fought in the very sanctuary of faith, fought in this loyal and simple heart? . . . I have reason to believe so.

At one time she expressed her readiness to submit herself to the pope, and asked to be sent to him. At another she drew a distinction, maintaining that as regarded *faith* she acknowledged the authority of the pope, the bishops, and the Church, but, as regarded what she had *done*, she could own no other judge than God. Sometimes, making no distinction, and offering no explanation, she appealed "to her King, to the judge of heaven and of earth."

Whatever care has been taken to throw these things into the shade, and to conceal this, the human side, in a being who has been fondly painted as all divine, her fluctuations are visible; and it is wrong to charge her judges with having misled her so as to make her prevaricate on those questions. "She was very subtle," says one of the witnesses, and truly; "of a woman's subtlety."* I incline to attribute to these internal struggles the sickness which attacked her, and which brought her to the point of death; nor did she recover, as she herself informs us, until the period that the angel Michael, the angel of battles, ceased to support her, and gave place to Gabriel, the angel of grace and of divine love.

She fell sick in Passion week. Her temptation began, no doubt, on Palm Sunday.† A country girl, born on the skirts of a forest, and having ever lived in the open air of heaven, she was compelled to pass this fine Palm Sun-

* They were, in the first instance, communicated to such of the assessors as Cauchon thought he could most depend upon, yet they felt it incumbent on them to add a corrective to the articles:—"She submits herself to the Church militant, inasmuch as this Church shall impose on her nothing contrary to her revelations, past or to come." Cauchon conceived, not without some reason, that so conditional a submission was no submission, and took upon him to suppress the addition. Ibid. 411.

† Ibid. 418.

‡ Ibid. 52-3.

§ He wrote to the bishop, apparently not choosing to recognise the inquisitor as judge. Ibid. 53.

* Evidence of Jean Beupère. Notices des MSS. iii. 509

† "I know not why," says a great spiritual teacher, "God chooses the most solemn festivals to try and to purify his elect. . . . It is above only, in the festival of heaven, that we shall be delivered from all our troubles." Saint-Cyran, in the Mémoires de Lancelot, l. 61.

day in the depths of a dungeon. The grand *succor* which the Church invokes* came not for her; the *doors did not open*.†

They were opened on the Tuesday; but it was to lead the accused to the great hall of the castle before her judges. They read to her the articles which had been founded on her answers, and the bishop previously represented to her, "that these doctors were all churchmen, clerks, and well-read in law, divine and human; that they were all tender and pitiful, and desired to proceed mildly, seeking neither vengeance *nor corporal punishment*,‡ but solely wishing to enlighten her, and put her in the way of truth and of salvation; and that, as she was not sufficiently informed in such high matters, the bishop and the inquisitor offered her the choice of one or more of the assessors to act as her counsel." The accused, in presence of this assembly, in which she did not desery a single friendly face, mildly answered—"For what you admonish me as to my good, and concerning our faith, I thank you; as to the counsel you offer me, I have no intention to forsake the counsel of our Lord."

The first article touched the capital point, submission. She replied as before—"Well do I believe that our Holy Father, the bishops, and others of the Church, are to guard the Christian *faith*, and punish those who are found wanting. As to my *deeds*, (faits,) I submit myself only to the Church in heaven, to God and the Virgin, to the sainted men and women in Paradise. I have not been wanting in regard to the Christian faith, and trust I never shall be."

And, shortly afterwards—"I would rather die than recall what I have done by our Lord's command."

What illustrates the time, the uninformed mind of these doctors, and their blind attachment to the letter without regard to the spirit, is, that no point seemed graver to them than the sin of having assumed male attire. They represented to her that, according to the canons, those who thus change the habit of their sex are abominable in the sight of God. At first she would not give a direct answer, and begged for a respite till the next day; but her judges insisting on her discarding the dress, she replied, "That she was not empowered to say when she could quit it."—"But if you should be deprived of the privilege of hearing mass?"—"Well, our Lord can grant me to hear it without you."—"Will you put on a woman's dress, in order to receive your Saviour at Easter?"—"No; I cannot quit this dress;

it matters not to me in what dress I receive my Saviour."—After this she seems shaken, asks to be at least allowed to hear mass, adding—"I won't say but if you were to give me a gown such as the daughters of the burghers wear, a very *long gown*"

It is clear she shrank, through modesty, from explaining herself. The poor girl durst not explain her position in prison, or the constant danger she was in. The truth is, that three soldiers slept in her room,‡ three of the brig-and ruffians called *houspilleurs*; that she was chained to a beam by a large iron chain,‡ almost wholly at their mercy; the man's dress they wished to compel her to discontinue was all her safeguard. . . . What are we to think of the imbecility of the judge, or of his horrible connivance?

Besides being kept under the eyes of these wretches, and exposed to their insults and mockery,§ she was subjected to espial from without. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Cauchon|| had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon had eyes.

Her only consolation was, that she was at first allowed interviews with a priest, who told her that he was a prisoner, and attached to Charles VIIth's cause. Loyseleur, so he was named, was a tool of the English. He had won Jeanne's confidence, who used to confess herself to him; and, at such times, her confessions were taken down by notaries concealed on purpose to overhear her. . . . It is said that Loyseleur encouraged her to hold out, in order to ensure her destruction. On the question of her being put to the torture being discussed, (a very useless proceeding, since she neither denied nor concealed any thing,) there were only two or three of her judges who counselled the atrocious deed, and the confessor was one of these.¶

The deplorable state of the prisoner's health

* Sicut filie burgensium, unam houppelandam longam. *Procès, Latin MS.*, Sunday, March 15.

† Five Englishmen; three of whom stayed at night in her room. (*Houspiller*, is to worry like a dog—hence the name *Houspilleur*.) *Notices des MSS.* iii. 506.

‡ She slept with double chains round her limbs, and closely fastened to a chain traversing the foot of her bed, attached to a large piece of wood five or six feet long, and padlocked, so that she could not stir from the place." *Ibidem*.—Another witness states:—"There was an iron beam, to keep her straight, (*erectam*.)" *Procès, MS.*, Evidence of Pierre Cusquel.

§ The count de Ligny went to see her with an English lord, and said to her, "Jeanne, I come to hold you to ransom, provided you promise never again to bear arms against us." She replied:—"Ah! my God, you are laughing at me; I know you have neither the will nor the power." And when he repeated the words, she added, "I am convinced these English will put me to death, in the hope of winning the kingdom of France. But though the *Godons* (*Goddens*) should be a hundred thousand more than they are to-day, they would not win the kingdom." The English lord was so enraged that he drew his dagger to plunge it into her, but was hindered by the earl of Warwick. *Notices des MSS.* iii. 371.

|| Not precisely Cauchon, but his man, Estivet, promoter of the prosecution. *Ibid.* iii. 473.

¶ *Ibidem*, p. 475, and *passim*.—*Procès*, ed. Buchon, (1827,) p. 164, May 12.

* The office for prime, on this day, runs:—"Deus, in adjutorium meum intende" (Come, O God, to my aid.)

† Every one knows that the service for this festival is one of those in which the beautiful dramatic forms of the middle age have been preserved. The procession finds the door of the church shut, the minister knocks: "Attollite portas. . . ." And the door is opened to the Lord.

‡ *Procès*, April 3, and not March 29, as stated in the *Orléans MS.*, in which there occurs great confusion in the dates, v. éd. Buchon, (1827,) p. 139.

was aggravated by her being deprived of the consolations of religion during Passion Week. On the Thursday, the sacrament was withheld from her: on that self-same day on which Christ is universal host, on which He invites the poor and all those who suffer, she seemed to be *forgotten*.*

On Good Friday, that day of deep silence, on which we all hear no other sound than the beating of one's own heart, it seems as if the hearts of the judges smote them, and that some feeling of humanity and of religion had been awakened in their aged scholastic souls: at least it is certain, that whereas thirty-five of them took their seats on the Wednesday, no more than nine were present at the examination on Saturday: the rest, no doubt, alleged the devotions of the day as their excuse.

On the contrary, her courage had revived. Likening her own sufferings to those of Christ, the thought had roused her from her despondency. She answered, when the question was again put to her, "that she would defer to the Church militant, *provided it commanded nothing impossible*."—"Do you think, then, that you are not subject to the Church which is upon earth, to our holy father the pope, to the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and prelates?"—"Yes, certainly, *our Lord served*."—"Do your voices forbid your submitting to the Church militant?"—"They do not forbid it, *our Lord being served first*."[†]

This firmness did not desert her once on the Saturday: but on the next day, the Sunday, Easter Sunday! what must her feelings have been? What must have passed in that poor heart when, the sounds of the universal holyday enlivening the city, Rouen's five hundred bells ringing out with their joyous peals on the air,[‡] and the whole Christian world coming to life with the Saviour, she remained with death!

Summon up our pride as much as we may, philosophers and reasoners as we boast ourselves to be in this present age, but which of us—amidst the agitations of modern bustle and excitement, or, in the voluntary captivity of study, plunged in its toilsome and solitary researches, which of us hears without emotion the sounds of these beautiful Christian festivals, the touching voice of the bells, and, as it were, their mild maternal reproach? . . . Who can see, without envying them, those crowds of believers issuing from the Church, made young again and revived by the divine table? . . . The mind remains firm, but the soul is sad and heavy. . . . He who believes in the future, and whose heart is not the less linked to the past, at such moments lays down the pen, closes the book, and cannot refrain from exclaiming—"Ah! why am I not with them, one of them,

and the simplest, the least of these little children!"

What must have been one's feelings at that time, when the Christian world was still one,* still undivided! What must have been the throes of that young soul which had lived but on faith? . . . Could she who, with all her inner life of visions and revelations, had not the less docilely obeyed the commands of the Church; could she who, till now, had believed herself in her simplicity "a good girl," as she said, a girl altogether submissive to the Church, could she without terror see the Church against her? Alone, when all are united with God, alone excepted from the world's gladness and universal communion, on the day on which the gates of heaven are opened to mankind, alone to be excluded! . . .

And was this exclusion unjust? . . . The Christian's soul is too humble ever to pretend that it has a right to receive its God. . . . After all, what, who was she, to undertake to gainsay these prelates, these doctors? How dared she speak before so many able men, men who had studied? Was there not presumption and damnable pride in an ignorant girl's opposing herself to the learned,—a poor, simple girl, to men in authority? . . . Undoubtedly fears of the kind agitated her mind.

On the other hand, this opposition is not Jeanne's, but that of the saints[†] and angels who have dictated her answers to her, and, up to this time, sustained her. . . . Wherefore, alas! do they come no more in this pressing need of hers? Wherefore do those consoling countenances of the saints appear no more, except in a doubtful light, and growing paler daily? . . . Wherefore is the so long-promised deliverance delayed? . . . Doubtless the prisoner has put these questions to herself over and over again; doubtless, silently, gently, she has over and over again quarrelled with her saints and angels. But angels who do not keep their word, can they be angels of light? . . . Let us hope that this horrible thought did not occur to her mind.

There was one means of escaping: this was, without expressly disavowing, to forbear affirming, and to say, "It seems to me." The lawyers thought it easy for her to pronounce these few simple words;[‡] but in her mind, to use so doubtful an expression was in reality equivalent to ■ denial; it was abjuring her beautiful dream of heavenly friendships, betraying her sweet sisters on high.[§] . . . Better to die. . . . And, indeed, the unfortunate, rejected by the visible, abandoned by the invisible Church, by the world, and by her own heart,

* It is true that this unity was more apparent than real, as I have already had occasion to observe, and shall again.
† (That is, female saints—St. Catherine and St. Margaret; and this must be understood wherever Jeanne's saints are spoken of.)—TRANSLATOR.

‡ This was Lohier's advice. Notices des MSS. iii. 500-1.

§ Sui fratres de Paradiso. Procès MS. de Révision. Evidence of Jean de Metz.

■ "Usque quo oblivisceres me in finem?" (How long wilt thou forget me?) Service for Holy Thursday, Lauds.

† Procès, ed. Buchon. (1827), p. 155.

‡ Compare the statement, given above, as to the deep impression made on her by the sound of bells, p. 134.

was sinking. . . . And the body was following the sinking soul. . . .

It so happened that on that very day she had eaten part of a fish which the charitable bishop of Beauvais had sent her,* and might have imagined herself poisoned. The bishop had an interest in her death ; it would have put an end to this embarrassing trial, would have got the judge out of the scrape : but this was not what the English reckoned upon. The earl of Warwick, in his alarm, said, "The king would not have her by any means die a natural death. The king has bought her dear.† . . . She must die by justice and be burnt. . . . See and cure her."‡

All attention, indeed, was paid her ; she was visited and bled, but was none the better for it, remaining weak and nearly dying. Whether through fear that she should escape so and die without retracting, or that bodily weakness inspired hopes that her mind would be more easily dealt with, her judges made an attempt while she was lying in this state, (April 18.) They visited her in her chamber, and represented to her that she would be in great danger if she did not reconsider, and follow the advice of the Church :—"It seems to me, indeed," she said, "seeing my sickness, that I am in great danger of death. If so, God's will be done ; I should like to confess, receive my Saviour, and be laid in holy ground."—"If you desire the sacraments of the Church, you must do as good Catholics do, and submit yourself to it." She made no reply. But, on the judge's repeating his words, she said :—"If the body die in prison, I hope that you will lay it in holy ground ; if you do not, I appeal to our Lord."

Already, in the course of these examinations, she had expressed one of her last wishes. *Question* :—"You say that you wear man's dress by God's command, and yet, in case you die, you want a woman's shift?"—*Answer* :—"All I want is to have a long one."§ This touching answer was ample proof that, in this extremity, she was much less occupied with care about life than with the fears of modesty.

The doctors preached to their patient for a long time ; and he who had taken on himself the especial care of exhorting her, master

Nicolas Midy, a scholastic of Paris, closed the scene by saying bitterly to her :—"If you don't obey the Church, you will be abandoned for a Saracen."—"I am a good Christian," she replied meekly, "I was properly baptized, and will die like a good Christian."

The slowness of these proceedings drove the English wild with impatience. Winchester had hoped to have been able to bring the trial to an end before the campaign, to have forced a confession from the prisoner, and have dishonored king Charles. This blow struck, he would recover Louviers,* secure Normandy and the Seine, and then repair to Bâle to begin another war—a theological war,—to sit there as arbiter of Christendom, and make and unmake popes.† At the very moment he had these high designs in view, he was compelled to cool his heels, waiting upon what it might please this girl to say.

The unlucky Cauchon happened at this precise juncture to have offended the chapter of Rouen, from which he was soliciting a decision against the Pucelle : he had allowed himself to be addressed beforehand, as "My lord, the archbishop."‡ Winchester determined to disregard the delays of these Normans, and to refer at once to the great theological tribunal, the University of Paris.§

While waiting for the answer, new attempts were made to overcome the resistance of the accused ; and both stratagem and terror were brought into play. In the course of a second admonition, (May 2,) the preacher, master Châtillon, proposed to her to submit the question of the truth of her visions to persons of her own party.|| She did not give in to the snare. "As to this," she said, "I depend on my Judge, the King of heaven and earth." She did not say this time, as before, "On God, and the pope."—"Well, the Church will give you up, and you will be in danger of fire, both soul and body.—You will not do what we tell you, until you suffer body and soul."

They did not stop at vague threats. On the third admonition, which took place in her chamber, (May 11,) the executioner was sent for, and she was told that the torture was ready. . . . But the manœuvre failed. On the contrary, it was found that she had resumed all, and more than all her courage. Raised up after temptation, she seemed to have mounted a step nearer the source of

* "And asked her what she had had to eat ; and she answered, that she had eaten part of a carp sent her by the bishop of Beauvais, and feared it had occasioned her illness ; and Estivet, who was there present, reproved her, telling her that her words were naught, and calling her strumpet, saying, 'Thou strumpet, thou hast eaten shad ! (aloza) and other things which you should not.' And she answered that she had not done so, and many angry words passed between Joanna and Estivet. And he, the witness, . . . heard from some who were there present, that she had vomited and been exceedingly sick." Notices des MSS. iii. 471.

† Rex eam habebat caram, et eam emerat. Ibidem.

‡ (The physicians sent by Warwick "found her in a fever, and told him they must bleed her. 'Beware of that,' the earl replied, 'she is cunning, and may kill herself.'") Turner, History of England, vol. iii. p. 104.)—TRANSLATOR.

§ Procès, ed. Buchon, (1827,) pp. 158, 162.

* "As long as she (the Pucelle) lived, they durst not lay siege to Louviers." Notices des MSS. iii. 473.

† As he had done at the council of Constance. See Endell Tyler's Memoirs of Henry the Fifth, ii. 61.

‡ "The note of hand held by my lord the archbishop. Lebrun, iv. 79, from D'Urfe's MS.

§ The doctors deputed to the university spoke "in the name of the king," in the great assembly held at the Bernardine convent. Bularus, Hist. Univers. Parisiensis, t. v. passim. This celebrated convent, in which were held so many important assemblies of the University, where it passed judgment on popes, &c., is still standing. It is used as a storehouse for oil.

|| The archbishop of Reims, La Trémouille, &c. It was also proposed to her to consult the Church of Poitiers.

grace :—"The angel Gabriel," she said, "has appeared to strengthen me; it was he, my saints have assured me so.* . . . God has been ever my master in what I have done; the devil has never had power over me. . . . Though you should tear off my limbs and pluck my soul from my body, I would say nothing else." The spirit was so visibly manifested in her that her last adversary, Châtillon himself, was touched, and became her defender, declaring that a trial so conducted seemed to him null. Cauchon, beside himself with rage, compelled him to silence.

The reply of the University arrived at last. The decision to which it came on the twelve articles was, that this girl was wholly the devil's, was impious in regard to her parents, thirsted for Christian blood, &c. This was the opinion given by the faculty of theology: that of law was more moderate, declaring her to be deserving of punishment, but with two reservations—1st, in case she persisted in her non-submission; 2d, if she were in her right senses.

At the same time, the University wrote to the popes, to the cardinals, and to the king of England, lauding the bishop of Beauvais, and setting forth, "that there seemed to it to have been great gravity observed, and a holy and just way of proceeding, which ought to be most satisfactory to all."

Armed with this response, some of the assessors were for burning her without further delay; which would have been sufficient satisfaction for the doctors, whose authority she rejected, but not for the English, who required a retraction that should damn (*infamât*) king Charles. They had recourse to a new admonition and a new preacher, master Pierre Morice, which was attended by no better result. It was in vain that he dwelt upon the authority of the University of Paris, "which is the light of all science:"—"Though I should see the executioner and the fire there," she exclaimed, "though I were in the fire, I could only say what I have said."

It was by this time the 23d of May, the day after Pentecost; Winchester could remain no longer at Rouen, and it behooved to make an end of the business. Therefore, it was resolved to get up a great and terrible public scene, which should either terrify the recusant into submission, or, at the least, blind the people. Loyseleur, Châtillon, and Morice, were sent to visit her the evening before, to promise her that if she would submit and quit her man's dress, she should be delivered out of the hands of the English, and placed in those of the Church.

This fearful farce was enacted in the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, behind the beautifully se-

vere monastic church so called; and which had by that day assumed its present appearance. On a scaffolding raised for the purpose sat cardinal Winchester, the two judges, and thirty-three assessors, of whom many had their scribes seated at their feet. On another scaffold, in the midst of *huissiers* and tortures, was Jeanne, in male attire, and also notaries to take down her confessions, and a preacher to admonish her; and, at its foot, among the crowd, was remarked a strange auditor, the executioner upon his cart, ready to bear her off as soon as she should be adjudged his.*

The preacher on this day, a famous doctor, Guillaume Erard, conceived himself bound, on so fine an opportunity, to give the reins to his eloquence; and by his zeal he spoiled all. "O, noble house of France," he exclaimed, "which wast ever wont to be protectress of the faith, how hast thou been abused to ally thyself with a heretic and schismatic. . . ." So far the accused had listened patiently, but when the preacher, turning towards her, said to her, raising his finger, "It is to thee, Jehanne, that I address myself, and I tell thee that thy king is a heretic and schismatic," the admirable girl, forgetting all her danger, burst forth with, "On my faith, sir, with all due respect, I undertake to tell you, and to swear, on pain of my life, that he is the noblest Christian of all Christians, the sincerest lover of the faith and of the Church, and not what you call him."—"Silence her," called out Cauchon.

Thus all these efforts, pains, and expense, had been thrown away. The accused stuck to what she had said. All they could obtain from her, was her consent to submit herself to *the pope*. Cauchon replied, "The pope is too far off." He then began to read the sentence of condemnation, which had been drawn up beforehand, and in which, among other things, it was stated :—"And furthermore, you have obstinately persisted in refusing to submit yourself to *the Holy Father* and to the Council," &c. Meanwhile, Loyseleur and Erard conjured her to have pity on herself; on which the bishop, catching at a shadow of hope, discontinued his reading. This drove the English mad; and one of Winchester's secretaries told Cauchon it was clear that he favored the girl—a charge repeated by the cardinal's chaplain. "Thou art a liar,"† exclaimed the bishop: "And thou," was the retort, "art a traitor to the king." These grave personages seemed to be on the point of going to cuffs on the judgment-seat.

Erard, not discouraged, threatened, prayed. One while he said, "Jehanne, we pity you

* See the depositions of the notary, Manchon, of the bailiff (*huissier*) Massieu, &c. Notices des MSS. M. 502, 505, and *passim*.

† "He lied, because since he was judge in a matter of faith, he ought to seek her salvation rather than her death." Ibidem, 485. Cauchon, if he would have said all, should have added that her retraction was much more important to the interests of the English than her death.

* "The angel Gabriel appeared to me, to strengthen me, on the 3d of May." Third Admonition, (May 11.) Lebrun, v. 90, from the engrossed copy in Latin of the process.

so. . . .!" and another, "Abjure, or be burnt!" All present evinced an interest in the matter, down even to a worthy catchpole, (*huissier*), who, touched with compassion, besought her to give way, assuring her that she should be taken out of the hands of the English and placed in those of the Church. "Well, then," she said, "I will sign." On this, Cauchon, turning to the cardinal, respectfully inquired what was to be done next.* "Admit her to do penance," replied the ecclesiastical prince.

Winchester's secretary drew out of his sleeve† a brief revocation, only six lines long, (that which was given to the world took up six pages,) and put a pen in her hand, but she could not sign. She smiled, and drew a circle: the secretary took her hand, and guided it to make a cross.

The sentence of grace was a most severe one:—"Jehanne, we condemn you, out of our grace and moderation, to pass the rest of your days in prison, on the bread of grief and water of anguish, and so to mourn your sins."

She was admitted by the ecclesiastical judge to do penance, no doubt, nowhere save in the prisons of the church.‡ The ecclesiastic *in pace*, however severe it might be, would at the least withdraw her from the hands of the English, place her under shelter from their insults, save her honor. Judge of her surprise and despair when the bishop coldly said: "Take her back whence you brought her."

Nothing was done; deceived on this wise, she could not fail to retract her retraction. Yet, though she had abided by it, the English, in their fury, would not have allowed her so to escape. They had come to Saint-Ouen in the hope of at last burning the sorceress, had waited panting and breathless to this end; and now they were to be dismissed on this fashion, paid with a slip of parchment, a signature, a grimace. . . . At the very moment the bishop discontinued reading the sentence of condemnation, stones flew upon the scaffolding without any respect for the cardinal. . . . The doctors were in peril of their lives as they came down from their seats into the public place; swords were in all directions pointed at their throats. The more moderate among the English confined themselves to insulting lan-

guage:—"Priests, you are not earning the king's money." The doctors, making off in all haste, said tremblingly:—"Do not be uneasy, we shall soon have her again."*

And it was not the soldiery alone, not the English *mob*, always so ferocious, which displayed this thirst for blood. The better born, the great, the lords, were no less sanguinary. The king's man, his tutor, the earl of Warwick, said like the soldiers:—"The king's business goes on badly:† the girl will not be burnt."

According to English notions, Warwick was the mirror of worthiness, the accomplished Englishman, the perfect gentleman.‡ Brave and devout, like his master, Henry V., and the zealous champion of the *established Church*, he had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as well as many other chivalrous expeditions, not failing to give tournaments on his route: one of the most brilliant and celebrated of which took place at the gates of Calais, where he defied the whole chivalry of France. This tourney was long remembered; and the bravery and magnificence of this Warwick served not a little to prepare the way for the famous Warwick, the *king-maker*.

With all his chivalry, Warwick was not the less savagely eager for the death of a woman, and one who was, too, a prisoner of war. The best, and the most looked up to of the English, was as little deterred by honorable scruples as the rest of his countrymen, from putting to death on the award of priests and by fire, her who had humbled them by the sword.

This great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice, is pride: a cruel disease, but which is nevertheless the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme; they are great sufferers from it, and again, make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, *disappointment* and *mortification*, are peculiar to the English language.§

* *Inquisivit à cardinali Angliæ quid agere deberet. Ibidem.* 484.

† *A manicâ suâ. Ibidem.* 486.

‡ See in the *Processus Contra Templarios*, the earnestness with which the defenders of the Temple demand "to be placed in the hands of the Church," (ut ponantur in manu Ecclesiæ.) However, there was this against the church prisons, that one was almost sure to be kept long lingering there. We find in 1384 a murderer, who was disputed by the two jurisdictions of the bishop and provost of Paris, claim the provost's, and to be hung by the king's officers in preference to the bishop's, as, in the latter case, he would have "to endure a long and severe penance, with all manner of mortifications, previously to death," (*Flere dies suos, et penitentiam, cum penuriis multimodis, agere, temporis longo tractu.*) *Archives du Royaume, Registres du Parlement*, 1384.

* *Non curetis, bene rehabebimus eam. Notices des MSS.* iii. 486.

† *Quod rex male stabat. Ibidem.*

‡ "A true pattern of the knightly spirit, taste, accomplishments, and adventures," &c. He was one of the ambassadors sent to the council of Constance by Henry V., was challenged there by a duke, and slew him in a duel. Turner gives from a manuscript the description of the pompous tourney held by him at Calais. Turner, vol. ii. p. 306, ed. in 8vo.

§ We have borrowed these words from them. The word *mortification*, it is true, was common in the parlance of asceticism, and was used to signify the voluntary penance undergone by the sinner to tame the flesh and propitiate God: but its truly English use, in my opinion, is the having applied it to the very involuntary sufferings of vanity, the having transferred it from the worship of God to that of the human I.

This self-adoration, this internal worship of the creature for its own sake, is the sin by which Satan fell, the height of impiety. This is the reason that with so many of the virtues of humanity, with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, no nation is further off from grace. They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the *Imitation of Jesus*.* a Frenchman might write it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakspeare† to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and sombre literature is sceptical, Judaical, satanic, in a word, antichristian. "As regards law," as a legist well says, "the English are Jews, the French Christians."‡ A theologian might express himself in the same manner, as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. "Christ," said one of them, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain."

The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she had wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part—in the simple but deep esteem they have for themselves. At Orléans, the invincible men-at-arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fled before a girl. . . . This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. . . . They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear of her still . . . though, seemingly, not of her, but of the Devil, whose agent she was. At least, they endeavored both to believe, and to have it believed so.

But there was an obstacle in the way of this, for she was said to be a virgin; and it was a notorious and well-ascertained fact, that the devil could not make a compact with a virgin. The coolest head among the English, Bedford, the regent, resolved to have the point cleared up; and his wife, the duchess, intrusted the matter to some matrons, who declared Jehanne to be

■ maid :* a favorable declaration which turned against her, by giving rise to another superstitious notion; to wit, that her virginity constituted her strength, her power, and that to deprive her of it was to disarm her, was to break the charm, and lower her to the level of other women.

The poor girl's only defence against such a danger had been wearing male attire; though, strange to say, no one had ever seemed able to understand her motive for wearing it. All, both friends and enemies, were scandalized by it. At the outset, she had been obliged to explain her reasons to the women of Poitiers; and when made prisoner, and under the care of the ladies of Luxembourg, those excellent persons; rayed her to clothe herself as honest girls were wont to do. Above all, the English ladies, who have always made a parade of chastity and modesty, must have considered her so disguising herself monstrous, and insufferably indecent. The duchess of Bedford† sent her female attire; but by whom? by a man, a tailor.‡ The fellow, with impudent familiarity, was about to pass it over her head, and, when she pushed him away, laid his unmannerly hand upon her; his tailor's hand on that hand which had borne the flag of France—she boxed his ear.

If women could not understand this feminine question, how much less could priests! . . . They quoted the text of a council held in the fourth century,§ which anathematized such changes of dress; not seeing that the prohibition specially applied to a period when manners had been barely retrieved from pagan impurities. The doctors belonging to the party of Charles VII., the apologists of the Pucelle, find exceeding difficulty in justifying her on this head. One of them (thought to be Gerson) makes the gratuitous supposition that the moment she dismounted from her horse, she was in the habit of resuming woman's apparel; confessing that Esther and Judith had had recourse

* Must it be said that the duke of Bedford, so generally esteemed as an honorable and well-regulated man, "saw what took place on this occasion, concealed," (erat in quodam loco secreto ubi videbat Joannam visitari.) Notices des MSS. iii. 372.

† She was a sister of the duke of Burgundy, but had adopted the English customs. The Bourgeois de Paris describes her as always galloping after her husband. . . . "He and his wife, who followed him wherever he went," (Luy et sa femme, qui partout où il alloit, le suivait.) Journal de Bourgeois, ann. 1428, p. 379, éd. 1827.—"And at this moment the regent and his wife were passing through the Porte Saint-Martin, and met the procession, which they treated very disparagingly, for they spurred on, and the procession could not fall back; and the people were all bespattered with the mud which their horses kicked up before and behind." Ibidem, ann. 1427, p. 362.

‡ Cuidam Joanny Symon, sutori tunicarum. . . . Cum induere vellet, eam accepit dulciter per manum . . . tradidit unam alapam. Notices des MSS. iii. 372. Apparently, the great ladies of the day had their clothes made by tailors. (To wit, the humorous scenes with the tailor in the *Taming of the Shrew*.)—TRANSLATOR.

§ Εἰ τις γυνὴ διὰ νομιζομένην ἀσκησιν μεταβάλλοιτο ἀμφίαμα, καὶ αὐτὴ τοῦ ἐλωθότος γυναικίον ἀμφιάματος ἀνδρείον ἀναδύσθαι, ἀνάθεμα ἔστω. Concil. Gangrense, circa ann. 324, tit. xiii. ap. Concil. Labbe, ii. 420.

■ See, above, the first chapter of the present book.

† As far as I recollect the name of God does not occur in Shakspeare, or, if it does, it is rarely, and by chance, and unaccompanied by the shadow of a religious sentiment. Milton's true hero is Satan. As for Byron, he does not seem to have cared to reject the title of the leader of the Satanic school given him by his enemies. The poor great man, so cruelly tortured by pride, would, apparently, not have been sorry to pass for the devil in person. See my Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle, as regards this character of English literature.

‡ This profound saying, the fulness of whose meaning has not been felt, not even, perhaps, by its utterer, is d'Houard's. See the Preface to the Ancient Laws of the French, preserved in Littleton's English Customs, &c. I shall have occasion to advert to it again.

to more natural and feminine means for their triumphs over the enemies of God's people.* Entirely pre-occupied with the soul, these theologians seem to have held the body cheap; provided the letter, the written law, be followed, the soul will be saved; the flesh may take its chance. . . . A poor and simple girl may be pardoned her inability to distinguish so clearly.

It is our hard condition here below, that soul and body are so closely bound one with the other, that the soul takes the flesh along with it, undergoes the same hazards, and is answerable for it. . . . This has ever been a heavy fatality; but how much more so does it become under a religious law, which ordains the endurance of insult, and which does not allow imperilled honor to escape by flinging away the body, and taking refuge in the world of spirits!

On the Friday and the Saturday, the unfortunate prisoner, despoiled of her man's dress, had much to fear. Brutality, furious hatred, vengeance, might severally incite the cowards to degrade her before she perished, to sully what they were about to burn. . . . Besides, they might be tempted to varnish their infamy by a *reason of state*, according to the notions of the day—by depriving her of her virginity, they would undoubtedly destroy that secret power of which the English entertained such great dread, who, perhaps, might recover their courage when they knew that, after all, she was but a woman. According to her confessor, to whom she divulged the fact, an Englishman, not a common soldier, but a *gentleman*, a lord—patriotically devoted himself to this execution, bravely undertook to violate a girl laden with fetters, and, being unable to effect his wishes, rained blows upon her.†

"On the Sunday morning, Trinity Sunday, when it was time for her to rise, (as she told him who speaks,)‡ she said to her English guards, 'Leave me, that I may get up.' One of them took off her woman's dress, emptied the bag in which was the man's apparel, and said to her, 'Get up.'—'Gentlemen,' she said, 'you know that dress is forbidden me; excuse me, I will not put it on.' The point was contested till noon; when, being compelled to go out for some bodily want, she put it on. When

she came back, they would give her no other despite her entreaties."§

In reality, it was not to the interest of the English that she should resume her man's dress, and so make null and void a retraction obtained with such difficulty. But at this moment, their rage no longer knew any bounds. Saintrailles had just made a bold attempt upon Rouen.† It would have been a lucky hit to have swept off the judges from the judgment-seat, and have carried Winchester and Bedford to Poitiers; the latter was, subsequently, all but taken on his return, between Rouen and Paris. As long as this accursed girl lived, who, beyond a doubt, continued in prison to practise her sorceries, there was no safety for the English: perish, she must.

The assessors, who had notice instantly given them of her change of dress, found some hundred English in the court to bar their passage; who, thinking that if these doctors entered, they might spoil all, threatened them with their axes and swords, and chased them out, calling them *traitors of Armagnacs*. Cauchon, introduced with much difficulty, assumed an air of gayety to pay his court to Warwick, and said with a laugh, "She is caught."‡

On the Monday, he returned along with the inquisitor and eight assessors, to question the Pucelle, and ask her why she had resumed that dress. She made no excuse, but bravely facing the danger, said that the dress was fitter for her as long as she was guarded by men, and that faith had not been kept with her. Her saints, too, had told her, "that it was great pity she had abjured to save her life." Still, she did not refuse to resume woman's dress. "Put me in a seemly and safe prison,"§ she said, "I will be good, and do whatever the Church shall wish."

On leaving her, the bishop encountered Warwick and a crowd of English; and to show himself a good Englishman, he said in their tongue, "Farewell, farewell." This joyous adieu was about synonymous with "Good evening, good evening, all's over."||

On the Tuesday, the judges got up at the archbishop's palace a court of assessors as they best might; some of them had assisted at the first sittings only, others at none: in fact, com-

* Licet ornarent se cultu solemniori, ut gratius placerent his cum quibus agere conceperunt. (Though they decked themselves out with greater care, to be more pleasing to those with whom they were minded to have to do.) Gerson. Opera, ed. Du Pin, 859.

† The simple maid confessed to him that . . . she had been grievously tormented in prison, molested, beaten, and disordered, and that an English lord (un milour d'Angleterre) had forced her. Notices des MSS. iii. 497, from the Soubise MS.—Nevertheless, the same witness says in his second deposition, drawn up in Latin, *Eam temptavit vi opprimere*, (he attempted to force her.) Lebrun, iv. 169.—What makes it probable that the attempt was not consummated is, that in her last lamentations the Pucelle exclaimed . . . "Must my body, pure as from birth, (net en entier,) and which was never contaminated, be consumed and reduced to ashes?" Notices des MSS. iii. 493.

‡ Evidence of the constable, Massieu, who attended her to the stake. Ibid. 506.

* Is it not surprising to find Lingard and Turner suppressing these essential circumstances, and concealing the true cause of the Pucelle's resuming male attire? In this, both the Catholic and the Protestant historian sink into the mere Englishman.

† Could he have been dispatched by Charles VII. to attempt the Pucelle's deliverance? There is no proof of this. He thought that he had hit on a means of doing without her, for Saintrailles marched under the guidance of a little Gascon shepherd. The enterprise failed, and the shepherd was taken. Alain Chartier, Chroniques du roi Charles VII. and Jean Chartier, May, 1431, ed. Godefroy, p. 47, Journal du Bourgeois, p. 427, ed. 1827.

‡ Deposition of the notary, Manchon. Notices des MSS. iii. 502.

§ In loco tuto. The Procès-Verbal substitutes the words Carcer Graciously. Lebrun, iv. 167.

|| "Faronnelle, faites bonne chière, il en est fait." Deposition of Isambart. Notices des MSS. iii. 495.

posed of men of all sorts, priests, legists, and even three physicians. The judges recapitulated to them what had taken place, and asked their opinion. This opinion, quite different from what was expected, was that the prisoner should be summoned, and her act of abjuration be read over to her. Whether this was in the power of the judges is doubtful. In the midst of the fury and swords of a raging soldiery, there was in reality no judge, and no possibility of judgment. Blood was the one thing wanted; and that of the judges was, perhaps, not far from flowing. They hastily drew up a summons, to be served the next morning at eight o'clock: she was not to appear, save to be burnt.

Cauchon sent her a confessor in the morning, brother Martin l'Advenu, "to prepare her for her death, and persuade her to repentance. . . . And when he apprized her of the death she was to die that day, she began to cry out grievously, to give way, and tear her hair:— 'Alas! am I to be treated so horribly and cruelly, must my body, pure as from birth, and which was never contaminated, be this day consumed and reduced to ashes! Ha! ha! I would rather be beheaded seven times over than be burnt on this wise. . . . Oh! I make my appeal to God, the great judge of the wrongs and grievances done me!'"*

After this burst of grief, she recovered herself and confessed! she then asked to communicate. The brother was embarrassed; but consulting the bishop, the latter told him to administer the sacrament, "and whatever else she might ask." Thus, at the very moment he condemned her as a relapsed heretic, and cut her off from the Church, he gave her all that the Church gives to her faithful. Perhaps a last sentiment of humanity awoke in the heart of the wicked judge: he considered it enough to burn the poor creature, without driving her to despair, and damning her. Perhaps, also, the wicked priest, through freethinking levity, allowed her to receive the sacraments as a thing of no consequence, which, after all, might serve to calm and silence the sufferer. . . . Besides, it was attempted to do it privately, and the eucharist was brought without stole and light. But the monk complained; and the Church of Rouen, duly warned, was delighted to show what it thought of the judgment pronounced by Cauchon; it sent along with the body of Christ numerous torches and a large escort of priests, who sang litanies, and, as they passed through the streets, told the kneeling people, "Pray for her."†

* The text is, "Hélas! me traite-t-on ainsi horriblement et cruellement, qu'il faille que mon corps, net en entier, qui ne fut jamais corrompu, soit aujourd'hui consumé et rendu en cendres! Ha! ha! j'aimerois mieux être décapitée sept fois que d'être ainsi brûlée! . . . Oh! j'en appelle à Dieu, le grand juge des torts et ingravesances qu'on me fait." Deposition of Jean Toutmouillé. Ibidem, 493.

† Deposition of brother Jean de Levozoles. Lebrun, iv. 183.

After partaking of the communion, which she received with abundance of tears, she perceived the bishop, and addressed him with the words, "Bishop, I die through you" And, again, "Had you put me in the prisons of the Church, and given me ghostly keepers, this would not have happened And for this, I summon you to answer before God!"*

Then, seeing among the bystanders Pierre Morice, one of the preachers by whom she had been addressed, she said to him, "Ah, master Pierre, where shall I be this evening?"—"Have you not good hope in the Lord?"—"Oh! yes, God to aid, I shall be in Paradise."†

It was nine o'clock: she was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was brother Martin l'Advenu; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. The Augustine monk, brother Isambart, who had already displayed such charity and courage, would not quit her. It is stated that the wretched Loyseleur also ascended the cart, to ask her pardon: but for the earl of Warwick, the English would have killed him.‡

Up to this moment the Pucelle had never despaired, with the exception, perhaps, of her temptation in the Passion week. While saying, as she at times would say, "These English will kill me," she, in reality, did not think so. She did not imagine that she could ever be deserted. She had faith in her king, in the good people of France. She had said expressly, "There will be some disturbance either in prison or at the trial, by which I shall be delivered . . . greatly, victoriously delivered."§ But though king and people deserted her, she had another source of aid, and a far more powerful and certain one, from her friends above, her kind and dear saints When she was assaulting Saint-Pierre, and deserted by her followers, her saints sent an invisible army to her aid. How could they abandon their obedient girl; they who had so often promised her *safety and deliverance*

What then must her thoughts have been, when she saw that she must die; when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling

* Deposition of Jean Toutmouillé. Notices des MSS. iii. 494.

† "Ah! maître Pierre, où serai-je ce soir?"—"N'avez-vous pas bonne espérance au Seigneur?"—"Oh! oui, Dieu aidant, je serai en Paradis!"

‡ This, however, is only a *rumor*, (Audivit dici, . . .) a dramatic incident, with which popular tradition has, perhaps, gratuitously adorned the tale. Ibid. 488.

§ "Il y aura en prison ou au jugement quelque trouble, par quoi je serai délivrée . . . délivrée à grande victoire!" . . . Procès Français, ed. Buchon, 1827, p. 79, iii.—The report drawn up in Latin (dates, February 27 and March 17) states as follows: "An suum consilium dixerit sibi quod erit liberata à presenti carcere?" Respondet: "Loquimini mecum *infra tres menses*. . . . Oportebit semel quod ego sim liberata."—Dominus noster non permittet eam venire ita basse quin habeat succursum à Deo bene cito et *per miraculum*." ("Has her counsellor told her that she shall be freed from her present prison?" Answer, "Ask me these *three months hence* I must be set free once for all." . . . —Our Lord will not allow her to sink so low, without *speedy and miraculous* succor from God.) Procès, Latin MS 1431.

crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance. She wept and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints . . . She was only heard to utter, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market-place, the fish-market. Three scaffolds had been raised: on one, was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of his prelates; on another, were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one: apart, was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood—nothing had been grudged the stake, which struck terror by its height alone. This was not only to add to the solemnity of the execution, but was done with the intent that from the height to which it was reared, the executioner might not get at it save at the base, and that to light it only, so that he would be unable to cut short the torments and relieve the sufferer, as he did with others, sparing them the flames.* On this occasion, the important point was that justice should not be defrauded of her due, or a dead body be committed to the flames; they desired that she should be really burnt alive, and that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and commanding the circle of lances and of swords, she might be seen from every part of the market-place. There was reason to suppose that being slowly, tediously burnt before the eyes of a curious crowd, she might at last be surprised into some weakness, that something might escape her which could be set down as a 'savowal, at the least some confused words which might be interpreted at pleasure, perhaps, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, such as proceed from a woman in despair. . . .

A chronicler, friendly to the English, brings a heavy charge against them at this moment. According to him, they wanted her gown to be burnt first, so that she might remain naked, "in order to remove all the doubts of the people;" that the fagots should then be removed so that all might draw nigh to see her, "and all the secrets which can or should be in a woman:" and that after this immodest, ferocious exhibition, "the executioners should replace the great fire on her poor carrion. . . ."

The frightful ceremony began with a sermon. Master Nicolas Midy, one of the lights

of the university of Paris, preached upon the edifying text:—"When one limb of the Church is sick, the whole Church is sick." This poor Church could only be cured by cutting off a limb. He wound up with the formula:—"Jeanne, go in peace, the Church can no longer defend thee."

The ecclesiastical judge, the bishop of Beauvais, then benignly exhorted her to take care of her soul and to recall all her misdeeds, in order that she might awaken to true repentance. The assessors had ruled that it was the law to read over her abjuration to her; the bishop did nothing of the sort. He feared her denials, her disclaimers. But the poor girl had no thought of so chicaning away life: her mind was fixed on far other subjects. Even before she was exhorted to repentance, she had knelt down and invoked God, the Virgin, St. Michael and St. Catherine, pardoning all and asking pardon, saying to the bystanders, "Pray for me!" . . . In particular, she besought the priests to say each a mass for her soul. . . . And all this, so devoutly, humbly, and touchingly, that sympathy becoming contagious, no one could any longer contain himself; the bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest.*

Might it be in this moment of universal tenderness, of tears, of contagious weakness, that the unhappy girl, softened, and relapsing into the mere woman, confessed that she saw clearly she had erred, and that, apparently, she had been deceived when promised deliverance. This is a point on which we cannot implicitly rely on the interested testimony of the English.† Nevertheless, it would betray scant knowledge of human nature to doubt, with her hopes so frustrated, her having wavered in her faith. . . . Whether she confessed to this effect in words is uncertain; but I will confidently affirm that she owned it in thought.

Meanwhile the judges, for a moment put out of countenance, had recovered their usual bearing, and the bishop of Beauvais, drying his eyes, began to read the act of condemnation. He reminded the guilty one of all her crimes, of her schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, how she had been admitted to repentance, and how, "Seduced by the prince of lies, she had fallen, O grief! like the dog which returns to his vomit. . . . Therefore, we pronounce you to be a rotten limb, and, as such, to be lopped off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the

* "For which he was exceeding sorry, and full of pity." . . . This and most of the details that follow are taken from the depositions of the eye-witnesses, Martin l'Advenu, Isambart, Toutinville, Manchon, Beupère, Massieu, &c. See Notices des MSS. iii. 489, 508.

† The text is, "Ils voulaient, si l'on en croit, que la robe étant brûlée d'abord, la patiente restât nue, pour ôter les doutes du peuple: que le feu étant éloigné, chacun vint la voir, et tous les secrets qui peuvent ou doivent estre en une femme;" et qu'après cette impudique et féroce exhibition, le bourrel remist le grant feu sur sa povre charogne." Journal du Bourgeois, éd. 1827, p. 424.

* Episcopus Belvacensis flevit. . . . "The English cardinal and several other Englishmen could not help weeping." Notices des MSS. iii. 480, 496.

† The statement drawn up of her pretended retractations bears neither the signature of the witnesses before whom they must have been made, nor of the *greffiers* who noted down the proceedings of her trial.—Three of these witnesses who were interrogated at a later period, make no allusion to the circumstance, and seem utterly ignorant of it. L'Averdy, Ibidem, 130, 448.

same time to relax its sentence, and to spare you death, and the mutilation of your members."

Deserted thus by the Church, she put her whole trust in God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman handed her a cross which he made out of a stick; she took it, rudely fashioned as it was, with not less devotion, kissed it, and placed it under her garments, next to her skin. . . . But what she desired was the crucifix belonging to the Church, to have it before her eyes till she breathed her last. The good *huissier*, Massieu, and brother Isambart, interfered with such effect, that it was brought her from St. Sauveur's. While she was embracing this crucifix, and brother Isambart was encouraging her, the English began to think all this exceedingly tedious; it was now noon, at least; the soldiers grumbled, and the captains called out, "What's this, priest; do you mean us to dine here?" . . . Then, losing patience, and without waiting for the order from the bailli, who alone had authority to dismiss her to death, they sent two constables to take her out of the hands of the priests. She was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men-at-arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, "Do thy office. . . ." The fury of the soldiery filled all present with horror; and many there, even of the judges, fled the spot that they might see no more.

When she found herself brought down to the market-place, surrounded by English, laying rude hands on her, nature asserted her rights, and the flesh was troubled. Again she cried out, "O Rouen, thou art then to be my last abode! . . ." She said no more, and, in this hour of fear and trouble, *did not sin with her lips*.*

She accused neither her king, nor her holy ones. But when she set foot on the top of the pile, on viewing this great city, this motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!"† She who had saved the people, and whom that people deserted, gave voice to no other sentiment when dying, (admirable sweetness of soul!) than that of compassion for it.

She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitred with a mitre on which was read—"Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater. . . ." And then the executioner set fire to the pile. . . . She saw this from above and uttered a cry. . . . Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending.

The proof that up to this period she had made no express recantation is, that the unhappy Cauchon was obliged (no doubt by the high Satanic will which presided over the

whole) to proceed to the foot of the pile, obliged to face his victim to endeavor to extract some admission from her. All that he obtained was a few words, enough to rack his soul. She said to him mildly, what she had already said—"Bishop, I die through you. . . . If you had put me into the church prisons, this would not have happened."* No doubt hopes had been entertained that on finding herself abandoned by her king, she would at last accuse and defame him. To the last, she defended him: "Whether I have done well or ill, my king is faultless; it was not he who counselled me."†

Meanwhile, the flames rose. . . . When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy water—this must have been the cry of fear. . . . But soon recovering, she called only on God, on her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them:—"Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me."‡ The fact that all her doubts vanished at this trying moment, must be taken as a proof that she accepted death as the promised *deliverance*, that she no longer understood her *salvation* in the Judaic and material sense, as until now she had done, that at length she saw clearly; and that rising above all shadows, her gifts of illumination and of sanctity were at the final hour made perfect unto her.

The great testimony she thus bore is attested by the sworn and compelled witness of her death, by the Dominican who mounted the pile with her, whom she forced to descend, but who spoke to her from its foot, listened to her, and held out to her the crucifix.

There is yet another witness of this sainted death, a most grave witness, who must himself have been a saint. This witness, whose name history ought to preserve, was the Augustine monk already mentioned, brother Isambart de la Pierre. During the trial, he had hazarded his life by counselling the Pucelle, and yet, though so clearly pointed out to the hate of the English, he persisted in accompanying her in the cart, procured the parish crucifix for her, and comforted her in the midst of the raging multitude, both on the scaffold where she was interrogated, and at the stake.

Twenty years afterwards, the two venerable friars, simple monks, vowed to poverty, and having nothing to hope or fear in this world, bear witness to the scene we have just described: "We heard her," they say, "in the midst of the flames invoke her saints, her archangel; several times she called on her Saviour. . . . At the last, as her head sunk on her bosom, she shrieked, 'Jesus!'"§

* "Evêque, je meurs par vous. . . . Si vous m'aviez mise aux prisons d'église, ceci ne fût pas advenu."

† "Que j'aie bien fait, que j'aie mal fait, mon Roi n'y est pour rien; ce n'est pas lui qui m'a conseillé."

‡ Quod voces quas habuerat, erant à Deo. . . . nec credebatur per easdem voces fuisse deceptam. *Notices des MSS.* iii. 489.

§ "Nous l'entendions, disent-ils, dans le feu, invoquer

* Job, c. ii. v. 10.

† "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, j'ai grand' peur que tu n'aies à souffrir de ma mort!"

"Ten thousand men wept" A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it, she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair, "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaid in the evening to brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself; but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint!"

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live, uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, Jeanne Darc was a saint.

Where find a finer legend than this true history? * Still, let us beware of converting it into a legend; † let us piously preserve its every trait, even such as are most akin to human nature, and respect its terrible and touching reality. . . .

Let the spirit of romance profane it by its touch, if it dare; poetry will ever abstain. ‡

■ Saintes, son archange; elle répétait le nom du Sauveur Enfin, laissant tomber sa tête, elle poussa un grand cri: 'Jésus!'

* With respect to the authenticity of the documents, the value of the different manuscripts, &c., see M. de L'Averdy's work, and, in particular, that of the young and learned M. Jules Quicherat; to whom we shall be indebted for the first complete edition of the Procès de la Pucelle, (The Trial of the Pucelle.)

† The draught is traced to hand, presenting the formula of heroic life:—1. The forest, the revelation; 2. Orléans, action; 3. Reims, the honoring; 4. Paris and Compiegne, the tribulation, the betrayal; 5. Rouen, the passion.—But nothing more falsifies history than seeking in its facts for perfect and absolute types. However great the historian's emotion in writing this Gospel, he has attached himself to the real, without once yielding to the temptation of idealizing.

‡ I do not dignify by the name of poetry the poem penned by Antonio Astezano, (secretary to the duke of Orléans, MS. de Grenoble, 1435.) nor Chapelain's. Nevertheless the latter, ■ M. Girardin Saint-Marc well observes, (Revue des Deux Mondes, Septembre, 1836.) has been too severely criticised. His preface, which has been so much laughed at, proves a profound acquaintance with the theology of the subject.—Shakespeare is utterly in the dark, betraying the national prejudice in all its brutality.—Voltaire, in the lamentable ribaldry so well known, had no real intention of dishonoring Jeanne Darc. In his serious writings he renders her the most marked homage:—"This heroine . . . gave her judge an answer worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance. . . . They burnt her, who, for saving her king would have had altars in the heroic times, when men raised them in honor of their liberators." Voltaire, *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, chap. 80.—The Germans have adopted our saint, and have paid fonder devotion to her memory than even ourselves. Not to mention Schiller's Joan of Arc, we cannot but be touched with the pilgrimage M. Guido Goerres has made through all the libraries of Europe, and all the cities of France to collect manuscripts, traditions, and down to the least details, illustrative of so glorious a tale! This chivalrous devotion of a German to the memory of a French saint, does honor to Germany, to humanity. Germany and France are two sisters. May they ever be so! (October, 1840.)

For what could it add? The idea which, throughout the middle age, it had pursued from legend to legend, was found at the last to be a living being—the dream was a reality. The Virgin, succorer in battle, invoked by knights, and looked for from above, was here below and in whom? Here is the marvel. In what was despised, in what was lowliest of all, in a child, in a simple country girl, one of the poor, of the people of France.* . . . For there was a people, there was a France. This last impersonation of the past was also the first of the period that was commencing. In her there at once appeared the Virgin and, already, country.

Such is the poetry of this grand fact, such its philosophy, its lofty truth. But the historic reality is not the less certain; it was but too positive, and too cruelly verified This living enigma, this mysterious creature, whom all concluded to be supernatural, this angel or demon, who, according to some, was to fly away some morning, † was found to be a woman, a young girl; was found to be without wings, and linked as we ourselves to a mortal body, was to suffer, to die—and how frightful a death!

But it is precisely in this apparently degrading reality, in this sad trial of nature, that the ideal is discoverable, and shines brightly. Her contemporaries recognised in the scene Christ among the Pharisees. ‡ . . . Still we must see in it something else—the Passion of the Virgin, the martyrdom of purity.

There have been many martyrs: history shows us numberless ones, more or less pure, more or less glorious. Pride has had its martyrs; so have hate and the spirit of controversy. No age has been without martyrs militant, who no doubt died with a good grace when they could no longer kill. . . . Such fanatics are irrelevant to our subject. The sainted girl is not of them; she had a sign of her own—goodness, charity, sweetness of soul.

She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The first Christians remained gentle and pure only by shunning action, by sparing themselves the strug-

* The popular reality seems to me to have been most happily reconciled in the work of a young girl, whose untimely fate must ever be deplored! . . . Her revelation was that unique time—the Three Days. Artist and statue, both, were the offspring of 1830.

(The reader will hardly need to be reminded that the allusion is to the Princess Marie, Louis-Philippe's youngest daughter, who died of consumption at the age of 26, and whose statue of the Maid of Orléans has been made popular by those great disseminators of a taste for art—the Italian image boys.)—TRANSLATOR.

† When she was entering Troyes, the priests threw holy water upon her, to ascertain whether she were a real being, or an airy vision of the devil's. She smiled and said, "Approach boldly, I shall not fly away." Examination, March 3, 1430.

‡ The bishop of Beauvais . . . "and his company showed themselves no less eager to compass the death of the Pucelle, than Caiaphas and Annas, and the Scribes and the Pharisees, to compass that of our Lord." *Chronique de la Pucelle*, ed. 1827, p. 40.

gles and the trials of the world. Jehanne was gentle in the roughest struggle, good amongst the bad, pacific in war itself; she bore into war (that triumph of the devil's) the spirit of God.

She took up arms, when she knew "the pity for the kingdom of France." She could not bear to see "French blood flow." This tenderness of heart she showed towards all men. After a victory she would weep, and would attend to the wounded English.

Purity, sweetness, heroic goodness—that this supreme beauty of the soul should have centred in a daughter of France, may surprise foreigners who choose to judge of our nation by the levity of its manners alone. We may tell them (and without partiality, as we speak of circumstances so long since past) that under this levity, and in the midst of its follies and its very vices, old France was not styled without reason, the most Christian people. They were certainly the people of love and of grace; and whether we understand this humanly or Christianly, in either sense it will ever hold good.

Her saviour of France could be no other woman. France herself was woman;

having her nobility, but her amiable sweetness likewise, her prompt and charming pity; at the least, possessing the virtue of quickly-excited sympathies. And though she might take pleasure in vain elegances and external refinements, she remained at bottom closer to nature. The Frenchman, even when vicious, preserved, beyond the man of every other nation, good sense and goodness of heart. . . . *

May new France never forget the saying of old France:—"Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in *being good*!"† To be and to keep so, amidst the injuries of man and the severity of Providence, is not the gift of a happy nature alone, but it is strength and heroism To preserve sweetness and benevolence in the midst of so many bitter disputes, to pass through a life's experiences without suffering them to touch this internal treasure—is divine. They who persevere, and so go on to the end, are the true elect. And though they may even at times have stumbled in the difficult path of the world, amidst their falls, their weaknesses, and their *infancies*,‡ they will not the less remain children of God!

BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY VI. AND CHARLES VII. TROUBLES IN ENGLAND; RECONCILIATION OF THE FRENCH PRINCES. STATE OF FRANCE. A. D. 1431-1440.

THE death of the Pucelle, in the belief of the English, was *the king's safety*. Warwick, when he fancied she would escape, said:—"The king's business goes on ill, the girl will not be burnt." And again:—"The king has paid dearly for her; *he would not*, on any consideration whatever, have her die a natural death."

This king, whose existence was said to depend on the death of a young girl, and who desired her destruction, was himself a mere child, nine years old only, an innocent and unhappy being, marked out beforehand as the expiation Pale effigy of dying France, the mockery of fate or the justice of God placed him on the throne of Henry V., in order that this throne might substantially remain void, and that for half a century England might have neither king nor law.

English wisdom had tricked itself; had undertaken to restore France to her senses, and had lost its own. By victory, conquest, and a forced marriage, England had succeeded in

securing a Charles VI. for king. Conceived in haste, brought forth in tears, and perhaps coldly regarded by his own mother,§ sad were the auspices under which the unhappy and poorly-gifted child came into the world. He was, indeed, well-inclined and tractable, and, with gentleness, his weak nature might have been strengthened; but this would have required the patience of love, and dispositions of Grace. The spirit of the English mind is that of the Law. In their formality, stiffness, and *cant*, the English of that day were what they now are. How much the more so, too, when ruled by political priests, born in scholasticism and pedantry, and who governed king and kingdom with the same ferule! . . . Scholasticism and policy, hard nurses for the poor child! His governor, the man who was to carry out this discipline, was the violent

* He ever remained *bon enfant*, (a good child:)—a term of small sound, but great meaning. No one now-a-days chooses to be either *enfant* or *bon*; indeed, the latter epithet is considered one of derision.

† Fénelon puts this sentiment into the mouth of his Philoctetes, (*Télémaque*, liv. xii.) It is the sentiment of the Greek original; but much more weakly expressed, and in a different sense. Sophocl. *Philoct.* v. 476.

‡ St. François de Sales.

§ She soon took for her second husband an enemy of the English, the Welshman, Owen Tudor; and from this union of a Welshman with a Frenchwoman, sprang the most absolute monarchs England ever had—the Tudors—Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth.

Warwick. By turns governor and jailer, he was selected, as we have said, as the *honest man* of the day; brave, severe, devout, he piqued himself on forming his pupil after the prescribed pattern, on correcting and *chastising him*.^{*} . . . He went to work so heartily on his patient, weeded and pruned him so conscientiously, that nothing was left . . . Nothing of the man, still less of the king, hardly a shadow, a something passive and in-offensive, a soul ready for the other world . . . Such a king at once humiliated and enraged the English. They found the saint only good to make a martyr of: hard reasoners have never been conscious how much of the Deity is present in the innocent, at least, how much that is touching in the simple-minded.

The martyrdom commenced with the coronation; with the rich harvest of curses he was forced to reap in both kingdoms. After having waited nine months at Calais, until the roads were less dangerous,[†] he was at last taken to Paris, in December, in the heart of winter. And this was a period of great suffering; provisions were dear in the extreme, and so excessive the general misery and depopulation, that the regent was compelled to issue an ordinance forbidding the burning down of the deserted houses.

This pretended coronation of the king of France was in all respects English. In the first place, with the exception of Cauchon and some bishops who were in the train of Cardinal Winchester, no Frenchmen swelled the display. There was no prince of the blood of France, save in travesty[‡]—a mock duke of Burgundy, a mock count of Nevers. The grandmother does not appear to have been invited; she was barely suffered to see her grandson in a formal and ceremonious visit. It seemed politic to propitiate the city, and to allow the bishop of Paris to officiate in his own cathedral. But the English cardinal, who paid the cost of the coronation,[§] would have the honor of it into the bargain. He officiated pontifically in Notre-Dame, took and handed the crown of France, and placed it on the head of the kneeling child.¶ To the great scandal of the chapter, the English ceremonial[¶] was strictly observed. The silver-gilt goblet which held the wine, was a per-

quisite of the canons; the king's officers claimed it.

No respect was paid to the great civic bodies. The zealous parliament which had banished Charles VII., the University, whose doctors had pronounced judgment on the Pucelle, and, lastly, the *Echevins*, all saw at the royal banquet sufficient proof of the regard in which they were held by their good friends the English. Magistrates and doctors, arriving in all the majesty of their furred robes, red or crimson, were left to stand in the mud at the palace gate, unable to find any one to introduce them. If they got in, it was only with great difficulty by making their way through the dregs of the populace, the rude and evil-purposed mob, which pushed them about and threw them down for pickpockets to lift them up . . . And when at last in the hall and at the marble table, they could find no place except among chandlers and masons already seated. At the tournaments, the heralds needed not to trouble themselves to cry "Largess;" for they repaired to them empty-handed. "We should have had more," exclaimed the angry heralds, "at a goldsmith's marriage."^{*} Still, if there had been but a slight remission of taxes; not a fraction. The people were not courted by the cheap favor of throwing open the prison doors to even a single prisoner.

And yet, truth to say, when so minded, the English could launch forth. A few years before they had given an immense gala, for which Paris had to pay by a tax laid on for the purpose. The gluttony of this greedy race[†] struck astonishment into the hungry and gaping crowd. At one of their meals, the chronicler reckons up, besides sheep and oxen, eight hundred dishes of fowls and game; at one sitting they drank out forty hogsheads.[‡]

The young king was brought back by the way of Rouen, and lodged in the castle, not far from the Pucelle; the king near the prisoner, without the latter's being better treated for it. In truly Christian times, the simple circumstance of being so neighbored would have saved the accused. There would have been a fear that if the king did not extend his favor to her, her misfortunes would reach him.

There was still a crown to be received at London. The royal *entry* was pompous but grave, stamped with a theological and pedantic character; the amusements being moralities calculated to form the mind and heart of a young Christian prince. At London bridge,

^{*} See, above, the note at p. 150.

[†] "A Scotch laird, who had ventured on the journey before the king, was so well pleased with the feat, that he entered Paris with trumpets, clarions, and four bards or minstrels, who marched before him singing their savage songs, as if he had made his entry through a breach." *Journal du Bourgeois*, éd. 1827, p. 409.

[‡] "And they were represented by persons wearing the coats-of-arms of the said lords." *Monstrelet*, vi. 17.

[§] From all we know of this great lender on pledges, it is highly probable that he only advanced the necessary sums; his very panegyrist does not dare to say that he gave them: *Magnificus suis sumptibus* . . . coronari. *Hist. Croyland*, contin. ap. Gale. *Angl. Script.* i. 516.

¶ *Jean Chartier*, p. 46, éd. Godefroy, *Monstrelet*, vi. 18.

¶ "Following rather the customs of England than of France." *Ibidem*.

^{*} *Journal du Bourgeois*, p. 435, éd. 1827.

[†] Shakespeare alludes to this national trait in a highly comic manner:—

"Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice."

Shak. *Henry VI.* part 1st, act i. sc. 2.

[‡] *Journal du Bourgeois*, ann. 1424, 1428.

the royal child heard a ballad sung by the seven gifts of Grace; further on, he found the seven Sciences with Wisdom, and, then, a kingly figure between two ladies, Truth and Mercy. After an harangue from Purity, he came upon the three fountains of Generosity, Grace, and Mercy, which, it is true, did not run.* At the royal banquet, he was regaled with orthodox ballads, in honor of Henry V. and of Sigismund, who punished Oldcastle and John Huss, and taught the fear of God. To make the rejoicings complete, a man was burnt at Smithfield.†

There were many things to be clearly descried in this sinister comedy of the coronation. He who had eyes might already discern civil war in the midst of this ceremonial of religion and of peace. These pious personages seated around their royal pupil in their peaceful purple robes, these loyal barons who came, Gloucester at their head, to perform homage, together with their *livery*‡—were two parties, two armies, that were already measuring each other with their eyes. Both brought to the altar the self-same thought—a homicidal thought. They differed only as to their means.

Gloucester and the barons, swollen with pride and violence, must conspire openly. To hear them, they could have conquered France by this time without the priests. The bishops were so afraid of disbursing a shilling, that in 1430 they had proposed the demolition of such strongholds as it was expensive to keep up. Was not this high treason? . . . Here, no doubt, was the cause of their excluding Gloucester, and even the king himself, from the council. Their effrontery went so far as to send into the House of Commons individuals who had never been elected . . . Gloucester crowned these charges by a fearful story. His brother Henry V. had told him, that one night as he lay at Westminster his dog barked, and a man was discovered hid under a carpet, who confessed that he had been commissioned by Winchester to kill the king;§ but it was thought best to hush up the matter, and so the man was drowned in the Thames.

On his side, Winchester could easily re-criminate. The madresses of Gloucester were patent to all: his repeated risings in the city, his attempt to carry the tower by surprise, his unexpected marriage, and his mad war on

the ally of England, in order to provide a kingdom for himself. Violent and dissolute, he had dared publicly to wed two wives; and the delicacy of the chaste ladies of London had been so cruelly hurt by this glaring scandal, as to induce them to lay a formal complaint before Parliament.* His second wife belonged to a family connected with the well-known heretic, Oldcastle. Leonora Cobham, beautiful, wicked, with intellect in excess, and who, after countless intrigues, had managed so to bewitch the duke that he married her, entertained a whole court of suspected persons, writers of satirical verses, alchemists, astrologers. Shut up with them, what else could she be doing than plotting against the Church, reading in the stars the death of her enemies, or expediting it by poison or witchcraft . . . in all this, there was fruitful material for ecclesiastical suits. Winchester, returning in 1432 from the execution at Rouen, thought that he might repeat the same scene at London. He took up a witch, named Margery, supposed to be retained by the duchess of Gloucester,† and had her examined in the royal castle of Windsor; but, notwithstanding the earnest eagerness with which he took up the matter, Margery was too wary, and nothing could be drawn from her: it behooved to have patience.

Gloucester in his turn, as soon as he saw Winchester off to attend the council in France, thought the game was his own, and seized the cardinal's money just as it was being embarked. An enormous deficit was owned to in parliament. The commons, in their alarm, appealed to the government of the kingdom, not to Gloucester, who had expected that he would be the person applied to, but to his brother, the regent of France.—It is strikingly characteristic of the English nation, that the first question put by Bedford was, what income was to be allowed him. . . . There was a general silence.

Whether the government were directed by Winchester or Bedford, affairs could not but go on badly. It was at this precise period that the weak tie which still bound the duke of Burgundy to the English was definitively broken: his sister, Bedford's wife, died this year.

The alliance had never been a solid or sure one. The duke of Burgundy had in his archives a touching gage of English friendship; to wit, the whole of Gloucester and Bedford's secret correspondence, in which they debated on the best means of arresting or of getting rid of him; and Bedford, the duke's own brother-in-law, inclined to the latter alternative, were it not for the difficulty of managing the matter.‡

* It was necessary to ask discreetly to taste of one of the three virtues, and then you received a glass of wine. Turner's England, vol. iii. p. 2. ed. in 8vo.

† "In the whiche pastyme . . . an hereticke was brent . . ." Ibidem, p. 12.

‡ The colors by which the retainers of the great lords were distinguished were a frequent subject of dispute, and a means of civil war. (see Shakspeare as regards the *towny coats* of Winchester, &c.) It was not until after the horrible war of the red and white roses, that Henry VIII. managed to suppress these *liveries*.

§ "By the stirring up and procuring of my saide lorde of Winchester." Holingshead, ed. 1577, fol. 1128, col. 2.

■ See, above, note at p. 125.

† She certainly was so ten years afterwards.

‡ These highly important documents were in the archives of Lille as late as the beginning of this century, but have been purloined from it, and the learned keeper of the

The alternations which took place in this stormy alliance would make a history of themselves. In the first place, Henry V., besides the money with which he bribed the duke over to his own side, seems to have held out to him the most flattering prospects. But far from giving him a share of their acquisitions, the English attempted to seize Holland and Hainault, provinces which he looked upon as his own. When successful, they either turned their backs on him, or endeavored to do him injury: whenever they wanted him, the dogs licked his feet.

After their foolish attempt on Hainault, being closely pressed by Charles VII., they appeased the duke by giving him in pledge Peronne and Tournai, and, subsequently, Bar, Auxerre, and Mâcon. In 1429, they refused to place Orléans in his hands. Orléans taken, and Charles VII. marching on Reims, they threw themselves into their brother-in-law's arms, pledged Meaux to him, and made a profession of confiding Paris to him. When they were masters of the Pucelle, and had crowned their king, they asserted a right of sovereignty over Flanders,* by writing to the Ghenters and offering them protection.†

The duke of Burgundy had never had great reason to love the English, and he had quite as little to fear them. Their wars in France became laughable. Dunois took Chartres from them, while the English garrison were attending sermon. They laid siege to Ligny, and both the regent himself and the earl of Warwick were there; a breach had been effected: but seeing on the breach, already open and practicable, the besieged presenting a determined front, they thought it prudent to leave such madmen, and returned to Paris the evening before Easter, "seemingly for the benefit of confession."‡

The Parisians, delighted at Bedford's raising the siege on this fashion, were equally amused by his marriage. Though fifty, he married a

little girl of seventeen, "pretty, skittish, and engaging,"* a daughter of the count of St. Pol's, vassal to the duke of Burgundy; and he did this suddenly and secretly, without saying a word to his brother-in-law, who, indeed, would never have consented to the match. These counts of St. Pol, raised up by him in order that they might serve as guardians of his frontier,† were already beginning to play the double part which was to end in their ruin—they gave the English a footing in the duke's dominions.

Winchester, with clearer foresight, saw that if the alliance were broken with Burgundy, the aspect of the war would change, that it would become much more chargeable, and that the Church would assuredly have to meet its expenses. A beginning had been made with the French Church: from which it was sought to extract all the pious gifts which had been bestowed on it for the last sixty years.

Rendered uneasy by these considerations, he bestirred himself to effect a peace, and to bring about a conference between Bedford and Philippe-le-Bon. He managed to get the two dukes to advance to meet each other as far as St. Omer, but that was all: once in the town, neither would make the first step. Although Bedford must have seen that France was lost to the English if he did not win back the duke of Burgundy, he clung pertinaciously to etiquette. As the king's representative, he looked to be waited on by the king's vassal, who did not budge: the rupture was definitive.

France, on the contrary, was gradually rallying; and the good understanding beginning to prevail was chiefly the work of the house of Anjou. The aged queen, Yolande of Anjou, the king's mother-in-law, brought over the Bretons to him; and, in concert with the constable Richemont, the duke of Brittany's brother, she expelled the favorite, La Trémouille.

To win back the duke of Burgundy, who supported in Lorraine the pretender Vaudemont against René of Anjou, Yolande's son, was a more difficult task. This prince, who still lives in the memory of the Angevins and Provençals by the name of the *good* king René, was endowed with all the amiable qualities of old chivalrous France, but with its imprudence and levity as well. He had been defeated and made prisoner at Bulgnéville by the Burgundians, (A. D. 1431.) He devoted the leisure afforded by captivity, not to poetry, like the duke of Orléans, but to painting. He painted for the chapel which he built in his prison, and for the Carthusian monastery at Dijon,—he even painted for his jailer; for when Philippe-le-Bon paid him a visit, René made him a present of a fine portrait of Jean-Sans-Peur.‡ It

archives, M. Leglay, who has recovered other papers, has as yet been unable to discover any trace of them. It is not unlikely that they may be in some English manor-house, buried in some patrician museum. Fortunately, a very copious summary of their contents is preserved in the catalogue. Gloucester writes to inform Bedford of the communications between the duke of Burgundy and Arthur of Brittany, who is trying to bring the duke and the dauphin together, and proposes to arrest him. Bedford answers that it would be better to have him dispatched in the tournaments about to take place in Paris. Subsequently he writes, that the opportunity has failed, but that he will devise some means to get him to appoint a meeting, and have him cut off on the road. *Archives de Lille; Chambre des Comptes, Inventaire*, t. viii. ann. 1424.

* In 1423, Bedford had sternly cut short this great question of right of jurisdiction, by getting the parliament of Paris to annul a judgment pronounced by the four members of Flanders. *Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes*, April 30th, J. 573.

† "Et si vous ou les vostres désirez aucune chose devers nous, tousjours nous trouverez disposez de entendre raisonnablement comme souverain." (And if you or yours shall desire any thing of us, you will ever find us willing to hear you in all reason as your sovereign.) Proceedings and ordinances of the Privy Council of England, vol. iv. p. 5, (1835.)

‡ *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, éd. 1827, p. 416.

* "Frisque, belle, et gracieuse" . . . Monstrelet, vi. 73.

† At this very moment, Philippe was constraining René to resign them the town of Guise, of which he had possession. Villeneuve-Bargemont, *Hist. de René* i. 180.

‡ *Id. ibid.* p. 172.

was impossible to remain the enemy of the amiable painter; and the duke of Burgundy restored him to liberty—on bail.

The princes were coming to an understanding, and the people were not behindhand. Paris, governed by Cauchon and other bishops, made an attempt to get rid of them, and to drive out the English. Normandy itself—that little French-England—was at last wearied of a war, all the weight of which fell upon itself. A vast insurrection broke out in the rural districts of Lower Normandy, at the head of which was a peasant named Quatrepieds, but knights were concerned in it as well; it was not a mere Jacquerie. The province could not be long in English hands.

They themselves seemed to despair. Bedford quitted Paris. The poor city, visited alternately by famine and pestilence, was too frightful an abode for him. Yet the duke of Burgundy ventured to stop there on his road, with his wife and son, to the great congress of Arras, where the question of peace was about to be discussed. He was welcomed and implored by the Parisians like an angel from God.

This was a congress from all Christendom. Here were seen ambassadors from the council, from the pope, from the emperor, from the kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, Naples, Milan, Sicily, Cyprus, Poland, and Denmark. All the French princes and those of the Low Countries were either here in person or by deputy; and here were the representatives of the University of Paris, and of numerous good cities. This world being assembled, England herself arrived in the person of cardinal Winchester.

The first question was to inquire whether it were possible to reconcile Charles VII. and Henry VI. But how; when each aspired to the possession of the crown? Charles VII. offered Aquitaine, and Normandy, which was still in the hands of the English. The English proposed that each should retain possession of the provinces in his power, and bring them into a ring-fence by exchanges.* Their strange infatuation is strikingly demonstrated by the instructions given to the cardinal, four years after the congress of Arras, (A. D. 1439,) when their position had become considerably worse. In the first place, he was to call upon Charles of Valois to cease troubling king Henry in the enjoyment of his kingdom of France, and, to ensure peace, to offer to give him in fee estates of the *yearly rental of twenty thousand livres* in Languedoc.† Then the cardinal, in his capacity of churchman, was to make a long harangue on the advantages of peace. And then, the other ambassadors were to allow

themselves to be gained over so far as to propose a marriage between king Henry and one of Charles's daughters, and to recognise two kingdoms of France.

Nothing could be done with the English; so they were suffered to leave Arras. All eyes were turned to the duke of Burgundy; and all besought him to take pity on the kingdom and on Christendom, both suffering from these long wars. But he could not make up his mind. His conscience and knightly honor were pledged, he said, he had signed with the English: besides, was he not bound to avenge his father? The pope's legates told him that this need be no let, for they were empowered to release him from his oaths. Still, he was not quite satisfied. The canon-law not seeming to suffice, recourse was had to the civil; and a grand consultation was the result, in which, to leave the judgment the more unbiassed, the two parties were designated by the names of Darius and Ahasuerus. As was to be expected, the English and French doctors delivered quite opposite opinions; but those whom the legates had brought from Boulogne declared, in conformity with the opinion of the French doctors, that the treaty of Troyes, concluded by Charles VI., was invalid:—"The laws forbid treating for a man's inheritance during his lifetime, and annul oaths offending against good morals. Besides, the treaty contains an impiety, for in it the father binds himself *not to treat with his son*, without the consent of the English. . . . If the king had any crime to object to his son, he should have brought his complaint before the pope, who alone has the right to declare a prince incapable of succeeding."^{*}

The duke of Burgundy let them go on reasoning and supplicating. In reality, the change which they sought had already taken place in him; he was sick of the English. The Flemings, who had so often compelled their counts to keep on terms with England, turned hostile to the alliance, for they suffered from incursions made by the garrison of Calais, and were maltreated when they repaired to that great staple for wool. A graver cause of offence was, that the English had begun to spin wool and manufacture cloth; and, by their cheapness, both cloth and woollen yarn invaded Flanders herself, and forced every barrier. Their importation was prohibited in 1428, and again in 1446, in 1464, and in 1494.† At last, in 1499, it was found impossible to keep them out of the market; and Flanders, at the time

* D. Plancher, *Histoire de Bourgogne*, t. iv. p. 203. from the English journal of the conferences, Harleian MSS. No. 4763.

† "To the valeu, in demayne and revenue . . . of XX mil. l. yerly." Rymer, t. v. part i. p. 61, May 21st, 1439.

"Les lois defendent que l'on traite de la succession d'un homme vivant, et annulent les serments contraires aux bonnes mœurs. Le traité contient d'ailleurs une chose impie, l'engagement du père de ne pas traiter avec son fils, sans le consentement des Anglais. . . . Si le roi avait un crime à reprocher à son fils, il devait se pourvoir devant le pape, qui seul a droit de déclarer un prince incapable d'hériter."

† See, above, a note at p. 151; and, as regards the prohibition of 1446, the *Archives Générales de Belgique Brabant*, No. 2, fol. 123.

under foreign domination, submitted to receive them.

England, then, was becoming a rival of Flanders, an enemy: though had she remained a friend, her friendship would henceforward have been of little use. By his alliance with the English, the duke of Burgundy had obtained the barrier of the Somme, had rounded, and completed his Burgundy; but their alliance could no longer guaranty him his acquisitions. Divided as they were, they could hardly defend themselves. Bedford was the only man who could hold the balance between Winchester and Gloucester. Bedford died;* and his death was an additional comfort to the conscience of the duke of Burgundy. From this moment, the treaties which he had concluded with him as regent of France appeared to him less sacred. Such was the literal point of view of the middle age: men supposed that they were bound for the life only of him with whom they had signed.†

The duke of Burgundy's two brothers-in-law, the duke of Bourbon and the constable de Richemont, the duke of Brittany's brother, contributed not a little to decide him. Since he had been taken at Azincourt, and dragged everywhere in the train of Henry V., he had known by experience the haughty insolence (*morgue*) of the English, Richemont had remained their implacable enemy. The duke of Bourbon, whose father had died a captive, unable to ransom himself either by money or by meanness, loved the English little better; and besides, they had but just bestowed on Talbot his countship of Clermont,‡ which had remained in the house of Bourbon since the days of St. Louis.

Bourbon's and Richemont's constant solicitations prevailed with their brother-in-law. He gave way, and was pleased to grant pardon; the treaty of Arras can be regarded in no other light. The king asked pardon of the duke, and the duke did not do him homage; thus acting as if he were the king: and he kept for himself and his heirs all his acquisitions—on the one side, Peronne and the other places along the Somme, on the other, Auxerre and Mâcon.

The explanations and reparations on account of duke Jean's death were exceedingly humiliating. The king was to say, or have said for him, that at the time of the occurrence he was very young, imperfectly informed, and not sufficiently advised to take steps to prevent it, but that he would use all diligence to search out the guilty. He was to found a chapel in the church of Montereau, and a monastery for

twelve Carthusians; and, in addition, he was to raise on the bridge on which the deed had been perpetrated, a stone cross, to be kept up at the king's expense.

The ceremony of the pardon took place in Saint Waast's church. Jean Tudert,* dean of Paris, threw himself at duke Philippe's feet, and besought pardon on behalf of the king for Jean-Sans-Peur's murder. The duke testified emotion, raised him up, embraced him, and told him that there never should be war between king Charles and him. Then the duke of Bourbon and the constable swore to observe the peace, as did the ambassadors and French and Burgundian nobles.

But the reconciliation would have been incomplete, had not the duke of Burgundy concluded a definitive arrangement with Charles VIIth's brother-in-law, René of Anjou. René had preferred returning to his prison to abiding by the first treaty. Philippe-le-Bon released him, and remitted part of his ransom in favor of the marriage of his niece, Marie of Bourbon, with a son of René's. Thus the houses of Burgundy, Bourbon, and of Anjou became united between themselves, and with the king. That of Brittany remained indecisive; the duke would not declare himself; he found the war exceedingly profitable; it was said that thirty thousand Normans had sought refuge in Brittany. But whether the duke were English or French, his brother Richemont was constable of France, and Bretons flocked to his standard. Breton troops composed the strength of Charles VIIth's armies, and were called the *good corps*, (*les bons corps*).†

This reconciliation of France's drove the English beside themselves.‡ Blinded with passion, they seemed to take a pleasure in plunging headlong into misfortune. The duke of Burgundy desired to preserve some terms with them, and offered himself as mediator. They rejected his offer, and pillaged and massacred the Flemish merchants in London. Flanders stung to anger in its turn, the duke took advantage of the feeling to call upon the communes, and led their militia to lay siege to Calais. The Burgundian party turned with the duke of Burgundy; and the Burgundians of Paris, even those of the *halles*, (market-places,) Burgundian to the core, called in the royal constable and officers, and gave them possession of the city. The English, who still had a garrison of fifteen hundred men-at-arms there, at first threatened resistance, and threw themselves in sorry wise into the Bastille; then, through fear of want of provisions, they sought

* He was an honorary canon of Rouen cathedral, and was buried there at the foot of Henry Vth's monument. See M. Deville, *Description des Tombeaux de Rouen*.

† I have cited several instances of this devotion to the letter, in my *Origines du Droit*, to which I could add numerous others.

‡ *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Colbert, lii. fol. 313.*

* It was Jean Tudert, and not Bourbon and Richemont, as Monstrelet erroneously states. D. Plancher, t. iv. pp. 218, 219. And, indeed, why should Philip the Good have put forward his two brothers-in-law to act this humiliating part? This judicious remark is due to the authors of *L'Ancien Bourbonnais*, MM. Allier, Michel, and Batisser, t. ii. p. 50.

† Daru, *Histoire de Bretagne*, t. ii. ann. 1425.

‡ "Young king Henry was so sorely vexed thereat, that the tears gushed from his eyes." Monstrelet, vi. 233

and were allowed to take boat and fall down the river to Rouen. The people, who had had three harsh governors in the persons of bishops, under the English rule, followed them with hootings, and cried out after the bishop of Têrouenne, chancellor to the English, "Halloo fox, halloo fox."* The Parisians let them off so cheaply with regret, but otherwise they would have been obliged to lay siege to the Bastille, and the constable himself was at his shifts. He was in want of money, the king had only a thousand francs to give him to recover Paris with, (A. D. 1436.)

The English will drag on yet fifteen years in France, daily incurring fresh humiliations, failing in all directions, but never choosing to acknowledge their powerlessness to themselves, preferring to accuse one another, and throwing all the blame on treason, until their pride and hate turn into that horrible malady, that epileptic rage, which has been baptized with the poetic name of the wars of the Roses. From this moment the king has little to fear; he has only to be patient, seize his opportunity, and strike as the occasion arises. Already relieved of his anxiety in this quarter, he has leisure to inquire into internal affairs, and examine the state of France, if, after so many misfortunes, there still be a France.

STATE OF FRANCE. A. D. 1438-40.

Two things were left standing in the midst of this scene of vast and confused misery and heaps of ruins—the nobility and the Church. The nobility had served the king against the English, served gratis a mendicant king, and had wasted much of their own substance while devouring that of the people. They counted on being indemnified. The Church, on the other hand, presented herself as if in the depths of poverty and distress; but there was this notable difference, she was poor through her revenues having been intercepted; generally speaking, her principal was untouched. The king, debtor to the nobility, could only discharge his debt at the expense of the Church, either by forcing her to pay it, a difficult and hazardous step, or else, and this was the preferable mode, by gentle and indirect means; by restoring, under cover of ecclesiastical liberties, those rights of election which gave the barons the ascendancy, and so enabling them to make money by the sale of benefices. The pope frequently nominated to them partisans of England,† and Charles VII. had no terms to keep with him. He adopted in the Pragmatic act which he promulgated at Bourges, (July 7th, 1438,) the decrees of the Council of Bâle, which restored elections, and recognised the rights of the noble patrons of churches to

present to benefices.* These patrons, descendants of pious founders† or protectors,‡ regarded churches as so many dismemberments of their fiefs, and asked no better than to protect them still; that is to say, to put their men in them, by getting them elected by the monks or the canons.

Judging by the preponderance exercised in it by the democratic element of the Church, that is, by the University men, one would not have expected this aristocratic reform from the Council of Bâle. But these self-same men had received a lesson; they had worked ardently for the reforms carried at the Council of Constance, and they had not profited by them. The bishops exalted through their instrumentality, but in general timid servants of the barons, elected those whom the latter wished, and the University men died of hunger. Taking no trouble to conceal its disappointment, the University of Paris had at the time acknowledged that it would prefer the pope's giving the prebends.§ It thought that it had laid its plans better at Bâle. A fixed share in benefices was secured to graduates, accordingly as they had studied ten, seven, or three years, and not to theological students only, but to graduates in law and physic. The lawyer and the physician were entitled to a cure, to a canonry: however fantastical, this was a step, and a necessary one, perhaps, out of scholasticism. A choice was thus offered to the patrons: only, while restoring to them this fine right of *presentation*, the University men modestly undertook to name a certain number of their brethren, out of whom they *might* make their choice.

The Council of Bâle was difficultly situated. The pope opened in opposition to it his Council of Florence, and made a great noise about the reunion of the Greek Church. The deputies to that of Bâle, *in extremis*,|| hastened to set the seal to the grand reform which was to gain over to them barons, bishops, and universities; that is to say, to confederate all the local powers against the pontifical unity. As regarded collation to benefices, the pope was reduced by the council to a mere cipher, being left one out of every fifty. Another reduction struck at the annates and rights of chancery. Finally, what constituted the might of

* This essential point of the Pragmatic act, is that on which it lays least apparent stress:—*Patronorum jura enervantur . . .* (the rights of patrons are weakened.) On the contrary, it dwells on the popular doctrine, the necessity of preventing the exportation of the precious metals:—*Thesauri asportantur*, (money is carried out of the kingdom.) *Id. ibid. p. 269.*

† The old canonist explains the origin of these rights very well in his technical verse:—

Patronum faciunt dos, edificatio, fundus.

(Gift, building, endowment, make a patron.) Ducange, *ad verb. Patronus.*

‡ *Ibid. et ad verb. Abbatem.*

§ Bulaeus, *Historia Universitatis Par.*, t. v. pp. 307, 309.

|| The council was prolonged to a much later date, but in conjunction with that of Ferrara. *Concil. ed. Labbe*, xii. 601.

* "Au renard, au renard!" He subsequently observed that he had fully paid his shot, (*payé son escot.*) *Jean Chartier*, p. 90.

† V. *Ordonnances*, t. xlii. pp. 45, 46.

unity, its tower of strength, and forced to Rome whole nations of pleaders, and rivers of gold—the right of appeal,* was (with the exception of a few ordinary cases) interdicted, whenever Rome was *more than four days' journey off*. This was reducing the judge of kings to play the part of chief magistrate of a township.

What delighted France, poor as she was at this time, was that the Pragmatic forbade the taking gold and silver out of the kingdom. At a subsequent period, when the prohibition was taken off, the parliament, in a remonstrance on the subject, makes a lamentable statement of the millions of gold which have in a few years gone to Rome:—"The Pont-au-Change," it dolorously remarks, "has no longer change or changers, but in their stead, hatters and doll-makers."† The parliament seems but little touched by the returns in parchment obtained from Rome. The want of gold was severely felt. It was of the first necessity in Charles VIIth's time, as an instrument of war, and means of rapid action. Banking was turning its speculations this way; hitherto occupied with the exchange on Rome, and the transmission of the ecclesiastical tenths, it was about to draw on the English that bill of exchange which they paid with Normandy.‡

Expelling the English, it seemed natural to expel the Italians as well. France chose to manage her own affairs—her money affairs, her Church affairs. How is it, that amidst all these attacks the *established Church of England* still remained in its integrity? Because it was thoroughly English, hermetically sealed to the foreigner, supported by the nobles, and even by its enemies, who pensioned off upon it their relations or their servants. Was not this an example for the Church of France?

There was, however, one thing to be feared—that a church so firmly shut against pontifical influences would become, not national,

but purely seignorial. It was not the king, the state, who would inherit what the pope lost, but the lords and nobles. At a period when organization was still so imperfect, authority seldom made itself heard at a distance. Now, at each election, the lord was on the spot to *present* or to recommend; the chapters elected as they were bid;* the king was far off. The question was, whether the nobility were worthy to be intrusted with the principal power in the affairs of the Church; whether the barons, on whom in reality devolved the choice of the pastors, were themselves the pure-minded whom the Holy Ghost would enlighten in so nice a point.

That such an influence should become theirs, had been dreaded in the middle age as the annihilation of the Church. And yet the barons of the twelfth century, even those who fought so long for the sceptre against the cross, and planted the standard of the emperor on the walls of Rome, like Godfrey of Bouillon, were men fearing God.

On his sief, the baron, haughty and oppressive as he might be, was still guided by a rule which, though not written, seemed but the more authoritative. This rule was *use*, custom.† In his most violent excesses, he was accustomed to see his men come to him and respectfully state:—"My lord, this is not the *use* of the good people of this place." They would appeal to the *prud-hommes*, (the elders,) who, as it were, personified the *use*; men who knew him an infant, whom he saw daily, and recollected by their names; and the brutal passion of the young baron would often lower in presence of these old men, and before this grave and humble image of antiquity.

In the fifteenth century, the fear of God and respect for *use*, those two curbs of the feudal times, are broken. The baron no more resides on his domains, no more knows either his people or their customs. When he visits them, it is with soldiers at his back, to raise

* When the Pucelle appealed to the pope, the bishop of Beauvais replied, "The pope is too far off." (See above, p. 161.) It turned out, however, that the bishops found their ridding themselves of the pope, had saddled them with a harder pope—the parliament. See the very specious observations of Pius II. on the inconveniences of the Pragmatic act, in the *Recueil des Libertés de l'Eglise Gallicane*, t. I. (sub fin.) Hist. de la Pragm. p. 36, from Gobbellini Comment. See, too, the reply of the witty pontiff to the *Germani*, *Æneæ Sylvii Piccolomini Opera*, p. 837.

† It is curious to see how enthusiastically these magistrates speak of money:—"Numisma est mensura omnium rerum, &c. (Money is the measure of all things, &c.) Remonstrance du Parlement à Louis XI. Libertés de l'Eglise Gallicane, l. p. 90, Nos. 52, 57. See, too, their pungent intrigue for benefices:—"N'y aura nul qui ait de quoy qui ne se mette en avant pour cuider avancer son fils ou son parent, et souvent perdront leur parent et leur argent." (There is no one with a little money, but sets out to try to push the fortunes of a son or kinsman, to the frequent loss of both money and kinsman.) Ibid. p. 9, No. 53.

‡ See, further on, the influence of the great banker, Jacques Cœur.

§ Among other pamphlets inspired by this Gallican spirit, see the one intitled:—"De matrimonio contracto inter Dominam Pragmaticam et Papam, matrimonium istud debeat ne consummari. (A forbidding of the bans between mistress Pragmatic and the Pope.) A. D. 1438. *Bibl. Royale, MSS., Dupuy*, 670, fol. 42.

* A list of the bishops nominated by the influence of the great barons, may be made out from the *Gallia Christiana*:—*Dunois*; his friend, d'Illiers, bishop of Chartres, 1459; *Armagnac*; Jean d'Armagnac, brother of the bastard d'Armagnac, bishop of Auch, about 1460. *Pardiac*; Jean de Barthou, a son of Bernard de Pardiac's chancellor. (Bernard was count of La Marche.) bishop of Limoges, 1440. *Foix*; Roger de Foix, bishop of Tarbes, 1441, is succeeded by his kinsman, cardinal Pierre de Foix. *Albret*; Louis d'Albret, bishop of Aire, 1444, of Cahors, 1460. *Bourbon*; Charles de Bourbon, bishop of Le Puy, was elected, at nine years of age, archbishop of Lyons, on the presentation of his father; he is succeeded in the bishopric of Le Puy by Jean de Bourbon, and Jacques de Combornes, a friend of the house of Bourbon, was elected bishop of Clermont, 1445. *Angoulême*; Robert de Montberon, a man of letters, in the service of Jean d'Angoulême, elected bishop of Angoulême about 1440; was succeeded, 1450, by Geoffroi de Pompadour, the friend and adviser of the said Jean. *Alençon*; Robert Cornegreux, presented by the duke of Alençon, elected bishop of Séez, 1453. *Jubusson*; Hugues d'Aubusson, bishop of Tulle, 1444, &c., &c. (I am indebted for this note to M. Jules Quicherat.)

† Hence, that great benefit, the settlement of all services or dues (*redreances*) on an unalterable basis. Frequently they were a mere form, while in some places it was the custom for the lord to give more than he received. See *my Origines du Droit*.

money of a sudden. He falls for a moment on the country, like storm and hail; all hide themselves at his approach. The alarm is given throughout the district, and "shift for yourselves" (*sauve qui peut*) is the general cry.

This baron, though bearing the baronial name of his father, is not the more a baron for it. He is commonly a rude captain, a savage, barely a Christian. He is often the leader of a band of *houspilleurs*, or *tondeurs*, of *écorcheurs*,* like the bastard of Bourbon, the bastard of Vaurus, a Chabannes, a La Hire. *Ecorcheurs* was the true name. Ruining the ruined, snatching the shirt from him who had been left his shirt only—if the skin alone was left, they took the skin.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that ferocity of this kind was confined to leaders of *écorcheurs*, to bastards, to landless lords. The great, the princes of the land, had acquired in these hideous wars a strange thirst for blood. What are we to say, when we see John of Ligny, of the house of Luxembourg, training his nephew, the count de St. Pol, a mere boy of fifteen, to massacre the flying?†

As for this, they treated their kindred all the same as their enemies. For safety's sake, indeed, it was better to be enemy than kith or kin. At this epoch, fathers and brothers appear to have been unknown . . . The count d'Harcourt keeps his father in prison his life long;‡ the countess de Foix poisons her sister, the sire de Giac his wife;§ the duke of Brittany starves his brother to death, and this publicly—the passers by heard with horror the piteous voice which implored the charity of a morsel of bread . . . One evening, January 10th, the count Adolphus, of Gueldres, tears his aged father from his bed, drags him on foot five leagues, without shoes or stockings, through the snow, and flings him into a sewer . . . The son, it is true, could say that parricide was the family practice||. . . But we find it to have been so in most of the great houses of the day, in all those of the Low Countries,¶ in those of Bar, of Verdun, in that of Armagnac, &c.

Deeds of the sort were familiar to men's minds, and yet one which out-horrored all the rest, "struck the world speechless:" *Conticuit terra*.

On a visit of the duke of Brittany to Nantes, the bishop, who was his cousin and his chancellor, was emboldened by his presence to pro-

ceed against a great lord of the neighborhood, a man singularly dreaded, Retz of the house of the Lavals, who were, in fact, Montforts, of the lineage of the dukes of Brittany. Such was the terror inspired by his name, that for fourteen years no one had dared to utter it.

The charge was strange.* An old woman, called la Meffraie, was in the habit of travelling about the country, the *landes*, and, when she met children tending cattle, or begging, she flattered and caressed them, but always kept her face half hid by a black scarf. She enticed them as far as the castle of the sire de Retz, and then they were never more heard of. . . . So long as the victims were children of country-folk, who might be supposed to have lost their way and wandered from home, or poor beings deserted by their parents, no complaints were made. But, growing bolder with impunity, the children of townsmen were next attacked. Retz's instruments ventured into the great city of the district, into Nantes, into the known, established family of an artist, and got his young brother from his wife, under pretence of bringing him up as chorister in the chapel of Retz's castle. The child was never seen again.

The duke of Brittany, delighted at the opportunity of smiting the Lavals,† entertained the charge. The bishop was spurred on by the hope of revenging himself on the sire de Retz, who had forced with the strong hand one of his churches. A tribunal was formed of the bishop, chancellor of Brittany, of the vicar of the Inquisition, and of Pierre de l'Hospital, grand judge of the duchy. Retz, who, undoubtedly, could have saved himself by flight, thought himself too strong to fear any thing, and allowed himself to be taken.

This Gilles de Retz was a very great lord, of a wealthy family, enriched by his marriage into the house of Thouars, and who had, besides, succeeded to the possessions of his maternal grandfather, Jean de Craon, lord of La Suze, Chantocé, and Ingrandes. These barons of the Marches of Maine, Brittany, and of Poitou, ever floating between the king and the duke, were, like their Marches, between two jurisdictions, two codes of law; that is to say, out of the pale of the law. Clisson the butcher, and his assassin, Pierre de Craon, recur to one's mind. As to Gilles de Retz, of whom we are now speaking, he seemed made to win confidence. He is said to have been a nobleman "of good understanding, handsome person, and captivating address,"‡ imbued with

* Worriers, shearers, flayers.

† Monstrelet, vi. 101.

‡ Ibid. iv. 86, ann. 1418.

§ "And when she had drunk the poison, he made her mount behind him on horseback, and rode fifteen leagues in that state: then the said lady died incontinently. He did this in order to marry Madame de Tonnerre." *Mém. de Richemont*, Collection Petitot, viii. 435.

|| See *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, Gueldres, ann. 1326, 1361, 1465.

¶ Ibid. Flanders, 1236? Namur, 1236, Berg, 1348 and 1404; Cuyck, 1346; Holland, 1351 and 1392.

* I have made use of two summaries of the trial in manuscript; one in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, the other, done with exceeding care, I owe to the kindness of the learned M. Louis du Bois. The original manuscript of Retz's trial is in the Archives of Nantes.

† The more so, no doubt, from the king's having lately erected the barony of the Lavals into a county (A. D. 1431.) These Lavals, sprung from the Montforts, formed a party against them in the French interest, and finally put the king in possession of Brittany, in 1488.

‡ "De bon entendement, belle personne, et bonne façon."

letters, likewise, and setting a high value on such as spoke the Latin tongue elegantly.* He had served the king well, was made marshal by him, and when Charles VII. was crowned at Reims, was chosen out of the crowd of savage Bretons led by Richemont, to repair to Saint-Remy's and bring thence the holy ampulla! In spite of his quarrels with the bishop, Retz was considered devout. Now a devotion which was all the rage at the time was to have a rich chapel with numbers of boy choristers, who were educated at large expense; for church-music at this day, encouraged by the dukes of Burgundy, was making rapid progress, and Retz maintained, in princely style, a large band with a troop of young choristers, forming part of his train wheresoever he went.

So far all was favorable; and, besides, it could not be denied that his judges were his enemies. He rejected them. But it was not easy to reject a crowd of witnesses, poor folk, afflicted fathers or mothers, who flocked one after the other, sobbing and wailing, and circumstantially deposing to the abduction of their children. The wretches who had been Retz's instruments, did not spare him when they saw him hopelessly lost. On this, he no longer denied the charge, but gave way to tears, and made his confession: a confession which horrified those who heard it, judges and priests used to hear avowals of crime, and which, strange and unheard-of as it was, they crossed themselves as they heard. . . . All that the Neros of the empire, or the tyrants of Lombardy did, was nothing in comparison: to equal it, there must have been added all the accursed crime covered by the Dead Sea, and, besides this, the sacrifices to those execrable gods who devoured children.

In the tower of Chantocé there was found a tunfull of calcined bones; of children's bones in such number, that it was supposed there must have been full forty of them.† A like quantity was found in the privies of the castle of La Suze, and in other places, in short, wherever he had been. Everywhere he felt the necessity of killing. . . . The number of children destroyed by this exterminating brute was computed to be a hundred and forty.‡

But how destroyed, and wherefore? The motive was even more horrible than the manner of death. They were offered up to the devil. He invoked the demons Barron, Orient, Beelzebub, Satan, and Belial, beseeching them to grant him "gold, knowledge, and power." He had with him a young priest of Pistoia, in Italy, who promised to show him these demons, and an Englishman, who helped

to conjure them. It was a difficult matter. One of the means essayed, was to chant the service for All-Saints' Day, in honor of the evil spirits. But this mockery of the holy sacrifice was not enough. These enemies of the Creator required something more impious still—the derisive murder of God's living image. . . . At times, Retz would present his magician with the blood, hands, eyes, and heart of an infant.

There was this additional horror attendant on this worship of the devil, that the worshipper had gradually lost all of human appertaining to him, changed his nature, and became devil. After having killed for his master at first, no doubt, with repugnance, he killed for his own pleasure.* He enjoyed witnessing death, and still more, pain. These fearfully serious spectacles had at last become his pastime, and were in the light of a farce to him. The heart-breaking cries, the convulsive rattle of the dying, tickled his ear, and he would roar with laughter at the contortions of their countenances. During the last convulsive agony he would sit, horrible vampire! on the palpitating victim.†

A preacher, gifted with great and terrible powers of imagination,‡ has said, that in everlasting damnation the flames are the least to be endured; that the punishment peculiar to the damned, is the endless advance in vice and crime, the soul constantly hardening and depraving itself, and sinking incessantly in evil from minute to minute, (in geometrical progression,) during eternity. . . . The damned one, of whom we have been speaking, seems to have begun on this land of the living, the fearful descent into endless ill.

Sad to tell, though having lost all idea of good, of evil, or of judgment, he had to the last a comfortable opinion of his safety. The wretch thought that he had secured at one and the same time, God and the devil. He did not deny God, but strove to keep fair with Him, thinking to corrupt his judge by masses and processions. The devil he only trusted to discreetly, taking care to make his reservations, and offering him every thing "save his life and his soul."§ This reassured him. When parted from his magician, he addressed him with sobs, in the following strange terms:—"Adieu, François, my friend, may God grant you patience and knowledge, and rest assured, provided you have patience and hope in God, we shall meet in the joys of Paradise."||

* "And the said lord took more pleasure in cutting, or seeing their throats cut than in He had their throats cut behind, that they might linger the longer." *Bibl. Royale, MS. 493, F.*

† M. Du Bois's extract from the MS. in the Archives of Nantes. Deposition of Golart, a witness and accomplice.

‡ M. Monnod the younger. All who have heard him tremble at the recollection still.

§ *Bibl. Royale, MS. 493, F.*

|| "Adieu, François, mon ami, je prie Dieu qu'il vous donne bonne patience et connaissance, et soyez certain que, pourvu que vous ayez bonne patience et espérance en Dieu,

* M. Louis Du Bois's extract (p. 23) from the MS. in the Archives of Nantes.

† Ibid. Depositions of Etienne Corillant and of Griart.

‡ Ibid. *Pièces Justificatives*, note iv. Henriët, Retz's personal attendant, confesses to having himself handed over forty to him. *Bibl. Royale, MSS., 493, F.*

He was condemned to be burnt, and was placed at the stake, but not burnt. Out of respect for his powerful family, and for the noblesse at large, he was strangled before the flames could touch him. His body was not reduced to ashes. "Damsels of high estate"* fetched him from the meadows of Nantes, where the pile had been raised, bore off the corpse with their own noble hands, and, assisted by some nuns, gave him honorable burial in the Carmelite church.

Marshal de Retz had pursued his horrible career for fourteen years, without any one's daring to accuse him; and he never would have been either accused or sentenced, but for the singular circumstance of three powers, ordinarily opposed to one another, seeming to have agreed together in order to get rid of him—the duke, the bishop, and the king. The duke saw the Lavals and Retzs occupying a line of fortresses on the Marches of Maine, Brittany, and Poitou; the bishop was the personal enemy of Retz, who respected neither churches nor priests; the king, in fine, to whom he had rendered services, and on whom, perhaps, he counted, was no longer inclined to protect the brigands who had done his cause so much injury. The constable of France, Richemont, the duke of Brittany's brother, was the implacable enemy of sorcerers and of the *écorcheurs* as well, and it was, no doubt, by his advice, that two years before, the dauphin, quite a youth, had been sent to restore these Marches to order, and had demanded one of marshal de Retz's lieutenants in Poitou to be delivered up to him.† Beyond a doubt, this vigorous proceeding of the king's paved the way to his downfall, and emboldened the duke of Brittany to bring the bishop and the Inquisition into play against him.

An act of justice which depended on so rare a union of circumstances was not likely to be repeated, and there was hardly an instance of punishment's overtaking a man of similar rank.‡ Others, perhaps, were as guilty. These men of blood, who gradually returned to their manors after the war, continued to wage it, and with even greater atrocity, on the defenceless peasantry.

This was all the service the English had done us, the whole of the reform they had effected in our manners. This was the state in which they left France They had given out, on the battle-field of Azincourt, that they came at God's bidding to chastise and amend it. Young, indeed, and thoughtless in the ex-

treme, had been this France of Charles VIIIth's and of Charles of Orléans. Assuredly, the English were the more serious people of the two. Let us examine what our sage tutors had made of us in their five-and-twenty years' sojourn.

Firstly, that through which France is France—the unity of the kingdom—they broke up. This unity had given a truce to feudal violence, had been the *king's peace*; a stormy peace, indeed, but in its stead, the English had left in all directions a fearful petty war. Thanks to them, the country had retrograded as far as the barbarous times. It seemed as if, over and above the slaughter of a million of men, they had slain two or three centuries, and annulled the long period during which we had painfully built up the monarchy.

Barbarism reappeared; but destitute of all that had been good in it—simplicity and faith. Feudalism returned; but not its devotion, fidelity, chivalry. These feudal apparitions were like so many of the damned, who brought with them from the abyss below crimes unknown before.

It was useless the English withdrawing; France went on to exterminate herself. The northern provinces became a desert, the *landes* gained in extent. In the centre, as we have seen, the Beauce was covered with underwood, where two armies sought and could hardly find each other.* The cities, in which the whole population of the country had sought asylum, devoured this wretched multitude, and were nevertheless tenantless. Numberless houses remained empty, closed doors were seen in all directions,† and the poor laid hands upon whatever they could find in them to make fires with.‡ Paris was burning spontaneously. We may infer the condition of other cities from the state of this, the most populous of all, the seat of government, and of the great bodies, the University and Parliament. Misery and famine had converted it into a focus of disgusting contagious diseases which were confounded together and called at random by the one common name of plague. Charles VII. had a glimpse of the fearful thing still named Paris, felt a dread of it, and fled The English made no attempt to return to it. Both parties kept at a distance from it, as if in concert. The wolves alone came to it willingly, entering of a night in search of corpses. Finding the country without a thing to devour, they were driven mad with hunger and attacked men. The contemporary, who, doubtless, exaggerates the

nous nous entreverrons en la grant joie du Paradis." M. Du Bois's Extract, &c. p. 29.

* "Des damoiselles de grand estat." Jean Chartier, p. 106-7.

† *Bibl. Royale, Legrand's Hist. MS. de Louis XI.* p. 9.

‡ Retzs were found out and punished in the lower ranks. This very year (A. D. 1440) a man was hung at Paris, "who was wont, when he saw a baby in arms, or any infant, to snatch it from its mother, and cast it into the fire without pity." *Journal du Bourgeois*, éd. 1827, p. 512.

* See, above, p. 142.

† The king's council inquired closely into the state of these deserted houses, who had died in them, what wills they had left, who were their heirs: in order to see what might turn up for the treasury. "They went about Paris, and when they saw doors shut, they inquired of the neighbors, 'Why are these doors shut?' 'Ha! sire,' was the answer, 'the people are dead.' 'And have they no heirs to live here?' 'Ha! sire, they live elsewhere, &c.'" *Ibid.*

‡ *Défense d'abattre et de brûler les maisons désertes. Ordonnances*, xiii. 174. January 31st, 1432.

fact, asserts that in September, 1438, they devoured fourteen persons betwixt Montmartre and Porte Saint-Antoine.*

This extremity of wretchedness is expressed, though feebly, in the "*Complainte du Pauvre Commun et des Pauvres Laboureurs*,"† (*Complaint of the Poor Commonalty, and of the Poor Laborers*), which is a mixture of lamentations and threats. The wretched, famishing poor warn Church and king, citizens and merchants, and, above all, the nobles, "*que le feu est bien près de leurs hostels*," (that their palaces will burn next.) They call on the king to aid them. But what could Charles VII. do, that king of Bourges, weak and insignificant‡ as he was? What hope was there of his enforcing respect and obedience on so many daring men? What forces had he to curb these flayers (*écorceurs*) of the country, those dreaded petty kings of castles? They were his own captains; the very men with whom and by whom he made head against the English.

CHAPTER II.

REFORM AND PACIFICATION OF FRANCE. A. D. 1439-1448.

THE long and confused period of the latter years of Charles VIIth's reign, may be embodied in one phrase—the cure of France. She is cured, and England falls sick.

The cure seemed unlikely; but that vital in-

* *Journal du Bourgeois*, p. 502. "And they devoured a child in the night, in the Place aux Chats, behind the Innocents." *Ibidem*, p. 496. "These wolves killed from sixty to eighty persons in the open country." Jean Chartier, p. 99.

† Hélas! hélas! hélas! hélas!
Prélats, princes, et bons seigneurs,
Bourgeois, marchands, et advocats,
Gens de metiers, grans et mineurs,
Gens d'armes, et les trois Estats,
Qui vivez sur nous, laboureurs, &c.

(Alas! alas! alas! alas! prelates, princes, and good lords, citizens, merchants, and lawyers, tradesmen, great and small, men-at-arms, and ye three Estates, who live upon us, laborers, &c.) See the poem at the end of the 4th vol. of *Monstrelet*, p. 387, éd. Buchon.

‡ "Charles VII. had an agreeable countenance, but was undersized, and his legs small and weak. He appeared to most advantage when covered with his cloak; but his usual attire was a short vest of green cloth, when his wizened legs and big knees were any thing but sightly." Amelgardus, lib. v. c. 22, f. 160.

§ They always styled themselves the king's captains, but laughed at his orders. We find, in *Monstrelet*, the best of them, *La Hire*, treacherously laying hands on a nobleman who had received and lodged him, and the king interfering to no purpose. The poor man had to ruin himself to raise his ransom money. *Monstrelet*, vi. 130, ann. 1434.

Many of these captains of *écorceurs* have left a lasting impression on the minds of the people. The name of the Gascon, *La Hire*, is one commonly given to the knave of hearts. Matthew Gough, the Englishman, called by the chroniclers *Mathago*, lives, I believe, in some of our provinces as a beggar for children. The history of the Breton, Retz, considerably softened down, has furnished matter for a nursery tale; and (to spare the honor of the family, or of the country) the name of the English partisan, *Blue Beard*, has been substituted for his.

stinct which is aroused with extremity, drew together and concentrated her powers. The wounded parts united.

These were, on the one hand, the monarchy, which had been reduced to nothing, and, on the other, the common people, whether citizens or peasants. The latter considered that the king was the sole individual who had no interest in disorder, and turned their eyes towards him. The king felt that he could rely on these humbler classes alone. He trusted the management of war to men of peace, who managed marvellously. A merchant paid his armies; a lawyer directed his artillery, conducted his sieges, and forced the strongholds of his enemies and rebel subjects.

So rude a war was made on war, that it was banished the realm. England, who had cast it amongst us, took it back to her own shores.

The great, unsupported, will find themselves to be little in presence of the king, in proportion as this king shall grow great through the people; by degrees, they will be obliged to reckon with him. Time will be required for this—forty years, and two reigns. The work is silently going on under Charles VII., and is not ended. It will have to continue so long as by the king's side there subsists a king, the duke of Burgundy.

On the 2d of November, 1439, Charles VII., in the assembly of the states of Orléans, ordains, at the prayer of the states:—That henceforward the king alone shall nominate to the captaincy of the towns; that the barons shall be responsible, in the same manner as the royal captains, for the acts of their people; and that both are alike answerable to the king's council—in other words, war is henceforth to be amenable to justice. The barons are no longer, under pretext of war, to extort more than their seigniorial rights.* War becomes the king's business; and in consideration of the sum of twelve hundred thousand livres yearly, granted him by the States, he undertakes to maintain fifteen hundred lances,—six men to each. At a later period, we shall see him, to support this cavalry, create a new infantry out of the communal militia.

Transgressors are to obtain no favor; should the king grant a pardon, his council is to pay no respect to it. The ordonnance adds a director and more efficacious menace:—They who fall upon and seize offenders are to have their spoil.† This was a tremendous blow: for it was arming the peasant; sounding, as it were, the tocsin throughout the villages.

Was it not imprudent on the king's part, thus to declare war on disorder, while the

* If not, the king "declares from this moment, their lands and seignory irrevocably confiscate to the crown." *Ordonnances*, xiii. 312.

† "Horses, harness, and whatever else may be taken on the said captain, and all who infringe this present law and ordinance . . . (*shall belong*) . . . to those who seize them." *Ibidem*, 310.

English were still in France, and to attempt a reform of the kind in presence of the enemy! Although he states in the preamble that the ordinance is promulgated at the instance of the States, it is doubtful whether the princes and nobles assembled therein seriously solicited a reform which struck at themselves.

The fact that the captains self-styled royal, the plunderers and *écorceurs*, had just experienced a reverse, partly accounts for the boldness of the measure. They had attempted to surprise Bâle, in the hope of holding the council to ransom; but, on the contrary, were themselves very roughly handled on the way by the peasants of Alsace, and seeing the Swiss ready to receive them,* they returned with fallen crests. The king, who had displayed his courage in taking Montereau by assault,† (A. D. 1437,) reduced Meaux by the aid of his artillery, (A. D. 1439;) and then, feeling his strength, he proceeded to lay siege to Paris. He gave ear to complaints against oppressors, and attended to the tears and lamentations of his good subjects. Justice was summarily executed. The constable de Richemont, who readily turned provost-marshal as well, hung and drowned wherever he passed; while his brother, the duke of Brittany, was not slow to strike the great blow, and condemn the marshal de Retz to the stake. This first visitation of justice on a noble, was only carried through in the name of God, and with the aid of the Church. But it served not the less as a warning to the nobility that the day of impunity was past.

Who were the bold counsellors that incited the king to take this course? Who were the servants that suggested these reforms to him, and procured him the epithet given him by his contemporaries, of Charles *le bien servi*, (the well served?)

In Charles the VIIIth's council, we see seated by the side of the princes, of the count of Maine, of the younger scion of Brittany, and of the bastard of Orléans, petty nobles such as the brave Saintrailles, and the wise and politic Brézès; noble, indeed, but nothing without the king.‡ We likewise see there two burgesses, Jacques Cœur, the treasurer, and Jean Bureau, the master of the artillery; two most plebeian names.§ Their plebeian origin is brought into

full relief by their patents of nobility and their armorial bearings. Jacques Cœur charged his shield with three hearts and the heroic rebus:—"A vaillans (cœurs) riens impossible."** Bureau took for his arms three cruets or vials, (*burrettes*;) but the lower orders preferring the other, and equally plebeian etymology, derived *bureau* from *bure*, (a coarse dark cloth,) and coined the proverb, *Bureau vaut escarlate*, (brown's as good as scarlet.)

This Bureau was a lawyer, one of the masters of the chamber of accounts. He forgot his technicalities as soon as he stepped out of the office, and showed by this remarkable transformation, that a clear mind can master any subject to which it devotes itself. Henri IV. reformed his finances by the instrumentality of a soldier: Charles VII. carried on war under the direction of a financier. Bureau was the first to make a skilful and scientific use of artillery.

War requires money; Jacques Cœur knew where to lay his hand on it. Whence did it come? It is a pity that we know so little of his early life. We first meet with him in 1432, when we find him trading to Beyrout in Syria.† A little later we find him settled at Bourges as the king's silversmith. This great merchant had always one foot in the East, one in France. Here, he made his son archbishop of Bourges; there, he married his nieces or other relatives to the captains of his galleys.‡ On the one hand, he continued his traffic in Egypt; on the other, he speculated in victualling armies, and the conquest of Normandy.

Such were the able and lowly counsellors of Charles VII. And now, if we search who recommended them to him, and whose influence rendered him docile to their counsels, we shall find, if I mistake not, that he was indebted to a woman, to his mother-in-law, Yolande of Anjou. We see her influential from the beginning of his reign; it was she who enforced the reception of the Pucelle; and, on one occasion, in concert with the duke of Alençon, she lays down the plan of a campaign. Her influence, which had been balanced by that of the royal favorites, seems to have prevailed without a rival from the hour the aged queen had given her son-in-law a mistress, who re-

* With regard to the alarm in which these brigands kept Switzerland for many years, see in particular, the letters of the magistrates of Berne:—*Der Schweitzerische Geschichtsforscher*, vi. 321-488, A. D. 1437-1450.

† "In the which assault, the king, our lord, exposed himself personally, and valiantly plunged into the fosses above his waist in water, and mounting a ladder sword in hand, entered the city before most of his men." *Registres du Parlement*, Oct. 2, 1437.

‡ On the other hand, they were perfectly aware how much the king stood in need of them. On the death of Charles VII., the new king, the mortal enemy of Pierre de Brezé, set a price on his head, but might have saved himself the trouble, for Brézès took it to him himself, and Louis XI., who was a man of understanding, gave him a most gracious reception. See Chastellain's fine narrative, p. 183, éd. Buchon, 1836.

§ The father of the brothers Bureau, was a younger son

of a family in Champagne, who came up to Paris. A strict search into their origin made out the founder of their family to have been a serf, who was enfranchised and ennobled in the year 1171. Godefroy, Charles VII. p. 875.

* "To brave (hearts) nothing impossible." This device is still to be read on the house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges. Instead of the word *hearts*, two hearts are drawn.

† "I found there (at Damascus) several Genoese, Venetian, Catalan, Florentine, and French merchants. The latter had come to purchase different things, spices in particular; and they intended to proceed to Barut, to embark in a galley expected there from Narbonne. Among them was one named Jacques Cœur, who has since made a conspicuous figure in France, and become the king's treasurer." Extract from the voyage of Bertrand de la Brocquière to the Holy Land and Syria, undertaken by order of the duke of Burgundy, in the year 1432-33. *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, v. 490.

‡ *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, Reg. 191, Nos. 233, 242.

tained his affections for twenty years, (A. D. 1431—1450.)

All are familiar with the anecdote of Agnes telling the king one day, that when a child, she had been told by an astrologer that she would be loved by one of the most valiant kings in the world, that she had believed this must be Charles, but that she now sees it must be the king of England, who takes so many fine cities under his very nose, and will go to him. . . . These words so stung the king that he begins to weep, "and quitting his hunting and his gardens, he takes the bit in his teeth" so well that he chases the English out of the kingdom.*

Francis the First's pretty verses† prove that this tradition is of older date than Brantôme's time. However this be, we find as frank a tribute to Agnes in an enemy's mouth, that of the Burgundian chronicler, who was about contemporary with her :—" Certes, Agnes was one of the loveliest women I ever saw, and did in her capacity *much good to the kingdom.*" And again :—" She took a delight in recommending to the king young warriors and brave knights, by whom he was subsequently well served."‡

Agnes la Sorelle or Surelle (she took for her arms a sorrel-plant,§ or) was the daughter of Jean Soreau, a lawyer;|| but, by her mother's side, was of noble descent. She was born in that good Touraine, where our old French (*notre vieux Gaulois*) still charms us on the peasant's tongue, falling softly, slowly, and with a show of simplicity. Agnes's simplicity was early transplanted into a country of craft and policy, into Lorraine. She was brought up by Isabelle of Lorraine, who brought that duchy as her marriage portion to René of Anjou. Her husband made prisoner, Isabelle came to implore the king's assistance, taking her children with her, and, as well, the intimate friend of her childhood, the demoiselle Agnes. The king's mother-in-law, Yolande of Anjou, who was likewise Isabelle's mother-in-law, had, like her, a masculine understanding. They consulted how they might best bind Charles VII. forever to the interests of the house of Anjou-Lorraine; and they gave him the gentle being for his mistress, to the great satisfaction of the queen, who was

anxious to banish La Trémouille and other favorites.

Charles VII. relished wisdom from such lips. It is highly probable that Agnes was the mouthpiece of the aged Yolande: no doubt she was the principal mover in whatever was done. More politic than scrupulous, she gave an equally warm reception to the two young girls who came to her so opportunely from Lorraine—Jeanne Darc and Agnes, the saint and the mistress, each of whom, in her way, served king and kingdom.

This council of women, upstarts, plebeians, was not, it must be confessed, very imposing; the but little kingly figure of Charles VII. was not much set off by it. In order to sit as judge of the kingdom on the throne of Saint-Louis, and to become, like him, the guardian of the peace of God, other supporters seemed to be required. This league of three ladies—the old queen, the queen, and the mistress, edified no one. What was Richemont? an executioner. Jacques Cœur? a trafficker in Saracen countries. . . . Jean Bureau? a lawyer, "a quill-driver,"** who had become captain, and rode with his cannon through the length and breadth of the kingdom, without a fortress being able to stand before him; was not this a disgrace to the men of the sword? . . . The foxes were thus become lions. Henceforward, the knights must render account to the knights-at-law, (*chevaliers-ès-loix.*) The noblest lords, the highest justices, must henceforward stand in awe of the king's justices. Let a page seize but a pullet, and the baron will have to ride twenty leagues to speak, cap in hand, to the robed and furred ape squatting over his papers.

The nobles, and those of them who were the most with Charles VII., were so clearly sensible of this, that after the promulgation of the famous ordinance, Dunois himself gave up his seat at the council. "The cool and tempered noble"† repented his too good service.

This bastard of Orléans had begun his fortune by his defence of the city of Orléans, his brother's appanage, and had made skilful use of the heroic simplicity of the Pucelle. After having aggrandized himself by the king, he sought to aggrandize himself against the king. The misfortune was, that the duke, his brother, was still in England. The ancient enemy of the house of Orléans, the duke of Burgundy, (no doubt won over by Dunois,) used his best efforts to extricate from the hands of the English this future leader of the malecontents.

The duke of Alençon plunged headlong into the scheme; and Bourbon and Vendôme en-

* Brantôme, Dames Galantes, Disc. vi. t. vii. 463.

† Gentille Agnès, plus de los en mérite,
(La cause estant de France recouvrer.)
Close ce que peut, dedans un cloistre, ouvrir
Close nonnain ou bien devôt ermite.

(Lovely Agnes, greater praise thy merits deserve—thy motive being the recovery of France—than nun, pent within a cloister, or devoutest hermit, has power to claim.)

‡ "Certes, Agnès estait une des plus belles femmes que je vis oncques, et fit en sa qualité *beaucoup de bien au royaume* . . ." "Elle prenoit plaisir à avancer devers le Roy jeunes gens d'armes et gentils compaignons, dont le Roy fut depuis bien servi." Olivier de la Marche, t. viii. c. 13, pp. 153, 154.

§ Godefroy, Hist. de Charles VII. p. 886.

|| He was counsellor to the count de Clermont. Delort, Charles VII. et Agnès, p. 4.

** It was saying of Henry IV., "I can make a captain out of a quill-driver."

† "One of the finest speakers of the French tongue in France . . . Seeking to persuade the English to give up Vernon-sur-Seine, he expounded to them in set terms, and as learnedly as a doctor of theology could have done, the facts and state of the war between our king and the English king." Jean Chartier, p. 155.

gaged in it. La Trémouille, the former favorite, banished the court by Richemont, of course embarked in it. The most eager of all were the bastard of Bourbon, Chabannes, and the Sanglier, chiefs of bands of *écorceurs*. Sooth to say, the matter touched them nearly. As regarded the barons, their honor and rights of jurisdiction were at stake; but as regarded these men, their necks were in danger—they saw the gallows putting up.

There wanted but a leader; and in default of the duke of Orléans, they fixed on the dauphin, a child, so far as age was concerned; but a name was thought enough.

This child, as he was considered, and who was already Louis XI., had just made his first campaign (as he made his last) against the barons. At fourteen, he had been charged to reduce to order the marches of Brittany and of Poitou.* The first man he seized was a lieutenant of marshal de Retz's: such a beginning did not promise too sure a friend to the barons.

Friend or not, he accepted their offers. The leading trait of his character was impatience. He longed to live and to act. He had quickness and intellect enough to make one tremble; no heart, neither friendship, nor sense of kindred, no touch of humanity, no conscience to restrain him. The only feature he had in common with his time was bigotry; which however, far from holding him back, always came pat to put an end to his scruples.

"Day and night he would refine upon different thoughts. . . . Every day he would suddenly strike out many singularities."† Strange to say, with all his drivelling and petty scrupulosity of devotion, the instinct of novelty was quick within him, the desire to upstir and change every thing. The restlessness of the modern spirit was already his, inspiring his fearful ardor to go on, (where? no matter,) to be ever going on, trampling all under his feet, walking, if need be, over the bones of his father.

This dauphin of France had nothing in common with Charles VII.; he had much of his grandam in him, the issue of the houses of Bar and of Anjou, while several traits of his character suggest the idea of his future cousins, the Guises. Like the Guises, he began by playing the leader of the party of the nobles, gladly letting them do his work, since they were so eager to have him king who was to make them less by the head.

The king was holding Easter at Poitiers, when news was brought him, as he was dining, that the duke of Alençon and the sire de la Roche had seized upon Saint-Maixent. On

this, Richemont observed to him, in his Breton dialect: "You remember king Richard II., who threw himself into a fortress, and was made prisoner." The king took the hint, mounted his horse, and galloped straight to Saint-Maixent with four hundred lances. The citizens had held out four-and-twenty hours for the king, when he came to their relief. La Roche's men were, according to Richemont's custom, decapitated or flung into the river; but Alençon's were dismissed, in the hope of winning back one, who, after all, was a prince of the blood, and who was not stancher on the side of revolt than he had been on the king's.*

The small fortresses of Poitou could not hold out; Richemont took them one by one. On this, Dunois began to reflect. The citizens were for the king, who desired to render the roads safe; in other words, to facilitate the means of transport and reduce the cost of provisions. The peasant, on whom the marauding soldiery ever fell back, looked upon them as enemies. This peasantry ruined, the baron's resources were cut off. The very *écorceur* who found but little, and who, after having ridden the livelong day, slept supperless in the woods, began to think that it would be better after all to make an end of this, and to rest and grow fat on the king's pay in some honest garrison.

All this was not lost on Dunois; he considered, too, that he who should first desert the rest, might make his own terms. He came, was well received, and congratulated himself on the step he had taken, when he found the king stronger than he had supposed; backed by four thousand eight hundred lances, and two thousand archers, and this, without having been obliged to make any draughts from his garrisons in the marches of Normandy.

More than one was of the same mind as Dunois. Many an *écorceur* of the south took pay with the king, to fight the *écorceurs* of the north. Charles VII. drove back the duke de Bourbon on to the Bourbonnais, taking possession of the towns and castles, and allowing of no plunder. He assembled the states of Auvergne, where it was publicly declared that the rebels were disaffected to him, solely because he protected the poor from plunderers. The princes, deserted, and receiving no support from the duke of Burgundy, came in with their submissions; first, Alençon, then, the duke de Bourbon and the dauphin. As for La Trémouille and two others, the king would not admit them to his presence. The dauphin hesitated to accept a pardon which did not include his friends. He said to the king:—"Monseigneur, I must return, for I pledged my word to them." The king answered cold-

* *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Histoire de Louis XI.*, p. 9.

† "Il ne faisoit que subtilier jour et nuit diverses pensées. . . . Tous jours il avisoit soudainement maintes étrangetés." Chastellain, *Chroniques des ducs de Bourgogne*, éd. Buchon, 1836, pp. 157, 158.

* This fickleness of character is everywhere evidenced on his trial. *Bibliothèque Royale, Procès MS. du duc d'Alençon*, 1456, passim.

ly:—"Louis, the doors are open, and if they are not large enough, I will order sixteen or twenty fathoms of wall to be pulled down for you."[†]

The war, so happily carried on, was no less wisely terminated. The duke de Bourbon was stripped of all his possessions in the centre of the kingdom, (Corbeil, Vincennes, &c.,) and the dauphin removed to a distance. He was given an establishment on the frontier, Dauphiny. This was to isolate him, by awarding him his share. He was only to be got rid of by being secured a little kingdom, as an earnest of his future inheritance.[‡]

This French *Praguerie*, (so christened from the great *Praguerie* of Bohemia,) though brought to so speedy a close, had, nevertheless, sad results. The projected military reform was adjourned. The English, recovering heart, took Harfleur, and kept it. At the duke of Orleans's instance, they released the duke of Orleans.[§] When the ancient enemy of his house thus interfered to liberate him, the king could not decently object to guaranty his ransom, and to aid the dangerous prisoner to regain his freedom. He repaid from prison straight to the duke of Burgundy, who threw over his neck the collar of the Golden Fleece, and gave him one of his kinswomen to wife. Whom did this intimate union of two enemies threaten, but the king! He took the warning.

First, he obtained from the States a grant of a tenth, to be levied on all the churchmen of the realm. He recalled Tannegui du Châtel, the deadly enemy of the house of Burgundy. Then, directing his forces on the north, he visited the whole frontier line, doing justice on the Burgundian, Lorrain, and other captains who laid waste the country. Among those who made their submission was a troublesome man, the boldest of the bandits, bold on account of his birth, and bold because he was the common agent of the dukes of Bourbon and of Burgundy; this was the bastard of Bourbon. He was not let off so easily as he thought for. The king handed him over, Bourbon as he was, to the provost; who put him on his trial, as he would any other robber. He was justly condemned, and flung, tied up in a sack, into the river. The Burgundian chronicler himself is obliged to confess that the example was of excellent effect.[¶] The captains who styled them-

selves the king's captains, and scoured the country, were seriously alarmed, and thought it high time to turn over a new leaf.

Another no less instructive lesson: the young count de Saint-Pol, relying on the protection of the duke of Burgundy, presumed to seize some cannon belonging to the king on their route: the king took two of his best fortresses from him. Saint-Pol hurried to entreat grace; but could obtain nothing except by submitting the litigious affair of the Ligny inheritance to the decision of the parliament. The duchess of Burgundy, who came in person to present the king a long list of griefs, was politely received, and politely dismissed, without obtaining the slightest concession.

Meanwhile, the English, ever so close to Paris, and so strongly established on the lower Seine, had made a forward movement and seized Pontoise. Lord Clifford, who had surprised this great and dangerous post, took the care of keeping it on himself. The inveteracy and obstinacy of the Cliffords became but too well known in the wars of the Roses. Besides the English, there were a number of refugees in Pontoise, who were aware that there would be no quarter for them. It was by no means easy to retake such a place; but how leave the English thus at the gates of Paris!

Both sides displayed an indomitable will. The siege of Pontoise was another siege of Troy. The duke of York, regent of France, by whom Clifford was fated to lose his life in the civil wars, came to his succor. He brought an army out of Normandy, revictualled the place, and offered battle, (June;) Talbot was with him. The English were ever thinking they had to do with king Jean; but the cool and prudent counsellors of Charles VII. had little respect for the code of chivalrous honor. Already, war was in their mind a matter of simple tactics. The king withdrew, allowed the English to pass, and returned. Talbot returned in his turn, and again threw in provisions, (July.) Again, the duke of York brought back his army; but could not force a battle. He was suffered to overrun the Isle of France, which was ruined, and to ruin himself by these fruitless movements. The king did not loose his hold: he had fortified close to the town a formidable bastille, which the English could not attack. When they had worn out and exhausted themselves by revictualling Pontoise four times, Charles VII. commenced the siege in earnest; Jean Bureau breached the town with marvellous celerity;^{*} two murderous assaults were delivered, lasting five hours; a church which had served for a redoubt was first carried, and then the place itself, (Sept. 16th, 1441.) Thus, men who dreaded to face the English in the open plain, forced them in an assault.

^{*} "So comported himself as to be worthy of everlasting commendation." Jean Chartier, p. 117.

[¶] The Burgundian chronicler puts into the king's mouth the additional but dubious words, which, however, must have flattered the ambition of the house of Burgundy:—"By God's good will we shall find some of our blood, who will help us better to support our honor and sovereignty than you have hitherto done." Monstrelet, t. vii. p. 83.

[†] *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Legend, Histoire de Louis XI.*, p. 25. et *Pièces Justificatives*.

[‡] In spite of the opposition of the duke of Gloucester, whose reasons for retaining the duke of Orleans prisoner are curious, as proving the belief of the English, that the French king and the dauphin (Louis XI.) were nonentities. Rymer, v. 76, June 2.

[§] Monstrelet, vii. 132.

The recapture of Pontoise relieved Paris, and the whole surrounding country. Agriculture could be resumed, and subsistence was secured. The Parisians did not thank the king for this. They felt only their present misery, the weight of taxation, which pressed even on the *confréries* (the companies) and the churches, which complained aloud.

The princes did not want the will to take advantage of these discontents. The duke of Burgundy, without appearing himself, called them together at Nevers, (March, 1442.) The duke of Orléans, with whom he did as he pleased ever since he had procured him his freedom, presided for him. There were present, the dukes of Bourbon and of Alençon, the counts d'Angoulême, d'Etampes, de Vendôme, and Dunois. The king quietly deputed his chancellor to this conclave, which was summoned against him, to assure them he was willing to hear what they had to say.

Their designs were at once betrayed by their list of demands and grievances. The *Praguerie* having failed from the towns remaining faithful to the king, the object now was to turn them against him, and to contrive that the people should impute all their sufferings to the king alone. The princes then, in their zeal for the public welfare, and for the good people of France, remonstrated with the king on the necessity there existed for *peace*, while peace had been adjourned by their own act, in causing us to lose Harfleur. They demanded that *the brigands should be put down*; but the brigands were only too often their own adherents, as has just been seen in the case of the bastard of Bourbon. To put down the brigands, troops were necessary, and taxes and aids to pay these troops. Now the princes demanded, in the same breath, *the remission of aids and taxes*. These hypocritical demands were accompanied by sincere ones, each claiming for himself such or such an office, or pension.

The king's reply, which it was taken care to make public, was the more overwhelming from its mildness and moderation.* He answers specifically on the head of imposts, that the aids were imposed by consent of the barons on whom they were levied; that as to the taxes, the king communicated them to the three estates, (*les a "fait savoir" aux trois états,*) although in such urgent need, when the enemy occupies part of the kingdom and is laying waste the rest, he has good right to levy them of his own royal authority. For this, he adds, there is no need to assemble the states, which is only a charge to the poor people, who have to defray the expenses of the deputies, and that several of the notables have petitioned for the discontinuance of these assemblies. Another reason, which the king refrained from advancing, was that it would frequently have

been a hard matter to obtain from states in which the notables predominated, money which was to serve for making war on themselves.

This time the *Praguerie* was confined to grievances and schedules. The king, leaving them to waste their time at their assembly of Nevers, made a great and serviceable progress across the kingdom, from Picardy to Gascony, establishing peace wherever he passed; and notably in the marches, in Poitou, Saintonge, and Limousin. Strengthened in the north by the taking of Pontoise, he marched to oppose the English in the south. Count d'Albret, hard pressed by them, had promised to surrender if the king did not *keep his day*, (*tenir sa journée*,) on the 23d of June, and await them on the *lande* (heath) of Tartas. They gladly accepted the proposition, believing that he could not be there at the time appointed, and still less that he would offer battle. Before the day stipulated, they saw the *lande* occupied by the French king and army, (June 21st, 1442.)

A hundred and twenty banners, a hundred and twenty counts, barons, and nobles had rallied on this *lande* around Charles VII. All those Gascons who had fancied that they lived in another world, far from the king, began to discover that he was ubiquitous. They came to do homage, and perform feudal service, and the king administered justice.

Strikingly and solemnly did he do so the following year, (March, 1443.) The small county of Comminges was cruelly rent by the two tyrants of the Pyrenees, Armagnac and Foix. The heiress of Comminges had married, by choice or compulsion, first an Armagnac, and on his death, a count of Foix. The latter, who only cared for her possessions, got her to make them over to him, and then shut her up prisoner in a tower, where he kept her twenty years, on pretence of jealousy, she being, he alleged, addicted to gallantry. The poor woman was eighty years of age. The states of Comminges petitioned Charles VII., who received their petition graciously, threatened and overawed the count de Foix, set the aged countess at liberty, divided between the two the usufruct of Comminges, and adjudged the county to himself. This bold act of justice furnished deep matter of reflection to all these barons, hitherto so independent.

This was not all. The king, that he might ever be present among them as judge, gave them a royal parliament as a fixture in Toulouse. This judicial royalty of the south had nothing in common with the parliament of Paris; it judged according to the law of the country, the written law; it depended on no one, but kept up and recruited itself. And until this great body could re-establish order and justice in Languedoc, Charles VII. authorized his poor subjects to right themselves, and hunt down the brigands and prowling soldiers.*

* It is a singularly able answer, and does much honor to the wisdom of King Charles's counsellors. It deserves to be read entire in Monstrelet, vii. 174-194.

* D. Vaissette, Histoire du Languedoc. iv. 497.

He could not remain long absent from the north. Dieppe, which had been regained by a successful and daring stroke, was on the point of being again lost. A French captain, without seeking help from the king, had hit upon the idea of scaling the walls at low tide, with the help of the citizens, and he had surprised the English in their beds. Dieppe, hastily fortified by three towers, which still subsist, had become the rendezvous of all the land pirates who scoured upper Normandy, and who bravely held in check all the small English strongholds, which fell at last, one after the other. He who has not Dieppe, has nothing upon the coast. The English, who still held Arques, did not despair of recovering this small but important town, and they sent against it, as they did wherever vigor was required, the aged lord Talbot. He encamped on the downs above the Pollet, raising there a strong bastille, well provided with cannons and bombards, to reply to the fort, and to batter the city which lay between. A large fleet and army were momentarily expected from England, and it was necessary to anticipate their arrival. The dauphin obtained permission to join Dunois in the expedition, and numbers of Picard and Norman gentlemen volunteered their services. On the same evening that he arrived, the dauphin made the first approaches. He did not even allow himself time to place his guns in battery, but threw wooden bridges over the fosses of the bastille, and risked escalade at once. At the second assault, while the alarmed citizens were making a solemn procession to implore the Virgin, and the bells were tolling, the bastille was carried.

At last, the great fleet hove majestically in sight, just in time to witness the rejoicings on account of the raising of the siege, the memory of which was preserved in Dieppe in the silly farces called the *mitouries de la mi-août*,* enacted in the churches. The dauphin had his own rejoicing, (already in the style of Louis XI.) the hanging of some sixty of old Burgundians taken in the bastille; and the day after this, he paraded the English prisoners, in order that he might recognise those who had *railed at him* from the walls, and he strapped them up to the apple-trees near at hand.†

The only result of this great and expensive armament which the English had fitted out, was its commander, the duke of Somerset, enjoying the honor of a chivalrous tour from Normandy to Anjou. Having collected all the forces at his disposal, he proceeded, without experiencing let or opposition, (with the exception of a night affair, in which he killed thirty men,) to lay siege to the small town of Pouvance, but not being more successful in this than in

his attempt on Dieppe, he returned to Rouen to recruit himself after his toils, and take up his winter quarters.*

This self-same winter, while Somerset was enjoying his victorious repose, the dauphin Louis rapidly traversed the whole kingdom, in order to bring about the ruin and destruction of the best friend the English had. The count d'Armagnac, discontented with the arrangement in the Comminges affair, which gave him nothing, endeavored to take the whole. He forbade his subjects to make any payments to king Charles, and raised his banner of Armagnac against the standard of France.† He relied on the English and the duke of Gloucester, who desired to bring about a marriage between Henry VI. and a daughter of the count. All would have been settled, perhaps, by spring, but the winter found Armagnac gone—father, daughter, all were taken. The dauphin, who was a fierce hunter,‡ took this wolf hunt, too, on himself. Setting out in January, he crosses snows, swollen rivers, and finds the prey in the lair—all of the Armagnacs were shut up in one of their fortresses. The fortress was strong, it behooved to draw them out of it. The dauphin spoke gently, as a kinsman, and played the part so well, that *his fair cousin*, (so he termed him,) surrounded with his retainers, thought to be quits for the saying that thenceforward he was ever bound to the king of France. The dauphin took him at his word, carried off all the Armagnacs, and placed them in safe keeping; nor did he set them at liberty until two years afterwards, when Henry VI. was married into the house of France, and England, busied with her own domestic troubles, could not rekindle ours.§

Gloucester and the war party had been able to encourage Armagnac, but not defend him. They had trouble enough to defend themselves in England against the bishops, and the friends of peace, Winchester and Suffolk, who were in the ascendant. After Somerset's vain and ruinous expedition, the latter were decidedly the masters; and however galling to English pride, they negotiated a truce, and a marriage which would approximate, if not the two peoples, at least the two kings.

But there was a third people exceedingly embarrassing during the truce—the people of soldiers. What was to be done with this crowd of men of all nations, who had so long arrogated the right of laying waste the land? Neither English nor French could hope to rein in their countrymen of this stamp. All that was practicable, was to induce them to go plun-

* Jean Chartier, p. 245.

† One of the count's principal means of war was the money, good or bad, which he coined in all his castles. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, Registre* 177, No. 222.

‡ His passion for the chase will be noticed further on.

§ See the pardon granted Armagnac in 1445. Among other charges against him, it appears that he had thrown the king's banner into the Tarn. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, Registre* 177, No. 127.

* ("The mewings of Mid-August.") A brief notice of grotesque festivals of the kind will be found, vol. i. p. 175.

† See M. Vitet's interesting *Histoire de Dieppe, and Legend, Histoire de Louis XI.* pp. 41, 43, *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS.* pp. 41, 43.

dering elsewhere, to quit ruined France in order to visit fair Germany, and make a pilgrimage to the council of Bâle, the holy and wealthy cities of the Rhine, the fat ecclesiastical principalities.

Just at this period, two separate propositions and demands of aid were entertained by the king: one came from the emperor, against the Swiss; the other from René, duke of Lorraine, against the cities of the empire. The king was equally favorable to both, and generously promised aid for and against the Germans.

The *Germanies*, as the empire was well named, large, bulky, and populous as they were, seemed to afford a promising opening to invasion. The Holy Empire had fallen to pieces, and each piece was self-divided. For instance, the Lorrainers and Swiss were at war, both with the other Germans and themselves.

In reality, these two calls on the king were less contradictory than they appeared: the object, on both sides, was the defence of the nobility against the cities and communes. The latter, after winning their freedom most praiseworthy, often made a very indifferent use of it. Metz and other cities of Lorraine, after freeing themselves from their bishops, and becoming rich commercial republics, took into their pay the best lances and bravest adventurers of the country;* and were often compromised by them with the nobles, and even with the duke. Now the soldiery of Metz, having a feud with a gentleman in the service of the duchess Isabella, transferred it to her, and laying in wait for her between Nancy and Pont-à-Mousson, whither she was repairing on a pilgrimage, threw themselves on her baggage, and opened and plundered all, jewels and feminine finery, and whatever they found, against all the laws of chivalry.

This particular act of violence was only an incident of the great quarrel which ever agitated Lorraine. Were Metz and the other free towns, French or German? *Which was the true and lawful frontier of the Empire?*

This question of the rights of the empire was debated more violently still on the side of Switzerland. The cantons had believed themselves definitively separated from Germany, and nevertheless, Zurich had just allied herself anew with the emperor, duke of Austria, and maintained that the Swiss confederation was an integral portion of the empire. The other cantons laid siege to Zurich, and according to all appearances, were about to blot it out from the map. It was a war without quarter. The mountaineers, already masters of Greiffensee, had handed over the whole garrison to the executioner; and the story went,

that after an engagement they had drunk of the blood of their enemies, and eaten their hearts.*

The history of these rude men and times, has been obscured in many points by the two great historians who have written it, the one in the sixteenth, the other in the eighteenth century. The honest Tschudi,† in his simple partiality, has religiously collected all the patriotic lies which circulated in his time, relative to the golden age of the Swiss, yet without concealing the barbarism which alloyed their heroism. There followed the good and eloquent Muller,‡ great moralist and citizen, wholly devoted to reviving nationality of feeling, in which laudable aim, he selects, arranges, and if he does not deny the barbarism, hides it, as well as he can, with the flowers of his rhetoric. I grieve at this: such a history can dispense with ornament; rough, rude, and savage, it was not the less great. What should we think of a man who should undertake to dress up the Alps?

And there is in Switzerland a something greater than the Alps, higher than the Jungfrau, and more majestic than the sombre majesty of the lake of Lucerne. . . . Enter Lucerne itself, penetrate its dusky archives, open their iron grates, their iron doors, their iron coffers, and touch (but gently) that old, stained rag of silk . . . 'Tis the most ancient relic of liberty this world possesses—that stain is the blood of Gundoldingen, the silk is the colors in which he wrapped himself to die at the battle of Sempach.

We shall return to the subject, when we shall have to describe the struggle of the Swiss with Charles-le-Téméraire. Enough to point out here that in the history of Switzerland, we must carefully discriminate its epochs.

In the fourteenth century, the Swiss won their freedom by three or four petty battles of everlasting memory. They showed, simultaneously with the English, the use and might of infantry; but, with this difference,—the English at a distance, as archers, the Swiss in close struggle with the lance or halberd; close, for they held the lance *by the middle*,§ that is, with secure grasp. It is the secret of their victories.

After these glorious battles, it was an article of their creed, that the Swiss, in his canton phalanx, pushing his halberd before him, rushing on eyes shut, like the bull with lowered

* Fugger, Spiegel des Erzhauses Oesterreich, p. 539.

† This excellent chronicler, born in 1503, and consequently after the events in the text, must not be servilely followed. As bearing witness to tradition, he is important; but the contemporary chroniclers ought to be relied on in preference to him. See Egidius Tschudi's *Leben und Schriften*, von Hildephons Fuchs, St. Gallen, 1805.

‡ MM. Monnard and Vulliemin will complete his history by adding the two last centuries, and bring superior critical powers to the task. M. Monnard has given the world an interesting life of Muller, published at Lausanne, 1839.

§ The lance was usually held by the end. Tillier, *Geschichte des Freistaates Bern*, ii. 510.

* "Within which city of Metz, many companions of war were kept in pry, as had long been the custom." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 538.

horns, was stronger than the horse, and could not fail to dismount the horseman barded with iron. They were warranted in saying so; but in their stupid pride, they insisted on attributing these grand results of union to individual strength, with respect to which they circulated tales which were in every one's mouth. To listen to them, the Swiss were so full of life and blood, that even when mortally wounded, they would continue fighting for a long time. They drank as they fought; and in this they were in like manner invincible. In many of the Italian wars, care had been taken to poison the wines in the towns through which they passed: lost labor, for wine and poison went down, and the Swiss were but the better for both.*

This brutal pride in bodily strength was attended with its usual result; the Swiss were soon spoiled. We must not believe, and this by many degrees, all that is complacently said of the purity of these times. At the close of the fifteenth century, the holy man, Nicholas de Flue, bewailed in his hermitage the corruption of Switzerland. We find their soldiers, in the middle of the same century, attended by troops of women and girls;† at least, their armies encumbered themselves with a considerable quantity of superfluous and embarrassing baggage, for in 1420, a Swiss army of 5000 men, undertaking to cross the Alps by a pass which at that day was a difficult one, was, nevertheless, accompanied by fifteen hundred mules, heavily laden.‡

The greed of the Swiss was the terror of their neighbors. Seldom a year passed that they did not leave their mountains in search of some quarrel. Devout as they were, (to the saints of the mountains, to Our Lady of the Hermits,)§ they did not the more respect their neighbors' goods and chattels. Germans, enemies of Germany, having trampled under foot the law of the empire without substituting any other in its stead, their law was the halberd—pointed, hooked—which pierced, and dragged what it pierced sticking to it. . . .

Forcibly or friendly, with or without pretext, under cover of inheritance, alliance, or of a common citizenship, they were ever taking. They would pay no heed to writings or treaties, good and simple folk as they were who could not read. . . . One of their common means of robbing their neighbor barons was by protecting their vassals; that is, making

them their own:* this they called enfranchising. Subjected to this rude and fickle lordship of peasants, the pretended freedmen often regretted their hereditary master.†

The magnificent lords—mountain cowherds, or burgesses of the plain—would wrangle about their subjects. The burgesses would cast up to the mountaineers, so often famishing in the midst of their snows, their being obliged to descend into the plains to purchase corn, and often refused to part with it at the risk of their being famished. "Men of Uznach," said a burgomaster, "you are ours, you, your country, all that is yours even to your bowels;" sternly reminding them of the bread which Zurich sold to them.

In its war with the other cantons‡ Zurich enjoyed the alliance of the emperor, but not the support of the empire. The Germanies did not easily put themselves in motion. When consulted by the emperor, they coolly replied that to meddle with these quarrels of the Swiss cities, was like "putting one's hand betwixt the door and the hinges."§

A few German nobles threw themselves into the town to defend it; nevertheless, the other cantons attacked it with such obstinate fury that it could not hope to hold out. The emperor applied to the king of France, whose daughter his cousin Sigismund was about to marry. The margrave of Baden invoked the assistance of the queen, his relative. The nobles of Suabia deputed Burchard Monck, the deadliest enemy of the Swiss, to Charles VII., to represent to him the imminency of the peril, the hazard of its spreading nearer and nearer, and the danger that threatened all nobility. The king and the dauphin, who were already in motion, received embassies without end, on the heels of each other, at Tours, at Langres, at Joinville, at Montbelliard, at Altkirk.|| The need was urgent. Zurich had been beleaguered for two months; every moment might bring news of its being taken, sacked, and the inhabitants put to the sword.

The army was on the march; but it was not an easy operation to lead this vast company of robbers such a distance, and keep them in order by the way. Here were brought together fourteen thousand Frenchmen, eight thousand Englishmen and Scotchmen, men from all countries. Each people marched separately under its own leaders. The dauphin bore the title

* See the *Mémoires de Le Loyal*, servant of the knight without fear and without reproach, (Bayard.)

† A whole ship-load was lost in 1476, in the expedition to Strasbourg.

‡ Tillier, *Geschichte des Freistaates Bern*, ii. 507.

§ With regard to the importance of the pilgrimage hither, and the feudal greatness of the abbey, to which the greatest barons of Switzerland belonged as dignitaries, &c., see the curious chronicle of the monk. The crowd of pilgrims who flocked thither in 1440 from the Low Countries was so great as to be taken for a hostile army, and the alarm bell was rung. *Chronique d'Einsiedlen*, par le Religieux, p. 178, 184.

|| Switzerland early afforded an asylum to foreigners of different grades of life. See, among other proofs, Kindlinger *Häufigkeit*, 296, and Bluntschli's important work, *Histoire Politique et Judiciaire de Zurich*, ii. 414, note 161.

† For instance, the men of Gaster and of Sargans, greatly regretted the Austrian government. Müller, *Geschichte*, B. iii. ii. c. 4, (1436.)

‡ Berne stood aloof from this war against Zurich. See the letters of the magistracy, *Der Schweizerische Geschichtsforscher*, vi. 321-480.

§ Fugger, *Spiegel des Erzhauses Oesterreich*, f. 539.

|| *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS., Legrand. Histoire de Louis XI.* fol. 76. This is an excellent narrative, and for the most part founded on public acts and papers.

of commander-in-chief. The Burgundians, exceedingly uneasy at the passing of these bands, were a-foot, in arms, and prepared to fall upon them. However, they reached Alsace without committing any great disorders.

Bâle had much to fear. It was the advanced guard of the cantons, and knew, besides, that the pope had offered money to the dauphin to rid him of the council, as he passed through it. The burgesses and fathers, in great alarm, sent hasty warning to the Swiss, enumerating the troops of all countries which were marching on the town, and repeating the terrible stories which were circulated of the Armagnac brigands. The Swiss, hotly bent on the siege, resolved, without raising it, to dispatch a few thousand men* to see what these people might be.

The great army turned mount Jura, and were nearing, body by body, in marching order, the small stream, the Birse. One body had already crossed,† the Swiss charged it; and this charge of two or three thousand lances on foot took by surprise men, who in their English wars had seen no other infantry but archers. They gave way in disorder, and recrossed the stream, leaving their baggage behind. The army being thus forewarned, troops were detached in the direction of Bâle, to prevent the citizens succoring the Swiss, and the latter from throwing themselves into the town.

The two thousand were so ignorant of the numbers with whom they had to do, that they would push forward. Their orders, on setting out, were not to go further than the Birse, but they paid no regard to the prohibition. These bands were commanded in democratic fashion, the captains by the soldiers. A messenger reached them from Bâle, who apprized them of the numerical superiority of their enemies, and conjured them by all that was sacred not to cross the river. Such was their mental drunkenness and brutal ferocity that they killed him.‡

They crossed, and were overwhelmed. The

men-at-arms drove five hundred into a meadow, and not one left it alive. About a thousand, trying to reach Bâle, thought themselves lucky to meet with a tower and burial-place, the hedges and vineyards around which, together with an old wall, protected them from cavalry. Here they held out with the energy of desperation, since they could not hope for quarter any more than they had given it at Greiffensee. Their foe, Burchard Monck, was at hand to balance the account. Dismounting, the men-at-arms forced the wall, and fired the tower. The Swiss were slain to a man; and a French historian pays them this testimony: "Noblemen, who had been present in many engagements with the English and others, have assured me that they never saw or met with men who defended themselves so stoutly, or exposed their lives so daringly and rashly."**

This was an honorable defeat and lesson at the same time; the second which the Swiss had received; the first had been read them by the Piedmontese, Carmagnola.† Endless are the efforts, the clumsy resources, the declamation and rhetorical flourishes with which their historians have endeavored to disguise the real facts. They lessen the number of the Swiss, increase that of their enemies; intimate that the whole army of the Armagnacs was engaged; paint the admiration of the dauphin, (*who was not present*,‡ and who was by no means given to admiration;) and, lastly, to give the finishing stroke to the marvellous, they add the following tale:—Burckard Monck was walking over the field of battle, when breaking out into bursts of laughter at the sight of the corpses, he exclaimed, "We are swimming among roses;" on which one of these apparently dead men comes to life, and flinging a stone with great force, it strikes Burckard on the head, and he dies three days after from the effects of the blow.§

The dauphin, they subjoin, was so alarmed by the valor of the Swiss, that he suddenly retreated, demanding nothing more than their friendship. Now the exact contrary is the truth, and an established fact. It was the Swiss who suddenly retreated, drew off from

* Historians are not agreed as to the number, varying from four to three thousand, sixteen hundred, eight hundred. These numbers may be reconciled by supposing that the Swiss sent three or four thousand men, that sixteen hundred crossed the river, and that eight hundred or a thousand reached the burying-ground, and made the stand there. The learned translators and continuers of Müller, MM. Monnard and Vulliemin, are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that the total number did not exceed six thousand men, and that the whole of this small army was engaged.

† According to a contemporary chronicler, still unpublished, it was a mere affair with the vanguard: "The said count de Dampmartin, who was in the vanguard, and lodged two leagues off from my lord the dauphin, had rode over to him to inquire what orders he had to give concerning Bâle, and on his return he found the Swiss about to commence an attack. . . . And when the said count saw the said Swiss beginning to skirmish, he ordered one-and-twenty men-at-arms to prick forth upon them. . . . The said count . . . had on the said day under his standard, six or seven and twenty men-at-arms, besides others, whom he dispatched twenty of his archers to bring up. . . ." *Bibl. Royale, Cabinet des Titres, MS.* I am indebted for this note to M. Jules Tschüchert.

‡ Tschudi, ii. 422.

* "Les nobles hommes qui avaient esté en plusieurs journées, contre les Anglois et autres, m'ont dit qu'ils n'avoient vu ni trouvé aucune gens de si grande défense, ni si outrageux et téméraires pour abandonner leur vie." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 536.

† I am surprised at one of our most judicious historians copying, as regards the defeats of the Swiss at Arbedo and Bâle, (1422, 1444,) the animated, but partial and declamatory account of Müller.

‡ "The dauphin was not personally present at this work, (*besogne*), or any of the nobles and heads of his council." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 536. Mathieu is the contemporary historian, and had conversed with those engaged; and an historian, too, above suspicion, since he praises the courage of the Swiss; and yet he is the only historian of whom the learned Müller will remain ignorant. He does not quote him even once, but seeks in every other direction, quoting the "they say" of Æneas Sylvius, who had left Bâle, and the chronicle of Tschudi, written a hundred years afterwards, &c.

§ Tschudi, ii. 425.

Zurich,* and retired to their mountains. The dauphin had no objection to come to terms with Bale and the council; the Swiss party in this town, all ready to make short work of the nobles, durst not stir; the troops spread themselves, without encountering any obstacle, over the whole tract of country betwixt the Jura and the Aar; and, at last, finding there was not much to be got out of their enemies, turned upon their friends, and betook themselves to plundering Suabia and Alsace.

Loud were the complaints of the Germans; but the bandits answered, that they had been promised keep and pay, and had had neither.† At length, the duke of Burgundy, fearing that the French might take too great a fancy to Switzerland and Alsace, offered himself as mediator. The dauphin, who complained that he had come to save ingrates, cheerfully made peace with the Swiss. He discovered all that might be done with a brave race, willing to take pay, who feared nothing, and struck without reasoning. He invited them into France; showed himself their friend against the nobles whom he had come to succor; and declared that if the nobles of Bale would not come to terms, he would assist the townsmen to put them down.‡ So dear was his love for this town of Bale, that he would have been heartily glad to see it turn French.§ On their side, the Swiss, who asked no better than to gain money, made him a friendly offer to hire out to him some thousands of men.||

The dauphin's return and the intelligence of the check sustained by the Swiss expedited the settlement of Lorraine. The cities, which sheltered themselves under the name of the empire, clearly saw that if the emperor and the German nobles had called the French into the heart of the German dominions to save Zurich, they would not come to fight against the French on the marches of France. Toul and Verdun at once proclaimed the king their protector.¶

Metz alone held out. This large and proud city had other towns dependent upon her, and was surrounded by from twenty-four to thirty

forts. However, from the very beginning, Epinal had seized the opportunity of casting off this yoke, and had claimed the king's protection.* The forts having subsequently surrendered, the inhabitants of Metz determined on opening negotiations. They represented to the king:—"That they did not belong to his kingdom or seignory; but that in his wars with the duke of Burgundy and others, they had always welcomed and assisted his troops." On this, by the king's command, master Jean Rabateau, president of the parliament, propounded many points in answer:—"That the king would clearly prove, if need were, as well by charter as by chronicles and histories, that they were, and had been in all time past, subjects of the king and kingdom; that the king was well advised that they were in the habit of advancing and inventing the like reservations and cavils; and how when the emperor of Germany had come with a large force and full intention to compel them to obedience, they then said, by way of protection, that they were dependent on the kingdom of France, and held of the crown; and when any of the predecessors of the king of France had come to compel them to obedience, that they then said they belonged to the empire, and were the emperor's subjects."†

This grand question of the boundary line betwixt France and the empire, could not be settled in this fashion, incidentally, and during the interval afforded by a truce with the English. It remained undecided; and the king contented himself with drawing upon the wealthy burgesses of Metz.

Besides, he had effected all he could have hoped for, had employed his troops and cheaply raised the reputation of the arms of France. The captains, previously scattered, and all but independent of the king, had followed his banner. The time was come for the carrying out of the great military reform, which had been adjourned by the Praguerie.

It was a delicate operation, but skilfully performed.‡ The king charged the barons

* D. Calmet, Histoire de Lorraine, II. 836.

† "Ils représentèrent au Roi, 'Qu'ils n'étoient point de son royaume ni de sa seigneurie; mais que dans ses guerres avec le duc de Bourgogne et autres, ils avoient toujours reçu et conforté ses gens.' Alors, par ordre du Roi, maître Jean Rabateau, président du parlement, proposa à l'encontre plusieurs raisons, savoir, 'Que le Roy prouveroit suffisamment, si besoin étoit, tant par chartes que chroniques et histoires, qu'ils étoient et avoient été de tout temps passé, sujets du Roy et du royaume; que le Roy étoit bien averti qu'ils étoient coutumiers de faire et trouver telles cauteles et cavillations, et comment, quand l'empereur d'Allemagne étoit venu à grande puissance et intention de les contraindre d'obéir à lui, pour leur défense ils se disoient lors être dépendans du royaume de France, et tenants de la couronne; semblablement, quand aucun roy des prédécesseurs du roy de France étoient venus pour les faire obéir à eux, ils se disoient être de l'Empire et sujets de l'Empereur.' Ma. thieu de Coucy, p. 539.

‡ The ordinance prescribing this organization of the army is missing. The tax was agreed to by the states according to the ordinance of 1439, without its being specified that it was to be permanent and perpetual. This important innovation was hung upon a reservation. Ordonnances, xiii. p. 28.

* "The men of Zurich cried out to the besiegers. 'Go to Bale and salt down meat, you will have flesh enough.' Unaware of the reason of the joy shown by the besieged, they answered, 'Is wine cheaper then with you; how much the measure?' 'As cheap as at Bale, the measure of blood.'" Id. ibid. 428.

The Austrians showed no less joy. They made, says the hostile chronicler, a spiteful "complaint" on the battle; beginning, "The Swiss have marched on Bale, with loud cries and noise, but they have found the dauphin." Ibid. 239.

† The emperor replied, that he had asked an aid of six, and not of thirty thousand men. It might have been rejoined that so small a force would have been of no service, would not have intimidated the Swiss or delivered Zurich. See the discussion in Legrand, Histoire de Louis XI., (MS. de la Bibl. Royale.) from the original papers.

‡ Bibl. Royale, MS. Legrand, folio 71.

¶ If I mistake not, the fact is mentioned by the Swiss writers only. Müller, Geschichte, B. iv. c. 2.

¶ I have lost my authority for this. It is not improbable, but I cannot guaranty it.

¶ Archives, Tresor des Chartes, Reg. 177. Nos. 54, 55.

most devoted to him to sound the principal captains, and offer them the command of fifteen companies of regular *gendarmerie*. These companies, consisting of a hundred lances (600 men) each, were quartered among the towns, but with such careful division of their strength that there were not more than from twenty to thirty lances in each town—not even in the largest, Troyes, Châlons, Reims. The town paid the small squadron and acted as a watch upon it; for the burgesses were in each place the stronger, and could bring the soldiers to reason. Those men-at-arms who were not received into the companies, found themselves all of a sudden isolated and powerless; and each went his own way. "The marches and countries of the kingdom were safer and quieter in two months' time than they had been for thirty years before."*

There were too many individuals who profited by disorder, for such a reform to take place unopposed. It encountered opponents even in the king's council, though timid ones. Nor were objections wanting:—the men-at-arms would break out into insurrection, the king's means would not meet such expenses, &c.

That financial reform which alone rendered the other possible, was, according to every appearance, due to Jacques Cœur. We imagine that we recognise in the wise and admirable ordinance of 1443, regulating the public accounts,† the hand of a man formed to business by commercial experience, and who applies on a commensurate scale to the kingdom at large, the prudent and simple economic arrangements of a banking-house.‡

Money gives power. In 1447, the king takes the police of the kingdom into his own hand; and extends the jurisdiction of the provost of Paris over all vagabonds and malefactors throughout the realm.§ The only way by which the brigands could be reached and withdrawn from their noble protectors, and the connivance or weakness of the local jurisdictions, was by thus giving the supremacy to the provost's court.

* "Les marches et pays du royaume devinrent plus sûrs et mieux en paix, dès les deux mois qui suivirent, qu'ils n'avaient été trente ans auparavant." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 546.

† The finance officers check one another. The receivers are to render an account to the receiver-general every two years, the latter, every year to the Chamber of Accounts. The great officers—the finance minister, the equerry, the war-treasurer, and the master of the ordinance, (*l'argentier, l'éuyer, le trésorier des guerres, et le maître d'artillerie*.) are to account monthly with the king himself. Ordonnances, xiii. 377. It is curious to compare this ancient ordinance with M. de Montcloux's important work, "De la Comptabilité Publique, (1840,)" with a view to estimate the progress since made.

‡ I borrow this judicious remark from our great politico-economic historian, M. de Sismondi; *Histoire des Français*, xiii. 417.

§ As early as 1438, the king had named the provost of Paris "special and general informer," (*especial et général reformateur* . . .) Ordonnances, xiii. 260, 509.

The remedy was thought hard, and the complaints were loud; but order and peace returned, and the roads were at last practicable. "Merchants from diverse parts began to pass from one country to another in the way of their business. . . . In like manner, laborers and the inhabitants of the open country set about laboring, rebuilding their houses, and clearing their land, vineyards, and gardens. Many towns and districts were restored and repopled. After having so long been in tribulation and affliction, it seemed as if God had at last provided for them of his grace and mercy."*

This regeneration of France was signaled by a great and new event—the creation of a national infantry.

The military arose out of a financial novelty. An ordinance was promulgated in 1445, vesting the appointment of the *élect*, (*élus*.) charged with apportioning the taxes in their several districts, in the crown.† These elect were no longer to be baronial judges, servants of the barons, but the king's agents, agents of the central power, dependent on it alone, consequently more free from local influences, more impartial. In 1448, these *élect* receive orders to choose a man in every parish, to be free and exempt from all taxes, who is to arm himself at his own expense, and practise with the bow every Sunday and holiday. The free-archer is to receive pay in time of war only.

According to the ordinance, the choice of

* "Les marchands commencèrent de divers lieux à traverser de pays à autres, et faire leur négoce. . . . Pareillement les laboureurs et autres gens du plat pays s'efforçoient à labourer et réédifier leurs maisons, à essarter leurs terres, vignes, et jardinages. Plusieurs villes et pays furent remis sus et repeuplez. Après avoir été si longtemps en tribulation et affliction, il leur sembloit que Dieu les eût enfin pourvus de sa grâce et miséricorde." Mathieu de Coucy, pp. 532, 533.

† "Et n'auront plus doresnavant les juges et chastellains des *Seigneurs* particuliers (ne autres juges ordinaires) la cognoissance des tailles et aides. Plusieurs juges desdictes chatellenies champêtres ne sont pas experts ne cognoissans en telles matières, ainçois sont les aucuns simples gens mécaniques qui tiennent à ferme desdicts *Sieurs* particuliers, les receptes, judicatures et prevostez de leurs seigneuries, et lesquels souz ombre de l'autorité qui par ce moyen leur seroit donné, se voudroient par aventure affranchir, avec les métoyers et autres familiers serviteurs, du payement des tailles et aydes, qui tourneroit à grande folle et charge des manans et habitans des chatellenies . . . parce qu'il y auroit moins de personnes contribuable . . . aussi pour ce que lesdits juges et chastellains ne tiennent leur judicature que de quinzaine en quinzaine . . . et ne voudroient laisser leurs affaires pour vacquer à l'expédition desdictes causes, se ils n'avoient guiges ou salaires pour ce faire." Ordonnances, xiii. 241-7.

(And henceforward the private judges and castellans of the *Seigneurs*, nor any other ordinary judges, are to have cognizance of taxes and aids. . . . Many of the said rural manorial judges are not versed in or acquainted with such matters: on the contrary, some are merely mechanical persons who farm of the said private *Sieurs*, the incomes, jurisdictions, and provostships of their seigniories, and who, under the shadow of the authority with which they are thus invested, might perchance seek to screen themselves, the metayers, and other near dependents of the family, from the payment of taxes and aids, which would aggrive and oppress the respectable inhabitants of the manor . . . since there would be fewer to make up the quota charged on it . . . and, likewise, because the said judges and castellans only hold their court every fortnight . . . and would not leave their own business to expedite the afore-said appeals, unless salaried to this end.)

the *elect* was to fall, preferentially, in each parish, on some "good companion, who has seen service."* Nevertheless, this new militia were the theme of universal ridicule, their military qualifications made matter of laughter, and satires—one of which, the *Franc-archer de Bagnolet*,† has come down to our times—showered upon them.

More than one laughed who, at bottom, had no mind to laugh. The seriousness of the innovation was not lost on the nobles.‡ These attempts, made more or less happily,—free-archers of Charles VII., *legions* of François I.—presaged the time when the plebeians would be the strength and glory of the country. The archer of Bagnolet was none the less the ancestor of the terrible soldier of Roroi and Austerlitz.

After all was said, the free-archers seem to have been better soldiers than satire was disposed to allow, and rendered considerable aid to the army which reconquered Normandy and Guyenne.

Even had they been useless, an institution of the kind would have ever testified one great thing; to wit, that the king had nothing to fear from his subjects, that they were really his, especially the humble burgesses and honest villagers. The thirteenth century had been that of the *king's peace*: he had then been obliged to prohibit the communes, as well as the lords, from making war, and of depriving them all of arms which they put to a bad use. But now war will be the *king's war*. He him-

self arms his subjects; the king trusts to the people, France to France.

She has found her unity, at the very moment England loses hers. We shall presently see (A. D. 1453) the English parliament vote an army, which will not be dared to be levied, for it would be to convene discord from every province, to collect soldiers for civil war, and set them in battle array: they would begin by engaging each other.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES IN ENGLAND. THE ENGLISH DRIVEN OUT OF FRANCE. A. D. 1442—1453.

It has been a fixed belief in England since the fifteenth century, one adopted by chroniclers and consecrated by Shakspeare,* that that country owed the loss of its French provinces and all its misfortunes, to the misfortune of having had a French queen, Margaret of Anjou. Historians and poets alike see the fate, the evil genius of England landing with Margaret.

Who could have supposed this? Margaret was a child, not more than fifteen, and come of that amiable house of Anjou which had contributed more than any other to unite the French princes, and reconcile France with herself. This youthful queen was the daughter of the gentlest of men, of the *good king René*, the innocent painter and poet, who was for turning shepherd at the last;† and was niece to Louis of Anjou, whose memory was so cherished in Naples.‡

Her maternal origin, perhaps, was less reassuring. The house of Lorraine, bustling and warlike if ever there was one, though softened by the blood of Anjou, was not the less likely to seduce and bewitch the people. . . . France was "mad about the Guises, love is too weak a term." All know the enduring recollections left by her niece, poor Mary Stuart. . . . Heroes of romance, as well as of history, these princes of Lorraine were in two centuries to attempt and miss all thrones in succession; an adventurous family, too brilliant, perchance, rarely successful, always adored.§

* Rather, by the name of Shakspeare. By putting his name to many indifferent tragedies, which he altered a little, the great poet has immortalized all the errors and inconsistencies of the chroniclers and play-writers of the sixteenth century, who speak at random of the fifteenth.

† As regards the sheep-tending of the old king and his young wife, see Villeneuve-Bargemont, t. ii. p. 227.

‡ M. de Sismondi, so severe on all kings, makes an exception in favor of this. See his *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, t. ix. p. 54.

§ It is impossible to look without interest on the melancholy, dreamy effigy of Henri of Guise, in the small church of the Jesuits, in the small seaport of Eu. In the numberless corrugations of that brow, there is written not only his own tragic fate, but the long and painful entanglement of the destinies of his family: we read there the crowns of

* "Au cas que les commissaires et esleuz trouveront en aucune bonne paroisse ung bon compaignon usité de la guerre, et qu'il n'eust de quoy se mettre sus de habillemens . . . et fust propice pour estre archer, lesdicts commissaires et esleuz scauront aux habitans s'ils luy voudront aidier à soi mettre sus . . . —Se trois ou quatre paroissiens pouvoient faire un archer, ce demeure à la discrétion des commissaires et esleuz.—Les paroissiens de chascune paroisse seront tenez d'eulx donner garde de l'archer . . . qu'il n'ose soy absenter, vendre ou engager son habillement.—Le seigneur chastellain ou son capitaine pour luy, sera tenu de visiter tous les moys les archers de sa chastellenie . . . et se faulte y trouve, sera tenu de le faire savoir aux commissaires ou esleuz du Roy." Ordonnances, xiv. 2. 5.

(In case the commissioners and appointed officers shall find in any of our good parishes a good companion, who has seen service, but without the means of purchasing accoutrements . . . and he be willing to become archer, the said commissioners shall seek whether the inhabitants will enable him to equip himself. . . . It is at the discretion of the commissioners to say whether three or four parishioners can supply an archer. The parishioners of each parish must give them security for the archer . . . that he will not absent himself, sell, or pawn his equipment. The lord castellan, or his captain for him, shall be bound to inspect the archers of his castellany every month, and to report any misconduct to the king's commissioners.) According to an author who appears to have lived on terms of familiarity with Charles VII., there was an archer to every *fifty hearths*. Amelgardus, dans les *Notices des MSS.* i. 423.

† This is one of the best satires attributed to Villon:—"The free-archer perceives a scarecrow . . . made to imitate a man-at-arms," and begs for mercy:—

"En l'honneur de la Passion
De Dieu, que j'aie confession!
Car, je me sens ja fort malade."

(For God's Passion sake, let me confess, for already I feel very ill.) Villon, ed. de M. Promptsault, p. 430.

‡ See the diatribe of the historian, known by the name of Amelgard, against the companies organized by ordinance, and the free-archers. *Notices des MSS.* i. 423.

Young Margaret was born, a true heroine of romance, in the midst of the strangest and most incredible adventures. Her father was a prisoner, and one of her sisters a hostage, married in advance to the enemy of the house of Anjou. René was still a prisoner when the crown of Naples fell to him, and began his reign in prison. His rival, Alphonso of Aragon, was himself a captive in Milan. It was a war between two prisoners. René's wife, Isabella of Lorraine, without troops or money, and driven out of her duchy, sets off to conquer a kingdom. She finds Alphonso at liberty, and more powerful than ever. She continues the struggle three years, and ruins herself to ransom her husband, and bring him to the scene of action—where he arrives but to fail.*

The valiant Lorrainer did not take her daughter with her further than Marseilles; leaving her upon this coast with her young brother, amongst those Provençals whom René loved so well, who paid him back in kind, and whose easily-kindled enthusiasm was fired by the intrepidity of Isabella and the beauty of her children. The education of the little Margaret, a Provençal by adoption, was her mother's dangers, and the hates of Anjou and Aragon. She was brought up amidst those dramatic movements of war and intrigue, and her understanding and passions equally throve under the breeze of the factions of the south.† She was "a woman of a great witte, and yet of no greater wit than of haute stomacke, desirous of glory, and covetous of honor, and of reason, pollicye, counsaill, and other giftes and talentes of nature, she lacked nothing, nor of diligence, studie, and business, she was not unexpert: but yet she had one pointe of a very woman, for oftentimes, when she was vehement and fully bent in a matter, she was sodainely like to a wethercock, mutable and turning."

With all this violence and changeableness, she was exceedingly beautiful. The fury, the demon, as the English call her, had, nevertheless, according to the Provençal chronicler, an angel's features.‡ Even when aged, and overwhelmed with misfortunes, she was ever beautiful and majestic. The great historian of the epoch, who saw her in her banishment, a suppliant to the court of Flanders, was not the less struck by this imposing personage: "The queen, by her deportment, showed herself," he

says, "one of the finest women in the world, the very impersonation of the lady."*

Margaret, apparently, could not marry, except to be steeped in misfortune. She was twice betrothed, and twice to celebrated victims of fate; first, to Charles de Nevers, who was stripped of his inheritance by his uncle, and, next, to that count de St. Pol, with whom feudalism was to end at the Grève. She made a worse marriage than these would have been; she married anarchy, civil war, malediction. . . . Wrong or right, this malediction still endures in history.

All that was brilliant and distinguished in her, and which would have been to her advantage elsewhere, served only to injure her in England. If French queens had ever been disliked there—in John's day, in Edward II.'s, in Richard II.'s, how much more must she, who was more than French! The differences between the two nations must have come into violent contrast. It was like a stroke of the sun of Provence flashing athwart the leaden gloom. "The pale flowers of the north," as their poet calls them, could only be hurt by this startling apparition of the south.

Even before her landing in the island, and when her name had not yet been spoken, plots were already afoot against her, against the queen that was to come. As long as the king remained unmarried, the first lady of the kingdom was Eleanor Cobham, duchess of Gloucester, wife of the king's uncle, while the said uncle was the heir presumptive to the throne. On the arrival of a queen, the duchess would have to descend to the second place; let a child be born, Gloucester would no longer be heir. All that would be left for him to do, would be to depart and die a living death by burying himself in some manor of his own. The sole remedy was for the good king, too good for this earth, to be sent straight to heaven.† . . . From that hour Gloucester would be king, and lady Cobham, who had already been clever enough to make herself a duchess, would become queen and be crowned in Westminster abbey.

Such, indisputably, were the speculations of this unscrupulous dame: how far she went in carrying them into act is unknown. She had surrounded herself with most suspicious persons. Her director in these matters was one Bolingbroke, a great clerk,‡ particularly in the forbidden arts. She was also in the habit of consulting a canon belonging to Westminster abbey, and made use of the services of a sorceress—the Margery of whom we have already spoken.

The object being the king's death, they had

France, Scotland, Naples, Jerusalem, and of Aragon, claimed, touched, but ever missed. . . . But, in the long run, these Lorrainers have wherewith to console themselves. By leaving Lorraine in order to marry the heiress of Austria, they clutched fortune; but this did not happen until the family intellect had deteriorated, so as to reassure Europe by its prudent and decent mediocrity.

* See Simoneta, lib. iv. and Giornali Napolitani, ap. Muratori, xxi. 270, 1108.

† Hall and Grafton, i. 628, ed. 1809.

‡ "His son and his daughter (Margaret) were looked upon as if they had been two angels of different sexes, descended from the palace of heaven." *Chronique de Provence*, quoted by Villeneuve-Bargemont, t. i. p. 213.

* Chastellain, éd. Buchon, (1836,) p. 228. The passage, taken altogether, proves that it is the personal charms only which are dwelt upon.

† "Entended to destroy the king. . . . By examination convict." Hall and Grafton, i. 622, ed. 1809.

‡ Notabilissimus clericus unus illorum in toto mundo. Wyrcester, ap. Hearne, 461.

made a king of wax; as it melted, Henry was to melt away too. The great magician, Bolebrooke, sat during the operation on a kind of throne, holding in his hand the sceptre and the sword of justice: from the four corners of the throne, four swords menaced a like number of brazen images.* All this, however, did not advance matters much. The duchess herself, mad with passion and eager longing, had ventured to enter the sanctuary of the black abbey by night. . . . What did she there? Did she seek, with her nails, to dig up royalty in the depths of the tomb, or already, vain woman, seat herself on the throne, on the famous stone of kings?

It was a glorious opportunity for striking Gloucester, destroying his wife, *damning the fame*† of his house. But to walk into that strong house, amidst such numbers of vassals and of noble friends, and seek even in the conjugal chamber, in Gloucester's arms, her whom he had so loved, his wife, her who bore his name, seemed to require greater courage than could have been expected from Winchester and his bishops. Nor would they have hazarded it, had they not been supported and followed by the populace, who cried out upon *the witch*! This was a terrible word; it was enough to pronounce it for a whole city to become drunk and infuriated. . . . At these moments, the populace was the more furious from the fright it underwent. They deserted their business to make war on the devil; and, until fire and fagot had extirpated the delinquent, thought they felt the invisible claw clutching themselves. . . .

The duchess was seized, and examined by the primate; her people hung, or burnt. She herself, by a cruel pardon, was reserved for a public spectacle. In her ambition, she had dreamed of a solemn *entry*, a pompous march into London; and she had one. She was compelled to walk, as a penitent, taper in hand, through the streets, the object of fearful mockery, and with the mob and city apprentices baying after her. . . . If, as we may well believe, the enemies of the victim did not spare her the severities incidental to public penance, she was exposed in her shift, bare-headed, to the damps of a November fog. . . . She had to go through this terrible scene, three several days, in three quarters of the metropolis.‡ Then, not being killed outright, she was delivered to the custody of a nobleman, and sent to mourn for the remainder of her days in the midst of the sea, in the distant island of Man.

One would be tempted to think that the

scene had been got up to push Gloucester to extremity, to exasperate him beyond all bounds, and drive him to take up arms and break the *peace of the city*; on which, the Londoners would have turned against him, and, if he had not been killed, he would to a certainty have been ruined. To the general and great astonishment, he did not stir.* The cruel spectacle was all his enemies had for it. He let them work their pleasure, abandoned his wife rather than his popularity, and was still with the people, *the good duke*. This patience on the part of so intemperate a man, and so fearfully tried, furnished food for reflection. He must harbor deep designs, it was supposed, or he could not put such restraint on himself. Twice he had aspired to the sovereignty of the Low Countries;† and twice he had failed. But the attempt was certainly more practicable in England. As long as the king was unmarried and without a family, there was but one man's life betwixt him and the throne.

Behooved, then, to marry the king as quickly as possible, to marry him in France, to make peace with France. England had enough on her hands with the terrible war, whose distant sounds were already heard low muttering and murmuring within her.

This was a good reason, and there was another no less valid. England was exhausting herself in waging a useless war, her resources were failing, her expenses were hourly increasing, and her possessions in France, far from making any return, required an outlay. In much better times, in 1427, England drew from her 57,000*l.* sterling, and expended upon her 68,000*l.*‡

If these provinces brought in any return, it was not to the king. This calls for a somewhat circumstantial explanation.

The regent of France, receiving little succor, ever driven to expedients, and at a loss how to face a thousand difficulties, had enfeoffed all the best fiefs to the lords, and had placed in their hands castles and strongholds, in the hope that they would defend them with their own retainers. This gave rise to very different interests among these nobles, often contrary to each other, and often at variance with those of the king. Thus, Gloucester had fortresses in Guyenne, and was the ally of the Armagnacs; but the duke of Suffolk, by marrying his niece into the rival house of Foix, transferred Gloucester's fiefs to her husband. In the north, Falaise belonged to Talbot. The duke of York, on becoming regent, took for himself a capital city, a royal one, the great city of Caen.

* These were, probably, images of the king, the cardinal, and the two princes who had a chance of the crown, York and Somerset.

† "*Infamer*." Why should not the historian, when treating of the fifteenth century, employ a word of such frequent occurrence in the chronicles of the time?

‡ Tribus diebus . . . pertransiens cum uno cero in manu . . . et feria sexta cum cero . . . et die sabbati . . . simili modo. Wyrcester, ap. Hearne, p. 460.

* "Toke all things paciently, and sayde little." Hall and Grafton, p. 622.

† But recently, on the occasion of the rupture of 1436, he had got Henry VI., as king of France, to assign him the impolitic, mad gift of the countship of Flanders. Rymer, iv 34, Jul. 30, 1436.

‡ Turner, note at p. 166, vol. lii. (ed. in 8vo.) from a manuscript authority.

The worst is, that these nobles, always feeling that they were in a foreign land, did nothing for the fiefs which they had taken upon themselves to defend. They suffered all, walls and towers, to fall into ruins. They would not lay out a penny on them. Whatever they could draw, extort, they sent at once to their manorial residence, to their *home* . . . *Home* is the fixed idea of the Englishman in a foreign land. They sank all they could lay hands upon in the rearing of their monstrous castles; at the present day, too vast for kings. But the Warwicks and Northumberlands thought them only too small for the future greatness which they dreamed of for their family, for the *eldest son*, the heir, when *his grace* should preside at Christmas at a banquet of some thousand of his vassals . . . Little did they guess that soon, father, sons, elder and younger, vassals, goods and fiefs, would all perish in civil wars; all, save the peaceful and true possessor of these towers, the ivy which even then was beginning to clothe them, and which has at last enshrouded the immensity of Warwick castle.

Whoever spoke of treating with France, was sure to bring all these nobles upon him. They thought it quite right that their country should ruin itself in efforts to preserve their continental fiefs for them, their farms; or, to be more correct, they could see only this one thing, and it was natural they should stick to it. What was more surprising was, that the war had quite as many partisans among those who owned nothing in France, and to whom the war was ruin. But these poor devils had invested in the continent a mine of pride, a royalty of imagination. At the least mention of arrangement, the shoeless fellow flew into a passion—they wanted to filch his kingdom of France from him, to rob him of what old England had so legitimately won at the battle of Azincourt.

The sovereign prelates, (Winchester, Canterbury, Salisbury, and Chichester,) in their desire for peace, and fears that the expenses of the war might fall upon the property of the church, kept negotiating, but feared bringing the negotiations to a conclusion. Perhaps they would never have come to one, had not one of their colleagues in the council been a man of action, the earl of Suffolk, who forced them along: it required a man-of-war to dare to make peace.

Suffolk was not of ancient extraction. The Delapoles (this was their family name) were worthy merchants and seamen. His grandfather had been ennobled for victualling Edward the First's army in the Scottish war. His grandfather, the factotum of the headstrong Richard II., served that monarch as admiral, as general, as chancellor. Far from making his fortune by these means, he was persecuted by parliament, and ended his days in Paris. His father, to raise up his fallen house, stopped short, and went over to Rich-

ard's enemies body and soul. He lost his life, as did three of his sons, for the house of Lancaster.

The last son, he of whom we are speaking, had served four-and-thirty years in the French wars with great credit. The reverses sustained at Orléans and Jargeau had in no degree affected his well-established reputation for valor. When the last-mentioned place was forced, he defended himself to the last, until seeing himself left almost alone, he is aware of a young Frenchman:—"Art thou a knight?" he asks him.—"No."—"Well! be knighted at my hand." He then surrendered to him.

He returned to England, ruined by having to pay a ransom of two or three millions. Nevertheless, far from cherishing any rancor against France, he counselled peace and attached himself to the peace party. Unhappily, he brought with him into this party the roughness and insolence engendered of war.

Cardinal Winchester's idea was to marry the king of England to a daughter of the French king; a timid thought, to which he scarcely durst give utterance in the course of the negotiations.* Marriage with the daughter being impossible, a niece was put up with, and the choice fell upon the daughter of a poor prince, René, who could give no umbrage to the English. And there was this advantage in the match, that if it were found expedient, in order to decrease the expenditure, to abandon the two non-maritime provinces, Maine and Anjou, they could be resigned to René and his brother, not to Charles VII., which would, perhaps, be less mortifying to English pride.†

This treaty of marriage and of cession had good sense to recommend it, but was nevertheless fraught with danger to him who concluded it. Suffolk, aware of the fact, would not be satisfied with the authorization of the council, but took the precaution to secure the king's pardon beforehand for "whatever errors of judgment he might fall into." This strange pardon of faults to be committed, was ratified by parliament.‡

To yield a part in order to consolidate the rest, was exactly what was done by Saint-Louis, when, in spite of his barons, he restored the English some of the provinces of which Philippe-Auguste had mulcted John Lackland.

But in this case, Maine was not even definitively restored. The king of England granted, not the sovereignty, but a *life-interest* in Maine

* Rymer, t. v. P. 1. p. 61, May 21, 1439.

† Muine was to be given up to René, not to the king of France. A stipulation to this effect is expressly urged on Charles VII. by Henry VI. in his original letter, dated July 28th, 1447. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Du Puy*, 760.

‡ The English parliament releases the king from the promise he had given, after the example of the French monarch, not to make peace "without the consent of the three estates of the realm," 1445. On the 24th of April, 1446, the parliament declares that the treaty has been made of the king's own motion, *without his having been counselled to it*. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Bréguigny*, 82.

to René's brother ; and for this, too, the French were to pay a sum *equivalent to ten years' income** to such English as held fiefs of the crown in the county. So, for yielding possession on this precarious tenure, these feudatories were to receive a round sum of money, surer, and, in all probability, larger, than all they could have drawn out of the province.

On his return, Suffolk found a fearful unanimity against him. Hitherto, men had been divided on the question. Many clearly saw that in order to retain these ruinous possessions, every purse would be emptied, and they could not make up their minds whether or not they would keep them at such a price. Pride said *yes*, avarice, *no*. Avarice being quieted by the treaty concluded by Suffolk, pride spoke alone. Those who were least disposed to disburse on account of war, became the most warlike and indignant. The fantastic and morose character of this people was never more strikingly displayed. England would do nothing either to retain or to render up with advantage. She was about to lose all without indemnification ; the commonest prudence would have sufficed to foresee this. And the negotiator, who, to secure the rest, gave up a part with indemnity, was hated, rejected, persecuted to death.

Such were the sad auspices under which Margaret of Anjou landed in England. She found the people in a ferment against Suffolk, against France and the French queen, a revolution ripe, one king tottering, another king ready. The war-party and malecontents of all kinds had ever been on Gloucester's side ; but now, every one was for war, every one malecontent. When he appeared in public, as was his wont, with a large escort of armed followers who wore his colors, when the populace followed and saluted *the good duke*, it was clear that the power was there, that this humbled man was about to be master in his turn, that he was to reign as *protector* or as king Assuredly, he was less far from it than the duke of York, who, however, reached the goal at a later period.

On the other hand, what struck the eye ? Old, rich, and timid prelates, an octogenarian—cardinal Winchester—a girlish queen, and a king, whose sanctity seemed weakness of mind ! The alarm spreading, parliament was assembled ; and the people required to take up arms and watch over the safety of the king. Parliament was opened by sermons from the archbishop of Canterbury and the chancellor, bishop of Chichester, on peace and good counsel. The next day, Gloucester was arrested, (February 11th,) and a report spread that he sought the king's life in order to set his wife at liberty. A few days afterwards, (February 23d,) the prisoner died. His death was neither sudden nor unexpected, since he had been serious-

ly ill for some days.* Besides, he had long been in an indifferent state of health, if we are to credit a work written several years before by his physician.†

Notwithstanding, the whole country was firmly convinced that he had died a violent death ; and the tale was arranged as follows :—The queen's lover was Suffolk, (a lover of fifty or sixty years of age for a queen of seventeen !) and the guilty pair had a secret understanding with the cardinal. In the evening, Gloucester was in excellent health ; by the morning, he was dead.‡ . . . How had he been made way with ? On this, the stories differed ; some averred that he was strangled, although his corpse had been exposed to public view, and betrayed no sign of violence : others revived the mournful tale of the other Gloucester, Richard II's uncle, suffocated, it was said, between two mattresses. Others, still more cruelly bent, preferred the horrible tradition of the second Edward's death, and would have it that Gloucester died empaled.

A woman of seventeen seldom possesses the ferocious courage required for such a crime ; seldom does an old man of eighty order murder to be committed, at the moment he is about to appear before God. I suspect an error as to dates, that the dying Winchester has been judged by the Winchester of another time of life, and, on the other hand, that the girlish queen, who had but just quitted René's court, has been taken for that terrible Margaret, who, years afterwards, rendered savage with hatred and vengeance, placed a paper crown on York's gory head.

As regarded Suffolk, there was less improbability in the accusation. He had been so ill advised as to lend a color to all that might be subsequently alleged against him, by securing, through an odious arrangement, a pecuniary interest in Gloucester's death. Yet his most inveterate enemies, in the indictment they preferred against him in his lifetime, make no mention of this crime. He was never reproached with it to his face ; not till after his death, when he could not defend himself.

* "Held in such strict custody, that he sickened of grief, took to his bed, and in a few days breathed his last." Whet- hamstede, ap. Hearne, Script. Angl. ii. 365.

† In this curious work, addressed to the duke by his physician, the latter describes most minutely the condition of his grace's different organs. He counts no fewer than seven—the brain, chest, liver, spleen, nerves, loins, and privy parts, which have undergone a morbid change. Amongst other things, he remarks that his noble patient is exhausted by immoderate indulgence in the pleasures of love, that he has a diarrhœa once a month, &c. Even on the supposition that his physician sought to arouse his fears, by way of inducing him to observe greater sobriety and moderation, and making the deduction of one-half of this inventory of infirmities and growing diseases, the other half would bespeak any thing but a sound state of health. Hearne, Appendix ad Wyncester, pp. 550-559.

‡ *Vespere sospes et incolumis, mane (proh dolor!) mortuus elatus est et ostensus.* Hist. Croyland, Continuatio, ap. Gale, i. 521. This more dramatic version of the tale is servilely followed by the rest ; by Hall and Grafton, i. 629 ; by Holinshed, p. 1257, (ed. 1577 ;) by Shakspeare, &c.

§ "*Effarouchée*," an expression of Montesquieu's, worth retaining in our language.

However, the crime, supposing it to have been committed, would have been a useless one. There was still an aspirant to the throne in the Lancastrian line, the duke of Somerset; and another, a more legitimate one, out of the line. The Lancasters descended from Edward the Third's fourth son only, while the duke of York sprang from the third. The claim of the latter, then, was the preferable one; and Gloucester's death only brought a more dangerous rival on the stage.

According to all probability, Winchester was ailing at the moment of Gloucester's death, for he died a month afterwards. His death was a serious event. For fifty years he had been the head of the Church, and even now, aged as he was, his name secured its unity. Suffolk was no bishop to replace Winchester: he was a soldier, and, in a crisis like this, he could hardly follow up a churchman's policy. The prelates, who, for the defence of the *Establishment*, had raised the Lancasters to the throne, who had made use of them, and reigned with them, deserted them in time,* and piously resigned themselves to witness their downfall.

And why should the Church have endangered an *Establishment*, already seriously threatened, to save a dynasty which not only was no longer serviceable, but, on the contrary, injurious rather? Suffolk was beginning to attack the purses—of the monks, it is true, first; still he would go on, until forced to become a borrower of the bishops. If a friend acted thus, what worse could an enemy do?

And, in reality, his wants becoming urgent, and parliament refusing all supplies, he took to selling bishoprics.† This was a sure means of rousing against him not only the Church, but the barons, who were often enabled to pay their debts with benefices, and could make their chaplains and servants bishops. They were wounded, doubly, in their most sensible part; since they were deprived of their influence in the Church at the very moment they were losing their fiefs in France. The indemnity promised for their lands in Maine came to nothing. By a new treaty, it was balanced by certain sums which the English marches of Normandy had hitherto paid the French,‡ the

king of England undertaking to indemnify his subjects in Maine—that is to say, they did not receive a farthing.

A power which wounded the nobles in their fortune, the people in their pride, and which was forsaken by the Church, was doomed to fall. Who would profit by its fall? that was the question.

The two princes nearest to the throne were York and Somerset. Suffolk thought he could make certain of both. He removed the more dangerous of the two, the duke of York, from the command of the principal part of the forces, those in France, and sent him into honorable exile as governor of Ireland. Somerset, who, after all, was Lancaster and the king's nearest relative, had the post of confidence—the regency of France, with the command of the largest part of the forces of the kingdom. But this did not make him the less Suffolk's enemy. He thought, at least he said, that he had been sent to France to dishonor him and expose him to perish unassisted, the towns being ruined and dismantled, and Normandy in jeopardy through the exposure of its flank by the abandonment of Maine.

In January, 1449, Somerset laid a solemn complaint before parliament:—the truce was on the point of expiring; the French king, he asserted, could bring sixty thousand men* against him, and, without prompt assistance, all was lost. This complaint was the last will and testament of French England . . . It is entertained by the wise parliament, but only to Suffolk's injury; not a man, not a shilling does it vote, as that would be to vote for Suffolk. The grand war now, is not with France, but him: perish Suffolk, and with him, if so it must be, Normandy, Guyenne, and England herself!

Somerset's prophecy of the blow he was about to receive, was fulfilled to the letter. The truce was broken. Maine having been surrendered, an Aragonese captain in the service of England† repaired from this province to seek shelter in the Norman towns. He found every gate shut: no garrison would submit to starve itself in order to share its means with these fugitives. The Aragonese then was obliged to become his own shelterer. Finding on the marches two small destitute and deserted towns, he posted himself therein; and, pressed by hunger, sallied forth thence and fell upon a comfortable well-supplied Bre-

* The bishop of Chichester excuses himself from attending parliament on the score of old age, failing sight, &c. The bishop of Hereford gives in his resignation, &c. Rymer, v. 20, Dec. 9th and 19th, 1449.

† *Episcopatus et beneficia regia pro pecuniis conferendo.* Hist. Croyland, continuatio, ap. Gale, l. 521.

‡ "A prendre sur les deniers qu'il (le roi de France) a costume lever pour le remboursement des appatis sur les subjez dudit tres-hault et puissant nepveu du palis de Normandie, ain que sur lesdicts deniers, lesdicts subjez d'iceluy, laissant lesdites terres (du Maine) soient par lui contempnez." (To be taken out of the sums which he, the king of France, is accustomed to levy for *appatis* upon the subjects of his aforesaid most high and puissant nephew of the pale of Normandy, so that out of the aforesaid sums, the aforesaid subjects of the latter, leaving the aforesaid lands of Maine, be indemnified by him.) Rymer, v. 189, 448, March 11th.

I have not been able to find the original treaty for the cession of Anjou and Maine. It is only known through this ulterior arrangement, by which the means of indemnification are derived from odious and doubtful funds, and by which their distribution is left to the pleasure of the English king, that is, of Suffolk. The *appatis* or *pactis*, were, in general, contributions paid by the inhabitants of any given district to the neighboring garrisons, in order to be allowed to till their lands in peace. Ducange, i. 577.

* Somerset asserted that the king had ordered a levy of one man out of every thirty. Rolls of Parl. vol. v. p. 148.

† "Of the order of the Garter . . . and styled captain." Jean Chartier, p. 134.

ton town, Fougères. So, the war was renewed.*

The king and the duke of Brittany apply to Somerset, seeking indemnity† and the restitution of the town. But even had it been in his power to give satisfaction, he would not have dared: he feared England more than France. Not obtaining indemnity, the French take it. On the 15th of May, they seize Pont de l'Arche, four leagues from Rouen, and, a month afterwards, Verneuil. The royal army, led by Dunois, enters the English possessions by Evreux, the Bretons by Lower Normandy, the Burgundians by Upper. The count de Foix attacked Guyenne. All wanted a share of the quarry.

The French king cut off the communications between Caen and Rouen, received the submission of Lisieux, Mantes, and Gournai, and made his entry, without opposition, into Verneuil, Evreux, and Louviers; at which town he was joined by René of Anjou. Finally, concentrating all his forces, he proceeded to summon Rouen to surrender. As far as inclination was concerned, the city was already surrendered: though the red-cross banner floated on its walls, every heart they enclosed was French. Notwithstanding Somerset was there in person, together with old Talbot, he despaired of holding out with this large population longing to shake off the English yoke. He withdrew into the castle; and, in an instant, the whole city had mounted the white cross.‡ Somerset's wife and children were with him; he saw no hope of forcing his way out; the burgesses were a second army, as it were, laying siege to him; he determined then to treat. As ransom for himself, his wife and children, and his garrison, the king was content to take the small sum of 50,000 crowns; an exceedingly low ransom at this period, when Suffolk's alone had been 2400,000 francs.

* See, with regard to the breaking of the truce, the patriotic *Ballade du Bedeau de l'Université d'Angers*, (ballad by the beadle of Angers University,) published by M. Mazure. *Revue Anglo-Française*, April, 1836, (at Poitiers.)

† The French king also complained of the cruises of the English against the vessels of his ally, the king of Castile, and of their robberies on the highways of France. "Et se nommoient les faux visages, à cause qu'ils se déguisoient d'habits dissolus," (and they were called the false-faced, because they disguised themselves in lewd dresses.) Jean Chartier, p. 143.

‡ Mathieu de Coucy, p. 444, and Jacques Du Clerq, (who copies Mathieu.) i. 344, ed. Reiffenberg. See the particulars of the capitulation, entry, &c., in M. Chéruel's work, pp. 125-134, from authentic documents. The king restored the Ecclesiastical jurisdiction to the prerogatives it had lost under the English, and maintained the Exchequer, the Norman Charter, the Customs of Normandy, &c.; and he soon set forth that the inhabitants of Rouen were "free, quit, and independent of the French corporation, and of all payments that may be demanded by the Parisians on that score." This commercial war between Rouen and Paris, which was subsequently so long continued, was not completely checked until the accession of Louis XI., who renewed the ordinance promulgated by his father. (I am indebted for this information to M. Chéruel, whose authority is the *Archives de Rouen*, ii. § 2. July 7th, 1450, Jan. 4th, 1461.) See, also, as regards the entry, a document published by M. Mazure in the *Revue Anglo-Française*, April, 1835, (at Poitiers.)

Somerset, it is true, paid what was deficient in the amount of money, at the expense of his honor and probity, since, to save himself from ruin, he ruined the king of England. He bound himself—he, the regent—to deliver up to the French the fort of *Argues*, (equivalent to giving them possession of Dieppe,) with the whole of the Lower Seine, *Caudebec*, *Lillebonne*, *Tancarville*, and the mouth of the Seine, *Honfleur*.

But his power to make such presents might be doubted, and he could induce belief in his possessing it, only by giving in pledge his right arm, lord Talbot, the only man who inspired the English with confidence. . . . He found that he could not redeem him, or fulfil the stipulations of the treaty. Honfleur disobeyed, so that Talbot had to remain in the train of the French, and witness the ruin of his countrymen.* The English in Honfleur were left unsuccessful. They saw, facing them, the large and much more strongly fortified city of Harfleur, forced even in the depth of winter, by Jean Bureau's batteries, (December, 1449,)† on which, having vainly called for aid on Somerset, they at last surrendered too, (Feb. 18th, 1450.)

Considering that Harfleur alone had sixteen hundred men—a small army—for its garrison, it does not appear that Normandy had been left as unprovided as Somerset wished it to be believed. But the troops were dispersed; in each town were a few English in the midst of a hostile population. What could they have done, even had they been stronger, against this great and invincible movement on the part of France, seeking to become once again French?

This was not understood in England. Normandy had been purposely disarmed, betrayed, sold. Did not the queen's father accompany the army of the king of France? . . . All the reverses of the campaign, the loss of the Seine, the surrender of Rouen, the impawning of the sword of England, lord Talbot—this vast mass of misfortunes and disgraces fell right upon Suffolk's head.

On January 28th, 1450, the lower house presents an humble address to the king: "howe that the kynges pore commens of his reame, been as lovyngly, as hertely, and as tenderly, sette to the good welfare and prosperite of his persone and of his roialme, as ever were eny commens sette to the welfare of their soveraigne lord. . . ."‡ All this tenderness to

* At the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen, "There were at the windows, the countess of Dunois and the duchess of Somerset, to see the representation of the mystery, and all the grand ceremonial, and with them lord Talbot and the other English hostages, who were right pensive and sad." Jean Chartier, p. 184.

† "The king exposed his person to rashness, entering the fosses and the mines. . . . The commander of the artillery and mines was master Jean Bureau, treasurer of France, who was exceeding subtle and ingenious in such matters, and in many other things." Ibidem, p. 188.

‡ Turner, vol. iii. p. 65, (ed. in 8vo.) *Rolls of Parl.* vol. v. 3, p. 177.

ask for blood! In this singular document, the greatest contradictions were affirmed in the same breath. Suffolk had sold England to the French king and *to the queen's father*; he had stored a castle with ammunition for the supply of the enemy, who was about to land. And what was the reason alleged for his calling in the French, the queen's relatives and friends? *To make his son king*;* his, Suffolk's, by overthrowing king and queen! All this was logical and consistent, and John Bull swallowed it!

The contradictory and the absurd being admitted as self-evident reasoning, all reply was impossible. Nevertheless, Suffolk attempted one. He enumerated the services of his family, how all his connections had fallen for their country; he recalled how thirty-four years of his life had been passed in the French wars, how he had been in arms seventeen successive winters without ever revisiting his paternal hearth,† how his fortune had been exhausted to pay his ransom, and lastly, his twelve years' service in the council. Was it likely that he would crown so many services, and at his advanced time of life too, by treachery?

His pleading was in vain. Each word he added by way of justification, a fresh charge would arise in the shape of news of fresh disasters. Not a vessel came without tidings of misfortune; to-day Harfleur, to-morrow Honfleur; and then, one by one, all the towns of Lower Normandy; lastly, (a more sensitive point still,) the prohibiting the importation of English cloths into Holland.‡ In this manner, sinister reports succeeded each other without intermission like the sounds of a passing bell proclaiming from the other shore, Suffolk's death. . . . The rage of the people may be inferred from a ballad of the day, in which his name, and those of his friends, are introduced ironically into the burial-service.§

The queen made an attempt to save the victim, by getting the king to pronounce sentence of banishment on Suffolk for five years. He made his way from London with great difficulty, through the hounds thirsting for his blood, but not to cross over to France; that would have been to justify the charges against him. He remained on his estates, no doubt to await the effect of an attempt in which he had

ventured his last stake. He had dispatched three thousand men to Cherbourg, under the command of the brave Thomas Kyriel, who was to follow a course the direct opposite of that which had ruined Somerset, to concentrate his forces and try a bold stroke. A victory might, perhaps, have saved Suffolk. At first, Kyriel was successful; he besieged and took Valogne. Thence, he was to effect a junction with Somerset by following the sea-coast; but the French had him in their grasp. The count de Clermont came up with his rear, while Richemont barred his passage in front, (Formigny, April 15th, 1450.) Kyriel contested the battle obstinately, but was overwhelmed. From this day, it was felt that the English could be beaten in the open field. The number of killed did not exceed four thousand;* but with them fell the pride, confidence, and hope of the English. Azincourt was no longer present to the memory of the two peoples, as the *last battle*.

This was Suffolk's death-warrant. He felt it to be so, and prepared himself. After writing a beautiful letter to his son, noble and pious, without a touch of weakness, exhorting him solely to fear God, defend the king, and honor his mother, he sent for the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and in their presence, swore upon the host that he died innocent. This done, he threw himself into a small vessel, intrusting himself to God's keeping. But there were too many who had an interest in his death to allow of his escaping. York saw in him the intrepid champion of the house of Lancaster, and Somerset feared an accuser when he should return from his fine campaign, for England would have had to decide whether he or Suffolk had lost Normandy.

According to Monstrelet and Mathieu de Coucy, who might be well informed of English affairs, particularly naval affairs, through the Flemings, he was *encountered* by a vessel belonging to Somerset's friends.† They proceeded to his trial on board ship; and that nothing might be wanting to invest the scene with an air of popular vengeance, the peer of the realm had for his peers and jury the sailors who had taken him. They pronounced him guilty: the sole favor they granted him was, in consideration of his rank, to be put to death by beheading. Novices as jurymen, they were not less so as executioners; it was not till the twelfth blow that they managed to strike off his head with a rusty sword.

His death ended nothing. The agitation and gloomy rage disseminated by defeat, could be turned to profitable uses, and were so by the

* He had given his son to wife the daughter of the eldest Somerset. After Henry VI. she was the nearest to the throne in the Lancastrian line. Had she been married to any other than the son of the minister, and the queen's confidential adviser, there would have been danger in this heiress. No doubt the marriage was contracted with Margaret's approbation.

† This reminds one of Lord Collingwood's honorable exile, who, throughout the entire continental war, did not once obtain permission to set his foot on land, or see his daughters.

‡ Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, vol. vi. pp. 69, 75, 83, (ed. 1837.)

§ This execrable parody casts 93 into the shade; it is as if the litany were sung by Marat. I regret that the learned Mr. Wright's publication, "Political Songs, &c.," does not yet come down to the period at which I am arrived.

* According to the heralds, 3774. Their statement makes out the English forces to have amounted to from 6000 to 7000 men, and the French to have been 3000 only. Jean Chartier, p. 197; Mathieu de Coucy, p. 45; Jacques Du Clercq, t. i. p. 306, ed. Reiffenberg. It is true, that as these historians copy one from the other, their three authorities only amount to one.

† Estant sur la mer, fut rencontré des gens du duc ■ Sombresset. Mathieu de Coucy, p. 450.

powerful, who were thoroughly aware, in this land of old experience in this sort, of all that could be done with the people in this stage of madness. The English disease, pride, exasperated pride, made the populace a blind brute, which during the paroxysm could be led to the right or the left, unawares of the hand or the rope, and unconscious of being led.

First and foremost, the Church was struck a stunning and telling blow, after which, powerful as she was, she did not stir, but let the nobles work their pleasure. For this, it was enough to kill two bishops, two of those prelates who had governed before Suffolk or with him. Who killed them? It was not easy to answer. Was it the retainers of the nobles, or the populace, the *mob* of the seaports? Who was to be arraigned for it?*

INSURRECTION IN KENT.

This done, operations were begun on a grand scale. An insurrection, a *spontaneous* rising of the people, was got up, one of those vague movements which a skilful hand can afterwards turn into a determined revolution. The little farmers of Kent, a numerous and short-sighted race, have ever been ready instruments for innovation, no matter of what kind, presenting exclusive elements for agitation,—as fickleness of disposition, long-continued want,—and moreover, a proneness to be led away by fanaticism, which one would not dream of finding on the highway of the world between London and Paris.†

A ringleader was necessary, a man of straw; not altogether a rogue, the true rogue does not play for such high stakes. The very man turned up, an Irishman,‡ a bastard, who had missed his game some time before. He had subsequently served in France, whence he returned light of heart, but undecided what to do. He was still young, brave, of a good height,§ ready of wit, and not overburdened with discretion.

Cade, this was his name, thought it agreeable enough to play the prince for a few days; he determined to call himself Mortimer. Now, as his person was well known, and as every one was aware that Mortimer, Edward III's grandson, was safe and sound in his grave, this was a pitch of incredible audacity. No matter; he came to life none the less easily. The

new Mortimer succeeded to admiration. He was amusing, likeable, played his part with Irish vivacity, was a good prince, the friend of honest folk, but a great justicer . . . the common people idolized him.

With that exquisite tact so often displayed by the mad when addressing the mad, he published a skilfully absurd proclamation, which produced a capital effect. Among other things, he said that it was publicly reported that the whole county of Kent was to be afforested, in order to revenge Suffolk's death on the innocent communes. Then followed protestations of devotion to the king, only a desire was expressed that this good king would surround himself with his true lords and natural counsellors, the *dukes of York, Exeter, Buckingham, and Norfolk*. This was clear enough; besides, among the rabble of Kent were noted a herald of the duke of Exeter's, and one of the duke of Norfolk's gentlemen, who watched the movement, and had their eye on every thing.

Cade set out with twenty thousand men, and was joined by more on his march. Some troops were sent against him, which he defeated, and then, illustrious commissioners to treat with him—the archbishop of Canterbury, the duke of Buckingham. He received them dexterously, displaying wisdom and dignity, with moderation in debate, but was sober in communication, and inflexible.*

Meanwhile, the king's soldiers expressed themselves to the effect that the duke of York ought to return, come to an understanding with his cousin, Mortimer, and do justice on the queen and her accomplices. They were quieted by promises that justice should be done, and lord Say, treasurer of England, was thrown into the Tower.

The rebels having seized the suburbs, the lord mayor consults the citizens: "Shall we open the city gates?" Only one dares cry, *No*, and he is at once sent to prison. The crowd enters. . . . With great presence of mind, Cade cuts with his own sword the ropes of the drawbridge, to prevent its being pulled up. He strikes with his sword old London stone, gravely saying, "Mortimer is lord of the city." He prohibits plunder upon pain of death, and the prohibition was in earnest, since he had just decapitated one of his officers for disobedience. He piqued himself on administering justice. He drew lord Say from the Tower in order to put him to death, but first had him tried in the street, in Cheapside, by the lord mayor and aldermen, who were half dead with fear. He was thus skilful enough to associate in this responsibility, willingly or not, the chief magistrate of London.

After the spectacle of this street justice, after this execution, there was no hindering the men of Kent from scattering themselves over

* Henry VI. openly upbraided the duke of York with the murder of the bishop of Chichester, chancellor of England, by emissaries of his. Lingard, on the authority of documents preserved by Stow, 393, 395. The author, known under the name of Amelgard, asserts, with less probability, that the bishop fell a sacrifice to his thrift, being killed by the sailors who brought him back from France, in a dispute about the passage money. Notices des MSS. i. 417.

† How easily were they induced, in 1839, to follow the enthusiast Courtney, who assured them that he would come to life as often as he should be killed!

‡ Shakspeare erroneously makes him say that he is a Kentish man. See Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, vol. vi. (ed. 1837,) and Sir Harris Nicolas's Preface, p. 27.

§ "A certaine yong man of a goodly stature, and pregnant wit." Hall and Grafton, p. 640, ed. 1809.

* "Sober in communication, wise in disputing." Ibid. p. 161, ed. 1809.

the city. They wander up and down the streets, admire, eye the shut doors; they begin to scent booty, their hands itch, and they fall to plunder. The prince himself, all prince and Mortimer as he is, cannot so far conquer his old habits acquired in the French wars, but that he must pilfer, just a little, in the house where he has dined.

The respectable burgesses of London, merchants, shopkeepers, and others, had till now taken the thing in good part, executions and all. But when they saw their dear shops, their precious warehouses about to be violated, they were animated by a virtuous indignation against these robbers. They flew to arms with their workmen and apprentices, and a furious engagement ensued in the streets and on London bridge.

The Kentish men, thrust out of the city, passed the night in the suburbs, a little bewildered with the reception they had encountered. It awoke their reflection, and they cooled. This was the moment to treat with them; they were discouraged, and ready to lend a docile ear. The *primate* and the archbishop of York crossed from the city to Southwark in a boat, bearers of the royal seal. They affixed the seal to pardons without stint, and the good folk went their way, each to his home, "without bydding farewell to their capitaine."* At first, he courageously essayed to direct the retreat of those who remained with him. Then, seeing that they thought only of quarrelling about plunder, he mounted a horse and fled. But a price being set on his head, he did not get to any distance, (July, 1450.)

This fearful farce, fearful as it might look, was only a prelude. The gross belief in a Mortimer whom every one knew to be Cade, served to give the first shake to men's minds, and put an end to dreaming. . . . It was, as in *Hamlet*, a play within a play, to assist the comprehension, a fiction to explain history, a commentary in action, to bring within reach of the simple the abstruse question of right.

The man of straw being done with, the real aspirant might begin. The duke of York hastens from Ireland to work on the text which Somerset supplied. This luckless general had just repeated at Ouen his mishap of Rouen, for the second time he had got himself made prisoner, but now his weakness bore more the aspect of treason, at least, so report ran. The regent, according to the English custom, took his wife and children about with him wherever he went, a dangerous and too precious species of baggage, which in more conjunctures than one may soften the soldier, and turn man into woman. Somerset's wife, in the thick of the siege, when it rained stones and bullets, was alarmed by a stone falling where she and her children were; she hastened to throw herself at her husband's feet, and besought him "to

have mercy and compassion of his small infants."* . . . The unhappy man, from this moment, felt alarmed too, and wished to surrender, but the city belonged to the duke of York, and a captain of his who held the command in his name, swore that he would hold out his master's city to the last extremity. On this, Somerset (if we credit his accusers) was induced through weakness to commit a presumptuous, a guilty act. He communicated with the citizens, encouraged them privily to demand surrender, and at last the city was surrendered.† The captain effected his escape, and repaired to render account, not to London, but straight to Ireland, to the duke of York, who suddenly, and without orders, quits that country, traverses England with an armed force, and lays before the king a complaint couched in terms of insolent humility.

No one as yet spoke of York's claim, all thought of it. The queen could only rely on one man, on him who had a claim on the Lancastrian side, on the heir-presumptive to the king. But this heir was Somerset. She made him constable; placed in his hand the sword of the realm just as he had yielded up his own to the French. This defender of the king had trouble enough to defend himself since he had lost Normandy. He ought at least to have repaired the loss—the reparation was to lose Guyenne.

Charles VII., having completed his recovery of Normandy by the reduction of Falaise and Cherbourg,‡ dispatched, for the winter, his army southwards. The national militia, the free archers, was beginning to figure with some honor, and Jean Bureau led from town to town his infallible artillery: few cities held out. The petty kings of Gascony,—Albret, Foix, Armagnac,—seeing the king so strong, out of their zeal and loyalty, hastened to his assistance, pushed on with avidity to the seizure of the English spoils, and took, and assisted to take, in the hope that the king must leave them some share. Four sieges were thus begun at the same time.

Bordeaux alone proved an exception to this rapid conversion of the Gascons, and held out. Hitherto a capital city, a change would only bring about its decline. The English bestowed especial favors upon it,§ enriched it, and bought

* Holingshed, p. 1276, ed. 1577.

† Somerset also abandoned his artillery. Mathieu de Coucy, p. 607.

‡ The French artillery, constantly commanded by Jean Bureau, displayed entirely new resources at Cherbourg, establishing *batteries in the very sea*, to the great astonishment of the English. "The tide flowed in twice a day; nevertheless, by means of certain hides and grease with which the bombards were secured and covered, the sea did no damage to the powder; and as soon as the tide left them exposed, the cannoniers removed the hides and fired, and threw the balls into the city, as before, at which the English were quite taken aback." Jean Chartier, p. 214.

§ See in the precious *Archives Municipales de Bordeaux*, the Book of Privileges, (subsequent to the *Philippine*, 1293.) and the book called *des Bouillons*, (acts and treaties since 1259.) The last was formerly chained to a table, and has

* Hall and Grafton, p. 641.

and drank its wines. Bordeaux could not hope to find masters who would drink more.* Therefore the citizens were so thoroughly English, that they would draw sword for the king of England, and make a sortie—only, it is true, to fly as fast as their legs would carry them. Bureau, who had already taken Blaye, and in Blaye the mayor and sub-mayor of Bordeaux, was named with Chabannes and others to conclude an arrangement. These commissioners were singularly easy, asking neither tax from the city nor ransom from the nobles, and confirming and increasing privileges. All persons who disliked remaining French, might leave; in which case, merchants had six months to regulate their affairs,† and nobles were allowed to transfer their fiefs to their children. So mild and merciful a war was unheard of.‡ The king was pleased to grant a still further delay to Bordeaux, until, no relief arriving, it opened its gates, (June 23d;) Bayonne was more determined, and held out two months longer, (August 21st.)

The loss of towns so devoted and obstinate in their fidelity, yet abandoned without an attempt to relieve them, was a fearful weapon for York to handle. His partisans emphatically calculated that in losing Aquitaine, England had lost three archbishoprics, thirty-four bishoprics, fifteen counties, one hundred and two baronies, more than a thousand captaincies, &c., &c. The loss of Normandy, of Maine, of Anjou, was called to mind, and that of Calais foretold: the traitor Somerset, so the rumor ran, had already sold it to the duke of Burgundy.

York thought himself so strong, that one of his adherents, a member of the house of commons, moved to declare him *heir-presumptive*. The intention was clear, but it was confessed too soon. Some loyalty was still left in the land. The motion shocked the commons, and the imprudent mover was committed to the Tower.

An attempt of York's, arms in hand, was not more successful. He assembled troops, but no sooner was he in presence of the king, than he found out his own powerlessness. His

followers hesitated, he was obliged to disband them, and surrender himself. He was well aware that they would not dare to touch his life, that he would be quit, and he really was so, for taking an oath of allegiance, ■ solemn oath at St. Paul's, on the host. What mattered it? In these English wars, we find the leaders of parties constantly forswearing themselves, and the people, seemingly, not at all scandalized by it.

Just at this time the queen was in hopes of regaining the affection of the English, and of proving to them that the Frenchwoman did not betray them: she was planning the recovery of Guyenne from the French. This province was already weary of its new masters. It was disinclined to conform to the general laws of the kingdom, which quartered the free companies on the towns, and taxed them with their pay; and grumbled at the king's garrisoning the province with his own troops, instead of relying on the Gascon faith.* The nobles, too, who had abandoned their fiefs, and who desired to revisit them, were loud in their assurances that the English had only to put to sea and show themselves, for all to be theirs.† The queen and Somerset stood in great need of some such success, and were sincerely anxious to succeed. They dispatched Talbot thither. This aged man of eighty, was in heart and courage the youngest of the English captains, pre-eminently loyal, and whose word inspired confidence. He was empowered to treat and pardon, as well as make war.

The inhabitants of Bordeaux made Talbot master of the city, betraying the unsuspecting garrison into his power, and he proceeded, though it was the heart of winter, to retake the neighboring strongholds. The king, busied elsewhere, and no doubt relying too confidently on the internal disturbances of England, had denuded the province of troops, and did not send an army to oppose Talbot until the spring. The French, under Bureau's orders, attempted at first to make themselves masters of the district of Dordogne, and laid siege to Châtillon, eight leagues from Bordeaux. Here Talbot found them well intrenched, and covered by formidable batteries. He treated this slightly, and the French purposely confirmed him in his contempt. Word is brought him in the morning, as he is hearing mass, that the French are deserting their intrenchments. "May I never hear mass," exclaimed the fiery old man, "if I don't ride over them."‡ He leaves all, mass and chaplain, to catch the enemy,

the chain still attached to it. I have spoken of it in my *Report to the Minister of Public Instruction on the Libraries and Archives of the southwest of France*, 1836.

* Guyenne and Gascony lost besides a carrying trade, for it was through these provinces that the cloths of England were imported into Spain. Amelgard, *Notices des MSS.* i. 432.

† So great a number left, that Bordeaux was said to have remained almost unpeopled for some years. *Chronique Bourdealoise*, p. 38.

‡ The king had ordered the soldiers to pay for whatever they took, on penalty of making good the thing taken, and ■ *fortnight's loss of pay*. This mild penalty must have been more efficacious than more rigorous ones, since it admitted of being strictly enforced. See Jean Chartier, and Mathieu de Coucy, pp. 256, 251, 406, 432, 457, 610. See in particular, *Bibl. Royale MSS. Doat*, 217, fol. 328, *Ordre de punir les gens de guerre qui, en Rouergue, ont pris des vivres sans payer*. (Order for the punishment of those soldiers who have taken provisions in Rouergue, without paying for the same.) Sept. 29th, 1446.

■ The fictitious Amelgard, thoroughly Burgundian at heart, and unfavorable to Charles VII., confesses, however, that this constituted the sum of the Gascon complaints. The king's council replied, that the money paid for the troops was spent by them in the identical towns which paid it. *Notices des MSS.* i. 432.

† See the chronicler known under the name of Amelgard. *Id. ibid.* 431.

‡ "Jamais je n'oray la messe, ou aujourd'hui j'auray touté jus la compagnie des Français, estant en ce parc icy devant moy." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 645.

and when one of his men apprizes him of his mistake, strikes his informant, and hurries on.

Meanwhile, behind his intrenchments and cannon, the wise master of the accounts, Jean Bureau, coolly waited for this paladin* of the middle age. Talbot comes up on his little horse, conspicuous by a surcoat of red velvet. He sees his men dropping around him at the first discharge; but persists, and plants his standard on the barrier. The second discharge carries away the standard and Talbot. The French sally forth; a struggle takes place over his body, which is taken and retaken,† and in the confusion a soldier unwittingly plants his dagger in his throat. The rout of the English was complete; according to the heralds commanded to take the number of the dead, they left four thousand bodies on the spot.

Guyenne was recovered, with the exception of Bordeaux, which they hemmed in by seizing all the surrounding places. Even on the side of the sea, the united English and Bordeaux fleet could not hinder the French king's from blockading the Gironde. In point of fact, there was no royal fleet; but Rochelle, the rival of Bordeaux, had furnished the king with sixteen armed vessels,‡ and Brittany had supplied others, and with these were joined fifteen large ships from Holland,§ without counting those he had been able to borrow from Castile.

This great city of Bordeaux was garrisoned by a complete army, English and Gascon. But

* Not, however, ■ completely the *paladin*, as not, like a true Englishman, to have looked after his pecuniary interests. Several deeds are extant relating to the large gifts and appointments which he acquired—as the earldom of Shrewsbury, the countship of Clermont-en-Beauvaisis, with the respective domains attached to each, the captainship of Falaise, &c. See, as regards the gifts made to Talbot, M. Berriat-Saint-Prix's *Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc*, p. 159, with the extracts there from the *Registres du Trésor des Chartes*, pp. 173-175. What is not less characteristic is, that on his arrival at Bordeaux, Talbot begins by getting for Thomas Talbot (some cousin or bastard ?) the lucrative office of *clerk of the market*. Rymer, v. Jan. 17th, 1453.

† He was disfigured in the struggle, and this gave rise to a touching scene, which the French historian, with a noble pity, describes minutely. "And Talbot's herald was asked whether 'if he saw his master, he should recognise him,' when he gladly said 'Yes,' supposing him to be still alive. . . . On which he was brought to the spot . . . and they said to him, 'Look if that be your master.' Then he suddenly changed color, but did not at once pass his opinion. . . . Nevertheless, he went on his knees and said he would soon know the truth, and thrust one of the fingers of his right hand into the mouth of the corpse, to feel for the place of a molar tooth on the left side, which he knew for certain his master had lost. . . . And forthwith . . . as he was on his knees . . . he kissed him on the mouth, exclaiming, 'My lord, my master; my lord, my master, is it you? I pray God to pardon you your errors! I have been your officer-at-arms forty years, or more, 'tis time I make you some return! . . . ' uttering piteous cries and lamentations, and the water most piteously streaming from his eyes. And then he took off his tabard, and laid it on his said master." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 646.

‡ Arcere, *Histoire de la Rochelle*, t. i. p. 275.

§ Mathieu de Coucy mistakes in supposing these vessels to have belonged to the duke of Burgundy. The duke's interests, as we shall see, were at this moment opposed to those of the king, with whom he was exceedingly discontented. It is probable that the Hollanders, who were exceedingly independent subjects of Philip's, sent the ships in spite of him.

the number was burdensome to a town whose supplies were cut off; and, on the other hand, the defenders had different interests, and ran an unequal hazard. Should the city fall, the English only ran the risk of being made prisoners; the Gascons had to fear being treated as rebels. The two parties distrusted each other. The English in the neighboring towns had already made separate terms for themselves.*

The Bordelais, in alarm, offered to submit, asking no other terms than that their persons and property should be respected. But the king wished to make an example of them, and would promise nothing. The deputies were departing sorrowfully enough, when the grand master of the ordnance, Jean Bureau, drawing near the king, said to him, "Sire, I have just surveyed the neighborhood in order to fix the spots for my batteries; if such is your good pleasure, I can promise you, on forfeit of my life, to batter down the town in a very few days."

The king, however, began to be desirous of an arrangement. Fever had broke out in his camp. He relaxed from his severity, contented himself with a contribution of a hundred thousand crowns, and the banishment of twenty of the most culpable, pardoned the rest, and the English were allowed to embark freely. The city lost its privileges,† but still remained a capital city, independent of the parliaments of Paris and of Toulouse. A short time saw the institution of the parliament of Bordeaux, which extended its jurisdiction over the Limousin, as far as Rochelle.

FALLEN STATE OF ENGLAND.

England had lost in France, Normandy, Aquitaine, all save Calais.

Normandy, her other self, an England in aspect and productions, which was ever to lie before her to awaken her regrets . . . Aquitaine, her French paradise, with all the blessings of the south, the olive, the vine, the sun.

About three centuries had elapsed since England had married Aquitaine in the person of Eleanor, had more than married, had loved her, had often preferred her to herself. The Black Prince felt at home at Bordeaux; was a stranger in London.

More than one English prince had been born

* Mathieu de Coucy, p. 651.

† As regarded its commerce, Bordeaux did not long lose it. The mercantile spirit, stronger in the English than even their pride, would not suffer them to give up their trade in the wines of Gascony. They submitted to every humiliation required. It is worth while to look at the terms on which the former masters of the country were allowed to trade in their capital of Guyenne. They were all to wear conspicuously the red cross, could not go into the neighboring districts without a written permission from the mayor, and if any one wanted to cross the province, to repair to Bayonne, the governor sent him thither under the guard of an archer, who was paid by him. *Archives, Supplément au Trésor des Chartes*, J 925.

in France, more than one had died and had chosen to be buried there. Thus, the sage regent of France, the duke of Bedford, was buried at Rouen; and the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion remained with our nuns of the abbey of Fontevrault.

It was not territory alone that England had lost, it was her choicest reminiscences, two or three centuries of efforts and of wars, her old and her recent glories, Poitiers and Azincourt, the Black Prince and Henry V. . . . It was as if these honored dead had up to this moment survived in their conquests, and had never died till now.

The blow was so painfully felt by England, that one might have supposed she would forget her discords, or, at least, would give them truce. The parliament voted subsidies, not for three years, as was the custom, but "for the king's life;" voted an army almost equal to that of Azincourt—twenty thousand archers.

To levy them was the difficulty. A universal dejection and discouragement prevailed, with a dread of distant wars—a proud dread, which was indignant at itself and ill at ease; it was the heart which had sunk, not pride. There was danger in clearing up this sad mystery . . . The parliament lowered the levy from twenty to thirteen thousand* archers, and not one was raised.

The hand of God weighed heavily on England. After having lost so largely abroad, she seemed on the point of losing herself. That war which she no longer carried on in France, raged in her own bosom, hitherto a dumb war, without battle, without victory to any one, without even the sad hope that the land would recover her unity by the triumph of a party. Somerset had ended; York was unable to begin. Royalty was not abolished, but it daily became more isolated and enfeebled. The king having given away, or pawned his own domains, was the poorest man in the kingdom. On Twelfth Night, the king and queen sat down to the family banquet, and there was nothing to set on the table.†

Good king Henry took all patiently; humble in the midst of his haughty barons, clad like the meanest London citizen,‡ the friend of the poor, and full of charity, poor as he was himself. When not engaged with his council,§ he passed his time in reading lives of saints

and chronicles, and in meditating on Holy Scripture. That iron age called him a fool; in the middle age he would have been a saint. In general, he seemed to be inferior to his station, and sometimes he rose above it. To indemnify him for the common sense which he was deficient in, he seems in certain moments to have been enlightened by a ray from on high.*

It was the fate of this man of peace† to pass all his life in the midst of discords, and to be mixed up with an interminable discussion on the validity of his own right to the throne. From some wise words which have been handed down of his, he seems to have quieted his conscience by *length of session*.‡ He had himself reigned forty . . . ; his father had reigned before him, and his grandfather, too, Henry IV. . . . But if this grandfather had usurped the crown, could he transmit it? Here was enough to set the saintly king upon thinking, in his long hours of meditation and prayer . . . Were not the reverses in France God's judgment as it were, a sign against the house of Lancaster? . . . This house had reigned long by the Church, and with her; but here was the Church gradually withdrawing her support. God had taken from him the great prelates who had governed the realm, cardinal Winchester, the chancellor bishop of Chichester, and, lastly, him in whom the king confided, as one of his wisest lords, the archbishop of Canterbury, primate of England.

The peaceful went their way, but the violent were no less wanting. Suffolk had perished; Somerset was immured in the Tower; the queen was in her bed,§ about to give birth

* While imprisoned in the Tower, he thought he saw a woman about to drown her infant: he gave an alarm, the woman was found, and the child saved. Ibid. p. 305.

† This peaceful spirit of his is brought out in full relief in the following anecdote:—"Edmund Gallet said that he was sent to the king of England to invite him to make a descent on Normandy, while the king of France was occupied against his son in Dauphiny. On which the king of England asked what manner of man his uncle of France was, and the envoy replied that he had only seen him once on horseback, and that he seemed to him a comely prince, (*gentil prince*,) and another time in an abbey at Caen, where he was reading a chronicle, and that he appeared to him to be the best reader he ever saw, (*le mieux lisant qu'il vit oncques*.) After which, the king of England said that he was surprised at the French princes being so inclined to do such a monarch a displeasure; then he added, 'However, mine treat me the same.' See the depositions quoted by Dupuy in the notice which he has given of the trial of John of Alençon, at the end of his trial of the Templars, (12mo.) p. 419.

‡ "My father reigned peaceably to the end of his life. His father, my grandfather, was also king. And I, from my cradle, have been a crowned king, recognised by the whole kingdom; forty years have I worn the crown, and all have done me homage." . . . Still, whatever his right, he would not have consented to the death of a single man in its defence. One day, entering London, and seeing the limbs of a traitor exposed on the gate, "Take them away," he cried out, "take them away; God forefend a Christian should be so cruelly treated on my account." Blackman, ap. Hearne, pp. 301, 305.

§ Hall grossly, but justly enough, compares this ill-matched couple to an ox and ass drawing the same plough: "As the strong ox doth, when he is yoked in the plough with a poore silly asse." Hall and Grafton, i. 623, ed. 1809.

* Turner, vol. iii. p. 174, (ed. in 8vo.) Parl. Rolls, v. pp. 231-38.

† "At dinner hour, when they were about to sit down to table, there was nothing ready, inasmuch as the officers of the kitchen knew not where to lay hands on any money, for no one would longer trust them." Mathieu de Coucy, p. 604.

‡ *Obtusis sotularibus et ocreis . . . ad instar coloni. Togam etiam longam cum capucio rotulato ad modum burgensis, (with thick socks and boots . . . like a farmer, and wearing a long gown with a hood turning over, like a citizen's.)* Blackman, De Virutibus et Miraculis Henrici VI., ap. Hearne, p. 298.

§ Aut in regni negotiis cum consilio suo tractandis, aut in Scripturarum lectionibus vel in scriptis aut cronicis legendis. Ibid. p. 299.

to a prince, a victim of civil war.* The poor monarch, deserted by all who had hitherto supported him, and who had supplied his infirm will by their own, at last abandoned himself. His weak intellect deserted him, and roamed henceforward towards better regions.†

And he thus, quite innocently, embarrassed his enemies. According to the subtle theory of the English law, the king is perfect; he cannot die, do wrong,‡ forget, or lose his wits.§ Behooved, then, to obtain from himself sentence against himself, at the least, a sign,|| expressive of his approval of the creation of a regent and nomination of a primate. With this formal people, there was no possibility of overstepping these punctilios; if the king did not express his will, there was no longer a government civil or ecclesiastical, no magistrate or bishop, no *peace of the king* or of God, the state was defunct, and England legally dead.

A deputation of twelve lay and ecclesiastical peers repaired to Windsor.¶

"And then for asmoche as it liked not the Kynges Highnesse to geve any answer to the Articles, the said Bishop of Chester, by th' advis of all the othir Lordes, declared and opened to the Kynges Highnesse, the other matiers conteigned in the said instruction; to the whiche maters ne to eny of them they cowede gete noo answer ne signe, for no prayer ne desire, lamentable chere ne exhortation, ne eny thyng that they or eny of them cowede do or sey, to their grete sorowe and discomfort. And then the Bishop of Wynchester seid to the Kynges Highnesse that the Lordes had not dynded, but they shuld goo dyne theym, and wayte upon his Highnesse agen aftir dyner. And so aftir dyner they come to the Kynges Highnesse in the same place where they were before; and there they moeved and sturred hym, by all the waies and meanes that they cowede thynke, to have answer of the matiers aforseid, but they cowede

have noon; and from that place they willed the Kynges Highnesse to goo into an othir chambre, and so he was ledde between II men into the chambre where he lieth; and there the Lordes moeved and sturred the Kynges Highnesse the thirde tyme, by all the means and wayes that they coude thynk, to have answer of the seid matiers, and also desired to have knoweleche of hym, if it shuld like his Highnesse that they shulde wayte upon hym eny lenger, and to have aunswere at his leiser, but they cowede have no aunswere, worde ne signe; and therefor with sorrowful hartes come thaire way."

Let us pause before this mute image of expiation. This silence speaks aloud; every man, every nation will understand it. Sooth to say, nation disappears before such spectacles; there are no longer French or English, but only men.

On considering the subject, however, solely as Frenchmen, we have to ask coolly and impartially what has been the end of all this.

The English, as we have already said, leave little else on the continent than ruins. During their long conquest, this serious, political people, scarcely founded any thing.*—Yet, notwithstanding, they rendered the land an immense service which is not to be mistaken.

France had hitherto lived the common general life of the middle age as much as her natural one, and more so. She was Catholic and feudal before she became French. England sternly forced her back upon herself, compelled her to retire into herself; France dug, searched, descended into the heart of the life of the people; she found, what? France. She is indebted to her enemy for the recognition of herself as a nation.

It required no less than this grave reflection, this potent and manly consolation to calm us, when, often drawn towards the sea, we have borne along the shore, from La Hogue to Dunkirk, the memory of the heavy past . . . Well! let us cast down the burden on the steps of the new church, on that stone of oblivion which a good and pious Englishwoman has laid at Boulogne† to rear again what her

* I regret not having been able to consult Miss Agnes Strickland's curious work, "Lives of the Queens of England," as regards Margaret.

† Did he inherit this weakness of intellect solely from his grandfather, Charles VI.? His father, Henry V., who gave proofs of so sound a judgment, was very eccentric in his youth: the reader may remember that he one day presented himself to his father in a fool's dress. (See above, p. 82.) There is something strange and drawing in his face, to judge from the fine engraving of the original portrait of him at Kensington, given by Mr. Endell Tyler, as the frontispiece of his "Memoirs of Henry the Fifth," (1838.)

‡ Blackstone, vol. i. p. 247. Allen, *Prerogative, &c., passim*. Coke admits, most reluctantly, that the king, immortal in kind, (in genere,) dies, however, in the individual. Howell's State Trials, ii. 625.

§ There is a sort of magic virtue attributed by the lawyers to the great privy seal, the possession of which seal rendered every government legal. . . . Richard II., when only ten years and a half old, was supposed to be capable of reigning without the assistance of a regency. Hallam, vol. ii. p. 267, ed. in 4to.

|| A terrible list is extant of all the medicaments employed by parliament to render the king in a fit state to express his will: "Clysters, suppositories, head-purgings, gargles, baths, blisters, the bringing on hemorrhoids," &c. Rymer, t. v. P. 2, p. 55, April 6th, 1554.

¶ Furl. Rolls, vol. v. p. 240.

* Some churches, in Guyenne especially, have a large number of towers and bastilles. The cities and bastilles built by the English are easily recognised, being erected, not on hills, but by streams in the plains. In general they consist of eight streets, which intersect each other at right angles, and with a keep in the centre, with grated gates which could be closed in time of need. Sainte-Foix-la Longue, and some small towns in Perigord and the Agénois are of this description. The style seems to have been imitated in Louis XIth's time. (The remark is M. Dessalle's.) So much for their buildings. As regards institutions, I see none stamped with an English character. Our free-archers were not altogether borrowed from the English archers; so natural an institution sprung out of the necessities of self-defence. Of all the provinces conquered by the English, they displayed, in my opinion, an administrative capacity in Normandy alone.

† A little before the year 1830, a young English lady waited upon the abbé Haefreingues, who keeps a scholastic establishment at Boulogne: "I am aware, M. l'Abbé," she said, "of your desire to rebuild Boulogne cathedral, the ruin of which was begun by my countrymen; as an Eng-

fathers destroyed. Who but shall willingly say to that sea, to those opposite shores, "My curse shall be forgiveness!"*

From this point, we see more clearly We see hence the ocean roll her impartial waves from one to the other shore. We distinguish hence the alternate movement of these great waters, these great peoples. The sea which bore to the opposite shore Cæsar and Christianity, brings back Pelagius and Columbanus. The flood impels thither William, Eleanor, and the Plantagenets; the ebb brings back Edward, Henry V. In Queen Anne's time, England is the imitator; in Louis XVth's, France. Yesterday, our great rival

taught us liberty; to-morrow, grateful France will teach her equality. . . . Such is this majestic libration, this fecund alluvion, which alternates from one shore to the other No, this sea is not *the barren sea*.*

Lasting the emulation, the rivalry! if not the war These two great peoples must for ages watch each other, be jealous of each other, emulously imitate, and develop each other:—"They cannot cease seeking, or hating each other. God has placed them opposite to each other, like two vast loadstones, which attract each other at one end, at one end repel each other; for they are at once enemies and kindred."†

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES VII. PHILIP THE GOOD.—THE FLEMISH WARS. A. D. 1436-1453.

WHEN the news reached the court of Burgundy that Talbot had landed in Guienne, one of the confidential advisers of Philip the Good could not refrain from exclaiming:—"Would to God the English were in Rouen, and masters of Normandy as well!"‡

At this very time, indeed, Charles had envoys at Ghent, sent to interfere between the duke and the Flemings who were in arms. Had it not been for Talbot's landing, he might, perhaps, have marched, as suzerain and protector, to the aid of the Ghenters.

The misunderstanding, moreover, had commenced previously, from the time of the treaty of Arras; the war of diplomacy dated from the very ratification of peace. The house of Burgundy, younger branch of that of France, becomes by degrees the enemy of France, and

English by inclination; soon to be more so, by alliance and by blood. The duchess of Burgundy, the reflective and politic Isabella, a Lancastrian by her mother's side, will bring about a marriage between her son and an Englishwoman, Margaret of York, and the latter, in her turn, will wed her daughter, her only child, to Maximilian the Austrian, who counts Lancasters among his maternal ancestors; so that the grandson, the strange and last product of these admixtures,—Charles the Fifth, Burgundian, Spaniard, Austrian, is, nevertheless, triply Lancaster.‡

All this takes place gently, slowly; a long labor of hate by ways of love, by alliances, by marriages, and handed from woman to woman. The Isabellas, Margarets, and Marys, these kings, in petticoats, of the Low Countries, (which would hardly endure any others,) have for more than a century woven with their fair hands the immense net, in which, apparently, France was to be taken.§

From this moment, the struggle is between Charles VII. on one hand, and Philip the Good and his wife, Isabella, on the other; a struggle betwixt king and duke, betwixt two kings rather, and Philip is not the least king of the two.

He has certainly a greater hold on the king.

lishwoman, I would fain expiate their fault as much as lies in my power; here is my subscription, 'tis very little, only five-and-twenty francs!" "Mademoiselle," replied the priest, "your faith has decided me. To-morrow the works shall be begun, and your twenty-five francs shall buy the first stone." He at once ordered building to be begun to the extent of sixty thousand francs, and has since expended in the erection of the cathedral five hundred thousand francs out of his own means. See a pamphlet published by M. Francis Nettelement, Boulogne.

■ Byron, *Childe Harold*, canto iv.

† "M. de Croy had told him that my lord of Burgundy knew for certain, that if it had not been for the hinderance at Bordeaux, the king's army would have been directed against him. And so, when the news came to Flanders . . . that Bordeaux was English, many knights and squires of the said country . . . said these words, at the least, one of them, who was said to be one of those on most intimate terms with my lord of Burgundy: 'Would to God the English were at Rouen, and in all Normandy, as well as in Bordeaux, for if it had not been for the taking of Bordeaux, we should have had our work to do.'" *Bibl. Royale, fonds Baluze, MS. A., fol. 45.*

■ An Homeric epithet.

† De Maistre, *Soirées de St. Petersburg*, t. i. p. 169.

‡ The old chronicler of the house of Burgundy, intimate with its traditions, said to Charles the Fifth's father, "As to the line of Portugal, from which the king, your father, and you are sprung, you are not or ever will be (you or yours) without some quarrel of England's, and chiefly of the duchy of Lancaster's." And further on, "When I think of that quarter of England by which, of right, you should be supported . . ." Olivier de la Marche, *Introd.* ch. 4.

§ I would not be misunderstood to mean any express conspiracy, or plan, or fixed design, but only the constant action of one and the same passion, persevering jealousy and hate.

than Charles VII. has on him. He still holds Paris closely by possessing Auxerre and Peronne; while all around, his fair cousins, his knights of the Fleece, occupy the strongholds of Nemours, Montfort, and Vendôme. Even in the centre of France, should he desire to enter, the duke of Orléans would throw open to him the passage over the Loire. In every direction, the nobles are his friends; they love him the more the king becomes master. Even on those points on which he does not act, he yet influences; while along the whole frontier line, he acquires, takes, inherits, buys, and gradually encircles the kingdom; already he is at its heart.

And what arms has the king against the duke of Burgundy? His high jurisdiction. But far from appealing to this jurisdiction, the French provinces of his adversary fear annexing themselves to the kingdom and partaking its extremity of sufferings. For instance, Burgundy, whose duke asked from it little more than men, hardly any money, would not for the world's sake have had aught in common with the king.*

Those provinces, on the contrary, which conceived themselves safe from being reputed French, and had no fear of the encroachments of the French exchequer, had less hesitation in recurring to the king, and invoking, if not his jurisdiction, at least his arbitration. Liege and Ghent were in habitual correspondence with France; the king had a party in them, and maintained emissaries to take advantage of insurrectionary movements, and sometimes to excite them. These formidable popular machines enabled him, when his adversary advanced too near to him, to draw him back and oblige him to look homewards.

These large cities, with their numerous, rich, but excitable populations, were at once the strength and the weakness of the duke of Burgundy. In this general death of the fifteenth century, he, for his part, governed the living. What finer than life; but what more uneasy, more difficult to regulate? . . . Flanders boiled over with living energy.

STATE OF FLANDERS.

There is reason for surprise at this country's containing so many germs of troubles. To say Flanders, is to say labor; is not labor, peace? . . . At the first glance, the laborious Flemish weaver seems brother to the Lombard *humiliati*, the imitator of the pious workmen of St. Antony and St. Pacomius, of those Benedictines to whom St. Benedict announced—"To be a monk, is to work."† What holier and

more peaceful? . . . The weaver seems to be almost more a monk than the monk. Alone, in the obscurity of the narrow street, of the deep cellar, a being dependent on unknown causes which prolong labor, diminish wages, he throws himself for all on God. His creed is, that man can do nothing of himself, save love and believe. These workmen were named *beghards*, (those who pray,) or *lollards*,* from their pious "complaints," their monotonous chants, like a woman's lulling† her child. The poor recluse always felt himself a minor, always an infant, and he sang to himself a nurse's song to lull his uneasy and groaning will on the knees of God.

Sweet and feminine mysticism. Allied as it was to woman's nature, the *beguines* outnumbered the *beghards*. Some, in their lifetime, were accounted saints; witness her of Nivelles, whom the king of France, Philippe-le-Hardi, sent to consult. Generally, they lived together in *beguinages*, comprehending both work-rooms and schools, and, close by, was the hospital where they tended the poor. These *beguinages* were pleasing cloisters, not cloistered. There were no vows, or for a brief time only. The beguine could marry. She went, without changing her mode of life, into the house of a pious workman, and sanctified it. The obscure work-room was illuminated with a sweet ray of grace.

"It is not good for man to be alone." True everywhere, it is much more so in these countries, in this rainy north, (which has not the poetry of the icy north,) amidst these fogs, these short days. . . . What are the Low Countries, save the last alluvions, sands, mud, and bog, in which great rivers, wearied by their too long course, die, as if of languor, in the careless ocean?‡

The sadder nature is, the dearer home. Here,

labor of their own hands.) S. Benedicti Regula, ap. Holstenium, c. 48, p. 46.

* Lollhardus, lullhardus, lollert, lullert. Mosheim, De Beghards et Beguinabus, Append. p. 583.

† *Bercer*, in English, to lull; in Swedish, *lulla*, to put to sleep; in old German, *tullen*, *tollen*, *tallen*, to sing in an under tone; in modern German, *tallen*, to lisp or stammer.

‡ All this is, perhaps, much more striking in Holland than in Flanders. How touching did the family union there appear to me when I saw in the low meadows, below the canals, those quiet landscapes of Paul Potter's, in the pale light of an afternoon's sun, with the good and peaceful population, the cattle, and milch cows, and children mixed together . . . I longed to raise their dikes; I feared the waters some day making a mistake, as the ocean did when it covered, as with a sheet, sixty villages, and placed Haarlem lake in their stead. . . . Curious fact; there where the land fails, man propagates. The big Dutch boat (at which the ignorant stranger laughs) is not to be considered a boat, but a house, an ark, where wife, children, and domestic animals live commodiously together. The Dutchwoman is there at home, quietly settled, taking care of her children, hanging out the linen, and often, in lieu of her husband, holding the rudder.

Here the aquatic animal, living in a state of slow but perpetual migration, has made himself a world of his own, and provided he does not compromise the microcosm, little cares he to go quickly; never will he change the lumbering but sure build of this family craft, never hurry. To see his slowness, you would say that he fears reaching his destination.

* "Item, they call to those of the king's subjects who go into the countries of my said lord of Burgundy: 'Traitors, villains, serfs, go pay your taxes,' and many other contemptuous things, (villénies et injures.)" *Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 258, No. 25.

† Tunc vere monachi sunt, si labore manuum suarum vivunt, (Then — they truly monks, when they live by the

more than elsewhere, man has felt the happiness of family life, of labor, and rest in common Scant is the air and wan the daylight, perhaps, which penetrate these shelving floors, and yet the Flemish woman finds the means of raising there a pale flower. It matters not that the house be sombre, the husband cannot perceive it;* he is near his own, his heart sings What need has he of nature? Where will he in the country see a brighter sun than in the eyes of his wife and children?†

Family, home—is love. And it was the name of love or of *friendship*‡ which they gave to the family of their choice, the great brotherhood or commune. They said, the *friendship* of Lille, the *friendship* of Aire, &c. It was named, too, (and most frequently,) *guild*, or contribution, mutual sacrifice.§ All for each, each for all, their rallying cry at Courtrai:—"My friend, my buckler."

Simple and beautiful organization. Each man (each family) is represented in the city by his house, which pays and answers for him. The count, just the same as any other, must have his house, which answers to his little Flemish name of Hanotin. Each family of friends, or brotherhood, has in like manner its house, which it emulously adorns and sets off, which it bedecks with sculpture and painting, without and within. How much more will they lavish their cares on the house of general *friendship*, the house of the city—the town-hall! No expense will be minded, no effort, to widen its front, to elevate its belfry, so that the neighboring towns of the great plains may see it ten leagues off, and their towers do reverence to the tower soaring above them.

So appears in the distance that of Bruges, at once shapely and majestic, above the strong hall which guarded the treasure of seventeen nations. So extends, wider by a hundred feet than the whole length of our Nôtre Dame of Paris, the incomparable façade of the town-hall

* Infinite sweetness of family labor! He only is conscious of it, whose hearth has been shivered. . . . This tear will be pardoned (the man? no) the historian, now that this labor is about to terminate, that family existence is compromised in more than one country, and the machine for spinning flax is about to take their employment from our spinners and those of Flanders.

† "There will be a sunbeam for thee in thy grandmother's eyes" The expression is in a charming tale, which would have been on every mother's and nurse's tongue, had not the authoress buried it amongst her translations. See *La fée Hironnelle*, (the fairy swallow,) in *Education Familiale*, a translation from the English by Madame Belloc et Montgolfier, t. iv.

‡ See Ducange, at the word *Amicitia*. And Ordonn. xii. 563. &c.

(The French *amitié*, (friendship.) the word here used by the author, comes from the Latin, *Amicitia*.) TRANSLATOR.

§ My translation accords with the primitive sense. The ordinary sense is *association*, the primitive, *gift, contribution*, (præstatio.) What does the associate give in the original forms of the Guild? himself, his blood. See the strange ceremony of *spilling blood under the ground*, in my *Origines du Droit*, p. 195, taken from a note of P. E. Müller's on the *Laxdaela-Saga*, (1826. 4to. p. 59.) See also the dissertations of Kofod Ancher, (1780,) of Wilda, (1831,) and of C. J. Fortuyn, (1824.)

of Ypres He who, in its small, deserted precincts, comes upon this monument, remains speechless before such grandeur And grandeur is not what is most admirable here; but the uniformity of the parts, the harmony, the unity of the plan, and of the will, too, which must have been dominant in the city throughout the years it took in building: * you fancy you see a whole people imbued with one will, as one man—a persevering concord; a century, at least, of *friendship*.

True cathedral of the people, as lofty as its neighbor, the cathedral of God.† If it had fulfilled its destiny, if these cities had followed out to the end their vital idea, the house of friendship would have at last contained all friends, the whole city; would not only have been the counter of counters, but the factory of factories,‡ the home of homes, the table of tables, just as in its belfry seem to be united the bells of the different quarters, of the companies, of the *jurisdictions*.§ Above all these voices which it harmonizes and leads, sounds sovereignly the carillon of the *law*, with its Martin or Jacquemart. Bell of bronze, man of iron; he is the oldest burgess of the city, the gayest, the most indefatigable, with his wife Jacqueline What sing they, night and day, from hour to hour, from quarter to quarter? one tune alone, that of the psalm—"Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."

Here we have the ideal, the dream! a whole people laboring together in love But the devil is jealous.

He does not want much room; there will ever be a corner for him in the holiest house. In the very sanctuary of piety, in the beguine's cell, (whence Lucas of Leyden drew his charming Annunciation,) he will find a loophole. Where? In the little kitchen, the little garden.‖

* From 1200 to 1304, according to M. Lamblin, keeper of the records of Ypres, in his valuable memoir on the origin of the cloth-hall, (crowned by the Antiquarian Society of la Morinie, Ypres, 1836.) We have to deplore this learned man's death: his loss will long be felt.

† The cathedral, masked by the hall, has reigned before, and reigns after it. See the stone to the memory of Janse-nius, in the very middle of the choir, but so ingeniously dissembled!

‡ And this existed, in reality, for a part of the Ypres manufacturers worked in the hall: "The principal floor contained the looms of the cloth and serge weavers. . . . Different chambers of the ground-floor were occupied by the combers, carders, spinners, shearers, fullers, dyers, &c." Lamblin, *Memoire sur La Halle d'Ypres*, pp. 16, 17.

§ Rights of bell, ban, and justice, are synonymous in the middle age. May not the chimes have originally been the simple centralization of bells, that is, of jurisdictions? The too repulsive dissonances would compel the introduction of a harmony of some kind, which would by degrees improve. The first convent chimes seem of the date 1404. Buschius, *Chronicon Windesemense*, p. 535, ann. 1404.

‖ A charming passage of St. Beuve's:—"We have all a little garden which we set greater store by than we do by the great." Port Royal, i. 107. See in M. Vinet's discourses, that entitled *Des Idoles Favorites*, (on Favorite Idols,) the leading idea of which is the text, "And the young man went away exceedingly sorrowful, for he had a small possession." (Our English version gives a different text.)

The spirit of individuality is strongly marked in the Flem-

A leaf of that beautiful lily* is large enough to hide him.

Less than a leaf, a breath, a song In the pious "complaint" of the weaver we were just now listening to, is it certain that all was of God? The song which he sings to himself is neither like the strains of the ritual of the church,† nor the official airs‡ of the fraternities This solitary workman of the suburb, (*buissonnier*),§ as he is called, what are his secret thoughts? May it not happen to him to read some day in his Evangel that the least shall be greatest? Rejected of the world, adopted of God, should he bethink himself of claiming this world as his Father's inheritance? We know that Philip Arteveld, who threw his net one morning to catch the tyranny of Flanders, led the lollard's life, and fished,|| dreaming the while, in the Scheldt. The tailor¶ king of Leyden dreamed, while cutting out his cloth, that God called him to cut out kingdoms Innate in these mystic workmen, these mild dreamers, was an element of trouble, vague and obscure as yet, but far more dangerous than the noisy communal storm which burst forth on the surface; from subterranean workshops, from cellars, there came, to him who had ears to hear, the low, distant muttering of revolutions to come.

What the Lollard is to church and commons, the hedge-weaver is to the fraternity,** the

ish *beguinages*. "In France and Germany, the beguinage was a convent divided into cells; in the Low Countries it was like a village, with as many distinct houses as there were beguines." Mosheim, p. 150. At the present day there are commonly several in each house, but each beguine has her little kitchen: in a house where there are twenty sisters, I noticed (a trifle in itself, but exceedingly characteristic) twenty small ovens, twenty small coffee-mills, &c. I ask pardon of the holy maids for this, perhaps, indiscreet disclosure.

* See in the gallery of the Louvre, the Annunciation of Lucas of Leyden.

† These were hymns in the vulgar tongue. Mosheim, p. 265.

‡ A characteristic of the poetry and music of the German fraternities. (and, I opine, of fraternities in general,) is the servility with which traditional usage is observed. See the rules on *Falsche Melodie, Falsche Blumen*, which proscribe all change and embellishment. Wagenseil, *De Civitate Noribergensi*; accedit *de Der Meister Singer institutis liber*, (1697.) p. 531. My illustrious friend, J. Grimm, has not dwelt on this peculiarity, which, however, does not concern the object he had most in view. Ueber den Altdeutschen Meistergesang, von Jacob Grimm, Goettingen, 1811.

§ *Quos dumicos vocant*, (whom they call *dumici*.) Meier, 302 verso. I translate *dumicos* by a word consecrated in the history of Protestantism:—*Ecoles buissonnières*, (hedge-schools.) The hedge workmen (*ouvriers buissonniers*) may very probably have been Lollards. Pope Gregory XI. describes the latter as originally leading the life of hermits. Mosheim, p. 404. St. Bernard tells us that priests quitted their churches and their flocks to go and live, "*Inter textores et tetricos*," (amongst weavers, male and female.) *Serm. in Canticu Cantice*, pp. 5-65.

|| See the notes to Reiffenberg's edition of Barante, from Olivier de Dixmude, t. iv. p. 165.

¶ See my *Mémoires de Luther*. All that was original in John of Leyden, was to engraft upon mysticism the antimystical spirit of the Old Testament.

** We find the workmen of the guild and of the commune at war, both with the *buissonniers* of the liberties, and with the *Lollards*, (the two terms are, perhaps, identical,) complaining to the magistrate of a competition which they cannot meet. The magistrate, chosen by them, lends himself to cramp and paralyze the trade of the Lollards. When the emperor, Charles IV., seizes on the goods of the Lollards,

country, generally speaking, to the city, the small city to the great one.* The small city must beware of raising its tower too high, of undertaking to manufacture or to sell, without being expressly authorized this is hard. Yet, on no other terms could Flanders have been enabled to subsist; rather, in all probability, would never have existed. This requires explanation.

Flanders has been formed, it may be said, in nature's despite; it has been the product of human labor. The greater portion of western Flanders has been conquered from the sea, which as late as 1251 came up close to Bruges.† Even in 1348, a clause was introduced in every sale of land, to the effect, that the sale was to be voided if the sea should regain the land within ten years' time.‡ Eastern Flanders has had a similar struggle to maintain against stream and river; and has been compelled to confine and direct the numerous water-courses by which it is traversed. From polder to polder,§ dikes have been thrown up and the land drained and rendered firmer; even those parts which now appear the driest, remind one by their names|| that they have been reclaimed from the waters.

The thin population of those districts, at this time unhealthy swamps, assuredly could not have undertaken long and expensive works. Numerous hands were required, large advances, and, above all, the power of waiting. It was not until after a long period, when manufacturing industry had heaped up men and money in some strong cities, that the overflowing population could create suburbs, burghs, hamlets, or change hamlets into towns. In this manner, generally speaking, the country was created by the town, the soil by man. Agriculture was the last manufacture born of the success of the others.

Industry having made this country out of nothing, well deserved to be its sovereign.¶

he gives a third of the spoil to the local *corporations*. (universitatibus ipsorum locorum.) Compare Mosheim, 182, 365. The persecutions of the Church, too, often obliged the Lollards to call themselves mendicants, and to take refuge under the shelter of the third order of St. Francis. The Lollards of Antwerp did not determine upon living in common until the year 1455. In 1468, they assumed the habit of monks, and left the trade of weavers; so says a tablet in their church at Antwerp.

■ Proofs of this superabound. I shall only remark, that the tyranny of the great cities was often rendered heavier still by the meddlesome despotism of the trades: for instance, the weavers of Damme were regulated by those of Bruges, and under their surveillance; the chandlers of Bruges exercised the same tyranny over those of Sluys, &c. Delpierre, *Précis des Documents*, p. 69.

† Reiffenberg, *Statistique Ancienne de la Belgique, dans les Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles*, vii. 34, 44.

‡ At least Guicciardini says so in his *Description of Flanders*.

§ "I incline to think," says Meyer, "that Flanders (*Flandra*) must in some language or other have meant estuaries, (*estuarina*), such as we call polders, (*poldra*)." I do not adopt the etymology, but Meyer's opinion is entitled to full weight as to the foundation on which he rests it.

|| Many end in *dyck, dam*, &c.

¶ This was accomplished in the fourteenth century

The three great workshops, Ghent, Ypres, and Bruges, were the three estates of Flanders. These cities looked on most of the rest as their colonies, their dependencies, and, indeed, came to regard as their own this vast garden in which houses succeed houses without interruption, and the small towns around a city seem to be its suburbs, somewhat removed from, but within sight of its tower, and even hearing of its bell, and which took advantage of their vicinity to the larger city, to shield themselves under its dreaded banner, and profit by the celebrity of its manufactures. If Flanders manufactured for the world, if Venice, on the one hand, on the other Bergen and Novogorod, came to purchase the products of its looms, it is because these products were stamped with the revered seal* of her principal cities. Their repute made the fortune of the country, and filled it with the wealth, without which, it would have been impossible to accomplish the enormous labor of making such a land habitable; so that these cities could say, with some consistency, "We govern Flanders, but then we made it."

Though this government was glorious, it was, nevertheless, onerous. The artisan paid dearly for the honor of being one of the "My lords of Ghent." His sovereignty cost him the loss of many days' work: the bell summoned him to assemblies, elections, often to arms. The *Wapening*, the armed assembly, that fine German right which he maintained so haughtily, was, notwithstanding, a serious trouble to him. He had less time to work: and, on the other hand, his living cost him more in these populous cities. Therefore, numbers of these sovereign workmen preferred abdicating, and settling quietly in some neighboring burgh, living cheaply, manufacturing at lower price, taking advantage of the renown of the adjoining great city, and taking away its customers. This at last brought down a prohibition to manufacture in the liberties; whose inhabitants then went to a greater distance; to some hamlet which would grow into a small town, and

have its looms at length broken* by the greater. Hence, terrible hates, *inexpiable* deeds of violence, sieges of Troy or of Jerusalem against some paltry burgh; † the infinite of passion in the infinitely little.

The great cities, despite the smaller ones, despite of the count, would have maintained their dominion had they remained united. They quarrelled on different matters; but, first, as to the direction of the water-courses, an all-important point in this country. Ypres undertook to open a shorter route for trade by enlarging the Yperlé, rendering it navigable, and thus saving the immensely circuitous route of the old canals, from Ghent to Damme, from Damme to Nieuport. Bruges, on its side, wished to divert the Lys, to the prejudice of Ghent. The latter, lying in the natural centre of the waters, at the point where the rivers near, suffered by every change. Notwithstanding the succor furnished Bruges by their count and by the French king, notwithstanding the defeat of the Ghenters at Rosebecque, Ghent prevailed over Bruges, read it a cruel lesson, and maintained the ancient course of the Lys. She had less difficulty in prevailing over Ypres; and by menaces or other means, obtained a decree from the count for filling up the Yperlé. ‡

In this question respecting the water-courses, which occupied the fourteenth century, the dispute lay between the cities; and the count acted more as an auxiliary than a principal. In the fifteenth, the struggle was directly betwixt the cities and the count; and, owing to their disunion, the cities were worsted. Bruges was not supported by Ghent, (A. D. 1436,) and was compelled to submit. Ghent was not supported by Bruges, (A. D. 1453,) and Ghent was prostrated.

The cause of the revolt of 1436 was the siege of Calais. The Flemings, irritated at that time with England, who maltreated her merchants, and had begun to manufacture herself, had set their hearts on the siege, had made it a popular crusade, had flocked thither in their civic bands, banner by banner, taking with them stores of baggage and of moveables down even to their cocks, by way of showing that they *took up their abode* § there, until Ca-

Jacques Arteveldt had only to write this revolution in the laws. The workman, the *blue nail*, (so he is called in the North by the burgesses and merchants,) had at this epoch increased to such a multitude, that the primitive commune was almost wholly absorbed in the trades' corporations. The government of the *arts*, as it was styled at Florence, was dominant nearly everywhere. Elsewhere I shall speak, and quite at my ease, of the differences of vitality observable in the communes. The subject has hitherto been the theme of frequent dissertation, but in which forms have been more dwelt upon than substance. No doubt it is interesting for the antiquary to search for the primitive wall of the commune, the frame of stone which surrounds it; and more interesting for the historian to discover its political framework, its constitution. But still the constitution is not life. One commune has grown up by its constitution; another, in spite of it.

* There is still in the Archives of Ypres the town seal of condemnation, marked with these words in French:—" *Condamné par Ypres*," (condemned by Ypres.) At Ghent, cloth condemned as defective, and blamed (*blâmée*) by a trade's jury, is hung up on market day, Friday, by an iron ring, to the market tower, and then distributed amongst the hospitals

* See in particular, M. Altmeyer's curious pamphlet, *Notices Historiques sur la ville de Poperinghen*, Gand, 1840; and with regard to the general relations of the cities, the great and important Flemish chronicle, (the more difficult passages in which M. Schayès has been good enough to explain to me,) Olivier Van Dixmude, *Uitgegeven door Lambin*, (1377-1443,) Ypres, 1835, 4to.

† The most fearful of these histories, it is true, does not belong to Flanders but the Walloon country—the war between Dinan and Bovines on the Meuse. I shall take occasion to allude to it.

‡ After inquest held, the count recognised the validity of the claim of Ypres, but, nevertheless, ruled that stakes should be set in the Yperlé, so that only small boats could pass up. Olivier Van Dixmude, p. 139, ann. 1431.

§ This is the true meaning, which has not been understood. The cock is one of the principal symbols of the house, the witness to domestic life, &c. See my *Origines du Droit*, with regard to animal witnesses, p. 356.

lais should fall . . . Yet, all of a sudden, they returned. In their excuse they alleged, and not without some show of reason, that they had not been supported by the count's other subjects, neither by the Hollanders by sea, nor, by land, by the Walloon nobles. And as the expedition had failed through the fault of others, they claimed their ordinary fee for a general array, *a gown each man*: the claim was treated with scorn.*

Vexed and ashamed, they accused every one. Ghent put to death a dean of the Guilds, who had ordered the retreat. Bruges charged her vassals, the men of Sluys, with not having followed her banner, and the nobles of the coast whom she paid to guard the sea and drive off pirates, with selling provisions to the English, instead of repulsing them, at the very time the latter were bearing off from the country districts (dreadful to relate) five thousand children.† The peasants massacred in their rage Admiral de Horn and the treasurer of Zealand, who had been present at the landing of these islanders, and had not opposed it. Zealanders and Hollanders had clearly come to an understanding with the English, and would not budge.‡

Bruges burst out into insurrection. The smiths exclaimed that all would go wrong until they put to death the big heads who had betrayed them, until they did *like the men of Ghent*. Apparently the last must have been a distasteful suggestion at Bruges, where, since the quarrel about the Lys, the Ghenters were detested. But it happened just at this moment that the merchants, all-powerful in that city, the Hanseatic, who, in general, applied themselves to appease revolts, had an interest in the present outbreak. As the duke was warring upon them in Holland, and afterwards attacked them in Frisia, they no doubt thought it advisable to cut out work for him in Flanders, by uniting Bruges against him. What is certain is, that the people of Bruges received from a single Hanse town five thousand sacks of corn.§

Ghent had begun before Bruges: she finished before. A population of mechanics had less beforehand, and fewer resources than a city of merchants, who, besides, received external

support. When the Ghenters had idled for some time, they began to find they were enduring too much, and for what? to preserve Bruges her sovereignty over the coast. Bruges, too, had committed a fault; which the Ghenters, a formal and scrupulous race, used as a pretext for deserting her cause. By the feudal oath, the vassal was bound to respect the life of his lord—his body, members, wife, &c. The duke, relying on this, had thrown himself into Bruges, and narrowly escaped being put to death. The duchess, with equal intrepidity, had thought to impose a restraint upon the insurgents by remaining, and they had torn the admiral's widow from her side. Thus we find this princess to have been personally engaged in all these terrible doings, in Holland as well as in Flanders. In 1444, she undertook to appease the revolt of the *cabé-lians* who sought the life of their governor, M. de Lannoy, and they looked for him even under her gown.

One day, the dean of the smiths of Ghent plants the banner of the trades in the marketplace, and proclaims that since no one troubles himself with the restoration of peace and trade, it behooves to look to the matter one's self. All are alarmed, and fear a popular movement. But it was quite the contrary. By the side of the smiths there range themselves the goldsmiths, the men of substance, the *eaters of liver*, (vultures.)* The design was to make the poor the beginners of a reaction in favor of the aristocracy. Even the weavers, who were exceedingly divided in opinion, but who, after all, were dying of hunger since they had been deprived of the English wool, at last declared in favor of peace at any price.

A burgher of repute was made captain, and by the count's authority, he exercised a sort of dictatorship in Flanders, (a distinction which flattered the city exceedingly,) leading the militia against Bruges, and giving it to understand that it must submit to the count's arbitrement, and recognise the independence of Sluys and the Franc. Bruges, indignant, by way of reprisals sent emissaries to Courtrai and other towns dependent on Ghent, to invite them to assert their independence. The captain of Ghent struck off the heads of these emissaries, prohibited the introduction of victuals into Bruges, and gave orders that wherever the Brugeois should show themselves, the alarm-bell should be sounded. Bruges was forced to submit, and to recognise the Franc as the fourth estate of Flanders.

It was a triumph for the count to have broken up the ancient communal trinity, and a greater to have done it by the hands of Ghent, to have laid the foundation of a never-dying hatred of her, to have isolated her forever. In

* *Nihil accepturos; non vestem, sed restem, potius meruisse*, (that they should have nothing; that they deserved a rope more than a cope.) Meyer, fol. 286.

† *Puerorum quinque millia*. Meyer, fol. 286. The word *puer* admits of no other interpretation. These wholesale abductions of children seem to have been very common in the English wars. See above, p. 99, and Monstrelet, t. iv. p. 115.

‡ With regard to the relations between the Flemings and the Hanse towns, see M. Altmeyer's highly instructive work, *Histoire des Relations Commerciales et Diplomatiques des Pays-Bas avec le Nord de l'Europe*, Bruxelles, 1840. The author has produced an infinite number of curious facts out of the Archives.

§ The Dutch militia had been vainly summoned to defend the coasts; when M. de Lannoy asked whether they had a secret treaty with England, they replied that they could not enter into any explanation. Dujardin et Sellius, *Histoire des Provinces Unies*, t. iv. p. 15.

* *Jecoris escotes*. Meyer, fol. 291. This hateful epithet was applied to the wealthy manufacturers and contractors, *speculators in men*, as they are still termed in democratic pamphlets.

fact, Ghent was left weaker by this great victory, weaker and prouder; persuaded as she was that the count would never have pacified Flanders without her. Was the presiding banner of Flanders to be henceforward that of Ghent, or of the count? Sooner or later, this had to be decided by a battle.

Whatever the hired chroniclers of the house of Burgundy have said against the Ghenters, they do not seem to have been unworthy of the great part they played. These mechanics, confined as they were by their daily avocations, and knowing little of the world in comparison with the Brugeois, preoccupied, moreover, with petty gains, and with petty religious observances which could not enlarge the mind,* nevertheless often displayed the true instinct of policy, courage always, a certain degree of consistency, and, at times, moderation. Ghent, after all, is the heart, the vivifying principle of Flanders, as the great centre of their water-courses and peoples. It is not causelessly that so many rivers bring six and twenty towns into one city, and wed each other at the *bridge of judgment*.

The supreme jurisdiction of Eastern Flanders centred, in point of fact, in the bailiwick (*échevinage*) of Ghent. The neighboring cities, which were themselves capitals, superior tribunals, (Alost alone was the superior tribunal for a hundred and seventy cantons, two principalities, and a crowd of baronies,†) were compelled to appeal to it in the last resort. Courtrai and Oudenarde, such great and strong cities, Alost and Dendermonde, fiefs of empire,‡ freeholds or *fiefs of the sun*,§ were not the less obliged to go and defend appeals at Ghent, to answer to the law of Ghent, to recognise her as the judge, and this judge was only too often, as the old German formula expresses it, a *raging lion*.||

Strange, and only to be explained by the extreme attachment of the Flemings to family and communal traditions, these great manufacturing cities, far from displaying the mobility observable in ours, made it a point of religion to remain faithful to the spirit of the Germanic law, little affined as it was to their manufactu-

ring and mercantile existence. The question, here, is not, as might be believed, a special quarrel betwixt the count and the city; but the great and profound struggle of two laws and two distinct national spirits.

The men of Lower Germany, as of Germany in general, had never felt much esteem for us *Welches*, for the wordy, technical, chicaning, mistrustful law of the south. Theirs was, to listen to them, a free and simple law, founded upon good faith, upon a firm belief in man's veracity. In Flanders, the great judicial assemblies were called *truths*, *free and pacific truths*,* because free men sat there in search of truth in common.† Each spoke, or was bound to speak the truth, even against himself. The defendant could justify himself even by his simple affirmation, swear his innocence, then turn his back, and go his way. Such was the ideal of this law,‡ if not the practice.

As it was impossible for the people to remain always assembled, judgment was passed by a certain number of them, who were called the *law*. The law was summed up, pronounced, executed by its *Vorst* or president, who held the sword of justice. *Vorst* is, in Flanders, the proper name of the count.§ He was to preside in person only; if he appointed a lieutenant, this lieutenant was reputed the proper person of the count, in the same manner as the *law*, of however few persons it might consist, was reputed the whole people. Thus, there was no appeal,|| and judgment was executed at once.¶ To whom should there have been appeal? to the count, to the people? But both had been present. The people had been the judge, was infallible; the voice of the people is, as we know, the voice of God.

The count and his legists of Burgundy and Franche-comté would not be brought to understand this primitive law. As he named the magistrates, and so chose the law, he fancied he had created it. This word, the *law*, employed by the Flemings simply to designate the persons who were to avouch and apply the *custom*, the count willingly interpreted in the Ro-

* *Generaele waerheden, stille waerheden*: quiet truths, free truths, common truths, or simply, truths. See Warnkönig, translated by Gheldolf, t. ii. pp. 125-127.

† In the German law, of which the Flemish is an emanation, (at least, all its most original part,) the jurist and the poet are both named *Finder*. Grimm, *passim*, and my *Origines du Droit*.

‡ It seems to me that this Germanic ideal has been preserved in the formula of the Westphalian free judges. Grimm, p. 860; Michelet, *Origines*, &c. p. 335.

§ Which the French had accidentally translated by a word which sounded almost the same, *Forestier*, the Forester of Flanders.

|| In Flanders, as in the other provinces of the Low Countries, there was no appeal, or revision of sentence from judgment in capital cases, until the close of last century. See the important pleadings of MM. Jules de Saint-Genois and Gachard in the case of Hugonet and Humbercourt, (Gachard in particular, p. 43.) Bruxelles, 1839.

¶ The count had no power of extending grace to those condemned by the court of aldermen, (*échevinage*), except they could prove that the adverse party were consenting to it. At Ghent, those found guilty could only be pardoned with the consent of the *échevins*. (I am indebted for this note to M. Lenz, of Ghent.)

* I could cite numerous passages to prove that at this period the Ghenters were exceedingly devout. In this point of view it is much to their honor that in the terrible war of 1453, they did not burn a single church, although the churches were often strongholds which the enemy took advantage of. They were distinguished by the purity of their manners. We read in their criminal trials that a distinguished citizen was banished for having offended the ears of a little girl by indecent language: "Annekin die nog een kind was." The *Keure* of the cobblers, in the year 1304, enacts that he who lives with a mistress is incapacitated from standing at elections, or being present at public meetings. Lenz, *Nouvelles Archives Historiques*, April, 1837, pp. 107, 108.

† *Sanderi Gandavensium Rerum libri Sex*, p. 14.

‡ Wielant, in the *Recueil des Chroniques Belges*, t. i. p. 47.

§ The terms were frequently synonymous in the German and Walloon countries. Michelet, *Origines du Droit*, pp. 191, 193.

|| Grimm *griemender löwe*. J. Grimm, *Deutsche Rechts-Alterthümer*, p. 763.

man sense, which places the law, the right, in the sovereign and magistrates, his delegates.

Their forms were as opposed as the two principles themselves. The procedure of the Flemings was simple, inexpensive, and, most commonly, oral,* and so far they suited workmen who knew the value of time. Besides, the reverse of written proceedings, so dry and yet so verbose, so eminently prosaic, these old German forms were couched in poetic symbols, in little juridical dramas, in which the parties, the witnesses, and the judges turned actors.

There were common and general symbols employed almost universally; as the breaking of a straw in making contracts;† the sod of witness deposited in the church, the sword of justice, and the bell—that grand communal symbol to whose sound all hearts beat unison. But, in addition, each locality had some special signs, some curious juridical comedy; for instance, the ring of the red door at Liege,‡ the cat of Ypres,§ &c. He who looks down on these antique Flemish customs from the height of modern wisdom, will undoubtedly see in them only frivolousness, misplaced in serious business, only the juridical amusements of an artistic people, pictures in action, and often burlesque ones, the Tenierses of the law. . . . Others with more reason will feel in them the religion of the past, the faithful protest of the local spirit. . . . To the Flemings these signs, these symbols were liberty, sensible and tangible liberty, which they clutched the closer to their hearts as it was slipping from them: "Ah! Freedom is a noble thing!"|| . . .

From villages to towns, from towns to the great city, from the latter to the count, from

the count to the king, at every step, the right of appeal was disputed. It was odious to all, because by removing judgments to a distance from the local tribunal, it removed them also more and more from the customs of the country, from the old and cherished juridical superstitions. The higher law ascended, the more it acquired an abstract, general, prosaic, anti-symbolic character; a more rational, but sometimes less reasonable character, since the superior tribunals rarely deigned to inform themselves of local circumstances, which, in this country, more, perhaps, than anywhere else, serve to explain facts, and place them in their true light.

The war of jurisdiction had begun at the moment the war of armies ended; the struggle after the battle, (A. D. 1385.) Philippe-le-Hardi having discovered by his useless victory of Rosebecque that it was easier to beat Flanders than subdue it, swore to respect its franchises, and put himself in the way of violating them without any noise. He established at home, on the French side of the border, at Lille, a modest tribunal, a tiny chamber, two common sergeants, (*conseillers de justice*), two masters of accounts to call in dues in arrear, (small sums only,) to take informations against the count's officers, to protect "churches, widows, poor laborers, and other unhappy persons, against the soldiery and the nobles," and, finally, "to compound offences *the truth of which cannot be thoroughly cleared up.*"* But all this with none of the pomp and few of the forms of law, not even a royal attorney.

By degrees it came to pass that the tiny chamber absorbed every thing; that every question turned out to be one of those, "*the truth of which cannot be thoroughly cleared up.*" But the Flemings did not stop for this; instead of disputing their rights with this French tribunal, they preferred to embarrass the duke, at the time guardian of the king of France, by turning more French than he, and announcing that they would appeal directly to the parliament of Paris.†

In reality, they intended to hold neither of France nor the Empire; both of which, on the verge of dissolution in Charles VIth's time, were little fitted to claim their suzerainty. The constant embarrassments in which Jean-Sans-Peur and Philip the Good were plunged, made them long the servants rather than masters of the Flemings. The first, however, at the very moment he thought he had killed Liège as well as the duke of Orléans, at that fearful moment of violence and daring, dared likewise to lay his hand on the liberties of Flanders. He established a supreme court of justice at Ghent for the hearing of appeals, and which was to judge the Flemings in Flem-

* The Archives of Ghent prove that the proceedings were briefly entered into the criminal registers of the échevins. (The observation is due to M. de Saint-Genois.)

† In Holland, delivery was perfected by the straw, down to the year 1764. In Flanders, the owner of the land given or sold, cut out of it a piece of turf, taking care to make it circular, about four fingers' breadth, and, if it were a meadow, stuck into it a bit of grass; if a field, a small twig about four fingers long, so as to picture the description of land delivered up, and gave it into the hand of the new proprietor. "Up to the present time," says Ducange, "symbols of the kind have been preserved in many churches; they may be seen at Nivelles and other places, square-shaped, or like bricks." Ducange, Gloss. iii. 1522. See, also, my *Origines du Droit*, pp. 40, 42, 191, 194, 228, 236, 245, 255, 289, 326, 441, &c. &c.

(This custom holds good in English law, under the name of *seisin*.) TRANSLATOR.

‡ He who sought justice repaired to the red gate of the bishop's palace, and lifting the ring-shaped knocker there, knocked loudly thrice: the bishop was bound to appear and hear him instantly. (I am indebted for this note to M. Polkin, of Liège.)

§ The first Wednesday in August, every year, a cat was thrown out of the windows of the town-hall of Ypres, and the people burnt it. While this was going on, the bell of the belfry was rung, and so long as a sound could be heard, they who had been banished the city, and the gates open, and were at liberty to return; the cat, like the scape-goat, bearing the burden of their faults. The cat was thrown, down to the year 1837. (I am indebted for this note to Madame Millet van Popelen.)

|| Barbour. Compare the lines of Petrarch omitted in many editions, beginning with "*Liberta, dolce et desiato bno,*" &c. (Liberty, sweet and desired good, &c.)

* Wielant in the *Recueil des Chroniques Belges*, i. 53.

† "*Disoient qu'ilz estoient nuement sous le Parlement.*" Ibid. 54.

ish, but, *when the doors were closed, to speak French.**

This court, established in Ghent, in the very centre of the people whose peculiar jurisdiction it was established to crush, could not do much, and died naturally on Jean's death. But the instant Philip the Good had acquired Hainault and Holland, and held Flanders as in a vice on the right and left, he did not fear to restore the court. Few dared apply to it; Ypres, fallen as she was, punished one of the small towns for having carried an appeal to it.

Lord for lord, the Flemings sometimes preferred the most distant, the king. The villages at feud with Ypres, cited it before the king's council, which happened to be at Lille. Ypres and Cassel, on another occasion, appealed direct to Paris.† The duke of Burgundy found himself more and more involved in a double suit with his two suzerains, France and the Empire; a complex suit, on different grounds. The Empire claimed *homage*, not jurisdiction. France claimed *jurisdiction*, but not *homage*,‡ (the treaty of 1435 dispensed Flanders from this.) According to it, the parliament of Paris was to receive appeals from Flanders; appeals had already been carried from Mâcon to Lyons, and from Auxerre to Sens. These juridical pretensions were the more obstinately resisted, inasmuch as fiscal claims lurked behind. The king maintained that he had not foregone the inalienable rights of the crown over the French provinces of the duke—the right of coining money, of imposing taxes, of collation to benefices, of *regales*, here claiming the gabelle, there certain duties on wines. So little disposed was Burgundy to acknowledge these rights, that the province is said to have maintained men disguised as merchants to put to death such of the royal sergeants as should venture to cross the border.§ On the other hand, the king's officers would not suffer the people of Franche-comté to get in their harvest on the lands which they possessed within the French limits, without paying toll. Hence, complaints, deeds of violence, and a boundless, interminable feud along the whole frontier.

I have told how, after the ill success of the Praguerie, Philip the Good had thought to embarrass the king by redeeming the duke of Orléans, and making him hold the assembly of nobles at Nevers, which, through lack of audacity or of strength, only managed to present a declaration of grievances. To this war of intrigues against France, add the armed war

which the duke carried into Germany by seizing Luxembourg.* These embarrassments were alarmingly complicated in 1444, when, on the one hand, civil war burst forth in Holland,† and, on the other, French and English bands, under the dauphin's banners, traversed the Burgundies on their march into Switzerland.

They might have been prevented going as far as Switzerland; the house of Anjou was provoking the king to war. But to attack Burgundy, while all was insecure on the side of England, would have been madness. The house of Anjou being unable to act against its enemy, came to terms with him, as the dukes of Orléans, of Bourbon, and so many others had done, and as the duke of Brittany soon did. The merit of these negotiations chiefly belongs to the duchess of Burgundy.‡

She prevailed on the king to adjourn the receiving of appeals from Flanders for nine years.§ But she found no favor with the Flemings for the adjournment, since it turned to the profit of the count's council, of that tribunal which sat at their own doors in opposition to their privileges, and from which they found it much harder to defend themselves than from the distant encroachments of the parliament of Paris. His independence of France and of the empire which the count was thus asserting, he could only obtain by expensive intrigues and armaments—expenses which fell chiefly upon Flanders. The question of jurisdiction, and all the embarrassments which followed in its train, rendered that of subsidies more serious still. While the city was daily suffering in its independence and pride, the individual was suffering in his interests, in his pocket, since wars, fêtes, and pomps added hours to the mechanic's day of toil.

Taxation was not only heavy, but singularly variable,|| and distributed, moreover, among the provinces with odious inequality.¶ Burgundy and Hainault contributed little money: they paid, it is true, in men, furnishing a splendid

* "And so quarrelling with the houses of Austria and Saxony." Bertholet, *Histoire du Duché de Luxembourg*, *passim*.

† As regards the infinitely diverse and complicated quarrels of the *coqs* and the *fish-hooks* of Holland, and the *dealers in grease* and *eel-fishers* of Frisia, (*Wetkoopers*, *Schieringers*.) see Dujardin and Sellius, *iv.* 28-31; and Ubbo Emmius, *lib.* 21, 22, &c.

‡ "She remitted a large sum to the king of Sicily." Mathieu de Coucy, *p.* 542.

§ *Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes*, *J.* 257, n. 38, July 4th, 1445.

|| The taxes were doubled or tripled in the years 1436, 1440, 1443, 1445, 1452, 1457. I am indebted for this and other information of the kind, to the extreme obligingness of M. Edward Le Glay, (son of the learned keeper of the archives,) who had the kindness to copy for me the financial documents contained in the *Archives de Lille, Chambre des Comptes, Recette Générale*.

¶ So in 1406, at the first siege of Calais, Flanders pays 47,000 crowns and 8,000 francs, while the duchy of Burgundy pays 12,000 livres, the county of Burgundy 3,000 livres. At the second siege of Calais, in 1436, Flanders, which repaired to the siege in masses, and which must have supplied large quantities of provisions, paid, besides, 120,000 livres, while the two Burgundies only paid 58,000 livres and 600 saluts. *Archives de Lille*.

* "En la chambre à l'uy-s-clos ilz parlissent languaige franchois." *Ibid.* 55.

† Olivier van Dixmude, 103, 123, (ann. 1423-1427.)

‡ Wielant insists on the distinction betwixt *homage* and *jurisdiction*, (*ressort*.) But, seemingly, without jurisdiction, homage is of little importance; the vassal remains almost independent.

§ "They have employed 16 or 17 companions disguised as merchants, or otherwise . . . with orders to slay all of the king's officers whom they shall meet with within the limits of the said country of Burgundy." *Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes*, *J.* 258, n. 25, ann. 1445.

body of men-at-arms. But this, again, wounded the Flemings. While the Walloons discharged their quota by knight's service, (*en aides nobles*;) with men and blood, the Flemings were treated as mere handicraftsmen from whom money alone was asked, burgage-tenure, (*aide servile*;) and which, if need were, was used against them.

In 1439, a time of profound peace, the taxes were enormous. The ransom of the duke of Orléans was alleged as the reason. Now, the ransom of the lord was a valid case for feudal aid; but, most assuredly, not that of the lord's cousin. Great part of the money thus collected was wasted upon a fête; and the fête was for Bruges,* for merchants and strangers.

Thence, the duke went to spend nearly two years in fêtes and tournaments in Burgundy and the Luxembourg war, for which war Flanders paid; paid for the troops which protected Burgundy during the march of the Armagnacs through the province. Finally, the duke came to Ghent, the very centre of discontent, to hold a solemn assembly of the Golden Fleece, to pass in review as it were before the Flemings the princes and nobles by whom he was supported, and show them how formidable a sovereign their count of Flanders was. An expensive ceremony paraded in the eyes of this thrifty people, a magnificent tournament in the old clothes-market, the conferring of the order of the Golden Fleece on one of those Zealanders to whom the failure of the siege of Calais was imputed, who aided in the subjection of Bruges, and were soon to aid in subjecting Ghent—there could be nothing in all this to allay the popular ferment. The odds were, that the first oppressive fiscal measures would be the signal for explosion.

This very year, (A. D. 1448,)[†] the duke thought himself strong enough to risk the attempt. He began with a duty upon salt; a hateful duty for many reasons, but especially for this, that it bore alike upon all, and annulled every privilege. For the privileged, nobles or burghesses, to pay such a tax was derogatory.

The cause of the duke's thinking himself safe enough as regarded the French king to make these bold attempts upon Flanders, was that he had a good friend in France to breed disturbances there, a king expectant against the king *de facto*. The dauphin, as we have already observed, had never known youth or infancy; he had been born Louis XI.; that is

to say, eminently restless, shrewd, and mischievous. From the age of fourteen he began, what he continued throughout his reign, his hunt of the nobles, the Retzs, the Armagnacs. At sixteen, he attempted to dethrone his father, who disarmed him and gave him Dauphiny. We have afterwards seen him at Dieppe, in Guyenne, and in Switzerland, requiring and getting Comminges, part of the Rouergue, and Château-Thierry. Considerable as this establishment was, it gave him little power from its being so divided and scattered, and only made him long the more to become master of one of the great provinces—Normandy, Guyenne, or of Languedoc, with which he might take the rest.

And he might, perhaps, have succeeded in this, had not Charles VII. had for counsellor the wise, firm, and courageous Brézé,* who, adopting the policy of the aged Yolande of Anjou, governed him through Agnes Sorel, and inspired him with the love of his kingdom's good. Despairing to make such a man his instrument, the dauphin, in 1446, attempted his death.[‡] Discovered, but not convicted, he strengthens himself in Dauphiny, gets himself appointed protector of the Venaissin and gonsalonnier of the Church, and turns the friend of the Swiss, of Savoy, and of Genoa—the which city begs him of the king for its governor:§ above all, he cultivates the friendship of the duke of Burgundy. In 1448, he would seem to have entertained the idea of coming in force with the Burgundians, to seize king and kingdom.¶ On the death of Agnes, in 1450, the belief was general that she had been poisoned by the dauphin. In this very year, when Normandy had just been reconquered, he presumed to ask it, not of the king, but of herself, of the Norman prelates and lords.|| It was clear that

* Pierre de Brézé, to whom belongs the credit of the grand military reform, and of so many other acts of this reign, strikes me as the most accomplished man of the age, a politician, a warrior, and a man of letters, (*De la Rue, Essais sur les Trouvères*, iii. 327.) He ruled his master, though not liked by him. (*Legrand, Hist. MS. de Louis XI., Bibl. Royale*, i. ii. p. 105.) He was not Charles VIII.'s favorite, but the king's man. On the king's death, he repaired to the king who had once attempted to assassinate him, and who was at the time in quest of him in order to behead him, but who came round so as to make him the depositary of his confidence. (See Chastellain's fine description, p. 183.) The labors of M. Jules Quicherat will, no doubt, throw a new light on the life of M. de Brézé, an exceedingly difficult one to write. M. Chéruel has given extracts from numerous unpublished documents relating to M. de Brézé as captain of Rouen and grand seneschal of Normandy. *Archives de la Ville de Rouen, Registre des Délibérations du Conseil Municipal*, vols. vi. and vii. *passim*, ann. 1449-1465.

[†] See the particulars in *Legrand, Histoire de Louis XI.*, i. i. fol. 97-105, *MS. de la Bibl. Royale*.

[‡] In their petition to the king, the Genoese extol the dauphin in a way enough to alarm his father, stating that they only wait for him to show him things none have seen or heard of before, &c. *Ibidem*, i. ii. fol. 11.

§ The informer fell sick, and the dauphin, in his anxiety to have the matter thoroughly cleared up, sent him his own physician and apothecary, at which the patient took such alarm that he fled to Lyons, but was taken to Paris, and being unable to prove his charge, had his head struck off. *Ibidem*, i. ii. fol. 18-20.

|| Bazin, bishop of Lisieux, transmitted the dauphin's letter to the king. See, as regards Bazin, the *Memoire MS. de M. Jules Quicherat*.

■ This fête was a triumph for the duke of Burgundy over Bruges herself and Western Flanders, a prospective triumph, too, over France, over which he thought henceforward to domineer by his union with the duke of Orléans. But it was no less a triumph for the Hanseatic merchants, who had taken advantage of the movement in Flanders to force the duke to sacrifice to them the interests of the Hollanders, at the time their enemies and rivals. The duke had condemned Holland to pay them an indemnification. These all-powerful merchants of the North, appeared at the fête in the sombre majesty of their red and black robes. Meyer, p. 296. Altmeyer, p. 10. Dujardin, t. iv. pp. 17, 19.

[†] Date, rectified by M. Gachard (ed. Barante, ii. 85. n. 8) from the *Registre MSS. de la collée de Gand*.

he felt he could rely on support; and this became clearer the following year, when, notwithstanding the express prohibition of his father, he married the duke of Savoy's daughter.* Neither this petty prince nor the dauphin would have dared to brave the king, had they not counted on the support of the duke of Burgundy.

And this support broke down. Far from being able to make war on the king, Philippe-le-Bon addressed a supplication to him, praying him not to issue his summons touching the affairs of Ghent, (July 29th, 1451; †) which grew into a war, a general war with Flanders. Instead of giving up the gabelle, ‡ he sought to impose other taxes more vexatious still—a tax on wool, that is to say, on labor; ■ tax on the common food of the people, on bread and herrings; while tolls on the canals impeded inland communication, and placed the whole country in a state of siege. The toll called *multure*, which affected every one indirectly and the peasant directly, had the effect, new in Flanders, of ranging the country districts by the side of the towns.

The duke, perceiving his mistake, took off the gabelle, was lavish in professions, and cajoled and appeased Bruges. As usual, the merchants assisted in calming the people. Ghent alone stood out; and the duke then conceived that he should never be able to crush this continual opposition, except he could alter the city in its vital part, that is, destroy the preponderance acquired by the trades, § and restore the constitution to which it had submitted during the invasion of Philippe-le-Bel. Having so broken up the commune, he could break up the fraternities by gradually introducing into them spurious brothers, artisans from the country, so that not only the spirit of the city but its population would be at last altered.

All this seemed possible in 1449, when the war between England and France having again broken out, the duke thought he had nothing to fear from the king. He laid booms across the canals, placed garrisons round Ghent, annulled

the law. The city boldly declared that the law should be maintained. The duke followed the policy which had succeeded in 1436, when he had made use of Ghent against Bruges; and now sought to avail himself of the Brugeois and other Flemings against the Ghenters. The states of Flanders undertook to read the privileges of Ghent; and they read in them that the law was named by the count: founding their opinion on the dead letter, they pretended to believe that *named* meant *created*.

This decision decided nothing. By an inquest held by the new deans of the trades, it was discovered that *buissoniers* had been surreptively enrolled in the fraternity of the weavers,* and they pronounced sentence of banishment on the officers, who, by thus incorporating strangers with burgesses, had violated the rights of the city. In reprisal, the duke was for banishing those who had pronounced this sentence of banishment, and cited them to appear at Termonde. If the magistrates of Ghent could thus be summoned out of their city, and be judged for their judgments, there was an end to commune and to magistrates. Nevertheless, on the duke's promising that he would be satisfied with their appearance, and would pass their pardon, they presented themselves humbly before him. Pardon there was none: one he banished to a distance of *twenty leagues* for *twenty years*, another to *ten leagues* distance for *ten years*, ‡ &c.

This harsh sentence proves that the duke sought to provoke a revolt in the hope of crushing the city if the king did not interfere; and he, at one and the same time, both attacked the king and applied to him, addressing to him a supplication to issue no summons in the matter, while, in the background, he was instigating against him the duke of Brittany, and, probably, the dauphin. The king saw and knew all. At this very moment (July 31st) he had Jacques Cœur arrested, who had advanced the dauphin money, ‡ and who was suspected of having rid-
dled him of Agnes.

To believe the Ghenters, the duke's rage was so unbounded, § that his deputies to Ghent

* The king's herald arrived from Normandy the evening before the marriage, and they celebrated it before opening the letter he brought. *Legrand, Histoire de Louis XI.*, l. ii. fol. 38, March, 1451.

† The letter is couched in most humble terms: "J'escris par devers Vous et Vous on advertis en toute humilité. . . . Que je ne soye oy préalablement en mes raisons," (I write and address you with all humility. . . . Begging to have my statement first entertained.) *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, B. 9675, fol. 19, July 29th, 1451.

‡ *Præter salis tributum, in quo mordicus persistebat, exigit vectigal tritici.* Meyer, fol. 302. Because these measures do not appear in the Register of the Collace of Ghent, it must not be inferred that they were not carried into effect; they pressed most on the rural districts.

§ How astonished at those who constituted the strength of the city, its greatness, and who contributed most in money and in men, enjoying the principal share of the power! The two chief deans of the trades came gradually to exercise an influence on the election of the *échevins*, and at last divided the judicial authority with them. Without a share of the judicial power, none could exercise authority in a city of the kind, and perhaps there would be no safety without, either for a corporation or a party. See Dierickx, *Mémoires sur Gand*.

* *Quod externos (dumicos vocant) quosdam cives pecunia corrupti in numerum admisissent textorum; quas quidem connivente Philippo quidam factas fuisse putabant.* Meyer, f. 302 verso. A little further on, he seems to indicate the contrary; but in all probability, the second passage has been altered.

† This must have been an ancient formula of condemnation.

‡ The king was persuaded "that he was in correspondence with him, and that he privily advised him and assisted him with money." Godefroy, Charles VII., from the letters of justification, p. 860.

§ Depuis . . . ont envoyé en cette ville quatorze malvaix garçons . . . qu'ils avoient en propos de y faire de nuit ung cry par eulz advisé pour tuer leurs adversaires . . . eurent lettres patentes . . . contenant sauve-garde de leurs personnes. . . . Les deux des quatre furent prins . . . et par l'absence des baillis et officiers . . . reconnaissons leurs mauvaiesetés, décapités. (Since . . . four evil-disposed persons were deputed to this city . . . that they had purposed to raise a cry, agreed on by them, to kill their adversaries . . . they had letters patent . . . containing protection for their persons. . . . Two of the four were taken . . . and in the absence of the baillis and officers . . . avowing their evil doings, were decapitated.) *Letter*

thought to gratify him by planning a massacre. The city denounced them to him, and, on his refusing to recall them, sat in judgment on them herself, and struck off their heads. The resolutions taken by this irritated, suffering populace, thrown out of work as they were, could not have been otherwise than violent and cruel; yet I find that an *ex-échevin* of Ghent, one of the noblesse, having been caught in the act of cutting off the canals in the view of starving the city, the people adjourned his punishment at the prayer of his order, and, at the last, allowed him to ransom himself.

As the count's bailli had been recalled, and it was impossible with this great and excited population to allow justice to be in abeyance, they created a *mason*, Lievin Boone, grand-justicer. To judge by his skilful conduct of the war that ensued, and able employment of warlike engines, he must have been one of those architects and engineers who built cathedrals, and whom Italy sent for from the *masonic lodges* of the Rhine, to close the arches of the *duomo* of Milan.

On Good Friday, (April 7th, 1452,) a last attempt was made to soften the duke; but he insisted on the city's laying down arms. On this, the grand-justicer of Ghent, ordering the *Wapening* (armed assembly) to be rung, carried all along with him by a popular expedient, the simple display of a sign.* He showed keys in a bag: "Behold," he said, "the keys of Oudenarde." Now Oudenarde was the upper Scheldt, the route by which the South was provisioned, and, at the same time, a city both subject and hostile to Ghent, being devoted to the count.

These words and this sign sufficed to carry away thirty thousand men. Each man returned to his home, for his arms and his provisions. However, so great a movement could not be so quickly executed, but that one of the Lalaings had warning of it and threw himself into Oudenarde with a few of the gentry; and he victualled it in his own way, persuading the peasants to drive their flocks into the town, and store their provisions in it for safety's sake, and then laying hands on both flocks and provisions, and thrusting out the owners. He held out from the 14th to the 30th of April, by which time relief reached him; but this was at the cost of a severe conflict, in which the knights, imprudently spurring forward among the pikemen, would have been destroyed, had not the Picard archers taken the Ghenters in flank. The conquered were chased to the gates of Ghent, where eight hundred intrepidly faced about. The knights were especially struck with admiration of a butcher who bore his trade's banner, and who, when wounded in

the legs, fought on his knees. The Ghent butchers laid claim to be more nobly descended than the whole of the nobility, since they came, as they asserted, of a bastard of one of the counts of Flanders, and styled themselves *prince's children*, (Prince-Kinderen.)

The siege of Oudenarde being raised, the duke assumed the offensive, and penetrated into the district of Waës, between the Lys and the Scheldt, a district intersected with canals and difficult of access, of which the Ghenters thought themselves as certain as of their own city. At each step the men-at-arms were stopped by water-courses and hedges, behind which the peasants lay in ambushade. In one of these rencounters, the brave Jacques de Lalaing could only draw off his horse, who had crossed a canal, and were engaged on the opposite side, with incredible efforts: he was reported to have had five horses killed under him.

Nevertheless, the duke could not fail to have the advantage in the long run. The Ghenters met with but cold sympathy in the Low Countries. Brussels interceded for them; but feebly. Liège counselled them to deprecate the anger of their lord paramount. Mons and Malines were any thing but friendly: they served the duke as the head-quarters of his nobles, the centres of his preparations; he explained his plans for the campaign to the townsmen, and demanded their aid.* As to the Hollanders, the ancient enemies of the Flemings, they banded together, without distinction of party,† sailed up the Scheldt, landed an army in the district of Waës, and carried on, as they alone could do, a skilful warfare among the canals.

Abandoned by some, attacked by others, Ghent showed no sign of weakness. She took two steps, each highly dignified. Traversing an armed and hostile country with twelve thousand men, she summoned Bruges for the last time, but was answered by no movement: the people were held back by the nobles and merchants, and the Brugeois confined themselves to furnishing the twelve thousand with supplies—outside of the city.‡

The other step taken by her was the writing to the king of France an eloquent and noble epistle, setting forth the oppressive nature of the government exercised by the council of the count of Flanders. An insinuation seems to be thrown out towards the conclusion, which grows exceedingly obscure, that the king's intervention was desired: but—heroic and worthy of memory in an hour of such danger, there does not occur in it a word of appeal,

* Gachard, *Notes sur Barante, passim*, from the *Registre MS. du Conseil de Ville de Mons*.

† With the same alacrity displayed by the Hollanders, Frisians, and other people of the North, in 1832.

‡ The duke thanked the Brugeois. Beaucourt, *Tableau Fidèle des Troubles, (d'après les documents MSS.,)* pp. 124 125.

of the Ghenters to the king, ap. Blommaert, *Causes de la Guerre*, p. 12, (Ghent, 1839.)

* Olivier de la Marche, who has no comprehension of the German and Flemish world, disfigures all this, and turns it into ridicule.

not a word to imply a recognition of the royal jurisdiction.*

Meanwhile, this isolated position, conjoined with the great danger that existed from without, produced its natural effect within—the power devolved on the lower classes, on those most prone to violence. Besides the ordinary companies of *White Hoods*, a fraternity was organized by the name of the *Green Tent*; a name proceeding from their boast, (like that of the ancient barbarians of the North,) that once they had left the city behind, they forgot what it was to *sleep under a roof*.† The leader of the populace belonged to an inferior craft, being a cutler; a man of ferocious courage and enormous bulk and strength. So delighted were they with him that they used to say—“If he win the day, we will make him count of Flanders.” The cutler’s blind valor turned out ill: being surprised, at the very moment he believed himself on the point of surprising the enemy, he was overpowered by a body of *Hollanders*, led with his brave followers before the duke, and they all preferred death to crying grace.

This defeat, the reduction of the district of *Waës*, the approach of the enemy’s army, and the bursting out of an epidemic disease, all served to strengthen the peace party. The people assembled in Friday market, when seven thousand voted for peace, while twelve thousand held out for war; but the seven thousand carried a resolution to the effect, that, without laying down arms, they should abide by the arbitration of the king’s ambassadors.

The head of the embassy, the famous count *Saint-Pol*, who was then beginning his long life of duplicity, deceived at once the king and *Ghent*. He had been expressly commissioned by the king to seize this opportunity of obtaining from the duke the redemption of the cities on the *Somme*;‡ but this would, probably, have rendered him less independent in his *Picardy*, and he would not broach the subject. Again, in opposition to his promise to the *Ghenters*, he delivered, without communicating with them, a sentence of arbitration altogether

to the duke’s advantage, and which would have made him master of the town.*

Such a sentence could only be rejected. The duke’s interests were more promoted by a circumstance, which there is every appearance had been solicited, and, perhaps, paid for by him,† namely, *Talbot’s* landing in *Guyenne*, and the consequent defection of *Bordeaux*: all the king’s enemies—the dauphin and *Savoy* as well as the duke, were saved by the same incident.

It is worth while to notice the insolence and derision with which the new ambassadors sent by the king to *Flanders* were treated. They were made to dance attendance, told that the duke would have nothing to do with the king’s affairs, and, at last, the *Burgundians* indulged in bitter language, as is the habit with those who have no longer any terms to keep, saying that it was well known that the *French* were discontented on account of the burden of aids and taxes, the lavish expenditure (*mangerie*) of the court, &c. The ambassadors replied, that the aid on wine alone came to more in any single town of the duke’s than in any two of the king’s; and that as to taxes, the king imposed none except for the maintenance of his men-at-arms, and which was only some fourteen or fifteen sous the hearth.‡

What aggravated the distressing position of these men, who had come expressly to interfere and to sit in judgment, as it were, was that neither party, neither city nor duke, would recognise their authority. On this, they took the silly and dangerous step of sending, privately, a barber,§ to sound the men of *Ghent*, and to insinuate timidly that they ought to send to *Paris* to ask a *provisional sentence*. Irritated by these tortuous proceedings, the *Ghenters* bluffly replied, “that they were not minded to write to anybody.”||

Thus, this haughty city thought only of fighting, alone with its right. Its daring increased with its danger. As occurs with large masses of men, with whom every passion, even fear itself, turns to rashness, the *Ghenters’* heads turned round with a longing for war, as with a vertigo. Vast popular movements of the kind comprehend a thousand different elements; but which, different or not, feed each other and effervesce into one mad whirl. First

* *Blommaert*, *Causes de la Guerre*, p. 14.

† An ancient German vaunt, the very one made by the *Suevi* in their war with *Cæsar*.

‡ “If my said lord of *Burgundy* be content that the said commissioners undertake the adjustment of the said questions . . . they shall betake themselves to *Ghent*, . . . and set forth to the *Ghenters* . . . that the king desireth to do and to administer to all his good subjects all reason and justice, and to preserve and protect them from oppression, innovations, and exactions. . . . If my said lord of *Burgundy* be not content . . . nevertheless, the said ambassadors may manage to let the said men of *Ghent* know, that the king is disposed to interfere and see justice done them if they require it. And if my said lord of *Burgundy* break off the negotiation, or raise any difficulty with regard to the restitution of the said lands in *Picardy*, the said ambassadors may proceed to the said men of *Ghent* . . . and signify to them that the king has ever been, and is ready to do them . . . good reason and justice.” (If both parties refuse the king as arbiter, the ambassadors will forbid both going further “as gently as they may.”) *Instruction du 5 Juillet*, 1452, *Bibliothèque Royale*, *MSS. Baluze*, A. 9675, fol. 77-81.

* The duke paid the arbiters for their sentence, granting them the sum, enormous at that day, of 24,000 livres, “on account of their loss of time, charges, and expenses.” *Gachard*, *Notes sur Barante*, p. 106, d’après le *Compte de la Recette Générale des Finances* de 1452.

† A little later, the ambassadors inform the king that the duke is about to bring over into *Flanders* six or eight thousand English. *Bibliothèque Royale*, *MSS. Dupuy*, 762, fol. 3, March 28, 1453.

‡ *Bibliothèque Royale*, *MSS. Baluze*, A. fol. 45, December, 1452.

§ At the same time, *Pierre Moreau*, a Frenchman, took pay with the *Ghenters*, inspired them with confidence, and led them on repeatedly to battle.

|| “Qu’ils n’estoient pas délibérez de rescripre à aucune personne du monde.” *Bibliothèque Royale*, *MSS. Baluze* A. fol. 45, December, 1452

comes the brutal pride of strength and muscle, displayed in those whose pursuits call both into action, in the smiths and butchers. Next, the fanaticism arising from the sense of number, as, for instance, in the weavers, a sense which is dazzled by itself and thinks itself infinite, swelled with some such vague and savage pride as the ocean might be supposed to have, because she cannot count her waves. Add to these general causes, accidental ones—caprice, idleness, vagabondism, the most mischievous, perhaps, of all, and the letting loose of the younger population, of the apprentices . . . Such are everywhere the elements of every popular movement. But there was one element peculiar to the insurrections of these cities of the North, an original and fearful one, and which was indigenous to them—the mystic workman, the illuminated Lollard, the visionary weaver, just emerged from his cellar, scared by the light of day, pale and ghastly as if drunk with fasting. Here, more than elsewhere, we may expect to meet with men who will signalize their day of triumph bloodily, who will feel themselves all at once stout of heart, will fly to the work of murder, and exclaim, "This day is mine!" . . . One alone of these madmen, a working monk, cut the throats of four hundred men in the canal of Courtrai.

At these moments it was enough for a trades' banner to be displayed in the public square, for all, by an irresistible impulse, to range themselves by its side. Fraternities, people, banners, mixed in the "brawl" to the same time, a mournful tune which was only heard in great crises, in the hour of battle, or when the city was on fire. The monotonous, sinister tone of the monstrous bell was Roland! Roland! Roland!* Profound was the emotion it created in every heart, and such as we can hardly enter into now-a-days. Our national feeling lacks concentration, and requires to be excited by thinking of the immensity of our country, our empire . . . But here, the love of country, a small country in which each man counted for something, a local country, which you saw, heard, touched, was a fierce and fearful love. . . . What must it have been when she summoned her children with that penetrating voice of bronze, when that sonorous soul which had been born along with the commune, which had lived with it, and had spoken on all its great days, gave warning of her own agony, of her approaching dissolution? . . . No doubt, the vibration must then have been too powerful for a man's heart; throughout the whole multitude there was neither will nor reason, but one overpowering vertigo . . . No doubt they were then ready to exclaim as the Israelites to their God, "Let others speak for thee; speak not thyself, lest we die."

All between twenty and sixty took arms at once, and neither priests nor monks would be

excepted. Forty-five thousand men marched out of the city.

In its heroic simplicity this great people marched to death, sold and betrayed in advance.* A man to whom they had confided the defence of the castle of Gavre, undertook to lure them on. He left the place and came and told the Ghenters, that the duke of Burgundy was all but deserted, and had only four thousand men with him. Two English captains, in the service of the city, confirmed the intelligence, giving it the authority the opinion of old men-at-arms must have had.† When in presence of the enemy, the English went over to the duke, saying: "We bring the Ghenters as we promised."‡

This alarming defection produced no change in them. They advanced in good order,§ halting thrice to trim their ranks. The duke's light artillery and his archers had little effect upon them; but one of their powder wagons blowing up in their centre, and the captain of their artillery exclaiming, either through prudence or treachery, "Take care! take care!" a scene of disorder ensues. Their long pikes get entangled; the second line of battle, consisting of the badly armed, and the third, of peasants and old men, take to panic flight; the Picard archers leave them no other route than the Scheldt, into which they plunge, swim, are sunk by the weight of their arms, and such as return are met on the bank by archers, who, throwing aside their bows, fall upon them with maces: the orders were to take no prisoners.

Two thousand were driven into a meadow, surrounded on three sides by an arm of the Scheldt, by a fosse and a hedge. The Burgundians, encountering a warm reception as they closed, hesitated; but the duke spurred on, and his son after him. It is said that these poor people were seized with fear and stayed their hands, when, in this horseman, resplendent in gold, they recognised their *seigneur*, him, whose *life and limbs* they had taken the feudal oath to respect . . . But they themselves had lives, too, to defend; and they lowered their pikes and charged. The duke was surrounded, in danger, and his horse wounded.

* "The bastard of Burgundy contrived to open a secret correspondence with one who was a leader of the said English, and who was named Jehan Fallot. . . . This Jehan Fallot showed his comrades that they could gain no honor in serving the commune against their lord, and also that they stood in danger from this powerful people, and that, ordinarily, the guerdon to be expected from the people is the slaying and felling of such as serve them best." Olivier de la Marche, l. i. c. 26.

† M. Lenz is of opinion, that the Flenings have preceded all other nations, in the fourteenth century, in the organization of infantry. It is certain, however, that their obstinate adherence to this organization was one cause of their defeat at Rosebecque, at Gavre, &c. Lenz, *Nouvelles Archives Historiques*, 2e année, 1re livraison, pp. 131-133, (Ghent.)

‡ "J'aime les Gandois, comme je l'ay promis." Olivier de la Marche, l. i. c. 28.

§ "Such deeds of arms, so great valor and daring, that if a gentleman had performed the same, and I knew his name, I would take care to do honor to his hardihood." *Ibidem*.

This time, the knights were saved only by the Picard archers They allowed that these *villains* of Ghent had well earned nobility, and that there were among them many a nameless man who did deeds of arms enough to render a *gentleman* (*homme de bien*) forever illustrious.

Twenty thousand men perished; among whom were found two hundred priests or monks. The following day the scene was enough to break the heart, when the poor wives flocked to examine the corpses, and search out each her own husband, rushing even into the Scheldt for the purpose. The duke wept; and, when reminded of his victory, "Alas!" he exclaimed, "what boots it? I am the loser; they are my own subjects."

He made his entry into the city on the same horse which had received four pike-wounds in the battle. The *échevins*, and the deans of the trades, barefooted, in their shirts, followed by two thousand burgesses in mourning gowns, met him with the cry, "Mercy!" They heard their condemnation, their grace a rude grace. Not to mention fines, the city lost her jurisdiction, her dominion over the surrounding country. She had no longer any subjects, was reduced to a commune, and a commune, too, in ward: two gates, walled up forever, were to remind her of this grave change of state. The sovereign banner of Ghent, and the trades' banners, were handed over to *Toison d'or*, who unceremoniously thrust them into a sack and carried them off.

CHAPTER II.

GREATNESS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGUNDY. ITS FETES.—THE RENAISSANCE.

THE battle of Gavre was fought on the 21st of July; Talbot had lost his life in Guyenne on the 17th. Had this news arrived in time; could it have been possible for the Ghenters to have known that the king of France was conqueror, things might have happened very differently.

Be this as it may, Flanders was subjected, the war ended, and better than at Rosebecque. Ghent had this time been conquered under her own walls, at Ghent herself. The duke of Burgundy was decidedly, indisputably, and unalterably count of Flanders.

And so the pride of the conquerors was immeasurable.* The nobles thought they had conquered, not the city of Ghent, but the king

and the emperor; whose turn it now was to keep the peace, to abstain from meddling with Flanders or Luxembourg, and to thank God that my lord of Burgundy was quiet and peaceable.

Indeed, what henceforward would be difficult or impossible to him? East or West, who could resist him?

His duchess, a Lancastrian by the mother's side, was led by inclination to look towards England, laid open as it was by civil war. She desired to marry her son into the house of York, (a marriage which she subsequently effected,) so that the claims of both houses might centre in the offspring of their union, who might at length unite under one and the same ruler England and the Low Countries, (more than William III. had.)

Bold and ambitious as the project might be, it was yet too prudent for such a moment. England and the foggy North had few charms for the imagination, and the duchess turned, far more willingly, towards the South, towards the strange and marvellous countries made the theme of so many tales, and travelled mentally to lands of gold, men of ebony, and birds of emeralds.* Far different duchies, far other kingdoms were to be seized there. Was not the singular hap of the Bracquemonts and Béthencourts notorious?† Bracquemont of

* See, in the museum at Bruges, *The offering of the Paroquet to the infant Jesus*, one of the most original of Van Eyck's pictures. Numerous interludes in the Feast of the Pheasant, (A. D. 1451.) are satisfactory proofs that men's minds were then intent on the countries recently discovered.

† The Bracquemonts of Sedan married in the fourth century into the house of the Béthencourts of Normandy, who claimed descent from one of the companions of the Conqueror; so, in the twelfth century, the Bouillons married into the house of Boulogne, (the Ardennes to the coast,) and the issue was Godfrey of Bouillon. Expeditions by land or sea, in the Marches or along the coasts, did not satisfy the ambition of these adventurers. The Bracquemonts, having transmitted by marriage to the famous *wild boars* (the *La Marcks*) their lair of Ardennes, set off with the Béthencourts to seek their fortune, as it was said, under the good Breton captain, Duguesclin, who loved adventurers, allowed them to plunder and enrich themselves, and sometimes made high and mighty barons of them. A Béthencourt lost his life, fighting under Duguesclin's command, at Cocherel. A Robin de Bracquemont followed him to that profitable Spanish war, in which they were loaded with gifts by the bastard of Castile, for whom they had won a crown. Robin became a noble of Spain, married a Mendoza, was raised to the dignity of admiral of Castile, and in this capacity had the pleasure of destroying English fleets with Castilian vessels. But aggrandized as he was in Spain, he wished to revisit France in his old age, and struck a bargain with his nephew Bethencourt, who was sick of Paris and of his office of chamberlain to a mad king. Bethencourt made over to the aged Robin his good lands in Normandy, and took in exchange some pretended claims of the admiral of Castile to the Fortunate Isles; a strange bargain, in which the young Norman seemed the dupe, but was really the winner.

The bargain is the less surprising when we reflect that imagination and the power of faith and belief, though altogether calmed as regarded mysticism, had become earnestly riveted on distant voyages. The *man of millions*, Marco Polo, had inflamed men's minds by his marvellous accounts of Asia. Our Dieppe mariners related a thousand prodigies of Africa and the Gold Coast; and the Fortunate Isles, the famous Hesperides, which lay on this track, presented peculiar fascinations. Around the peak of Teneriffe, that giant of mountains, men loved to place a population of giants. In his management of this poetic conquest, Bethencourt displayed a bold but cool prudence, admirable Norman common sense. He applied neither to the king of France nor the

* To judge by the following fact, this pride amounted to madness. The duke, having had his head shaved through an illness, "issued an edict ordering all men of noble birth to have their heads shaved, and above five hundred noblemen, for love of the duke, complied; and charge was given to master Pierre Vacquembac and others, who, whenever they saw a nobleman, shaved him." Olivier de la Marche, *Petitot*, x. 227.

Sédan, who was no more than arrière-vassal to the bishop of Liege, having left for Spain, scoured the seas, and sought his fortune, had ended by bequeathing to his nephew, the Norman Béthencourt, the sovereignty of the Fortunate Isles! . . . Further on still, the Dieppe pilots had made out, upon the great continent of Africa, among the black men, a Rouen, a Paris.* The duchess of Burgundy's own brother, Don Henry, a prince-monk,† had built himself a convent on the sea; whence he gave directions to his pilots, traced them their route, and, in the course of his long life, gradually founded Portuguese forts on the ruins of the Norman factories.

Patience like his did not suit so great a sovereign as the duke of Burgundy: all this was slow and mean. The East alone was worthy of him; the East, a Crusade! . . . Who ought to defend Christendom, save the first Christian prince? Antichrist, beyond a doubt, was at the gate. No sign was wanting. Was not the Turk, with his fearful bands of renegades dressed as monks, barbarously and burlesquely arrayed,‡ was not this monster the Beast?

The Greeks had just succumbed: Constantinople had been taken by Mahomet II. just two months before the battle of Gavre. What a warning to Christians to have done with their discords! What a threat of God's! . . .

king of Spain, both of whom, perhaps, would have advanced claims in right of Louis La Cerdà, infant of Castile and grandson of St. Louis, who had formerly taken the title of *Infant of Fortune*, and had got himself crowned king of the Canaries by the pope. Béthencourt embarked with some Normans, but that it might not be considered a Norman business altogether, he likewise took with him some Languedocians, and, among others, one Gadifer, a knight of the old stamp, who was of great use to the able speculator with his chivalry. Béthencourt had hardly gained a footing, before, without disturbing himself about his partner, he sailed to Spain and got himself recognised king of the Canaries under Spanish suzerainty. But, at the same time, he remained independent of Spain in ecclesiastical matters, procuring a bishop of his own from the pope. This done, he quietly set about getting rid of his friend Gadifer, paying him with words, and deferring the execution of his promises until the latter lost patience, and returned to Gascony as light in pocket as he had left it. Béthencourt appears to have possessed a true genius for colonization. On his return to Normandy to beat up for recruits, nobles and all volunteered to accompany him, but he would only take laborers. A satisfactory proof, too, that his rule was mild and just, is, that he did not fear arming the natives. See *L'Histoire de la Première Découverte et Conquête des Canaries, Faite dès l'an 1402 par Messire Jean de Béthencourt, Escrite par Bonfleur, Religieux, et Le Verrier, Prestre, Domestiques dudit Sieur, 12mo, 1630*. M. Ferdinand Denis has an important manuscript of this work.—See Godefroy, Charles VI., p. 685, as regards the relations of Louis of Orleans with Robert or Robinet de Bracquemont; and as regards Béthencourt and Gadifer de la Salle. *Archives, Tresor des Chartes, J. 645*.

* Vitet, *Histoire de Dieppe*, ii. 14-35.

† Grand master of the order of Avis. He took for device the following French motto, which the Portuguese engraved in all their factories: "*Talent de bien faire*," (Art of doing well.) Estancelin, *Recherches sur les Découvertes des Normands*, pp. 25-27.

‡ I allude, in particular, to that body which constituted the real strength of the Turkish armies, the Janizaries. They were, as is well known, affiliated to the Dervises, and wore nearly the same dress. Besides, as the Sultan's messmates, they wore, by way of ornament, spoons on their turban instead of feathers. The palladium of each corps was its pot, and the commanders were called *kitcheners*, *soup-makers*, &c.

After Constantinople, what remained but to take Rome! . . . Each new Sultan who went to gird on his sabre at the barracks of the Janizaries, when he had drunk out of their cup, said, as he handed it back, filled with gold:—"To our meeting at Rome!"*

The Italians, struck with consternation, assembled and deliberated; the pope was dying of fear, and calling on all Christendom, and on the great duke above all. To buy his aid, he would have done any thing for him, would have made him king . . . But if the Flemings were to take Constantinople this time as they had already done under their count Baldwin, their count would be emperor, without any need of the pope's help—and of a far preferable empire to that of Germany, which is simply elective, while the eastern empire is hereditary. All jealous of his greatness, French and Germans, would burst with spite.

Already, wherever is the duke of Burgundy, at Dijon or at Bruges, there is the centre of the Christian world. Let him pitch his tent in a forest of the County, ambassadors from the princes will come to him from the east and the west, the princes themselves, and the legates of the holy see. Where were the king, the emperor, the while? One could hardly tell; most likely, on some obscure domain; Charles VII., probably, at Melun. The rendezvous of chivalry, the *hotel of all gentility*, (*l'hôtel de toute gentillesse*), the court—is the court of the duke of Burgundy; the *order*, is his order, the gallant and magnificent order of the Golden Fleece. No one gives a thought to that of the emperor's founding, the order of Sobriety; a sorry emperor, who, when it rains, puts on his worst clothes. Our Charles VII., Charles of Gonesse,† as the Flemings called him, was but little more trim: he rode commonly "a quiet pad, at a jog-trot." His mild and modest oath was "*Saint-Jean! Saint-Jean!*"‡ The duke of Burgundy swore like a soldier, and in English fashion, "By St. George!"

By way of preparing for war, the duke gave at Lille a fête which cost as much as a war, a monstrous fête, an immense gala, the description of which sounds like a fable, and the expenses of which frightened even those who had ordered it.

These great Flemish fêtes of the house of Burgundy have no affinity with our cold modern solemnities. The art of concealing the preparations for the means of pleasure, so as to show the result only, was at this time unknown; every thing was shown, nature and art, and every

* "We shall meet at the Red Apple," so the Ottomans call Rome. Hammer, t. vi. l. 34, p. 264 of M. Hellert's translation.

† The nickname which they sometimes bestowed in derision on our kings. J. de Leyde, ap. Swertium, p. 312, ann. 1395. The phrase, "he comes from Gonesse," is equivalent to our own saying of "he is one of the wise men of Gotham." Gonesse is a small town near Paris.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ Anonymous MS., entitled *de la Vie, Complexion et Condition dudit Roy Charles VII.*, ap. Godefroy, p. 1.

art and every pleasure mingled together. It was not individual enjoyment which was sought, but the lavish display of a superfluous, overdone abundance; ostentation no doubt, oppressive pomp, barbarous and unrefined sensuality . . . but the senses had no cause of complaint.

In this prodigious gala, the intervals between the courses were filled up by strange spectacles, songs, comedies, fictitious representations mingled with realities. Among the actors were automata and animals; for instance, a bear ridden by a fool, a wild boar by an imp. Chained to a post was a live lion, which guarded a fine statue of a naked female, with the hair falling down so as to cover her, behind and in front, "having a napkin so fastened as to hide the middle . . . and with Greek letters inscribed on it."* . . . The statue spouted hypocras from the right breast.

Three tables were laid out in the hall: "On the middle one was a church, with windows, artfully fashioned, with a bell that rung, and four chanters. . . . There was another side-dish, a little naked child, that poured forth a continuous stream of rose-water."† On the second table, which must have been of prodigious length, were nine side-dishes, (*entremets*), or little plays with their actors; one of the nine was "a party in which were twenty-eight performers playing on different instruments."

The grand mundane spectacle was that of Jason winning the Golden Fleece, taming the bulls, slaying the serpent, and gaining his battle of Gavre over mythological monsters. This over, there began the pious act of the fête, "the piteous side-dish," (*l'entremets pitoyable*), as Olivier de la Marche styles it.

An elephant entered the hall, led in by a Saracen giant . . . On its back was a tower, on the turrets of which was a nun all in tears, clad in white and black satin: she was no less than Holy Church. Our chronicler, Olivier, at the time in the heyday of youth and spirits, undertook the part himself. The Church, in a long and but little poetic complaint, implored the knights, and prayed them *to swear on the pheasant* that they would come to her succor. The duke swore, and all after him. It was matter of rivalry who should take the most fantastical vow. One swore that he would never stop until he had taken the Turk, alive or dead; another, not to wear armor on his right arm, not to sit down to table on Tuesdays; a third

swore that he would not return until he had flung a Turk into the air; while a fourth, one of the carvers, impudently vowed, that if his lady did not bestow her favors upon him before his departure, he would marry, on his return, the first he could find with twenty thousand crowns . . . the duke was at last obliged to silence them.

Then began a ball, in which twelve Virtues, in crimson satin, danced with knights; these were so many princesses, ladies of the highest rank. On the following day, the young count of Charolais opened a tournament. Exercises of the kind, harmless in an age when armor was carried to such a degree of perfection as to render man invulnerable,* and useless, too, at a period when large armies and tactical skill were already brought into play, were, nevertheless, greatly encouraged by the house of Burgundy. Although there was little danger to be apprehended, still they gave rise to lively emotions, and more sensual than would be supposed. When the tilters met in encounter, when, the trumpets suddenly ceasing, the mettled steeds were given the rein and sprung to the shock, when the fragile lances were shivered on the impenetrable armor, the blow was felt elsewhere, the ladies were troubled, and then looked truly beautiful. . . . If no advantage had been gained on either side, and if the course were to be run again, more than one lady would then forget herself and all but the owner of her affections; prudence and worldly respect were cast to the winds . . . to encourage the loved one, supposed to be in peril, glove, bracelet, all was thrown to him, and so would the heart have been, if possible.† . . .

Political fêtes had their turn, graver but not less brilliant,—the assemblies of the Golden Fleece. At the solemn chapters of the order,

* It is curious to see how few and how slight are the wounds recorded in the interminable accounts of tournaments given by Olivier de la Marche. All this began to be considered puerile. Poor Jacques de Lalain, the last hero of these gymnastics, had great trouble to meet with any one who would free him from his vow. His famous act of arms in honor of our Lady of Tears, near Dijon, where the great high roads of France, Italy, &c., intersect each other, though in the year of the Jubilee, supplied him with few opponents: "No one takes pity on our Lady of Tears, or will touch my shield." All in vain does the bastard of St. Pol suspend, near St. Omer, the shield that belonged to Tristan and Lancelot of the Lake; few comers honor his act of arms of the Fair Pilgrim. The last fool of the kind is, as might be expected, an Englishman, who posts himself on the bridge of Arno, in order to compel pacific Tuscans to go to loggers with him: he was all but the contemporary of Cervantes.

† Every one has noticed these convulsive displays, voluptuous ecstasies of fear, at the Spanish bull-fights. But nowhere have they been more naively or charmingly expressed than in the romance of *Pierreforest*, which here becomes historical: "At the end of the tournament, the ladies found themselves almost stripped of their ornaments: their golden tresses, unfastened, were streaming on their shoulders; their gowns were without sleeves; they had thrown to their knights wimples, hoods, mantles, and habit-shirts, (*camises*.) . . . When they saw themselves in this plight, they were covered with shame, and then, as each began to perceive that her neighbor was similarly situated, they burst out into laughter; so engrossed had they been with the scene as to forget they were stripping themselves naked!"

* All this is taken from Olivier de la Marche, who was one of the principal performers in the fête, who made the verses, &c.

† Every one knows the *Mannekenpiss*, dear to the people of Brussels as the *oldest burgess* of their city. Nowhere is this want of decency more striking than in the first illumination given in the magnificent MS., Quintus Curtius, in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. The Portuguese translator dedicates the work to Charles the Rash; in the background is the duke's mother, also a Portuguese, and the translator's patroness; but the presence of this princess has not hindered the artist from introducing in the foreground a fountain, the *mannekenpiss* of which is an ape of gold; below, ■ fool laps and drinks. *Bibliothèque Royale, MS., No. 6727.*

the duke of Burgundy appeared as head of the nobles of Christendom. This idea must have been present to the minds of all, especially at the chapter held in 1446, when the noble chapter was received by the clergy in the church of St. Jean, which was hung with splendid tapestry, adorned by the triumphant paintings of Van Eyck, and resounding with the strains of Ockenheim, and each knight took his seat under the large picture where shone his blazon in brilliant colors. The places of the defunct, or of those knights who had been expelled by the severe justice of the order, were indicated by the absence of the blazon, or by its erasure. A sky of cloth of gold marked the place of an eminent member, of the king of Aragon.

The common picture of the order of the Fleece hung over the altar, the Lamb of Jean Van Eyck,* which attracted visitors from the most distant countries.† This great painter and chemist,‡ who was the Albertus Magnus of painting, who alone of mankind was said to have the power of infusing into his colors the rays of the sun, had given up the never-to-be finished Cologne,§ the ancient symbolism, the German dreaminess, and, daring genius! had enthroned nature in the most mystic of subjects, in the Lamb of St. John.

This picture, this great poem, which serves so well to date the moment of the *Renaissance*,|| is still Gothic in its upper portion,¶ but modern in all the rest. It comprehends an innumerable number of figures, all the world of that day, both Philippe-le-Bon and the servants of Philippe-le-Bon, and the twenty nations who came to do homage to the Lamb of the Golden

Fleece. Rays dart from this living fleece, from the lamb placed over the altar, which illuminate the pious crowd; and, by a whimsical allegory, the rays fall on the heads of the men, and the bosoms of the women, which seem rounded* and fecundated by the divine ray.†

Van Eyck's lustrous coloring dazzled Italy herself; the land of light marvelled at the light of the north. The secret was criminally‡ surprised, stolen; the secret, but not the genius. Hence the Medici preferred addressing the master himself. The king of Naples, Alphonso the Magnanimous, a poetic soul who was said to consume his days in the pure contemplation of beauty,§ besought the magician of the Low Countries to redouble his pleasure, to call into existence for him another woman, and, above all, with that long, soft hair|| which the Italians knew not how to paint, the golden fleece of the lovely head, the flower of that human flower.

How delightful for the happy founder of the Golden Fleece, for the good duke, so tenderly sensible to all fair things, to call his own,¶ the one man who could seize them warm with life, embalm the fleeting grace, and fix that capricious Iris which ever lures us on and ever flies us. . . .

In the empire of this king of color and of light, there met and harmonized the gaudy colors, and contrasts of figure, costume, and race, presented by the heterogeneous empire of the duke of Burgundy. Art seemed a treaty, which stilled the internal war of these ill-united peoples. The great Flemish school of three hundred painters** had for its master Jean Van

* This is favored by the costume of the period, to which that of our day has momentarily assimilated.

† The dominant idea of the *Renaissance*. In woman, in the Virgin mother, the middle age honored virginity above all; the fifteenth century, *maternity*: the Virgin becomes Our Lady. I shall treat this subject at length elsewhere.

‡ Every one knows the history, or fable, of Antonello of Messina, who, on seeing one of Van Eyck's paintings, hastens to Bruges in the guise of a noble amateur, and draws from him the secret of painting in oil. On his return to Italy, the furious Sicilian, animated with all his country's jealous nature, stabbed to the heart the man who sought to divide with him his cherished mistress, painting.

§ We owe to a pope the memory of this pure and poetic love. Pius II. relates that Alphonso's last love was a young maiden of noble birth, Lucrezia d'Alagna. In her presence he seemed beside himself; his eyes were ever fixed on her, he saw and heard only her, and nevertheless, this ardent passion never betrayed him into mundane desires. Pii II. *Commentarii*, l. ii. p. 27.

|| *Capillis naturam vincentibus*, (hair excelling nature,) Keversberg, *Ursula*, 105, from *Facius*.

¶ It appears that Philip the Good showed Van Eyck to foreign nations, as Philip IV. used to display Rubens by sending him on embassies: "Among those attached to the embassy sent to escort the infanta of Portugal, was Jehan Van Eyck, groom of the chamber to my said lord of Burgundy, and an excellent master of the art of painting," who painted "to the life the likeness of the infanta, Isabella." See Gachard, *Documentis Inédits*, t. ii. pp. 63-91, et *Reiffenberg*, *Notes sur Barante*, t. iv. p. 289.

** I have no doubt that most of the miniatures in a beautiful MS. which M. de Paulmy believes to have been altogether Van Eyck's painting, are by the hands of these numerous pupils of his. The first of these miniatures must be the master's own. It represents the duke of Burgundy, wearing the collar of the Golden Fleece, receiving the MS. from the hands of the kneeling artist. The painter is serious, already touched by age, but robust. The duke, in his black and furred robes, pale, and exhibiting greater marks of age,

* His true name is Jean the Walloon, Joannes Gallicus. *Facius*, *De Viris Illustribus*, p. 46, (written in 1466.) The drawing in the museum at Bruges is signed, "Johes de Eyck me fecit, 1437;" *de*, not *van*. He is, therefore, wrongly styled Van Eyck, or Jean of Bruges. In his chief work, *The Lamb*, he has placed the towers of his native city in the background, to verify his birth as a son of the Meuse, and, perhaps, as an indirect protest against the claim of Flanders to the honor of his birth. Born at Mass-Eyck, on the boundary-line between the two tongues, though his patience would proclaim him German, this bold and impetuous innovator smacks much more of the Walloon.

† Albert Durer speaks with raptures of it in his notes of his travels. Philip II. asked it of the priests of St. Jean, who would not part with it. The commissioners of the National Assembly took away four of the panels; the other eight were concealed by some patriotic individuals at the risk of their life. The four panels which had been transferred to Paris, were restored in 1815; but several have been sold, and are now at Berlin.

‡ It matters little whether or not Van Eyck was the discoverer of oil painting. The glory is his, whose genius enables him to avail himself of an art, previously useless and all but unknown.

§ See, in the Bruges museum, an admirable pen and ink drawing, representing a virgin, wrapped in meditation, at the foot of the tower of Cologne? unfinished.

|| Goethe has said of this picture. not without reason, that it is "the pivot of the history of the art." See the *Journal of Art*, on the Rhine; and Keversberg, *Ursula*, 181, 182; *Wagen*, 182; *Rumohr*, vol. ii. § 13, &c., &c.

¶ Here are three immovable figures, with golden halos; but modern life already beams from this immovability. In the lower part of the picture, it bursts forth—here are life, nature, and variety; it is a vast landscape, with three hundred figures skillfully grouped. Thus, harmony begins in painting, almost at the same time as in music. The middle age had only been acquainted with unison, or melody

Eyck, a son of the Meuse. And, on the contrary, it was a Fleming, Chastellain, who, introducing into style the impetuosity of Van Eyck and of Rubens, subdued our French tongue, forced it, sober and pure up to this period, to admit at once a whole torrent of words and new ideas, and to grow intoxicated, willingly or not, at the many mingling sources of the Renaissance.

CHAPTER III.

RIVALRY BETWEEN CHARLES VII. AND PHILIP
THE GOOD. JACQUES CŒUR. THE DAUPHIN,
LOUIS. A. D. 1452-1456.

THE brilliant and voluptuous fêtes of the house of Burgundy had their serious side. All the great barons of Christendom, coming to play their part there, found themselves for weeks, for months, the guests and voluntary subjects of the *great duke*. They asked no better than to remain in his court. The fair dames of Burgundy and of Flanders well knew how to detain them or bring them back. It is said to have been the address of one of the ladies of Croy, which determined the treason of the constable de Bourbon, and was near dismembering France.

The duke of Burgundy was waging on the king a secret and perilous war, which did not require any active interference on his part. All malecontents among the nobles looked to the duke, and were, or thought they were, encouraged by him, and intrigued underhand on the strength of the approaching rupture. Thus, Charles VII. had more than one secret thorn, and, in particular, one fearful one in his own family, by which he was pricked his life long, and of which he at last died.

In all transactions, great or little, which troubled the close of this reign, we meet with the dauphin's name. Accused on each occasion, convicted on none, he is to many an historian (who will afterwards treat him roughly enough as king) the most innocent prince in the world. But he formed a more correct judgment of himself. Vindictive as he was, he, nevertheless, made it clearly understood at his accession, that they who had disarmed him and driven him out of France, the Brézès and

the Dammartins, had in so doing acted as loyal servants of the king, and he attached them to himself in the conviction that whoever might be sovereign, they would serve him not less loyally.

Charles VII., good man, loved the sex, and with some reason: it was an heroic woman who saved his kingdom for him. A good and gentle woman, whom he loved for twenty years,* took advantage of his love to surround him with useful counsels, to give him the wisest ministers, such as would cure poor France. At last, the excellent use to which Agnes put her influence has been acknowledged; and the Lady of Beauty, regarded with evil eye, and coldly greeted by the people during her lifetime, now lives as one of their dearest recollections.

The Burgundians were exceedingly scandalized at this connection, though, during the twenty years that Charles VII. remained faithful to Agnes, their duke had full twenty mistresses. Scandal there was, no doubt, and most of all in the fact, that Agnes had been given to Charles VII. by his wife's mother, perhaps by his wife herself. The dauphin showed himself early more jealous for his mother, than his mother for herself; and it is asserted that he carried his violence so far as to box Agnes's ears. When the Lady of Beauty died, (according to some, of her frequent lyings in,) it was the universal belief that the dauphin had poisoned her. In fact, henceforward, those who were offensive to him enjoyed but a short lease of life; witness his first wife, the too learned and witty Margaret of Scotland, who has remained celebrated for kissing, as she passed him, the sleeping poet.†

All who were suspected by the king were sure to become friends of the dauphin, and this holds good of the Armagnacs, in particular. The dauphin was born their enemy, began his military career by imprisoning, and was to end by exterminating them. Well! Meanwhile, they become dear to him as his father's enemies, he attracts them about him, and takes for his factotum, his right arm, the bastard d'Armagnac.

As far as can be judged, with our imperfect

* After the death of Agnes he had other mistresses, with far less excuse. Accounts, A. D. 1454-5: "To Mademoiselle Villequier, to enable her to maintain her state, II. M. livres." Numerous donations follow to dames, widows, &c. "Also to Marguerite de Salignac, spinster, towards her *lying in*." "Also to Madame de Montsereau, by way of gift, III. C. livres." *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Bethune*, vol. v. n. 8442.

† Alain Chartier is the Jeremiah of this sad epoch. See, in his *Quadrilogue Invecitif*, his remarks in the name of the people, on the villany and violence of the nobles, &c., pp. 417, 447. There is little, seemingly, in his poetry to deserve the kiss of a queen; it may be he won it by the following melancholy and graceful lines:—

"Oblier ? . . . Las ! il n'entre'oublie
Par ainsi son mal, qui se deult.
Chacun dit bien, 'Oblie ! Oblie !'
Mais il ne le fait pas qui veult !"

(Forget ? Alas ! the mourner cannot so forget his grief. All say, 'Forget ! Forget !' but forgetfulness does not depend on will.) Alain Chartier, p. 494, in 4to. 1617.

receives the gift, apparently buried in his own thoughts, wearing a politic, shrewd, fastidious look. Behind, to the left of the duke, one of the officers seems to draw the reader's attention to the great prince in whose presence he is. A young man on his right, in a robe of furred velvet, must be either Charles the Rash, or the great bastard of Burgundy. The other miniatures are far inferior; and they are so to those of the beautiful Quintus Curtius in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. They are evidently manufactured. We feel that engraving must soon take the place of these illuminations. *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, MS. de Renaud de Montauban, par Huon de Villeneuve, mis en prose sous Philippe de Valois, orné de miniatures postérieures à l'année 1430.*

knowledge of this obscure period, the intrigues of the Armagnacs and of the duke d'Alençon are connected with those of the dauphin, and of the hopes which they all founded on this war, in peace, made by the duke of Burgundy on the king. Even the affair of Jacques Cœur is partly mixed up with these intrigues; he was accused of having poisoned Agnes and lent money to her enemy, to the dauphin. A word as to Jacques Cœur.

It is worth while to visit the curious house of this equivocal personage at Bourges; a house full of mysteries, as was his life. On scanning it, you perceive both display and concealment; you everywhere feel the presence of two opposite things, the boldness and the distrust of the new man, (*parvenu*), the pride of the merchant of the east, and, at the same time, the reserve of the king's banker. However, boldness gains the day; the mystery so paraded seems a defiance to the passer-by.

Projecting a little into the street, as if to descry who may approach, the house seems all but closed up; and two servants in stone, at its false windows, look peeringly out. In the court, little bas-reliefs offer humble images of labor, the spinner, the house-maid, the vine-dresser, the pedler;* but, above this mock humility, soars† in imperial wise the equestrian statue of the banker. The great banker does not disdain to teach us, in the midst of this triumph with closed doors, the whole secret of his fortune. He explains it to us by two devices: the one is the heroic rebus, "*A vaillans (cœurs) riens impossible*,"‡ a device bespeaking the man, his daring, his naïve pride; the other shows the petty wisdom of the trader of the middle age, "*Bouche close. Neutre. Entendre dire. Faire. Taire*,"§ a wise and discreet maxim, which should be followed without speaking of it. In the fine saloon above, the brave Cœur is more indiscreet still; having had sculptured for his daily amusement a burlesque joust, a tourney on asses, a durable mockery of chivalry which must have displeased many.

The fine portrait of Jacques Cœur, given by Godefroi from the original, and which must be like, presents an eminently plebeian, but in no degree vulgar countenance, hard, cunning, and bold, revealing in some degree the trafficker in a Saracen country, the dealer in men. France fills up only the middle of his adventurous life,|| which begins and ends in the east; a merchant in Syria in 1432, he dies in Cyprus admiral of the holy see. The pope, a Spanish pope, burn-

ing with crusading zeal, Calixtus Borgia, welcomed him in his hour of misfortune, and sent him to combat the Turks.

The circumstance is commemorated at Bourges in the funeral chapel of the Cœurs,* where Jacques is seen transfigured on the splendid painted windows under the garb of St. Jacques, (St. James,) the patron saint of pilgrims, and his coat of arms charged with three cockleshells, though, sad pilgrimage, the shells are black; but, between, are haughtily placed three red hearts, the triple heart of the merchant hero. In the church register, he is solely entitled, "Captain of the Church against the Infidels;"† not a word of the king, of the king's banker; nothing which recalls his badly-requited services: perhaps, in his banker's self-love, he has sought to efface the memory of that unsuccessful speculation which saved France,‡ that fault of having acquired a too powerful debtor;§ of having lent to one who could pay with the gibbet.

One thing, however, he did, which deserved to have been commemorated. This intelligent man|| restored the coinage; invented what till then had been unheard of in finance,—justice; and believed that the sole way for the king, as for every one else, to become rich, was by paying.

It is by no means to be inferred from this, that he was very scrupulous as to the means of making money himself. In his double capacity of creditor to the king and banker to the king, that strange situation for a man to be in, lending with one hand and paying with the other, he must have laid himself open to animadversion. It seems probable enough that he had squeezed Languedoc rudely, and that he had had money transactions indifferently with

* See La Description de l'Eglise Patriarcale, Primatiale, et Métropolitaine de Bourges, par Romelot, pp. 182-190.

† "June 29th, 1462? died Jacques Cœur, of liberal memory, knight, (*miles*), captain-general of the Church against the infidels, who built and decorated our sacristy, and did many other services to our church." Ibidem, p. 177.

‡ The miserable state to which Charles VII. was reduced, must not be overlooked. The chronicler tells a story of a shoemaker, who, as soon as he had tried one shoe on the king, inquired about payment, and finding it very doubtful, coolly took it off and walked away with his goods. A song was made on this, of which the following are the first four lines:—

"Quant le Roy s'en vint en France,
Il feit oindre ses houssiaux;
Et la Roynie lui demande,
Où veut aller cest damoiseaulx?"

(When the king came to Paris, he ordered his boots to be cleaned; and the queen asked him, Where is this fop going?)

The learned editor of Fenin and of Comines, to whom I am indebted for this note, took it from the *MS. 122 du fonds Cangé, Bibliothèque Royale*.

§ He was not the only one to commit this error. A Burgess of Bourges, Pierre de Valenciennes, supplied, out of his own resources, three hundred thousand cross-bow bolts, &c. The king conferred on him the right of pit and gallows, and of jurisdiction in all cases at Saint-Oulechart, near Bourges *Archives, Registre, J. clxxx. 10 bis ann. 1447*.

|| The first, perhaps, who perceived the necessity of knowing the resources of the kingdom, and who attempted a statistical inquiry into them; an inquiry, indeed, impossible to be carried into execution at that period. As regards the changes he made in the coinage, see Leblanc, p. 300.

* *Colporteur*. I give this name to the man who seems to hold a mattock, and to the one in a cloak.

† Soared would be more exact.

‡ "To valiant (hearts) nothing impossible."

§ "Close mouth. Neutral. Hear all that's said. Do. Be silent."

|| Born at Bourges, but the family, I think, came originally from Paris. One Jean Cœur, *moneyer at the mint of Paris*, obtains pardon in 1374 for having been engaged in a fray between the officers of the king's household and the butchers. *Archives, Registre, J. 166, nos. 77, 207*.

the king, and with the king's enemy, I mean, the dauphin. This was a trade in which he naturally had for competitors the Florentines, who had always carried it on. We know from the *Journal of Pitti*,* who was at one and the same time ambassador, banker, and hired gambler, what these folk were. Kings took back from them, from time to time, in the gross and by confiscation, what they had earned in detail. The colossal house of the Bardi and Peruzzi had been shipwrecked in the fourteenth century, after having lent Edward III. the means of making war on us—a hundred and twenty millions of francs.† In the fifteenth century, the great house was that of the Medici, bankers to the holy see, who ran less risk in their secret commerce with the datary's office, exchanging bulls and letters of change, paper for paper. Jacques Cœur's deadly enemy, who ruined him‡ and stepped into his place, Otto Castellani, treasurer of Toulouse, seems to have been related to the Medici.§ The Italians and the courtiers went hand in hand in carrying on the prosecution, and made it *their business*. They stirred up the people by telling them that the banker drained the kingdom of money, that he sold arms to the Saracens,|| had given up a Christian slave to them, &c. The money lent to the dauphin to trouble the kingdom was, perhaps, his true crime. What is certain is, that Louis XI. had hardly ascended the throne before he reversed the sentence against him, and did every honor to his memory.¶

Another friend of the dauphin's, a still more dangerous one, was the duke of Alençon, whose ruin precipitated, at least closely preceded, his own. The duke was arrested May 27th, 1456, and the dauphin fled from Dauphiny and France the 31st of August, the same year.

* Quoted by Delecluse, *Histoire de Florence*, t. ii. p. 362.

† Sixteen millions of that day can hardly be estimated at less. (‡)

‡ In 1459, the king issues a pardon to M. Pierre Mignon, who, after studying arts, and taking his degree at Toulouse and Barcelona, has forged seals and devoted himself to the black art. It appears that he made for Otto Castellani, subsequently appointed treasurer to the king, two waxen images: "One, to bring under our displeasure the late Jacques Cœur, our then treasurer, and to deprive him of his office; the other, to recommend to our good favor the said Otto Castellani, Guillaume Gouffier, and his companions." *Archives, Registre, J. exc. 14, ann. 1459.*

§ One Giacomo de Medici, of Florence, aged 25, (*a relative of Otto Castellani's*, treasurer of Toulouse,) on leaving the treasury, where he carries on his business of merchant, meets Bertrand Bétune, a ruffian, who strikes him, though no words had passed between them; blows are exchanged, and a pardon is issued to Giacomo. I am indebted for the discovery of the document revealing this fact, to M. Eugène de Stadler. *Archives, Registre, J. 179, no. 134, December, 1448*; see also *J. 195, ann. 1467.*

|| An accusation of the sort must have made a great impression, as at the moment Constantinople was taken; and Jacques Cœur's sentence dates from the very day of its capture, May 29th, 1453. Jacques Cœur would probably have perished, had he not been succored by the masters of his galleys; to whom he had given his nieces or kinswomen in marriage. See the pardons issued in favor of Jean de Village and the widow of Guillaume de Gimart, both natives of Bourges. *Archives, Registre, J. 191, nos. 233, 242.*

¶ "Bearing in mind the good and commendable services rendered us by the said Jacques Cœur, deceased." *Lettres de Louis XI. pour restitution des Biens, &c. Godefroy, Charles VII. p. 862.*

This prince of the blood, who had served the king well against the English, and who thought himself "poorly rewarded,"* entered incautiously into negotiations at London and at Bruges; at the same time, maintaining a correspondence with the dauphin. Although he denied all this, it does not appear the less certain.† He had strongholds in Normandy, and boasted that his artillery was superior to the king's. He made overtures to the duke of York,‡ who was at the time too busied with civil war, but who, could he have snatched a moment's leisure to make a brilliant inroad in France, and seize, say, Granville, Alençon, Domfront, and Mans, which he was assured would be delivered up to him, would no longer have had to fight his way to the crown by civil wars. England would have risen as one man to place it on his head.

Even after Alençon's business, the dauphin thought that he could make head in Dauphiny. He maintained a close and tender correspondence with his uncle of Burgundy,§ counted upon Savoy,|| and, a little, upon the Swiss. He got the pope to recognise him, and did him homage for the counties of Valentinois and Di-
ois. Finally, he took the daring step of ordering a general levy, from the age of eighteen to sixty.

All went wrong with him. Dauphiny was worn out. This small, and by no means wealthy country, became in his terribly active

* He would seem to have entertained a personal hatred of the king: "The said lord complained to deponent, telling him that he was convinced the king would never like him, and that he was displeased with him . . . 'If I could have a powder that I wot of, and put it in the vessel in which the king's sheets are washed, he should sleep sound enough,' (dormir tout sec.) . . ." The duke had sent to Bruges to buy of an apothecary of that city an herb called martagon, which, according to him, possessed numerous and marvelous properties, but was unable to procure it. *Trial of the duke of Alençon; depositions of his English valet-de-chambre, and of the first witness heard.*

† The depositions of the witnesses on his trial are full of naïve details which speak for their own truth.

‡ Robert Holgiles? a Londoner, herald-at-arms to the duke of Exeter, deposes that the duke of Alençon told him that he could at once place at the disposal of the king of England "more than nine hundred bombards, cannons, and serpents, but that he would do his best to make up the thousand; that he had ordered to be made, among other pieces of artillery, two bombards, the finest in the kingdom of France, one to be of metal, which he would present to the duke of York along with two coursers . . . which were to be sent him by my lord the dauphin . . ." *Trial of the duke of Alençon.*

§ He had just sent him a present of cross-bows, and the duke of Burgundy, to whom the king had probably written of the matter, conceived that he ought to exonerate himself. I have taken this, and almost all the details which follow, from the learned but unpublished work from which I have already drawn so largely, *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Le grand, Histoire de Louis XI., livre ii. fol. 89.*

|| The ardent ambition of these Savoyards cannot be more finely characterized than by the following confession to the duke of Milan:—"Nous deistes, 'Par le saint Dyex! ne reura un an que je ayra plus de pais que not mais nul de mes encesseurs, et qu'il sera plus parlé de moy que ne fut mais de nul de notre lignage, ou que je mourrai en la poine.'" (You said to us, "By holy God, there shall not return a year but what I will gain more countries than my ancestors ever had, and will make myself more talked of than any of our lineage, or die in the attempt.")

Letter from Galeas Visconti to Amedeus VI. A. D. 1373. Cibrario e Promis, Documenti, Monete et Sigilli, 289.

hands a great centre of policy and influence ;* a distinguished, but somewhat costly honor. The whole country was up, and in motion ; the taxes had been doubled. Numerous ameliorations,† it is true, had taken place : more than the country wished to pay for. The nobles, who did not pay, would have supported the dauphin ; but, in his impatience to create tools for himself, to lower some and elevate others, he created nobles daily, a countless crowd, many of whom, too, could, without derogating, engage in trade or handle the plough—the saying, *one of the dauphin's nobles*, has grown into a proverb. This nobility did not always come by noble means : one owed his title to holding the ladder, another to widening the hedge through which the dauphin entered of nights the house of the lady of Sassenage.

The duke of Alençon subsequently escaped through the interference of the dukes of Burgundy and of Brittany ; but the dauphin was too dangerous, and no interference served him—neither that of the king of Castile, who wrote on his behalf, and even drew near the frontier, nor that of the pope, who, no doubt, would have spoken for his vassal had he been allowed time. The dauphin relied, perhaps, also on putting the clergy in motion. We have seen his strange application to the bishops of Normandy. In the extremity of his danger he made many a pilgrimage, and sent vows and offerings to such churches as he could not visit, to St. Michael's, our Lady of Cléry's, St. Claude's, and to St. James of Compostella. And, hardly had he entered the territories of the duke of Burgundy, before he wrote to all the French prelates.

It was somewhat late. He had disturbed the Church, by encroaching on the rights of the bishops of Dauphiny. His enemies, Dunois, Chabannes, concluded, and rightly, that he would not be supported, that neither his uncle of Burgundy, nor his father-in-law, the Savoyard, nor his subjects of Dauphiny, nor his secret friends in France, would draw the sword for him, and they displayed extraordinary activity, striking blow upon blow.

And first, May 27th, 1456, the duke of Alençon was arrested by Dunois himself, terror struck into the western *marches*, and the gate closed against the duke of York, who, no doubt, would have been summoned by the malevolent *in extremis*.

A second blow, (July 7th,) struck at the English, but quite as much at the duke of Burgundy, was the rehabilitation of the Pucelle ;‡

* The English said, that of all the men in France, the dauphin was he whom they most feared. *Trial of the duke of Alençon ; deposition of his emissary, the priest Thomas Gillet.*

† See the Register of Dauphiny, by Mathieu Thomassin, drawn up by command of the dauphin Louis, A. D. 1456. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Colbert, 3657, entitled Chronique de Dauphiny.*

‡ Until the appearance of the complete edition of the proceedings relative to the Pucelle, promised by M. Jules Quicherat, see L'Averdy's extracts, *Notices des MSS. t. iii.* The people would not credit her death, and several pretend-

an implicit condemnation of those who had burnt, and of him who had given her up. It was a task of no common patience and skill to induce the pope to revise the whole process, and the ecclesiastical judges to amend a sentence passed by the Church, and so to renew the recollection of circumstances discreditable to the duke of Burgundy, and to mark him out for popular hatred as the friend of the English and enemy of France.

These vigorous proceedings gave note of warning to all. The nobles of Armagnac and of Rouergue understood that the dauphin, with his fine words, could not support them, and so professed themselves loyal and faithful subjects. The dauphin's father-in-law, the duke of Savoy, seeing an army on its march from France, but none coming from Burgundy, lent ear to the message brought him by the former *écorcheur*, Chabannes, who had joyously undertaken this bailiff's office, and who confidently hoped that he should have to *execute* the dauphin. Chabannes required the Savoyard to abandon his son-in-law, and, for greater certainty, exacted in pledge from him the lordship of Clermont-en-Genevois. So the dauphin was left alone ; while his father was drawing near Lyons. If we may trust himself, it was not the will to resist which was wanting :—"If God or fortune," wrote this good son,* "had granted me half the number of men-at-arms the king my father has, his army should not have had the trouble of coming ; I would have marched from Lyons to give it battle."†

ers appeared from time to time. In 1436, a female who gave herself out for the Pucelle, imposed on Jeanne's two brothers at Metz. She was patronized by the countess of Luxembourg, and subsequently repaired to Cologne, in the suite of the count of Wirmembourg. There she conducted herself so badly as to be arrested by the inquisitor, but was released on the count's intercession. She returned to Lorraine, where she was married by a sire de Harmoise. On a visit to Orléans, that city made her presents. Symphorien Guyon, *Histoire d'Orléans*, second part, p. 265, éd. 1650.—"At this time (A. D. 1440) the men-at-arms brought with them one who was very honorably received at Orléans, and when she was near Paris, the people would believe her to be the Pucelle, wherefore she was brought to Paris and shown to the people, in the palace, on the marble table, where it was held forth and shown that she was not a maid. (pucelle,) but had been married to a knight by whom she had had two sons, and had, moreover, done some deed requiring to be submitted to the Holy Father, either violence on father or mother, priest or clerk, and that she went thither in man's attire, and was taken into service in the war of the Holy Father Eugenius, and twice slew men in the said war. And she returned to the army at Paris, and became one of the garrison, and then left." *Journal du Bourgeois de Paris*, pp. 185-6, ann. 1440.—A third Pucelle, who was introduced to Charles VII. in 1441, recognised him by an easy boot which he wore on one of his feet, with which there was something the matter. The king addressed her with, "You are welcome, sweetheart, in the name of God, who knows the secret between you and me;" on which she fell on her knees, and confessed her imposture. *Exemples de Hardiesse*, MS. *Bibliothèque Royale*, no. 180, quoted by Lenglet, t. ii. p. 155.

* When soliciting Dammartin to carry off Charles VII. some years before, he added, "And I wish to be there in person, for all are afraid in the king's presence, and if I be not there personally, my men's hearts will fail them when they see the king, but with me present they will do as I desire." Evidence of Dammartin, Duclos, *Preuves*, pp. 62, 63.

† These details, and even all particulars relating, though

The levy *en masse* which he had ordered came to nothing, since the nobles did not stir any more than the rest; so that there was no resource left him but to make his escape, if he could. Chabannes thought taking Dauphiny a failure, unless he took the dauphin; he had laid an ambuscade for him, and thought he had him safe. But he effected his escape through Bugey, which was his father-in-law's; sending, under pretext of hunting, all his officers one way, while he went another. He traversed at full gallop, with only six attendants preceding him, Bugey and Val-Romey, and, by this ride of thirty leagues, reached Saint-Claude in Franche Comté, and so found himself at the duke of Burgundy's.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF THE RIVALRY BETWEEN
CHARLES VII. AND PHILIP THE GOOD A. D.
1456-1461.

ON learning the escape of the dauphin, and the reception given him by the duke of Burgundy, Charles VII. said: "He has taken home a fox who will eat his chicks."

A curious episode it would have been to add to the old romance of Renard. That great farce of the middle age, so often recommenced, discontinued, recommenced again, after having furnished matter for I know not how many poems,* seemed to have its continuation in history. Here, it was Renard at Isengrin's, playing the guest and gossip; Renard reformed, humble and quiet, but quietly observing every thing, studying with sidelong look his enemy's house.

And first, this worthy personage, while leaving orders with his people to hold out against his father,† wrote to him respectfully and piously. "That being, with the authorization of his lord and father, Gonfalonier to the Holy Roman Church, he had been unable to dispense with obeying the pope's request that he would join his fair uncle of Burgundy, who was on the eve of setting out against the Turks, for the defence of the Catholic faith." In another letter, which he addressed to all the bishops of France, he besought their prayers for the success of the holy enterprise.

On his arrival, there was a great contest of

indirectly, to Chabannes, will be found, together with the original letters, fol. 297-302, in *La Chronique Martinienne de tous les Papes qui furent jamais et finist jusques au Pape Alexandre derrenier decédé en 1503, et avecques ce les additions de plusieurs chroniqueurs*. The colophon is, *Imprimée à Paris pour Anthoine Verard, marchand libraire*.

* Roman du Renart, published by Meon, 1826, 4 vols. and supplement by Chabailles, 1835. Reinardus Vulpes, Carmen Epicum seculis ix. et xii. conscriptum, ed. Mone, 1832. Reinard Fuchs, von Jacob Grimm, 1834.

† He kept prisoner, and wanted to put to death, a gentleman, whose nephew had surrendered one of the fortresses to the king. *Bibliothèque Royale, MS. Legrand, fol. 35.*

humility between him and the duke and duchess.* They gave him precedence everywhere, and treated him almost as king; while he, on his side, demeaned himself as the most inconsiderable and poorest of mankind. He made them weep by the lamentable tale of the persecutions which he had endured. The duke placed himself, his subjects, his means, all at his disposal;† all, save that most coveted by the dauphin, an army to enable him to return and place his father in ward. The duke had no mind to travel so fast. He was growing old; his states, vast and magnificent, whole as they were, were but in indifferent health; he was ever ailing on the side of Flanders, and was poorly in Holland. Add that his servants, who were his masters, the MM. de Croy, would not have allowed him to plunge into wars: it would have been to revive oppressive taxes, revolts.‡ And who would have had the conduct of the war? the heir, the young and violent count de Charolais; that is to say, the whole power would fall into his mother's hands, and she would expel the Croys.

Charles VIIth's advisers were well aware of all this. So convinced were they that the duke would not dare to declare war, that, had the king listened to them, they would have had the dauphin surprised and borne off from the heart of Brabant. They had prevailed with the king to marry his daughter to the young Ladislaus, king of Bohemia and Hungary, descended from the house of Luxembourg, and to take possession of Luxembourg as his son-in-law's inheritance; and the king had already determined on taking Thionville and the duchy under his protection. Already the embassy from Hungary was at Paris, and about to escort back the young princess, when news arrived of the death of Ladislaus.§

This accident deferred war;|| which, indeed, the two enemies were far from desiring. They entered upon a war which suited two old men better; a sharp, petty war of writings, judgments, and contests as to jurisdiction. Before detailing these matters, we must explain, once for all, what constituted the power of the house of Burgundy, and develop generally the character of the feudalism of the day.

On his own domain, and even in France, the

* Reiffenberg, *Mémoire sur le Séjour du Dauphin Louis XI. aux Pays-Bas*, in the *Mémoire de l'Académie de Bruxelles*, t. v. pp. 10-15.

† He contented himself with interceding, and at times, unceremoniously enough. He tells the king in a letter, that the dauphin's requests are fair and reasonable. . . "and he writes that you have given him a very strange answer." *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Baluze, 9675, B. fol. ii.*

‡ Under the pacific influence of the Croys, from 1458 to 1464, a sensible diminution takes place in the taxes. *Comptes Annuels, Archives de Lille, Chambre des Comptes, Recette générale.*

§ See the details in *Legrand*, fol. 31-34, *MSS. de la Bibliothèque Royale.*

|| The king did not relax his hold, but bought of the duke of Saxony those claims to Luxembourg which he derived from the heiress of Ladislaus. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Du Puy, 760, April 6th, 1459.*

duke of Burgundy was the head of a political feudalism, which, in truth, had nothing really feudal in it. The essence of the rights of primitive feudalism, its title to the respect and love even of those on whom it pressed hardly, was its being profoundly *natural*. The seignorial family, born of the land, had struck root in it, lived one same life, and was, so to speak, the *genius loci*.^{*} In the fifteenth century, marriages, inheritances, and royal gifts, have uprooted all this. The feudal families, whose interest it was to fix and concentrate fiefs, have themselves labored at their dispersion. Separated by old hatreds, they have rarely allied themselves with their neighbor—to be neighbor, is to be enemy: they have rather sought, even at the extremity of the kingdom, alliance with the most distant stranger. Hence, strange and fantastic aggregations of fiefs, such as Boulogne and Auvergne; and, in other cases, odious aggregations, as, for instance, in Northern France, where the Armagnacs have left so many frightful recollections, where their very name is a blasphemy, even there they established themselves, and acquired the duchy of Nemours.

Nowhere is this congregating of diverse and hostile people, under one ruler, more offensive than in this strange empire of the house of Burgundy, in no one part of which, not even in Burgundy, was the duke, truly speaking, the *natural*† seignior. This title, so influential in

the middle age, and which inspired such respect, was here, too visibly, a lie. The subjects of this house regretted it when fallen; but, so long as it was standing, it could only keep together by force this discordant assemblage of such diverse countries, this association of indigested elements.

In the first place, two languages throughout, each of twenty dialects, and I know not how many French *patois*, which the French do not understand; a number of German jargons, unintelligible to the Germans themselves; a true Babel, in which, as in that of Genesis, if the one asked for a stone, the other gave mortar; a dangerous and equivocal position, in which Flemish suits being translated, well or ill, into Walloon or French,* the parties at a loss for each other's meaning, and the judge comprehending nothing of the matter, the latter might most conscientiously condemn, hang, and break one man on the wheel in mistake for another.

Nor is this all. Each province, each town or village, piqued itself on its patois and customs, and ridiculed those of its neighbor; hence, quarrels, assaults at fairs, hatreds between cities, interminable petty wars.

Among the Walloons alone, how many diversities! between Mézières and Givet and Dinant, for instance, between feudal Namur and the episcopal republic of Liege. As regards the people speaking the German tongue, the height to which mutual antipathies ran, may be inferred from the alacrity with which the Hollanders, at the slightest sign, hurried armed into Flanders.

Strange that in these uniform and monotonous countries, on these low, vague shores, where all external differences seem smoothed down to one level, and the rivers running in languid current appear to forget themselves rather than terminate their course, that here, in the midst of geographical indistinctness, social contrasts should be so strongly marked!

But the Low Countries were not the only quarters which gave the duke of Burgundy uneasiness. The marriage which made his grandfather's fortune, had established him at one and the same time on the Saône, the Meuse, and the Scheldt. By the same stroke, he found himself tripled, multiplied *ad infinitum*. He had acquired an empire, but a hundred lawsuits as well, suits pending, suits prospective, relations with all, discussions with all, temptations to make acquisitions, causes for battling, and of war for ages. With this marriage he had espoused incompatibility of temperament, discord, permanent divorce. . . . But this was not enough. The dukes of Burgundy went ever increasing and complicating the in-

* Feudalism had, in some sort, made the land, by rearing walls, an asylum against the pagans of the North, where agriculture could withdraw and save its flocks. The fields were cleared and cultivated, as far as ever the tower could be descried. The land was daughter of the seignior, and the seignior son of the land; he knew the language, the customs, the inhabitants, was one of themselves. His son, growing up among them, was the child of the country. The arms of such a family must have been not only revered, but comprehended by the lowest peasant, for they were generally neither more nor less than the history of the district. The heraldic *field* was clearly the field, the land, the fief; the towers, those which the founders of the family had reared against the Normans; the bezants, the heads of Moors, a memento of the famous crusade whither the seignior had led his men, and which formed the standing topic of the whole country side.

The arms were the same in the fifteenth century, the families changed. It would be easy to take the fiefs of France, one by one, and to prove that most of them were by this time in the hands of stranger families, that names and arms are alike false. *Anjou is not Anjou*; its lords are no longer the Fults, those unwearied battlers of the Breton *landes*, no longer the Plantagenets, planted on the Loire, gloriously transplanted into Normandy, Aquitaine, England. *Brittany is not Brittany*; the indigenous race of the old chief of the clan, Nomenoe, has married into the family of the Capets, and the Breton Capets into that of the Montforts—a true Theseus' ship, which retains the name, though not a plank is left of the original timbers. *Foiz is no longer Foiz*, the dynasty of the Phœbuses, graceful and shrewd after the Bearnese style, but the rude Grailis of Buch, ferocious captains, blending the ruggedness of the *landes* with English pride.

† The arms of the house of Burgundy have no relation to its destinies or its character. St. Andrew's cross recalled austere remembrances; the epoch when a duke, taking the cowl at Cluny, in spite of the pope, thirty of his vassals followed his example; the epoch when the Cistercian order, preaching the crusade throughout Christendom, the Burgundian princes set off to fight side by side with the Cid, and to found kingdoms on Moorish soil.—The black lion, or, of Flanders, reminded the Flemings of their ancient counts, who fortified their towns, traced the fosse between France

and the Empire, and established public order; or else, of their popular dynasty of Hainault, who could *tell* as well as *do*, who undertook and who related the crusade, who twice devoted themselves to the holy cause, and who crowned the tower of Bruges with the dragon of St. Sophia.

* I allude, in particular, to the supreme council.

broglie.* "The more they were embroiled, the more they embroiled themselves."

By possessing Luxembourg, Holland, and Frisia, they had opened an interminable suit with the empire, with the Germanies, the vast, slow, ponderous Germanies, which might be long protracted, but only to be lost in the end, as happens in every dispute with the infinite.

As regards France, matters were much more confused still.† By means of the Meuse, Liege, and the La Marcks, France stirred up at will a little Walloon France between Brabant and Luxembourg. And, in Flanders, the parliament had right and justice on its side; it exerted its rights rarely, but roughly.

Again, France had a directer hold on the duke. With what did this cadet of France, our own creation, make war on France? With Frenchmen. Money he asked of the Flemings; but if he required advice or a stout stroke with the sword, it was to Walloons, to Frenchmen that he had recourse. The principal ministers, the Raulins, Hugonets, Humbercourts, Granvelles, were ever from the two Burgundies. The confidential valet of Philippe-le-Bon, Toustain, was a Burgundian; his knight, his Roland, Jacques de Lalaing, was a Hainaulter.

If the duke of Burgundy employ Frenchmen only, what will they do? Imitate France. France has a Chamber of Accounts, they create a Chamber of Accounts; a Parliament; they must have a Parliament or Supreme Council; France declares her intention of drawing up a digest of her customs, (A. D. 1453;) the hint is taken, and they set about preparing a digest of their own, (A. D. 1459.)

How comes it to pass that poor, pale, exhausted France drags along in her orbit this haughty Burgundy, this burly Flanders? No doubt it proceeds from the impression of grandeur produced by such a kingdom, but much more from its genius for centralization, its generalizing instinct, which the world has long imitated. With us, both language and law early tended to unity. As long back as the year 1300, France drew out of a hundred dialects one dominant tongue, that of Joinville and Beaumanoir. At the same time, while Germany and the Low Countries were wandering as their dreams led them through the thousand paths of mysticism, France centralized philosophy in scholasticism, scholasticism in Paris.

The centralization of the customs, their

codification, still distant, was prepared slowly, surely, by legislation, at least, by jurisprudence. From an early period the Parliament declared war on local usages, on the old juridical farces, on the material symbols so dear to Germany and the Low Countries, loudly declaring that it knew no authority paramount to that of equity and reason.*

Such was the invincible attraction of France, that the duke of Burgundy, who strove to shake her off and become German, English, became more and more French in his own

* The rational and *anti-symbolical* character of our legists is nowhere more decisively shown than in the following re-script, addressed to the city of Lille: *Clarissima virtutum justitia, quâ redditur unicuique quod suum est, si judiciali quandoque indigeat auctoritate fulciri non frivolis, aut inanibus tractari, mediis ratione carentibus, et quibus à recto possit diverti tramite, sed in via veritatis suæ fidelis ministrare, debet fideliter exhiberi. Si verò contrarium quodvis antiquitas aut consuetudo tenuerit, regalis potentia corrigere seu reformare tenetur. Ea propter notum facimus . . . quòd, cum ex parte . . . scabinorum, burgensium, communitatis, et habitatorum villæ nostræ Insulensis, nobis fuerit declaratum quod in dicta villa ab antiquo viguit observantia seu consuetudo talis: Quod si quis clamorem exposuerit, seu legem petierit dictæ villæ contra personam quancunque super debito vel aliâs de mobili quæ denegetur eidem, dicti scabini (ad excitationem baillivi vel præpositi nostri . . .) per iudicium juxta prædictam legem antiquam pronunciant quod actor et reus procedant ad Sancta, proferendo verba: "Nescimus aliquid proprium, quod non procedat ad Sancta, si sint ausi." Et ordinamus, seu modus procedendi ad dicta Sancta, quod est dictu facile, juramentum fieri solet ab utraque partium, sub certis formulis, ac in idiomate extraneis, et insuetis, ac difficillimis observari. Super quibus . . . si quoquo modo defeecerit in idiomate, vel in forma, sive fragilitate lingue, juranti sermo labatur, sive manum solito plus elevet, aut in palma pollicem firmiter non teneat, et alia plura frivola et inania . . . non observet, causam suam penitus amittit. Nos considerantes quod talis observantia seu consuetudo, nulla potest ratificari temporum successione longævâ, sed quanto diutius justitiæ paravit insidias, tanto debet attentius radicibus extirpari, constituimus . . . aboleri . . . ordinantes quod ad faciendum ad sancta Dei Evangelia juramentum solemne modo et forma quibus in Parlamento nostro Parisiis et aliis regni nostri curiis est fieri consuetum, per dictos scabinos admittantur. Anno 1350, mense Martii. Ord. II. 399-400.*

(When Justice, the noblest of virtues, which secures each in the possession of his own, needs the support of judicial authority, it should not meddle with *frivolous* or *vain* things, devoid of common sense, and by which it may be diverted from the straight course, but should be faithfully made manifest in the path of its faithful handmaid, Truth. Whatever antiquity or custom will to the contrary, must be overruled and amended by the crown. Wherefore we make known . . . that . . . since it has been set forth to us on the part of the échevins, burgesses, commons, and inhabitants of our city of Lille, that the following use or custom has been observed from the remotest times in the said city: whenever a plaintiff makes a demand upon, or seeks the law of any citizen of the said city, on account of debt or other moveable, which the same citizen denies, the aforesaid échevins (at the summons of our baili or prefect . . .) are wont to order, in compliance with the aforesaid ancient custom, that both plaintiff and defendant shall swear on the Holy Gospels, using the formula . . . "We know not why they should not proceed to swear on the Holy Gospels, if they dare." And the manner of swearing on the said Gospels, a simple process, is by certain *formulae*, couched in strange style, and singular, and difficult to be followed. So that which of the two shall trip in style, or form, or make a verbal mistake, or shall lift his hand more than customary, or not keep his thumb firmly in the palm of his hand, with other frivolous and vain observances . . . loses his cause. Considering that such practice or custom can be made good by no prescriptive right, but rather that the longer it has obstructed the course of justice, the greater the reason that it be utterly proscribed, hereby declare it . . . abolished . . . ordering the same solemn form of swearing on the Holy Gospels to be prescribed by the aforesaid échevins, which is used in our Parliament of Paris, and in the other courts of justice throughout our kingdom.)

* They made an attempt, however, at simplification, by violent means; for instance, by despoiling the house of Nevers. See in particular, *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Victor*, 1080, fol. 53-96. As regards the policy pursued by this absorbing house of Burgundy, it is curious to read the trial of a bastard of Neufchâtel, suborned by it to forge documents in its favor against Fribourg. *Der Schweizerische Geschichtsforscher*, i. 403.

† The ruin of Liege, in 1468, will give me an opportunity of entering into more details. As regards the relations of our kings with the La Marcks, see, among other things, the authority given them by Charles VII. to fortify Sedan, November, 1455. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Du Puy*, 435, 570.

despite; and, towards the close of his life, when the imperial bishoprics of Utrecht and of Liege rejected their bishops, and Frisia summoned the emperor, Philippe-le-Bon yielded once for all to French influence. He was ruled in every thing by a Picard family, the Croys, and confided to them not only the greater share of power, but the charge of his frontier towns, the keys of his house, which they could throw open at will to the king of France. And, finally, he received, so to speak, France herself, introduced her to his home, took her to his heart, and inoculated himself with what was most restless in her, most dangerous, most possessed by the demon of modern innovation.

The humble, gentle dauphin, fed with the crumbs that fell from Philippe-le-Bon's table, was exactly the man most capable of discerning the weak part in the brilliant scaffolding of the house of Burgundy. In his lowly position, he had ample time for observing and reflecting: he waited patiently at Genappe, near Brussels. Notwithstanding the pension allowed him by his host, he had great difficulty in getting on with the numbers of followers who had flocked to him. He contrived to shift with his dowry of Savoy, and with loans from merchants. He solicited the princes, and even the duke of Brittany, who dryly refused him. He was obliged, withal, to make himself agreeable to his entertainers, to laugh and make laugh, to be a boon companion, to play at telling tales, to take his share in the *Cent Nouvelles*, (hundred novels,) and so mock his tragic cousin Charolais.

The *Cent Nouvelles*, that revival of the obscene tales of the *fabliaux*, suited him better than the *Amadis*, and all the romances which were translated from our poems of chivalry,* for Philippe-le-Bon. The rhetorical† must have been far too cumbersome for a clear, quick intellect, like that of the dauphin's; and, in the Burgundian court, all was rhetorical: not only in the forms of style, but in those of ceremony and etiquette,‡ there pre-

vailed a ridiculous pomp and inflation. The towns imitated the court; and there were formed in every direction by the citizens fraternities of fine speakers and talkers, styled, with much simplicity, by their true appellation—*Chambers of Rhetoric*.*

Vain forms, the invention of an empty symbolism,‡ were most unseasonable at a period when the spirit of modern times, casting aside all envelope, sign, and symbol, burst forth in the art of printing.‡ The tale runs that a dreamer, wandering before the northern gale in one of the wan forests of Holland,§ saw the wrinkled bark of the oak trees fall off in moveable letters and strive to speak. Next, a *seeker* on the banks of the Rhine discovered

l'Ancienne Chevalerie, t. ii. pp. 171-267. The following fact shows how rigorously this etiquette was observed. At the marriage of the duke of Burgundy:—"I saw that madame d'Eu was distressed at M. d'Antony, her father, (Jean de Melun, the sire d'Antoing,) holding the napkin for her, with his head bared, while she washed before supper, and kneeling almost down to the ground before her; and I heard wise folk remark that it was madness in M. d'Antony to do, and still greater in his daughter to suffer it." *Cérémonial de la Cour de Bourgogne*, éd. de Dunod, p. 747.

* The *Rederikers*, as Grimm has clearly proved, are not the same as the *Meistersingers*. Their chambers or assemblies burlesque our French customs, and their names of flowers seem borrowed from our floral games. In the *Meistergesang*, there were neither prizes nor was there any hierarchy: the chamber of rhetoric, on the contrary, had emperors, princes, deans, &c., and gave prizes to those who brought the greatest number of visitors to their fêtes, to poets who improvised on their knees, without getting up, &c. Laserna-Santander, *Bibliothèque de Bourgogne*, 152-200; Jacob Grimm, *Ueber den Altdutschen Meistergesang*, 156.

† Nothing is more characteristic of the intellectual poverty of the period than the rebuses taken for mottoes. The town of Dôle places a golden sun in its arms, from the supposed similarity of *Dôle* to *Delos*, the island of the sun. The house of Bourbon adds to its arms the thistle, *chardon*, (*cher don*, dear gift.) Batissier, *Bourbonnais*, t. ii. p. 264. One Vergy, owner of the lands of *Valu*, *Vaux*, and *Vandray*, takes for his device, "*J'ai valu, vauz, et vaudray*," (I did, do, and will deserve well, or I was, am, and will be worthy.) Reiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, pp. 2-4. See, also, my *Origines du Droit trouvées dans les Formules et Symbols*, pp. 214-222.

‡ In the middle of the century, when men began, tired with war, to think, inquire, and read, books were circulated which were still believed to be manuscript, but presenting an extraordinary regularity of handwriting, and cheap, besides, as well as in great number: the more were bought, the more were offered. They were (and marvellous it appeared) identical; that is to say, the purchasers, on comparing their Bibles and Psalters, observed the same forms, ornaments, and the same red initial letters, as if the work of the devil's claw. On the contrary, it was the modern revelation of the Spirit of God. The Word, at first attached to walls, fixed in the Byzantine frescoes, had early been detached by means of pictures, of images of Christ, traced from one handkerchief of St. Veronica on to another. Still, the spirit was mute; imprisoned in painting, it made a sign but spoke not. Hence incredible efforts, awkward attempts at making these images say, what they cannot say; dreary Germany, in particular, undergoes the tortures of an impotent symbolism. Van Eyck got weary of it, and leaving the Germans to sweat at painting the spirit, set naively at work painting bodies, and plunged into nature. Thus, the powerlessness of painting being made manifest, a new art became necessary in order to express the spirit, and track it in its transformations, analyses, and varied pursuits. I shall return to this great subject elsewhere.

§ This is the Dutch tradition, which I can neither adopt nor reject. See Lumbinet, Daunon, Schwaab, and, on the other hand, Meerman, Léon, Delaborde, &c. Of the two discoveries, (moveable characters, and the casting of type,) the first came in the course of nature and of necessity, superinduced by an irresistible progression, as I shall have occasion to show. The great discovery was that of casting type: this was the effort of genius, the fertilizing revolution.

* The slight merit of these romances, chronicles, &c., should not lessen our gratitude to Philip the Good and his son, the true founders of the precious library of Burgundy. A contemporary writes in 1443:—"Notwithstanding he is the prince, above all others, supplied with the costliest and noblest library in the world, yet he is eagerly desirous to add to it daily; wherefore, he keeps constantly employed, and in different countries, great clerks, orators, translators, and writers, at his own charge, &c." *Chronique de David Aubert*, *Bibliothèque Royale*, MS. 6768, quoted by Laserna-Santander, *Mémoire sur la Bibliothèque de Bourgogne*, (1809,) p. 11.—See, also, on this head, Florian-Frocheur's pamphlet, 1839; and *L'Histoire des Bibliothèques de la Belgique*, par M. Namur, 1840.

† His addiction to the rhetorical is the defect of the greatest writer of the period, the eloquent Chastellain. Comines, shrewd, subtle, and terse, was out of his element at the court of Burgundy, so went to take his natural place at that of Louis XI.

‡ This etiquette, which was wholly unlike the symbolic ceremonial of ancient times, has served as the model for that of all modern courts. An account of its observances is given in the *Honneurs de la Cour*, written by a lady of rank, and printed by Sainte-Palaye, at the end of his *Mémoires sur*

the true mystery. The profundity of German genius communicated to letters the fecundity of life, found out the process of generation, contrived that they should engender and propagate the female from the male, the matrix from the punch: on that day, the world entered infinity—

Infinity of investigation. This humble and modest art, unaided by form or ornament, made itself everywhere felt, and operated on every thing with rapid and fearful powers. It had easy work with a shattered world. Each nation, too, was shattered, and the Church as much as any nation. It behooved that all should be shattered, that they might see and know themselves as they really were. Without the mill, the barleycorn cannot know what meal is in it.*

Our dauphin Louis, an insatiable reader, had ordered his library to be sent to him from Dauphiny to Brabant,† where he must have received the first printed books. None could have been more alive to the importance of the new art, if it be true, as has been stated, that on his accession he invited printers from Strasbourg. It is certain, at least, that he protected them against such as believed them to be sorcerers.‡

This restless-minded man was born with all modern instincts, good and bad, but, chiefly, with the zeal of destruction, impatience of the past. His was a quick, dry, prosaic intellect, which nothing and no one could blind, save, perhaps, one man, the child of fortune, of the sword, and of stratagem, Francesco Sforza.§ He set little store by the childish chivalry of the house of Burgundy, and showed as much the moment he was king. At the grand tournament given by the duke of Burgundy at Paris, when all the great barons had run courses, tilted, and shown off, a stranger entered the lists, a rude champion, hired for the purpose, who defied and unhorsed them all. Louis XI. enjoyed the sight, concealed in a corner.

To return to Genappe. In this, his place of retreat, he devoted his compulsory leisure to two objects,—driving his father to despair, and quietly undermining the house which entertained him. Poor Charles VII. found himself gradually surrounded by a restless and malevolent power, and could repose confidence nowhere.|| He felt the fascination so strongly

as to impair his mind, so that at last he despaired of himself.* For fear of dying poisoned, he allowed himself to die of hunger.†

The duke of Burgundy did not die yet; but he was little better than dead. He became more and more afflicted in body and mind; and passed his days in reconciling the Croys with his son and his wife. The dauphin played on both parties; he had a sure agent in one of count Charolais' confidants. His example (if not his counsels) raised up against the duke an enemy in his own son; and things came to such a pass between son and father, that the fiery youth was on the point of imitating the dauphin, and sent to ask Charles VII. if he would receive him in France.

Thus the struggle betwixt the duke and the king is far from being ended. Let Charles VII. die, and Louis XI. be conducted back into France by the duke, and crowned by him at Reims, it all matters not; the question will remain the same. There will still go on the war between elder France, the great and homogeneous France, and younger France, that compound of Germany. The king (whether aware of it or not) is ever the king of the rising people, the king of the citizens, of the petty nobility, of the peasantry, the king of the Pucelle, of Brézé, of Bureau, of Jacques Cœur. The duke, though, is a high feudal suzerain, whom all the nobles of France and of the Low Countries are delighted to recognise as their head; those who are no vassals of his nevertheless choose to hold of him, as the supreme arbiter of chivalrous honor. If the king can employ against the duke his appellative jurisdiction, his legal instrument, the parliament,‡ the duke has a less legal, but, perhaps, more powerful, hold on the great French barons in his court of honor of the Golden Fleece.

This order of fraternity, of equality between nobles, in which the duke was admonished, chaptered,§ just the same as any other, this

* It is stated by some that Charles VII. thought of placing the crown on the head of his second son, though the count de Foix asserted that he would not even give him Guyenne as an appanage. He wrote to Louis XI. on his accession: "Last year, the king your father being at Melun, as well as the Spanish ambassadors who were treating of the marriage of my lord, your brother, with the sister of the king of Spain, a proposal was made by them that the king should make over the duchy of Guyenne to your fair brother; to which the king your father replied, that it seemed by no means reasonable to him, and that you were absent, who were the elder brother, and the most nearly concerned in the business next to him." Recueil de Legrand, Preuves de Comines, ed. Lenglet Dufresnoy, t. ii. p. 311.

† Charles VII. was deeply regretted by his own household officers: "And it was reported that one of the said pages had been four whole days without taking food or drink." Cronique Martiniane, f. 308.

‡ See, among other curious documents, the summons to the count d'Armagnac, who was for keeping his children in prison until they were dead, in order to enjoy their property. Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Doat. 218, fol. 128.

§ The most curious remonstrance is that offered by the order to Charles the Rash, and which he listened to with great patience: "Que Monseigneur, saul sa benigne correction et révérence, parle parfois un peu aigrement à ses serviteurs, et se trouble aucuns fois, en parlant des princes.

* See the English ballad of *John Barleycorn*, ground, drowned, roasted, &c.

† Bibliothèque Royale, MS. Legrand, l. iii. p. 19.

‡ Taillandier, Résumé Historique de l'Introduction de l'imprimerie à Paris. Mémoires des Antiquaires de France, t. xiii.; Académie des Inscriptions, t. xiv. p. 237.

§ Sforza and the dauphin, his admirer, understood each other marvellously. Sforza did not disdain to conclude a treaty with the fugitive, (Oct. 6th, 1460.) Bibliothèque Royale, MS. Legrand, l. iii. p. 59.

|| Read in the Cronique Martiniane, so curious as regards this reign, a letter which the dauphin wrote that it might fall into his father's hands:—"I have heard from the count de Dampmartin, whom I feign to hate. Tell him to serve me always well." Cronique Martiniane, f. 306.

council to which he pretended to communicate his affairs,* was at bottom a tribunal where the haughtiest found the duke their judge; he could honor or dishonor them by a sentence of the order. Their scutcheon answered for them; hung up in St. Jean's, Ghent, it could either be erased, or blackened. Thus, he had sentence of condemnation pronounced on the sire de Neufchâtel and the count de Nevers; and the prince of Orange and king of Denmark refused and excluded as unworthy. On the contrary, the duke of Alençon, condemned by the Parliament, was, nevertheless, honorably supported by the members of the Golden Fleece. The great easily consoled themselves for degradation at Paris by lawyers, when they were glorified by the duke of Burgundy in a court of chivalry in which kings took their seat.

The most glorious and completest chapter of the Fleece ever, perhaps, held, and which best marks the apogee of this grandeur, took place in 1446. All seemed peace. There was nothing to be feared from England. The duke of Orléans, ransomed by his enemy, by the duke of Burgundy, sat near him in chapter; and their ancient rivalry was forgotten. Orléans and Burgundy becoming brothers, and the duke of Brittany likewise entering the order—France, busied with her internal affairs, must have been too happy to be left quiet: what between the two outbreaks at Bruges and Ghent, the Low Countries were so. And, in this same chapter, the duke of Burgundy's arming the admiral of Zealand knight seemed the burial of the old feuds between Zealand and Flanders, the marriage of the two hostile halves of the Low Countries, and the consolidation of his power on the shores of the North.

The good Olivier de la Marche relates with admiration, how at the time a young and simple page, he followed from point to point the long ceremonial, the mysteries of which the old king at arms, Toison d'Or, deigned to ex-

plain to him. Each of the knights went up with great pomp to the offering; and even the dead and absent, by proxy. And first, the duke was summoned to the altar, where was placed his hassock of cloth of gold: "Fusil, poursuivant-at-arms, took the taper of the duke, founder and head of the order, kissed it, and gave it to Toison d'Or, king-at-arms, who, kneeling thrice, approached the duke, and said, 'My lord duke of Burgundy, of Lotrich, of Brabant, of Lembourg and Luxembourg, count of Flanders, of Artois, and of Burgundy, palatine of Holland, of Zealand, and of Namur, marquis of the holy empire, lord of Frisia, Salins, and Malines, head and founder of the noble order of the Golden Fleece, proceed to the offering!'"

This very day, at the banquet of the order, when all the knights "in their mantles, in the glory and solemnity of their estate," seated themselves at the velvet table glittering with jewels, when the duke, "who seemed rather emperor than duke," took water and a napkin from the hand of one of his princes, a little man in black jacket, who got there, how no one could tell, threw himself on his knees, and presented . . . a petition? . . . no, a summons,* a summons, in good form, from the Parliament of Paris, a subpoena for himself, for his nephew the count d'Etampes, for the whole of the great barons who happened to be there . . . And this, for a Richard Doe or John Roe, whose cause the Parliament claimed as its own . . . As if the tipstaff had come to say:—"Here is a scourge for the lofty position you have assumed, a rod for your correction and punishment, and to bring you to your senses!"†

Another time, one of these daring bailiffs walks into Lille, while the duke was there, and with a sledge-hammer, beats and batters at the door of the prison, to recover a prisoner. Great is the hubbub and clamor of the people; the duke was summoned: "the courteous sum-

Qu'il prend trop grande peine, dont fait à doubter qu'il en puist pis valoir en ses anciens jours. Que, quand il faict ses armées, lui pleust tellement drechier son faict que ses subjects ne fussent plus ainsi travaillez ne folez, comme ils ont été par cy-devant. Qu'il veuille estre benigne et attempré et tenir ses pays en bonne justice. Que les choses qu'il accorde lui plaise entretenir, et estre véritable en ses paroles. Que le plus tard qu'il pourra il veuille mettre son peuple en guerre et qu'il ne le veuille faire sans bon et meur conseil."

(That my lord, saving his gracious correction and our duty, speaks at times a little sharply to his servants, and is put out sometimes when speaking of princes. That he overtakes himself, whence it may be doubted whether he will not have his energies impaired as he ages. That when levying his armies, it may be his pleasure so to regulate matters that his subjects may not be so oppressed and crushed as they have recently been. That he will please to be gracious and well-regulated, and to see justice duly administered throughout his dominions. That he may please to perform his promises, and abide by his words. That he may be pleased to preserve the land in peace, and not declare war until the last moment, and that not without ripe and good counsel.) Histoire de la Toison d'Or, par M. de Reiffenberg, p. 54.

* The knights had been made members of the council. In 1491, they complain that the duke no longer summons them to assist at his deliberations. Raynourd Journal des Savants, Oct. 1834.

* "The said *huissier*, keeping his summons until St. Andrew's day, the high feast of the order . . ." George Chastellain, ed. Buchon, (1836,) p. 19.

† However presumptuous the *huissier* may appear to the chronicler, I cannot here refrain from expressing my admiration of the intrepidity of the men who undertook such services, who, unarmed, in their black jacket, not enjoying, like the herald, the protection of the tabard and arms of their master, would present the haughtiest prince in the world, an Armagnac, a Retz, in his frowning keep, with the slip of parchment which dashed castled towers to pieces. . . . Observe, the *huissier* could only succeed in making a regular, legal service, a *personal* service, by concealing his calling, and so running the greater risk of his life. He had to enter as a trader, or a servant, to guard against his appearance betraying him, to wear a simple, stolid air, and needed a back of iron, and a lion's heart. . . . I am aware that these men were buoyed up by the firm belief that each successful stroke would bring its money's worth; but this faith of theirs in the *tariff* will not explain the daring devotion and the recklessness of life displayed by them on many occasions, and we must take into the account, if I mistake not, the fanaticism with which the law inspires its followers. With regard to the heroism of *huissiers*, see, amongst other documents, Information sur un excès fait à Courtray en la personne d'un sergent du Roy Archives du Royaume, J., 573, ann. 1457.

moner kept on battering and hammering; he had already broken the locks and large bars."* The duke contained himself, and said not a word; he stayed his people, who were for flinging the man into the river.

What other was this apparition of the black man at the banquet of the Golden Fleece, than

the *Memento Mori* of a weak and false resurrection of feudalism? And what other did this sledge-hammer batter down, with which the man of law struck so stoutly, than the fragile, artificial, impossible empire, formed of twenty antagonistic parts, which sought no better than to return to their natural isolation?

BOOK THE THIRTEENTH.

CHAPTER I.

LOUIS XI. A. D. 1461-1463.

THIS mendicant king, so long fed by the duke of Burgundy, brought home on the back of one of his horses, eating, still, out of the plate he lent him for his coronation,† showed, however, from the moment he set his foot on the frontier, that France had a king, and that this king would make no distinctions, would know neither Burgundy nor Brittany, neither friend nor enemy.

The enemy were those who had administered the government in his father's time, the count of Maine, the duke of Bourbon, the bastard of Orléans, Dammartin, and Brézé; the friend was he who thought henceforward to rule the councils, the duke of Burgundy. The first, the king instantly deprived of Normandy, Poitou, Guyenne, that is to say, of the coast, of the power of calling in the Englishman. As regarded the duke of Burgundy, his officious guardian, Louis began by arresting an Englishman‡ who had come, without a safe-conduct from him, to treat with the duke; and, for his own part, soon struck up an alliance with the intractable enemies of the house of Burgundy, with the Liegeois.

The nobles mourned the late king, mourned

themselves. The obsequies of Charles VII. were their obsequies; with him ended all the scruples of the crown. The shout, "Long live the king," raised over the bier, found no loud echo among themselves. Dunois, who had witnessed and shared in so many civil wars, suffered but one whispered exclamation to pass his lips, "Let each take care of himself."

So each did, but silently, and trying who should be the first with the king, and desert the dead for the living one. He who outstripped the rest was the duke of Bourbon, who had, indeed, much to lose, much to save.* He longed for the sword of constable, and thought he should receive it; on the contrary, he found that he had lost his government of Guyenne.

The nobles fancied themselves powerful; but the king had only to give the word to the towns, to bind their hands. In Normandy, he intrusts Rouen to the care of Rouen;† in Guyenne, he rallies the notables‡ around him; in Auvergne and Touraine, he authorizes the men of Clermont§ and of Tours to assemble "by public proclamation," without consulting any one. In Gascony, his messenger threw open the prisons as he passed through the town. In Reims, and in more than one town, the report runs that under king Louis there will be neither tax nor impost.||

* Chastellain, ed. Buchon, (1836.) p. 19.

† Chastellain, pp. 135, 142. It is clear that under his false reserve, the heart of the Burgundian leaps with joy.

‡ This was the duke of Somerset, who landed with a whole packet of letters for the French nobles. He was arrested, while dining, by the able Jean de Reilhac, who had overtaken and passed a messenger deputed by the count of Charolais to meet him; and when the messenger arrived, all that he could obtain was leave to pay his respects to the duke. *Bibl. Royale, MSS., Legrand, Preuves, carton. 2, Aug. 3d, 1461.* I must here acknowledge, as I shall again, but as I can never sufficiently do, all I owe to the patience of Legrand, whose voluminous collection enables us to see this great reign in full light. Unfortunately, the documents which he has amassed are often very faulty copies, the originals of which must be sought either in the precious Gaignières collection in the Bibliothèque Royale, or in the *Treasure of Charters*, &c. As regards the history which Legrand has founded on these documents, it is more learned than enlightened; nevertheless, it might have been turned to better account by Lenglet and Duclos. I should have wished to have waited for the promised publications of Mademoiselle Dupont and M. Jules Quicherat.

* From Bordenaux as far as Savoy, he was on his own territories—duke of Bourbon and of Auvergne, count of Forez, lord of Dombes, of Beaujolais, &c., besides, he was governor of Guyenne. One of his brothers was archbishop of Lyons, another, bishop of Liege.

† As early as the 29th of July, a letter from the king was received at Rouen, intrusting the guard of the city, castles, and palace, to twelve notables, to whom the lieutenants appointed by Brézé surrendered the keys, which were left in their hands until the 10th of October, when revolts broke out at Reims, Angers, &c. *Archives de Rouen, Registres du Conseil Municipal, vol. 7, fol. 189.* (I am indebted for this note to M. Chéruel.)

‡ "Assemble all the inhabitants, nobles, clergy, and others . . . Apprise us of what takes place by two of the most responsible bourgeois of the principal cities of Guyenne." Maubeuge, July 27th, (Lenglet, *Commines*, i. 42.) The letter to Rouen must have been dated the 26th or 27th, since it reached Rouen on the 29th. Charles VII. died on the 22d. Somerset's arrest took place on the 3d of August.

§ Ordonnances, xv. 335; xvii. 569.

|| See, further on, the revolts of the cities. "His poor subjects thought they had met in Louis another providence." Chastellain, p. 173.

As soon as he enters his kingdom, while on his road, that there may be no delay, he changes the great officers; and on his arrival, all the seneschals, bailiffs, and criminal judges. He issues orders for the arrest of his enemy, Dammartin,* formerly leader of a band of *écorceurs*, to whom all the royal captains owed their posts, and who was all-powerful with them. M. de Brézé, grand-seneschal of Normandy and of Poitou, was no less powerful as regarded the coast, being the only person who was master of the tangled skein of English affairs, and who had agents in the island to watch the progress of the civil war and the result of battle.† He was held in esteem by the English, because he had done them great harm; and on seeing himself ruined, he might very well induce them to make a descent on Normandy, where the bishops and barons were at his disposal.‡

It happened that precisely at this period, England was at liberty to turn her thoughts abroad. The red rose had just been crushed at Towton; what means were open to the conqueror of strengthening the white? It was a successful descent upon France which had consecrated the red rose and the right of Lancaster; and all that was needful was for the young Edward, or *king-making* Warwick, to find a moment's leisure to cross over to Calais. Neither would have encountered any great opposition. The aged duke of Burgundy, Edward's host and friend, and in whose court his brothers were being trained, would have acted like Jean-Sans-Peur, and have protested rather than resisted. The Englishman, negotiating all the while, would have advanced as far as Abbeville, as Peronne, as Paris, perhaps . . . That this high-road of war, the halting-places on which take the names of Agincourt and Crécy, that our feeble protector, the Somme, should themselves have for guardian the duke of Burgundy, the friend of the enemy, was a

fearful *state of servitude*. So long as France should be thus exposed, there could hardly be said to be a France.

The king of this kingdom, so ill-guarded outwardly, felt himself without security internally. He early learned to know, not the malevolence of his enemies, but that of his friends. He could not depend on his intimates, not even on the companions of his exile.* Those whom he had pardoned on his accession, the Alençons and Armagnacs, were soon against him. From the outset he felt, and the feeling gained strength hourly, that he was alone, that in the state of disorder in which all hoped to keep the kingdom, the king would be the common enemy, and that, consequently, he ought to trust no one. In reality, all the great were against him, and the little were ready to turn so soon as he should require money.

The first charge upon the new reign, the heaviest to bear, was the friendship of Burgundy. In this king, whom they had restored to his kingdom, the duke of Burgundy's counselors saw only a man whom they considered as their own property, and in whose name they were about to take possession of the kingdom. How could he refuse them any thing? Was he not their friend and gossip? Had he not chatted with one, hunted with another?† There could be no doubt that these constituted sufficient claims for any thing; only it was necessary to make haste and be early suitors. . . . Each mounted his horse.

The duke was soon on his, despite his age; he felt himself grown young again by this expedition to France. He saw arrive all the nobles of Burgundy and of the Low Countries, and even some from Germany. There was no need of summoning them to do their feudal service; they hastened voluntarily. "I make it my boast," he said, "that I shall escort the king to be crowned at Reims with a hundred thousand men."

These, the king thought, were too many friends, and he did not appear too highly gratified by the honor. He observed dryly enough to the duke's confidant, the sire de Croy, "But why does my fair uncle go so largely attended? Am not I king? What does he fear?"

And, indeed, there was no need either of a crusade, or of a Godfrey of Bouillon. The only army to be dreaded on the frontier, or on the whole route, was the army of haranguers, complainers, and suitors, who hurried to meet

* See the beautifully simple account in the *Preuves de Commines*, de Lenglet-Dufresnoy, ii. 317, 318. The whole affair is curious in the extreme. While fools think the poor man irrevocably fallen, and begin to trample on him, the astute Reilhac, who knows his master better, aware that hate will give way to interest, and that so useful a man must find favor one day or other, received the proscribed Dammartin's messenger, secretly of course, and without compromising himself.

† In particular, his agent Doucereau, who was taken at the battle of Northampton. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Hist. v. 2.*

‡ Especially, according to all appearances, the bishops of Bayeux and Lisieux. One of Brézé's pursuers writes to the king, "I am informed . . . that the said seneschal has been concealed on the lands of the patriarch, (*the bishop of Bayeux*), and then hid in the woods of Mauny, from which he has visited the said patriarch in disguise . . . Master Guy speaks of a marriage between the son of my lord of Calabria, and the daughter of my lord of Charolais, and also of a marriage between the said seneschal's son and M. de Croy's daughter . . . The seneschal spoke to the school-master of the said place, and told him, as if in confidence, that he was the count de Maulévrier, and, that he had made his escape from the castle of Vernon, but that he would not show himself until he had got his people together . . ." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*, c. 2; Nov. 19th 1461, Jan. 9th, 1462.

* See *Preuves*, Ducloux, iv. 281. The same inference is deducible from a report of an agent of the king's: "The said seneschal . . . was kept informed by them of all that took place in your house." *Ibidem*. The word *them* alludes to the count of Maine, M. de Chaumont, &c.; but they themselves could hardly have the information except through some of the dauphin's household.

† The honest Chastellain himself acknowledges the insufferable importunity of the Burgundians: "Many were there of the duke's subjects, importunate, foolish, and presumptuous persons, asking without any discretion . . . on account of any familiarity they may have been honored with, hunting or conspiring with him." Chastellain, p. 156

the new monarch, and barred his passage. The king had trouble enough to defend himself against them. Some he caused to be apprized that their presence was not necessary; on others he turned his back. Many a one who had sweated over the preparation of a learned harangue, could get but one word from him—"Be brief."

He seems, however, to have listened patiently to one of his personal enemies, Thomas Bazin, bishop of Lisieux,* who subsequently wrote a history of Louis XI., or rather a satire on him. The malevolent prelate gave him a long sermon on the necessity for lightening taxation; that is to say, disarming royalty, which was what the nobles wished. The king took the lesson in good part, and prayed the bishop to commit his discourse to writing, to enable him to read it and refresh his memory ■ time and occasion offered.

The duke of Burgundy's grand triumph was the coronation at Reims; where the king was conspicuous for his humility only. The duke, superbly mounted, and towering above the host of his pages and archers on foot, "appeared an emperor;" the king, sorry alike in person and in dress, went first, as if to announce his coming, and seemed to form part of the ceremony only to set off by contrast its pomp of pride. The Burgundian nobles, the fat Flemings, were hardly visible, buried as they were, men and horses, in their rich velvet and jewels—moving goldsmiths' shops. Large and powerful draught horses, with silver bells loudly jingling at their necks, and crowned with velvet housings, embroidered with the duke's arms, led the procession; and his banners floated over a hundred and forty magnificent wagons, bearing gold and silver plate, money to scatter among the populace, and even down to the Beaune wine to be drunk at the banquet.† There figured in the procession the small Ardennes sheep and fat Flanders oxen, which were destined to furnish forth the coronation feast. This hilarious and barbarian Flemish pomp smacked somewhat of the coarse parade of their fairs.

Quite opposite to all this, the king seemed a man of another world, putting on an appearance of extreme humility, penitence, and self-denying devotion. At midnight, the night before his coronation, he rose to hear matins, and took the sacrament. In the morning, he took his station in the choir, awaiting the holy ampulla which was to come from St. Reims, borne un-

der a *lais*. The instant he heard that it was at the gate, he rushed thither, and "threw himself on his knees;" on both knees and with clasped hands, he worshipped. He accompanied the sacred vase to the altar, and "again threw himself on his knees." The bishop of Laon was for his rising to kiss it, but his devotion was too overpowering; he remained on his knees, absorbed in prayer, and with eyes fixed on the holy ampulla.

He endured all the honors of the coronation like a most Christian king. Being led behind hangings by the episcopal and princely peers, he was there undressed, and then led to the altar in his natural likeness to Adam. "Here he threw himself on his knees," and received the unction from the hands of the archbishop, being anointed, according to the ritual, on the forehead, eyes, mouth, at the bend of the arms, on the navel, and the loins. They then put on his shirt, dressed him in kingly robes, and seated him on the throne.

This was raised twenty-seven feet above the ground. All stood a little back, excepting the first peer, the duke of Burgundy:—"Who placed his cap on his head, then, taking the crown, and lifting it with both hands to the full length of his arms, that all might see it, held it for some space above the king's head, on which he let it gently fall, exclaiming, 'Long live the king! Montjoie Saint-Denis!'" and the crowd took up the shout.

The duke of Burgundy officiated throughout the ceremony, "led the king up to the offering, took off and then replaced the crown at the elevation of the host, conducted him back, and then led him to the grand altar:" a long and fatiguing ceremony, the most distressing part of which was, that as the king desired to confer knighthood on several, he had first to be knighted himself by his uncle's hands, had to go down on his knees before him, and receive from him the accolade with the flat of the sword. . . . "At last, the king was worn out."

At the banquet he dined crown on head; but as the crown was too large for his head, he laid it quietly on the table, and, without paying any attention to the princes, chatted the whole time with Philippe Pot, a well-informed, intelligent man, who stood behind his chair. Meanwhile, in there came with loud bustle, making their way among the tables, persons bearing "*nefs*,"* *comfit-boxes*, and gold cups," the duke of Burgundy's presents on the joyous occasion. Nor did he confine himself to this. He would do homage to the king for the possessions he held in the kingdom of France, and even promised service for those he held in the empire.†

* "A writer," as Legrand well remarks, (*Hist. MS.* iv. 9.) "exceedingly embittered against Louis XI., and who, on account of his repeated acts of disobedience, was obliged to resign his bishopric." His chronicle is the one known as Amelgard's, a fact which will be proved by M. Jules Quicherat in a dissertation as yet (1844) unpublished. *Bibl. Royale, MSS.* Amelgardi, nos. 5962, 5963.

† These details and those which follow, are taken from Chastellain. With amusing modesty, he every minute offers excuses for his dwelling on these fine things: he casts down his eyes in most hypocritical fashion! It is plain, however, that the great chronicler is dazzled, no less than the populace.

* (The *nef* was a case to hold the napkins used at table.)
TRANSLATOR.

† . . . "Promise you allegiance and service, and not only for these, but for the duchies of Brabant, of Luxembourg, of Austria, of Limbourg, for the counties of Burgundy, Hainault, Zealand, Namur, and for all lands, though not

He risked little in doing homage to one, close to whose very home, Paris, he held a garrison.

And was not Paris itself his? Although nine-and-twenty years had passed since his last visit, the markets, in the same quarter as which his hôtel d'Artois was situated, had never forgotten him. On his entry, a butcher hailed him with—"Oh! frank and noble duke of Burgundy, welcome to Paris; it is long since you have been here, although much you have been wished for!"

The duke administered justice at Paris by his marshal of Burgundy, and without appeal; but he scattered favors and pardons much more abundantly. He gave so much, and to so many, that one would have supposed he had just purchased Paris and the kingdom. All flocked to ask, as if God had descended upon earth—ruined ladies, ruined churches, mendicant monasteries, poverty-stricken nobles and priests. It was as if one continuous procession were entering the hôtel d'Artois; there was open table at all hours, and three knights to receive every one with due honor. The furniture of this hôtel, the richness of the plate, and beauty of the tapestry, were the marvel of the time; and the Parisians of all degrees, dames and damsels, crowded thither from morning to night, gazing, gaping. . . . Among its numerous objects of curiosity was the famous tapestry of Gideon, the most sumptuous in the world, and the famous velvet pavilion, which contained hall, anteroom, oratory, and chapel.

All this Flemish magnificence was too cramped up. A great and solemn tournament was essential for the proper display of the splendor of the house of Burgundy, and of the princes of the north; and the duke here won every heart. His horse not being ready, he carelessly mounted his niece the duchess of Orléans' hackney, taking up his niece behind him, and before him (jolly soul!) a lass of fifteen, one of his duchess's attendants, whom she had chosen for her beauty, and he trotted off, in this fashion, to the lists in St. Antony's street, all the people exclaiming, "There goes a kind-hearted prince! Happy were it for the world to have others like him! Good luck to him, and all his friends! Why is not our king as kind-hearted, going about in his sorry gray gown, and with his paltry rosary, and hating nothing so much as pleasure."*

A mistake; king Louis had his pleasures. When the count de Charolais, my lord Adolphus of Clèves, the bastard of Burgundy, Philip de Crevecoeur, and the choice of the Flemish and Walloon chivalry had tilted and charmed the crowd, in rode a rough man-at-

arms, hired by the king on purpose, savagely "covered, man and horse, with goat-skins, strengthened with wood," but admirably mounted, who "came ruffling among the tilters. . . . and nothing stood before him." The king looked on privily from a window, hiding himself behind some Paris ladies.

It was strange that he did not show himself, for the tournament took place at his very door, directly opposite the Tournelles, where he had taken up his abode. Apparently, the gloomy hotel was but little delighted with these noisy festivals. The king lived there solitarily and penuriously; keeping little state, and a cold kitchen. He carried his strangeness so far as to content himself with the few attendants he had brought from Brabant, and led just the same life he had done at Genappe. In fact, he had no need of an establishment; his life was to be a continued journey and progress through his kingdom. Hardly was he king, before he assumed the pilgrim's dress, the cloak of thick gray cloth, and travelling gaiters, and he retained it to the day of his death. Encamping rather than dwelling in the vast hôtel des Tournelles, ever restless,* his brain ever at work, "refining day and night on new thoughts," no one would have taken him for the heir in the house of his fathers. He rather looked like a damned spirit, regretfully haunting its old abode; regretfully, since far from being one who had come back from the other world, he seemed rather possessed by the demon of the future.

If he ever went out, it was, owl-like, at night, in his sorry gray cloak. His gossip-companion and friend, (he had a friend,) was one Bische, whom he had formerly placed in his father's service as a spy, and whom he at this moment employed in that of the count of Charolais, to tempt him, too, to betray his father, the duke of Burgundy, by inducing the aged duke to consent to the redemption of the towns on the Somme. Louis XI. was incredibly fond of this son, doated upon him, seemed to live but in him. Bische, who was gifted in more ways than one, used to take the two by night, the count and the king, to see ladies fair. This darling Bische, the king's intimate friend, had the *entrée* night and day; the *sergens* and *huissiers* had orders always to admit him, orders extended to none besides. He was the only man for whom the king was ever visible, to whom he was never asleep.

What hindered him from sleeping was the towns on the Somme. From Calais, which at this day was England, the duke of Burgundy could bring the enemy on the Somme in two days' time; their quarters were ready, the

in the sovereignty of France, and which I hold not of you." Jacques Du Clercq, l. iv. c. 32.

* "Et velâ un humain prince! velâ un seigneur dont le monde seroit heureux de l'avoir tel! Que benoit soit-il et tous ceux qui l'aiment! Et que n'est tel notre roi et ainsi humain, qui ne se vête que d'une pauvre robe grise avec un mechant chapelet, et ne hait rien que joie." Chastellain, p. 170.

* He might have been addressed, as Auguste de Thou, whose head Richelieu struck off, was commonly styled, "Your uneasiness," (Talleyrand, i. 418.) It is the true name for the modern spirit.

magazines all stored . . . What hopes were there that he would ever surrender this sword? Who would dare to counsel him to part with such a weapon, to loose this strong hold he had on the kingdom? . . . The king did not despair; he applied to son, to favorite, tried the sire de Croy, the count de Charolais. He offered and gave enormously of lands, pensions, offices of trust. From the moment of his accession he named Croy grand-master of his hotel, placing in his hands the key of his house, in order to win the key of France, hazarding almost the king for the enfranchisement of the kingdom. As to the count de Charolais, he led him to make a triumphal progress through the central districts,* assigned him an hotel† in Paris, with a fat pension of thirty-six thousand livres, went so far as to give him (titularly, at least) the government of Normandy, and flattered his vanity with a royal entry into Rouen.‡

This grand domestic affair of the realm could only ripen slowly; behooved to wait. But there were other neighboring affairs which held out a prospect of gain.

The house of Anjou took upon itself to continue, in this wise fifteenth century, the heroic follies of the middle age. The world talked only of the brother and the sister, of John of Calabria and of Margaret of Anjou, of their famous exploits, though ever ending in defeats—the sister dragging on her pacific spouse into twenty battles, erecting scaffolds in the name of a saint, setting her heart upon recovering his kingdom for him in his own despite . . . the brother, claiming four or five kingdoms for himself alone, Jerusalem, Naples, Sicily, Catalonia, and Aragon; a restless, sanguine spirit, invited everywhere, everywhere expelled, running, penniless and without resources, from one adventure to another . . . Louis XI. appeared to take an interest in these romantic wars, which he expected to turn to account. Knights and paladins pleased the man of business as *prodigals*, out of whom fine profits were to be made. On every side there was the chance of gain by their means. Genoa was so charming a position on the side of Italy, Perpignan so excellent a barrier on that of Spain; but, suppose Calais taken!

* The king went so far as to allow him to exercise the privilege of granting pardon. Passing through Troyes, the count de Charolais grants letters of grace to Pierre Servant, who the day before had killed his brother-in-law. *Archives du Royaume. J. Registre*, 198, no. 81.

† The hôtel de Nesle. *Archives du Royaume, Mémoires de la Chambre des Comptes*, iii. 420, September 18th, 1461.

‡ On the 19th December, 1461, he is met, in pursuance of orders sent by the king, and escorted into the city by a numerous deputation of the notables. And he is presented with three puncheons of wine, one being Burgundy, another Paris wine, and the third white wine of Beaune; as well as with three pieces of cloth, one scarlet, another pearl-gray, and the third gray, all of Rouen manufacture. *Archives de Rouen*, vol. vii. fol. 197. Wine was only offered to the seignior. See, in Chastellain, the indignation excited by the Croys' exacting a donative of wine at Valenciennes.

Calais would be too great a stroke of fortune—'twas almost beyond the possibility of hope. For the haughty Margaret to sell this brightest diamond of the crown, to betray England, she must, through misery or fury, lose her senses . . . Louis XI. thought this happy moment come. Margaret's party had just been exterminated at Towton, and she had no resources left save abroad.

The battle of Towton had not been, like the others, a rencounter between the barons on either side, but a real battle, the bloodiest, perhaps, ever fought in England. Thirty-six thousand seven hundred and seventy-six corpses strewed the field of battle.* This carnage is sufficient proof that in this engagement the people fought on their own account; not so much for York or Lancaster, as each for himself. The year before, Margaret, to crush her enemy, had summoned to war and plunder the bandits of the *Border*, the hungry Scotch,† who, in an inroad they made from York up to the walls of London, laid hands on every thing, even on the sacramental plate. On this, the powerful England of the south, with all who had property to lose, rose up and marched upon the north, with Edward and Warwick at their head. They all preferred death to being plundered a second time. Quarter was neither given nor taken; yet was it Passion-Week . . . The weather was that of a true English spring—frightful; the snow fell so thick as to blind the combatants, who had to grope each other out for slaughter. They continued their bloody work conscientiously all day long, all night, all the following day. The one fixed idea, our *home and property* in danger, kept them to the business in hand. At last, as the shades of evening fell, the followers of the bleeding Rose, as their arms failed them, descried another large battalion of pale Roses, and knew that they were doomed men; they retreated slowly, but retreated into a river,—the Cock flowed behind them.

Edward was king. From this moment he who had made him king, Warwick, trusting little to his gratitude, turned his eyes abroad, and began to calculate whether serving him or selling him would be the most lucrative.

Louis XI. entertained a sincere esteem for tricksters, at least, for such as succeeded; he seems to have been attached to Warwick, that is, after his fashion, just as he was attached to Sforza. According to all appearance, the Englishman received solid proofs of this friendship. Whoever shall search Warwick castle

* Hall, p. 256. Turner, vol. iii. p. 231.

† The partisans of Henry VI. would seem to have endeavored to throw the odium of this appeal to the Scots on the duke of York's party. The privy council writes in Henry's name that the king has received information "that the men of the North, outrageous and not to be restrained, are hastening for your destruction and the overthrow of your country." Rot. Parl. vol. v. pp. 307-310, Jan. 28th, 1461.

"from turret to foundation stone," may chance to find evidence that Louis XIth's treasures contributed to raise that regal structure. And one is the more tempted to believe this, when knowing the little uneasiness the monarch felt at the immense armament England was fitting out against him—two hundred vessels, fifteen thousand men. Henry V. had hardly had greater means for the conquest of France. The king was informed long beforehand of the day on which Warwick would order the fleet to sail.* So he took to travel at his ease all over the south, without any misgiving as to plunging an army into Catalonia, and leisurely carried into effect his great stroke on Roussillon.†

A tragedy was being enacted in Spain, which, as it promised to be lucrative, must have charmed Louis XI. The world had wept at it, and whole peoples had rushed to arms, moved by indignation and by pity. A father who had taken a second wife, Don Juan of Aragon, to please the stepmother, had disinherited his son,‡ Don Carlos of Viana, heir to the throne of Navarre, and had cast him into prison, where he died of grief, if not of poison. The poor prince, who was but little pitied while alive, was mourned dead; and the Catalans heard his spirit by night in the streets of Barcelona. All hearts were arrayed against the wicked father, who saw "the very stones rise up and bear witness against him" The wretched man was struck with dread; he called in the French, and then, taking alarm at the French, invited the English to oppose them. His son-in-law, the count de Foix, who, with all his great hopes from Spain, had, nevertheless, up to this moment all his property in France, had no other to whom to apply but the king, without whose aid he could not hope to win his inheritance on the other side of the mountains, so he apprized Louis XI., who turned the information to his own account. The Catalans, privily encouraged,§ sent him to state that Don

Carlos of Viana, persecuted by his father, just as he himself had been by Charles VII., besought him with his dying breath to have pity on them, and take them under his protection. The king accepted the pious legacy, and declared that he would protect his old friend's subjects from and against all.

The match was well begun; only advances were necessary, an army and money, money that very moment. As the first fruits of the new reign it behooved to lay on taxes, and this at the very moment that all good folk, full of hope, were saying that no more demands were to be made on the subject; at the very moment, too, that the duke of Burgundy was solemnly praying the king to spare the poor commonalty, though at the same time demanding heavy pensions for the great.

Put to his shifts, the king availed himself of the approaching vintage, and laid a tax on wines, to be levied at the gates of each city. Reims, Angers, and other cities, refused to credit the authenticity* of the edict, maintaining it to be a forgery; and at Reims the vine-dressers, the lower orders, and children,† plundered the tax-gatherers of their receipts, and burnt the registers and benches of the assessors. The king quietly introduced soldiers in disguise into the city, executed justice, and then sold pardon. He pardoned when some had lost their ears, and others their heads, not to mention those who had been hanged, and who still hang on the steeple of the cathedral, where their sad images, with the registers round their necks, were placed at the expense of the city in commemoration of the royal mercy.‡

A tax on wines, and a tax, too, which could not be rigidly levied, was a poor resource. The towns were not rich; the country belonged to the great barons and holders of fiefs. The clergy alone could furnish means. Instead of wrangling with the beneficed clergy for some pitiful donative, the king bethought himself of laying hand on the benefices, and of coming to an understanding with the pope to share the

* The expedition had been resolved upon on the 13th of February. On the 20th of March, Warwick obtains powers of the amplest kind; for instance, he is empowered to treat with any place along the whole French coast, either to draw ransom or tribute from it. "*Auctoritatem quancunque loca appatissandi . . .*" he is empowered to take a fort or raze it to the ground, without fear of being called to any account. Rymer, t. v. (3d ed.) p. 110, March 20th, 1462.

† Bring the business to conclusion before the earl of Warwick puts to sea, which will be the first day of May." See a letter of Louis XI. to the count de Foix, written previously to the expedition into Roussillon. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. 2.*

‡ And what a son! One of the most amiable of Spaniards, who ever testified respect towards his father even when compelled to resist him, and who, had his partisans allowed him, would have renounced his claims on Navarre, as he refused the throne of Naples, forgetting the world with his Homer and his Plato, in a monastery at the foot of Etna. He was a poet, the friend of the poets of the day, translated Aristotle's Ethics, and wrote a chronicle of Navarre. Prescott, History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. i. pp. 141-149. Mr. Prescott has availed himself of numerous manuscript authorities.

§ The king seems to acknowledge the fact, for he writes to the Catalans: "Before the receipt of your letters, we had

dispatched to you our loved and trusty counsellor and master of our hotel . . . one of our servants in whom we repose the greatest confidence, as some of you are already aware." October, 1461. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. 2.* It is probable that when informed by Juan II., in September, of the death of his son, Louis entertained hopes of laying hands on all the Catalan states, but that, subsequently, he wisely restricted his views to Roussillon.

* See the very naïve account of this in the letters of grace Ordonnances, xv. 297-301, Dec. 1461.

† "A tailor affixed a paper to the door of the receiver general's house, stating that if the executions did not stop, all the citizens' country-houses should be burnt down." From the other depositions it appears that children did all, that it was they who burnt the benches and papers of the assessors, and pillaged the receiver's hotel. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, c. i.* 1461, September. This reminds me of the fantastical but sinister countenances of the boys buffeting the Saviour, in the Coronation tapestry at Reims.

(Lads from ten or twelve to sixteen years of age, have been the beginners of all revolutionary movements in Paris from time immemorial, and conspicuously so in the three days of July.) TRANSLATOR.

‡ See the MSS. de Rogier, and the Preuves appended to M. Varin's learned history.

nominations between them,* and he boldly suppressed the Pragmatic act and the influence of the nobles over elections by a simple letter. He reckoned on the pope's commissioning a legate to him,† by whose aid he might dispose of benefices,‡ and use them to discharge his debts and satisfy his servants, paying, for instance, his chancellor with a bishopric, his president with an abbey, and occasionally, a captain with a cure or a canonry.

The abolition of the Pragmatic was quite a comedy. The king, in parliament, in presence of the count de Charolais and the nobles of the kingdom, declared that the dreadful Pragmatic act, that war on the holy see, weighed too heavily on his conscience, and that he would no longer hear it named even. Then he displayed the bull annulling it, which he read devoutly, looked at it admiringly, kissed,§ and said he would always keep it in a golden coffer.

He had paved the way for this hypocritical farce by another; an impious and a tragic one, in which the wickedness of his heart had but too plainly appeared. He believed, or pretended to believe, that his father was damned for the promulgation of the Pragmatic act, and wept over his poor soul.|| The deceased, his body scarcely cold, was exposed at St. Denys to the public insult of a pontifical absolution; and, whether he would or not, the legate pronounced it over his tomb¶—a grave act which pointed out to the simple people as damned beforehand all who had had any share in the Pragmatic act. Now these were almost all the great and the prelates of the kingdom, all those who had been nominated to benefices under its operation, all the souls who for twenty years had received spiritual food from a clergy sullied with schism. To create a more general ferment would have been difficult.

The parliament protested; Paris was in a state of excitement. On the other hand, the duke of Burgundy took his departure exceedingly ill-pleased.** The king seemed to have

made a laughing-stock of him, had thanked, expressed, oppressed him—with thanks, but nothing more.* He paid him the honor of allowing him to nominate twenty-four counsellors to the parliament, but not one took his seat. He granted him a free transit trade from one frontier to the other, but the parliament did not register the edict. He pardoned Alençon at his request, but kept as security Alençon's castles and family. Thus, the magnificent duke, as the sole result of his crusade of Reims and Paris, had the honor alone. To honor him still more, the captain of the Bastille followed him after his departure in a great hurry, in order to present him in the king's name with the keys of the fort; it was rather late.

The duke of Burgundy had remained long enough to see his enemies,† the Liegeois, visit Paris, and the king treat with them. These rude burghers had treated Louis XI. but indifferently while dauphin, and, on his accession, he had denounced them in no measured terms, and even dispatched troops in their direction; he only meant to show them his power, that he had long arms. The Liegeois liked him all the better, and sent envoys to Paris, who were received with marked distinction. The king professed himself their gossip, and declared that he would protect them from and against all.

These encroachments on the house of Bur-

ville de Paris, deux jours avant le parlement du Roi, M. de Montauban et le bastard d'Armagnac, estoient de plain jour en une allée derrière l'eschançonnerie Ledit de Montauban dit: Ces Bourguignons cuident le Roy, ainsi qu'ils l'ont gouverné par de là, mais non feront. Et en outre dirent que le duc de Bourgogne n'avoit que M. de Ch[arolais] et que pourroit avenir telle chose qu'ils ne seroient pas si grand maîtres Et incontinent appelèrent M^e Jehan Bureau auquel ils dirent: Venez ça; nous autres, bons nous avons conclu Et il leur répondit: Vraiment oui, je serai."

(In Paris, two days before the assembling of the king's parliament, M. de Montauban and the bastard d'Armagnac, happened to be one noon, in an alley behind the assay office. . . . The said Montauban said, "These Burgundians think to have . . . the king, as they have governed him till now, but they will not." And they further said that the duke of Burgundy had only M. de Ch. (arolais.) and that it might happen they would not have it all their own way. . . . And they forthwith called to M. Jean Bureau, "Come here, my good fellow . . . we have made up our minds." . . . And he answered, "Certainly, I'll be . . .") *Rapport de Jean le Deneis dit Trasignies, soit-disant écuyer, etc. Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. i. Sept. 1461.*

* Did he give him up the Maronnais and the Auxerrois? did he pay him the old debts, as some assert? I prefer the authority of Chastellain, who expressly states that he only gave promises.

† Let us see whether they had reason to be so: "Our bishop was invited by duke Philip to the Hague . . . whither he repaired in good state, and was received by the duke after the fashion of the court, and after remaining some space, enjoying himself, without hearing of any business, he asked permission to return to Liege, which was refused, and he was constrained, before he was allowed to depart, to swear to resign his bishopric in favor of Louis de Bourbon." *Chronique MS. de Jean de Stavelot, ann. 1455, no. 183, de la Bibliothèque de Liège.* Another manuscript in the same library states that Heinsberg, "resigned in favor of the noble lord Louis de Bourbon, who was a fine young man; some days afterwards he wept bitterly on thinking what he had done, then returned to Liege: but when the commune knew what he had done, they were in great distress, and mourned it exceedingly . . . and they asked him wherefore he had done it, and whether he had been constrained. But he answered that he had done it of his own accord." *Bibl. de Liège, MS. 180, fol. 152.*

* The king also hoped that Pius II. would help him to recover Genoa, but all he got from that witty pontiff was a sword that had received his benediction, and four complimentary verses.

† The cardinal bishop of Arras, in order to determine the king to annul the Pragmatic act, "promised him that the pope would commission a legate to France, to nominate to benefices." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. i.*

‡ Pius II. wrote to him, "If the prelates and universities desire any thing of us, they must address themselves to you." *Pii Secundi Epist. Oct. 2d, 1461.*

§ Also that he would disseminate copies all over France: "Tuas literas . . . admiratur et osculatur . . . Intra thesauros suos in aurea arcuula recludi jussit, exemplariaque per Galliam totam disseminari." Letter from the cardinal of Arras to the pope, Nov. 1461. *Legrand.*

|| "Et sy dict-on qu'il pleura moult tendrement." *Jacques du Clerc, l. iv. c. 32.*

¶ In quo non modo defuncti cineres infamavit, quatenus in se erant, ac sepulchrum, sed et universam pene Gallicanum Ecclesiam hac ignominia percutebat. Amelgardus, quoted in the *Libertez de l'Eglise Gallicane, Preuves, l. 140. Compare Bibl. Roy. Amelgard MSS., nos. 5962-5963.*

** The partners of his exile seem to have agreed with Bureau and others to shake off the Burgundians:

"Les compagnons de l'exil semblent s'être entendus avec Bureau et autres pour éconduire les Bourguignons: En la

gundy would, probably, drive it into an alliance with that of Brittany, and there were not wanting agents who busied themselves with bringing this about, even under the king's own eyes. Louis could devise no other means of hindering this than by nominating the duke of Brittany his lieutenant for eight months, (during his progress in the south,) in the provinces betwixt the Seine and Loire; this was placing in the duke's hands half of that Normandy, the whole of which he had pretended to make over to the count of Charolais.

He employed similar means to embroil the houses of Bourbon and Anjou; giving Guyenne, which he withdrew from the duke of Bourbon, to the count of Maine, René of Anjou's brother, and, the count being little to be feared, he placed Languedoc as well in his hands. All this was merely as far as the title and the honor went; for the power he conceived that he had himself secured, being certain of the great cities of the plain, Toulouse and Bordeaux, having purchased the friendship of the two houses of the mountain, Armagnac and Foix, and, finally, having stationed in Guyenne and Comminges a creature of his own, who only lived through him, the bastard d'Armagnac.

All being thus prepared, before he commenced his operations in the south he began by the true beginning, by God and his saints, interesting them in his affairs, giving them a share in his success beforehand, through the medium of splendid offerings, which testified to the whole world the devotion of the most Christian king—offerings to St. Petronilla of Rome towards building a church, offerings to St. James in Galicia, offerings to St. Sauveur of Redon, and to our Lady of Boulogne. Our Lady was not ungrateful, as we shall see hereafter.

The places of pilgrimage in Brittany, the resort of such large and devout multitudes, had a marvellous attraction for Louis XI. Lying, most of them, on the *marches* of France, they afforded him an opportunity of prying all about, to the great terror of the duke of Brittany. Sometimes, it was St. Michel-en-Grève's that he would visit, sometimes St. Sauveur's of Redon. This time, he repaired from Redon to Nantes, and the duke feared that he intended carrying off the dowager duchess of Brittany, marrying her, and so robbing him of his inheritance.*

Yet, how mistrust him! The pilgrim travelled almost unattended, not wishing to have his devotions broken in upon. On his departure, (Dec. 10th,) he had ridded himself somewhat rudely of his subjects' love,† by having it

proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that none were to follow the king under pain of death. He wished to journey to return thanks to his patron, St. Sauveur of Redon, who had protected him in his hour of adversity,* in the same poor plight which he had then been in; as a poor man, with five poor servants, meanly dressed like himself, and all six having large paternosters of wood round their necks. If his guard followed him, it was at a distance; at a distance followed also cannons and culverins,† peaceably, noiselessly, under the command of Jean Bureau, the good master of accounts. The whole array filed off to the south. The king was always in motion. From Nantes, he took a fancy to go to the little republic of Rochelle. At Rochelle, he felt a desire to see Bordeaux, a fine city; but, as he was viewing it from the Gironde, he was himself descried by an English vessel, which, luckily, could not follow his boat among the shallows. In order to see and know all by himself, he hazarded all.

On his road, from Tours as far as Bayonne, he went on, conferring, enlarging the franchises of the towns, caressing the burgesses, ennobling the consuls and *échevins*; to all, showing himself kind and easy.‡ The men of Guyenne, treated by Charles VII. almost as Englishmen, had reason to be surprised at the goodness of Louis XI. On his accession, he had invited their notables, had repaired among themselves, apparently put himself in their hands, and reinstated Bordeaux in all its liberties. Moreover, he said that it was unfair that Toulouse should be the assize town for Bordeaux, and that it was his pleasure that Bordeaux should be the assize town for all Guyenne, Saintonge, the Angoumois, the Quercy, and Limousin. He erected Bayonne into a free port. He recalled the count de Candale, Jean de Foix, who had been banished as the friend of the English, and restored him his possessions.

Having thus secured his rear, he could commence serious operations against Spain. He had already opened negotiations, on his journey, with the king of Aragon's son-in-law, the count de Foix, and had taken earnest. The father-in-law, a prey to the fears of his own guilty conscience, prevaricated, invited, then

* "In consideration of the great devotion we have ever paid to my lord St. Sauveur, to whom we have prayed daily, up to this hour, and whose aid we have besought in all our affairs!" *Archives du Royaume, J. Registre*, 191-198, October 14th, 1461.

† A formidable park, to judge by the inventory drawn up the following year—*Inventaire de l'artillerie du Roy et Déclaration des Lieux où elle est de présent, fait en Aoust*, 1463:—And, firstly, at Paris, bombards. The large iron bombard, named Paris, the greatest range in the world, the bombards of the dauphiness, of la Reulle, of London, of Montereau, the volley Medea, the volley of Jason Cannon; La Hyre, (of one piece of iron,) Flavy, Boniface, (of two pieces of iron,) &c., &c. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Egrand, Preuves*, c. 1, August, 1463.

‡ This easiness of his fills from one hundred to two hundred folio pages in the *Recueil des Ordonnances*, and yet numbers of the favors he lavished in the course of this tour have not been inserted in the collection. *Ordonnances xv* pp. 137, 212, 332, 360—458, 649, &c. &c.

* At least, by giving it to a prince of Savoy, whom he wished to make use of. Legrand persists in doubting this, for the honor of Louis XI., despite Lobineau, xviii. 678, and despite D. Morice, xii. 78.

† Que nul, sus peine de mort, ne s'avanchast de le sieuvr. Chastellain, p. 189.

dismissed the French, and threatened them with an English invasion. To bring the matter to an end, Louis wrote sternly to the son-in-law,—That he was aware of all, that the English were laughing at him, that even if they did land they would not stay, while the king of France “will ever be near to punish. . . . You must bring your father-in-law to a decision; he is not to put us off until the earl of Warwick is at sea. . . . However, the earl of Warwick cannot interfere with our plans; all our artillery is at Réole.”

He kept still advancing, and the more he advanced, the more did the Catalans, encouraged by him, coerce their king, who was at last driven to despair.* The stepmother had thrown herself, with her children, into Girona, where she was besieged and starved out. Don Juan was now compelled to proceed to a conference with Louis,† (May 3d;) when he pledged to him, for his aid, Roussillon, which was not his, but which belonged to the Catalans. The atrocious part of this compact was, that in order to escape the punishment of a first crime, the murderer committed another; after having killed his son, he killed his daughter, placing her in the hands of his daughter by the second marriage, the countess of Foix. Poor Blanche, who stood next in succession to Don Carlos to the kingdom of Navarre, was taken by her father to marry, as he said, Louis XI.'s brother: she married a dungeon in the keep of Orthez, where her sister soon poisoned her.

The Aragonese did not yet despair of duping Louis—of having the succor, without depositing the pledge. But the king, who knew his man, did nothing without gage in hand. “Marshal,” he wrote, “above all, demand Perpignan and Colioure of the king of Aragon; if he refuse, go and take them.”‡

It was thus that Roussillon was acquired. The prey was in his grasp, and the king returned to the north, where at last the famous English fleet shook out its sails. It had waited until king Louis had leisure to pay attention to it. From the Downs he descried it, coasting along, and did the office of its courier by land into Normandy, and as far as Poitou. All along the coast, the towns were prepared, garrisoned, and every one under arms. The English, seeing the completeness of the preparations, thought it prudent to remain at sea.§

* One of Louis XIth's captains draws a little afterwards a sad picture of the distress of the Aragonese, even after the succors sent:—“I give you my faith it is pitiful to see them; so downcast they are, and, for the most part, on foot. You are in a fair way to have king, queen, and sons on your hands, if you don't look to it.” Garguesalle's letter to the king of France, *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand*, c. 2, Nov. 15th, 1462.

† See with regard to these transactions Zurita, *Anales de la Corona d'Aragon*, xvii. 39, et seq.

‡ He adds:—“I would that it had cost me ten thousand crowns, so that I had possession of the two castles, and the king of Aragon had kept to the conditions, and that you were here safe and sound.” *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand*, c. 1, August 14th, 1462.

§ *Ibidem*, *Hist. v.* 31. Not a word of this in Lingard or in Turner.

Only Warwick, in order that it might not be said that he had done nothing, landed, and did some small damage near Brest. Of the whole of this storm, which was to have crushed Louis XI., that portion which did fall, fell upon the duke of Brittany. The Bretons entertained a bitter animosity against the English for this.

A letter written by the king about this period, after his capture of Roussillon, breathes all the savage joy of the hunter; not a word about Warwick, who, apparently, gave him very little uneasiness:—“I am off, tolerably loaded; I have not lost my labor; I have not spared myself, and so must indemnify myself for all the fatigue I have gone through, and take my pleasure! . . . The queen of England has landed.”* . . .

The taking his pleasure would have been the recovery of Calais; to have recovered it, at least, by English hands, in the name of Henry VI. and of Margaret. The afflicted queen of England, sick of shame and thirst for vengeance, had, since her great defeat, followed the king everywhere, to Bordeaux, to Chinon, beseeching succor. She had nothing to expect from her father or her brother, who were just losing Italy. This Louis XI. was perfectly aware of, and so turned a deafer ear than ever to her prayers, suffering her to wear herself out† . . . What had she to give? Nothing but honor and hope. For the sake of a small sum, she promised that if ever she recovered Calais, she would appoint its captain an Anglo-Gascon, devoted to the king, and who, in default of payment, would give up the pledge to the lender.‡ No doubt, when signing this Shylock's bond, this gambler's last desperate stake, she felt that she was arraying against her her friends as well as her conscience, that she was perishing, and, what is worse, that she deserved to perish.

Although forcing from Margaret this pledge against the English, the king had no wish to

* This is in a letter to the admiral, to whom he also writes: . . . “Directly you receive my letters come to Amboise, where you will find me . . . I pray you to make speed, I want to consult you on our plans . . . I am off on Tuesday, and well provided. If you have any thing particularly noticeable to bring to market, show your wares, for I assure you, &c. &c.” *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand*, c. 2, 1642.

† “J'ay appris de vous, monsieur, qu'il faut manger les viandes lorsqu'elles sont mortifiées, et profiter sur les hommes, quand ils sont attendris par leurs misères.” (I have learned from you, sir, that meat should be eaten when mortified, (that is, kept so as to be tender,) and that advantage should be taken of men when mortified by their miseries.) D'Aubigné, *Confession de Sancy*, l. ii. c. 9.

‡ This Anglo-Gascon was Jean de Foix, count of Candale, whom Louis XI. had just bought. The deed, pledging Calais, is in our Archives:—“We, Margaret, queen . . . acknowledge the receipt . . . of twenty thousand livres (libras) . . . for repayment of which . . . we pledge our city and castle of Calais . . . As soon as the king of England shall recover the aforesaid town . . . he shall appoint to the captaincy our well-beloved brother, the count of Pembroke; or our beloved cousin, John of Foix, earl of Kendal, who will swear and promise to deliver the aforesaid town into the hands . . . of our kinsman of France within year.” *Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 648, 2 June 23d, 1462.

embroil himself with England or with his good friend Warwick. He gave nothing to Margaret; he lent, and how much? Twenty thousand livres, a charitable dole from the nephew to the aunt—he made, it is true, Brittany give her sixty thousand crowns. He did not spare her a soldier; she might levy men, if she liked. And whom did she employ to levy an army?—no other than the man who passed for the king's enemy, M. de Brézé, heretofore grand seneschal of Normandy, who was but just out of prison. Without any mission, merely as an adventurer, he led an expedition of Norman nobles and mariners into Scotland. It was altogether a Norman and Scotch, scarcely a French affair; and if Brézé chose to go and get himself knocked on the head, the king washed his hands of the matter.*

French or not, the thing took place just pat for France. While England poured her forces northward, and Margaret, wound up to desperation, rushed to be killed or taken, the king seized Calais. He intimidated the English garrison, who had no prospect of succor, showed them Margaret's signature, and so supplied them with a legal excuse for surrender, (a point of great weight in all English transactions;) and, above all, he put forward and threw into the place his Anglo-Gascon, who was one of themselves, and who, either friendly or forcibly, would have made himself their captain, either for Louis XI. or for Henry VI.

For full success, one thing was wanting. This was, that Louis should have got Dutch ships to blockade Calais, as Charles VII. had done to blockade Bordeaux. He asked the duke of Burgundy for some; but the duke had no desire to embroil himself with the house of York, and gave a point blank refusal.

The game was up. Not only did the king miss Calais; but the having hoped for it only, the having believed that Warwick, who was at the time its captain for the house of York, would suffer it to be surprised, must have compromised that equivocal personage, already obnoxious to suspicion from his abortive cruise,† and still more so on account of a brother and uncle‡ of his, both bishops, one of whom maintained relations with Brézé. Warwick could

only clear himself by a war, a successful war; and managed the matter by his usual means.* Brézé, having lost some of his vessels and burned the rest, had thrown himself into a fortified place until he could be relieved by Douglas and Somerset. Warwick tampered with them skilfully. He bought Douglas.† He gained over (for which the devil must have wrought a miracle) Lancaster himself against Lancaster, I mean Somerset, who belonged to that branch, and who had an interest in defending it, since through it he had pretensions to the crown; won him over to fight against his own rights, his honor, and the banner which he had borne for forty years. The wretched man subsequently went back to his old party, and paid for his tergiversations with the loss of his head.

The French king's affairs were going on badly. He had provoked England, missed Calais. His feeblest enemies took heart, even down to the king of Aragón. Roussillon became Spanish again, and obliged Louis to hasten thither in person, when he retook Perpignan,‡ and intimidated the Aragonese, who soon sent offers of submission. The king threaten-

* According to a letter written by Edward's friend, lord Hastings, to M. de Lannoy, (one of the Croys,) the campaign was carried through quite in heroic fashion. The letter is light and boastful, altogether in the style of Shakspeare's Hastings. Margaret, he states, came with all Scotland at her back, and to repulse her the earl of Warwick was enough "with the marchers only . . . the Scotch king took to flight, and the said Margaret, without tarrying, beyond the sea, with her captain, sire Piers de Brézé . . . Nor was my sovereign lord at all alarmed, taking his pleasure the while in the chase, without any doubt or misgiving . . ." He goes on to say that Montagu, Warwick's brother, has entered Scotland, "and has committed greater havoc upon them than has been known for many years back, so that I nothing doubt that they will repent even to the day of judgment." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. 2, August 7th, 1463.*

† With regard to the rivalry between the two great heads of clans, between Douglas, all powerful in the south, and the lord of the isles in the north, the former allied with Lancaster, the latter with York, see Pinkerton, vol. i. p. 216; read, also, *Les Instructions à messire Guillaume de Menepenny, de ce qu'il a à dire à tres-haut très puissant chrestien prince, le Roy de France, de par l'Evesque de Saint-Andrieu en Ecosse*, (Instructions from the bishop of St. Andrew's, Scotland, to my lord William Moneyppenny, to guide him in his negotiations with the most high and powerful prince, the king of France.) The bishop expressly says that he brought about the affiancing of the daughter of the king of Scotland with Henry Vth's son, "almost in the teeth of all the great barons of the realm, who asserted that to please the king of France I was born to ruin the kingdom of Scotland . . . King Henry desired, for his personal safety, to come to my place of St. Andrew's, where he was well received, according to my poor power . . . and all this I did to him in honor of the most Christian king of France . . . who had most graciously written to me and requested my good offices, though I well knew the said king Henry had no means of recompensing me . . . And, after all these things, we have heard that the said most Christian king of France has concluded peace with the said king Edward, without the said kingdom's having been included in the treaty." —*Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze, no. 475.*

‡ The king had the inhabitants suspected of beginning the revolt sent to him. He writes:—"You can give notice to such as you suspect, and forthwith send them to me under pretence of sending them to clear themselves . . . and, also, such heads of the people as shall be engaged in trade . . . and be not ashamed to send them to me, be they chamberers or men of disrepute, under pretext of their coming to clear themselves." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. 2, 1463.*

* Chastellain is fairly caught. He believes that the king "sent him, as Peleus sent Jason to Colchos, to get rid of him." Chastellain, p. 201, c. 73.

† It seems as if Edward IV. intended to mark his distrust of Warwick, by his having created, on Warwick's return from this expedition, a lord high-admiral of the kingdom. Rymer, v. 110, July 30th, 1462.

‡ This worthy bishop, anxious, as he said, to labor at the canonization of St. Osmond, had obtained a passport allowing him to enter Normandy for the purpose of inquiry into the birth and life of the saint. He met at an appointed spot, Doucereau, M. de Brézé's confidential secretary and his agent in England, who having been taken at the battle of Northampton, had remained some time a prisoner, and was returning by way of Calais. The bishop, having sworn him to secrecy on the Gospels, told him that the English had no faith in the duke of Burgundy, that they would prefer alliance with the king, &c. Report made by Doucereau, quoted by *Légrand, Histoire, l. v. pp. 12-14, MS. de la Bibl. Royale.*

ed, in concert with Castile, to settle the affairs of Spain at his expense, and spoke of occupying Navarre.* He had, indeed, bought, man by man, all the counsellors of Henry the Impotent, king of Castile, whom they brought to meet him within the French territory, on this side of the Bidassoa. It was a strange sight: the two kings were beheld from the whole plain, encamped on an eminence, the Impotent surrounded with incredible pomp and splendor, attended by his grandees, and by his brilliant and barbarous Moresco guard; and, by his side, wrapped up in his gray cloak, sat the king of France, allotting out kingdoms, (April 23d, 1463.)

The envoys of England, Milan, and Burgundy, waited with curiosity to see how he would extricate himself from his Spanish entanglement. He managed it by a division. It was by a division that he had desired to finish the affair of Naples,† and that he concluded that of Catalonia by detaching Roussillon. This time, it was Navarre of which he struck off a slice, giving part of it to Castile. Navarre protested against being dismembered; Aragon cried out at not having all; how much more the count de Foix, who had so largely promoted the king's interests in the affair of Roussillon. Now, to the great astonishment of every one, Louis XI. did not seem to set any store by Roussillon, but he handed it over to the count de Foix—on parchment, be it understood; leaving him, by way of amusing him, the enjoyment of a fine slice of Languedoc.‡

He was in a paroxysm of marvellous generosity. He exempted Dauphiny from the game laws, and granted Toulouse, which had suffered from a conflagration, exemption from all taxes for a hundred years.§ Proceeding to Bordeaux, he granted Dammartin, who came to throw himself at his feet,|| his life; and, more surprising still, made a present of Savona

and of Genoa* to an enemy, to him who was expelling the house of Anjou from Italy,† to him who was keeping the patrimony of the Visconti from the house of Orléans—to Sforza; allowing him, besides, to redeem Asti from the aged Charles of Orléans, son of Valentina. This was closing Italy against himself, at the same time that he seemed to be shutting himself out from Spain. And all this he did of his own head, without consulting anybody: his counsellors were in despair.

And yet nothing could be more in accordance with reason.

Affairs were on the eve of a crisis in the north. England, Burgundy, and Brittany‡ seemed on the point of forming an alliance. The king had to turn his back on the south; to confine himself to Roussillon on the side of the Pyrenees, on that of the Alps to secure Savoy, which he had long been tampering with, and to manage that the duke of Milan should not meddle with it. Sforza was to acknowledge himself his vassal for Genoa and Savona, and to lend him his celebrated Lombard cavalry. The king had need of the friendship of the Italian tyrant, at a moment when he was apparently fated himself to perish or to turn tyrant.

He thus took his course vigorously, and con-

did not give up his cause as hopeless, and would not leave the field clear for his enemies. Instead of repaire to Germany he went back to his prison, and waited.

* An agent of Sforza's, who had advanced as far as Vienne in Dauphiny, to receive the news from Spain, writes him word on the 10th of May that the king of Castile has left the French king somewhat suddenly, but that all is not broken off; that Louis XI., notwithstanding the affairs of Naples, is not unlikely to treat with the duke of Milan, and even to cede him Savona; that the duke ought as soon as possible to disavow all relations with Philip of Savoy, and to secure the marshal of Burgundy's interest with the king . . . May 10th, 1463. By the 28th, we find that Sforza follows this advice. In November (the 21st) he writes, praying the duke of Burgundy and Croy to give him their good word with the king in the affair of Asti; on the 21st and 23d, he writes to the king himself, that being under so many obligations for Genoa and Savona, he will give the duke of Orléans two hundred thousand crowns for Asti, but must have time to pay it in. On the 22d of December, Sforza's ambassador informs him that he had received the investiture for Genoa and Savona from the king the day before. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. 2.*

† The best view of the state of Italy at this period is to be gleaned from the Commentaries of Pius II. See, above all, the passage in which the pope explains so clearly to Cosmo di Medicis why Florence would do wrong to assist the French against Ferdinand the Bastard, who was infinitely less dangerous to Italian independence. Cosmo, old, gouty, and egotistical, willingly resigns himself to inactivity, and ends by asking the cardinal's hat for his nephew. *Gobellini Commentarii, l. iv. p. 96.*

‡ Such are the report and belief of master William Money-penny: "The Scotch ambassadors say that the duke of Brittany asked (the English) whether they would furnish him with six thousand archers in case the king should make war on him, and that he also offered to give king Edward and his army free passage through his dominions whenever the English monarch should be inclined to invade France . . . and at last the English have agreed to supply the said duke of Brittany with three thousand archers . . . and the earl Montague is to command one thousand, James Douglas a thousand . . . but earl Montague has refused . . . because his brother, the earl of Warwick, did not choose him to quit England, except . . ." (here is a hiatus in the MS.) He adds the absurd rumor, that Louis XI. being ill-pleased with the Scotch, had said that he would assist the English to subdue them. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze, no. 471.*

* . . . "Will tell them to try to win the king of Aragon's consent to their taking up their quarters (loger) in Navarre . . . If it be not offensive to the king of Aragon, they will endeavor to take up their quarters there." *Memoire pour M.M. les comtes de Foix, de Comminges, sénéchal de Poitou, de Monglat, et autres chefs de guerre, estant en Aragon de par le Roy. Bibl. Royale, Ibidem, c. 1, 1463, (January?)*

† He had proposed a kind of division of the kingdom of Naples between the house of Anjou, the pope's nephew, and the natural son of Alphonso. This combination terrified the duke of Milan, who united himself to the pope, and the two, like true Italians, supported the candidate who seemed the least dangerous, the natural son. This curious fact is mentioned, I think, by Legrand only; but he generally founds himself on public documents. *Ibidem, Histoire, l. iv. p. 52.*

‡ The king pledges Carcassonne to the count of Foix, until he puts him in possession of Roussillon. *Archives, Registre, 139, no. 340, May 23d, 1463.*

§ D. Vaisette, *Hist. du Languedoc, t. v. p. 28.*

|| "Do you wish justice or grace?" said the king.—"Justice."—"Well, I banish you, but give you 1500 gold crowns to enable you to go to Germany." Dammartin had just been condemned to death by the parliament, and some part of his gains or plunder was given up to the heirs of his victim, Jacques Cœur, the rest being secured for himself by the judge and commissioner who tried him, Charles de Melun. Bonamy, *Académie des Inscriptions, Mém. sur Jacques Cœur, xx. 543.* The old *écorceur*, who was a man of nerve,

trary to every one's advice. This boldness of resolution and able generosity, so different from the petty, chicaning policy of the time,* gave him immense weight; he had so much the greater influence in the north. He carried without demur the object he had most at heart, the redemption of the towns on the Somme.

CHAPTER II.

LOUIS XI. REVOLUTION ATTEMPTED BY HIM. A. D. 1462-1464.

For a long time he had been prosecuting this business with intense eagerness, so intense as to frustrate itself and to defeat its object. He alternately flattered and plagued the aged duke, and hurried on the Croys. If the old man should die in their hands either of gout or asthma, all was over; and this was apprehended at one time when the duke, on his return from a visit to Paris, worn out with festivals, banquetings, and playing the young man, fell suddenly ill and took to his bed.† His excellent wife left the *béguinage* in which she resided, to attend on her husband; and the son hastened to nurse the father. So well did they nurse him, that had he not recovered, the Croys would have been lost and the king's interests with them.

The duke had enough to do between his son and Louis XI., both tyrants. The king, discontented as regarded Calais, and impatient for the towns on the Somme, harassed him and rendered him wretched, reviving all the old quarrels about salt-pits and jurisdiction.‡ By this ill-timed show of temper, he compromised

his Flemish friends as he had done his English. One of the Croys came to Paris to complain, and expressed himself in plain terms, as a man who knows himself to be indispensable can do.* The king had the sense to take the lesson in good part, and set about making amends, ceding to the duke the little he had in Luxembourg, though less to the duke than to the Croys, who occupied the places rendered up, either themselves, or by emissaries of their own.

They were rendered all powerful with their old master, by his fear of again falling into the hands of his nurses, his son and his wife; the latter, no doubt, a saint, but, for all her religion and *béguinage*, the mother of the Rash, and descended of violent progenitors, bastards of Portugal or younger sons of Lancaster.† Mother and son seized the moment when the patient, barely convalescent, had not yet recovered his strength of mind, to induce him to consent to the death of a favorite groom of the chamber,‡ who, according to them, had attempted to poison the son. This was only a beginning. The death of the groom was the prelude to other attacks; and, soon, a charge was brought against the count d'Etampes. The Croys saw their turn coming. Luckily for them, their enemy went on too quickly; and the secretary of the count de Charolais was detected on a mission to Holland, endeavoring, secretly, to take advantage of the hatred borne by the Dutch to the Walloon favorites,§ to instigate the towns to choose the son for their seignior in his father's lifetime.||

But the new master was too well known for them easily to leave the old. As soon as the illness of the latter became known, the people testified extreme alarm; and in some towns which the news reached by night, all left their beds, hurried to the churches, where the relics

* It was much admired by the great Sforza, in whose emphatic thanks, however interested his flattery might be, we can discern the serious from the time-serving. The cool, well-balanced mind of the Italian, and as Italian, viewing policy with artistic eye, must have been pleased with the spectacle of so daring an innovation in politics. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, J. 496.

† The duke fell sick, at the latest in January, 1462. On the 11th of March, the town-council of Mons nominates a deputation to felicitate him on his recovery. See a note in M. Guichard's edition of Barante, (the Belgian one,) t. ii. p. 195, founded on the *Archives de Mons, deuxième registre aux résolutions du Conseil de Ville*. However, according to Du Clercq, "It was more than half a year before he was cured, and kept all day the duchess with him, and the said duke allowed her to govern with her said son; and therefore the said duchess left her hermitage." Jacques Du Clercq, l. iv. c. 40.

‡ He waged a sort of petty war upon him on all his frontiers. On the frontier of the County, he prohibited his subjects from purchasing salt at the duke's salt-pits. In Burgundy, he carried on against him with much asperity the old chicanery of the jurisdictions, stealing his subjects from him as *royal bourgeois*. In the North he had royal ordinances proclaimed in the territories which he had ceded to the duke. The president of Burgundy came to lay his complaint before the parliament, and was laughed at to his face: on his persisting, he was thrown into prison, where the poor man would have remained, had not the Burgundians carried off a lieutenant of the bailli of Sens. He was then released, but with an illness of which he died. See the lamentations of the Burgundians, Chastellain, Du Clercq, &c., over these brutal acts of Louis XI.

* "And they say that king Louis said sharply to the lord of Chinay . . . 'What manner of man is the duke of Burgundy; is he of different metal from the other lords and princes of the land?' To which the said lord of Chinay answered—'Yes! the duke was of different metal . . . for he had sheltered, kept, and supported him contrary to the wishes of king Charles his father and of all his subjects' . . . directly the king heard this speech he turned away without a word and withdrew." Du Clercq, c. 42.

† She was daughter of John the Bastard, king of Portugal, and of Philippa, of Lancaster. See, above, p. 193, and also, further on.

‡ He was by birth a serf, a coarse man, and whose very coarseness, no doubt, served to refresh the duke, sick of the insipidity of courts. The count de Charolais threw himself at his father's feet, and besought him to save his only son, whom he accused the poor wretch of seeking to poison. And he not only had him executed, but, strange to say, the individual who had denounced him. See the account given by Chastellain, full of violence and rancor, and marked by a shocking antipathy to the lowborn favorite.

§ The commercial rivalry of the Normans and Bretons had long rendered the Hollanders and Flemings of the maritime districts indisposed to France, and, consequently, to the government of French favorites. See in the MSS. *Legrand, the Response faite aux ambassadeurs de M. de Bourgogne, Juillet, 1450*.

|| Philip the Good manifested his displeasure by transferring the Chamber of Accounts from the Hague to Brussels. *Archives Générales de Belgique; Brabant, no 3, folio 155, Lettre du 24 Mai et 22 Juin, 1463*.

were paraded, and many shed tears. All this was plain proof of the opinion generally entertained of his successor. When the good man, a little recovered, was shown to his people from town to town, the wildest joy was exhibited; bonfires were lighted, and the crowd met and danced as on Midsummer-day. It was time to make haste to dance and laugh; another was about to come, rude and sombre, under whose rule men would be little disposed for laughter. The sick man having lost his hair, was seized with the whimsical wish to see nothing but shaved heads, and, instantly, all shaved themselves. Every one would willingly have grown old to make him young again. This universal affection arose from the consciousness that he belonged to the good old times which were passing away, the times of fêtes and galas which were soon to be forgotten. While still allowed to see this good old puppet of the fair* paraded about, and who would soon disappear from the scene, men thought they saw peace herself, smiling and dying, the peace of the olden time.

How many things hung by this worn-out thread! And, first, the life of the Croys. This, they knew. Certain not to outlive the old man, they followed up their chance like desperate gamblers, and played a close game for life or death with the heir. They no longer wasted their time taking money; but seized arms wherewith to defend themselves, and strongholds where they might take refuge. Their danger forced them to increase their danger, to become guilty; they perished, if they remained loyal subjects of the duke's; but, if they were to become dukes themselves!—if they were to undo, to their own profit, the house which had been the making of them! . . . Indisputably, the dismemberment of the Low Countries, and the formation of a petty Walloon royalty, which, under the king's protection, might have extended itself all along the marches, leaving Holland to the English,† Picardy and Artois to the French, would have been agreeable to all. Certain it is, that the Croys had already all but secured this royalty, for already they were masters of all the marches; of Luxembourg, the German march, of Boulogne and Guines, the English march, and, lastly, of the French march on the Somme. The central point of these possessions, Hainault, the bulky province with twelve peers, was wholly in their hands; and at Valenciennes, they exacted the royal and seignorial present—wine.

They had secured the whole of this in hardly more than two years, windfall after windfall, and, chiefly, through the king's impetuous patronage.* Wafted by his invisible breath, they went on without pausing to respire; borne away as it were by a whirlwind of good fortune. Flying rather than walking, they one morning found themselves on the precipice whence they must either take the leap, or stay themselves, in the absence of all other support, by clutching the cold hand of Louis XI.

At what cost? it was a hand which did nothing gratis. He first required them to speak out, to ask the king's protection, and avow themselves his. This step taken, and retracing their course rendered impossible, he demanded the towns on the Somme, and, as they still raised difficulties and pretended to play the part of honest men, the king soon hit on a means of quieting their scruples. He took advantage of the discontent excited by the new taxes. Artois had been disturbed by a demand made on its states, to vote taxes for ten years.† The towns on the Somme, hitherto spared, caressed, and almost unaccustomed to imposts, marvelled exceedingly at being talked to about money.‡ The choleric and formidable Ghent, no doubt secretly tampered with, would not pay, and took up arms.§ The king managed to gain over (for a time) the principal captain and seignior of the Picard marches, the mortal enemy of the Croys, the count de Saint-Pol; and deputed him, in order to terrify them, to announce to them that he (the king) intended to act as arbiter and judge between the duke and Ghent.

* In 1461, he gives them Guisnes: in 1462, he places in their hands all that he holds in Luxembourg; in 1463, he annexes to Guisnes, Ardre, Angle, and all the count de Guisnes' rights on St. Omer, &c. In the same year he gives them Bar-sur-Aube. *Archives du Royaume, J. Registres*, 198, 199, and *Mémoriaux de la Chambre des Comptes*, iii. 91.

† "He required of the country of Artois, for ten years' consecutively, two tallages yearly, besides the ordinary aid to be taken instead of the gabelle or salt . . . The which request was not granted, but he was allowed to levy only two aids for the said year, half an aid to go to the count de Charolais." *Du Clercq*, i. iv. c. 44.

‡ "The said De Reliac tells me he has been informed that my lord of Burgundy has reimposed the taxes and the fourth in the countries which he holds in gage, and which belong to your crown." *Lettre de l'aveu au Roi*, 31 Octobre, *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*, c. 1.

§ The chroniclers make no mention of this, but the fact is proved by him who was most interested in the matter, and who had probably instigated it, I mean Louis XI. According to his instructions, the count de St. Pol and the other commissioners charged with the redemption of the towns on the Somme, "will repair to Ghent . . . and will set forth how that the king has been apprized of the questions and differences between my lord of Burgundy and the said men of Ghent, and that they have taken arms against one another, and that there have been great outrages and overt acts (de grandes invasions et voyes de fait) . . . And if my lord of Burgundy shall break off the negotiations, or throw any difficulties in the way of the restitution of the districts in Picardy, or if my lord of Burgundy will not listen to any mediation between himself and the said Ghenters, they may wait on the said men of Ghent and present them with sealed letters from the king, and signify to them that the king ever has been and is ready to see them righted (de leur faire et administrer bonne raison et justice.)" *Institution du Roy, Bibl. Royale, MSS. Du Puy*, 762.

* "Bon vieux mannequin de kermesse." The allusion is to the figures carried about in the Flemish municipal processions, and at the great annual fairs,—giants of wicker-work, the mannekenpiss, &c.—and which are still popular.

† "The report was universal that the duke, among his preparations for his voyage to Turkey, was to leave the countries and seigniories on this side the sea in the king's hand, the lord of Cymay being governor under him; and the countries of Holland and Zealand in the hands of king Edward, of England." *Chastellain*, c. 79, p. 295.

Betwixt these two dangers the Croys lost heart: their friend, Louis XI., their enemy, the count de Charolais, were both operating against them. The latter had just instituted a fearful prosecution for witchcraft against his cousin, Jean de Nevers. The alarm spread. It was clear that the violent young man thirsted for the blood of his enemies. If he demanded the death of a prince of the blood, his relative, great cause had the poor Croys for fear.

Made wholly the king's by this fear, with his bridle in their mouths and under his spur, they dashed onwards. They endeavored to persuade the duke that it was his interest to lose the finest part of his possessions, to allow the king to recover the Somme. He believed not a syllable they said, but, at last, sickened of the subject, and worn out by their importunity, he signed the necessary release, his hand being guided as he wrote his name. Still, if he signed, it was in the hope that delays would arise, and the money not be forthcoming. No less than four hundred thousand crowns were wanted: where find such a sum?

Louis XI. found or made it. He hurried, begging, from town to town, begging like a king, boldly plunging his hand into all men's purses. Some of the towns made the sacrifice with a good grace; Tournai alone gave twenty thousand crowns. Others, like Paris, waited to have a fillip given to them: all its burgesses had excuses for declining payment, all enjoyed privilege of exemption. But the king would take no excuse. He ordered his treasurers to find the money, saying that for such a purpose all would readily lend; if any thing were wanting to make up the sum, it ought, it seemed to him, to be found *next door*.* . . . By next door he meant Notre-Dame, and the rifling its cellars of the sums which had been intrusted to the keeping of the parliament, and which the latter was accustomed to deposite for safety's sake beneath the altar, along with the dead.†

* Etienne Chevalier, who was deputed to pay the money, writes to the treasurer:—"He has sent off the admiral and myself so lightly, and with such little deliberation, that we have hardly had time to put on our boots, telling me that since there are ample funds he knows you will not fail him, but will lend him what you have, and that we shall find others at Paris to do the same. To be brief, this is all I could get out of him; since he seems to think the said 35,000 francs on the one hand, and 10,000 on the other, may be found next door." (For this note I am indebted to M. J. Quicherat.) *Lettre de M. Estienne Chevalier à M. Bourré, Maître des Comptes*, 19 Mar., 1463; *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Gaignières*, 373, fol. 92.

† Magnam auri quantitatem pro viduis, pupillis, litigatoribus, aliisque variis causis apud eadem sacrum Parisiensem publice ex ordinatione justitiæ Curiarum supremarum regii depositam. *Bibl. Royale, MS. Amelgardii*, l. xxi. 121, 122. Louis XI. exculpates himself very ably in his Commission of the 2d of November, (*Preuves de Commines*, ed. Lenglet Dufrenoy, li. 395-7.) He explains that he has exhausted his means in order to acquire Roussillon, and has only been able to meet the first payment for the redemption of the towns on the Somme by keeping back three months' pay from the men-at-arms; that if they are not paid, they will pillage the country, &c. To say sooth, it was the ransom of France herself that was in question.

The first payment came at once, (Sept. 12th,) to the great surprise of the duke; the second soon followed, (Oct. 8th :) each payment being two hundred thousand crowns, full weight, and fairly told. To demur was impossible; there was nothing for it but to pocket the money. The duke gently blamed his counsellors:—"Croy, Croy," he said, "one cannot serve two masters." And he put the money into his purse sadly.

Louis XI. had good friends who reigned in England, just as he had in the Low Countries; here the Croys, there the Warwicks. The latter were in the ascendant; no doubt through the support of the episcopacy, of the landed proprietors, and of all who desired to avoid the further expenses of war. Edward knew what their neglect of the *Establishment* had at last cost the Lancasters. He flattered the bishops, recognised the independence of their jurisdiction,* and allowed the bishop of Exeter, Warwick's brother, to negotiate a truce at Hesdin. This truce, which was brought about by the Croys, was signed on the part of Edward and of Louis in presence of the duke of Burgundy, (Oct. 27th, 1463.)

Even as he signed this truce, Louis began a war. Secured from aggression on the part of the foreigner, he operated the more boldly in the interior of his kingdom, fouling Brittany after running against Burgundy; and out of this Brabant quarrel bringing into one vast suit-at-law barons, nobles, the church—revolutionizing, indeed, rather than suing.

Brittany, entitled a duchy, and as such classed among the great fiefs, was, in reality, quite another thing; a something so special and so ancient, that no one understood it. The fief of the middle age was complicated with the old clannish spirit; and vassalage here was not a simple territorial bond, a military tenure, but an intimate relationship between the chief and his men, not without affinity to the fictitious *cousinship* of the Scotch *highlanders*: and where the ties were so personal, none had a right to interfere. Each lord, while doing homage and service, felt in reality that he *held* of God.† Much more, then, of course, did the duke believe that he *held* of no other; and so intitled himself duke by the grace of God. His style ran:—"Our powers, *royal* and *ducal*." And he said this the more boldly from the other royalty, the great one of France, having been saved, to believe the Bretons, not by the Pucelle, but their own Arthur, (Richeмонт.) As the duke of Brittany had secured the crown, he, too, wore a crown and disdained the ducal cap. The Breton king had his parliament of barons, and would allow no ap-

* Rymer, vol. v. p. 112, Nov. 2d, 1462.

† "Sicut heremita in deserto," (like a hermit in a desert,) is the admirable expression of the cartulary of Redon, which M. Aurelien de Courson is about to publish, (1840.) See, also, his learned *Essai sur l'Histoire et les Institutions de la Bretagne Armoricaire*.

peal to the king's parliament.* How then could he endure Louis XIth's summons to submit his high ducal courts to the simple royal baillis of Touraine and the Cotentin?

This question of jurisdiction, of sovereignty, was not merely a question of honor or of self-love, but a question of money. The point was, whether the duke would pay the king certain dues which the vassal, in strict feudal right, owed the suzerain; for instance, the enormous redemption-tax, (fine or relief,) due from those who succeeded in collateral line, as brother succeeding to brother, or uncle to nephew. Cases of the kind had been common latterly. The ducal family of Brittany, like most of the great families of the day, verged to extinction; the children were few, and died young.

This is not all. The Breton bishops sat as temporal peers among the barons of the land. Were they really barons, the duke's vassals, and did they owe him homage; or else, were they, as the king asserted, the duke's equals, and did they hold of the king alone? In the latter case, as the king had suppressed the Pragmatic act and elections, he would have the right of collating to the bishoprics of Brittany as well as elsewhere, of appointing to livings that fell vacant while a see was not filled up, of administering the revenues, receiving the first-fruits, &c. He supported the bishop of Nantes, who refused to do homage to the duke. The latter, without caring about the king, addressed himself directly to the pope, to bring his bishop to reason.

The question of most import to the crown was, undoubtedly, that involving the church, and the property of the church. By suppressing the election of bishops, which was invariably carried by aristocratic influence, Louis XI. believed that he could arrange all nominations concurrently with the pope.† But this pope, the crafty Silvio, (Pius II.,) having once obtained from the king the abolition of the Pragmatic act, had laughed at him, regulated every thing without consulting him, giving or selling, inviting appeals, setting up for judge between the king and his subjects, between the parliament and the duke of Brittany. The king, on his march from the Pyrenees, fulminated from halting-place to halting-place (May 24th, June 19th, June 30th) three or four ordinances—so many blows at the pope and his friends. In these he repeats, and, in some sort, sanctions by the royal name the violent invective of the parliament against the avidity of Rome, against the emigration of the swarms of suitors and solicitors who desert the kingdom, cross the

mountains in troops, and bear off all the money of France to the grand spiritual market.* He boldly declares that he or his judge will determine all questions of disputed possession in ecclesiastical matters; and that with regard to benefices bestowed by the crown during the vacancy of a see, the suit shall be carried to the parliament only—that is to say, to the king himself. Thus the king took as he pleased, and if his right were questioned, he sat in judgment, and pronounced sentence in his own favor.

However sudden and violent the king's proceedings in this matter, no one was surprised; for it seemed to be but the revival of the old Gallican war on the pope. But an ordinance appeared on the 20th of July which surprised every one; an ordinance which struck no longer the pope and the duke of Brittany only, but the whole body of ecclesiastics, and numbers of the barons.

At this juncture the king felt his power. He had looked well all around; he thought that through Warwick, Croy, and Sforza, the clew to all foreign questions was in his own hands; he had just secured the services of Italian mercenaries, and was tampering with the Swiss.

Out came a proclamation ordering the clergy to give in within the year a statement of the property belonging to the Church,‡ “so that they encroach no more on our seignorial rights, or those of our vassals.” Next a proclamation to viscounts and receivers, “to collect the fruits of fiefs, lands, and seigniories, to be paid over to the king, in default of homage or nonpayment of dues.” These great measures were promulgated by a simple decree of the Chamber of Accounts. The proclamation to the clergy became an ordinance, addressed (no doubt by way of trial) to the provost of Paris. As to the other matter, the king dispatched commissioners into the provinces to inquire into the patents of nobility,§ that is to say, apparently, to compel pretenders to nobility to pay taxes, to search out what fines were due on fiefs, as well as all new acquisitions, renewals, &c., for which payment had been forgotten to be made.

This innovation, ushered in under the semblance of ancient right, this daring inquisition, told at first with startling effect. To dare such things was considered a proof of vast power. As we have seen, the Croys openly declared for him, and surrendered up the towns

* This was one of the king's principal grievances. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Histoire, l. v. fol. 53-55.*

† To believe the royal judges, the king himself asked them to point out what inconveniences might result from the abolition:—“Obeying . . . the good pleasure of the king our lord, who . . . recently ordered his court of parliament to appraise him of the complaints and grievances which might reasonably be objected” . . . Remonstrances faites au roi Louis XI. en 1465, (not 1461.) *Libertez de l'Eglise Gallicane, t. i. p. 1.*

* These charges do not imply that Pius II. had been implicated in this venality; he complains of it himself in his letters. Little of this money came into his hands, if it be true that he and his household were obliged to restrict themselves to one meal a day. *Ranke, l. iv. § 2.*

† Ordonnances, xvi. 43; July 20th, 1463. According to Amelgard, he desired an exact survey of the estates of the clergy, in which the smallest portions of land (*minimas vel minutissimas partes*) were to have been registered, together with the title-deeds, deeds of gift, the yearly rental, &c. *Bibl. Royale, MS. Amelgard, l. i. c. 22, fol. 124.*

‡ *Bibl. Royale, MS. Legrand, Histoire, l. iv. 84 verso.*

on the Somme; the duke of Savoy threw himself into his arms; the Swiss sent him an embassy; and Warwick's brother came to treat with him. It was thought to embarrass him by adventuring in Catalonia a nephew of the duchess of Burgundy's, Don Pedro of Portugal, who assumed the title of king, and tried to tamper with Roussillon:* but all remained quiet.

He went on post haste in this war on the Church.† At first, in order to hinder money from going out of the kingdom to Rome, he banished the pope's collectors. Then he attacks and lays hands upon three cardinals, and seizes their temporalities. Justice of this sort was lucrative. By a simple decree of his parliament, by a slip of parchment, he could thus make a conquest within his own realm, which would at times be worth the revenue of a province. This hunting of priests increased in attraction. From the cardinal of Avignon alone, one of the fattest pluralists, the king took the revenues of the bishoprics of Carcassonne, of Usez, of the abbey of Saint-Jean-d'Angeli, and I know not how many others. It was not the cardinal's nephew's fault‡ that the king did not take Avignon itself: for the good nephew apprized him that his uncle, who was the pope's

legate for Avignon, was old, ailing, like to die, and that seizure might be made while he was in the death-struggle.

Louis XI. found himself plunged into a strange career, on the high road to universal sequestration. Undoubtedly, he hurried along willingly, and with the rude instinct of the hunter. But though he would have desired to stop, he could not. He had only been able to set the duke of Alençon, the friend of the English, at liberty, by first securing the towns which the duke would have opened to them. He had only dared to venture into Catalonia, by taking a strongly fortified town as a pledge from the count de Foix. The Armagnacs, on whom he had lavished at his accession the enormous gift of the duchy of Nemours, betrayed him at the end of a year. The count d'Armagnac, aware that the king was on his scent, feared appearing to fear, came to court to justify himself, swore, according to his custom, and, to make himself better believed, offered his strongholds,—“I take them,” said the king, and laid his hands on Lectoure and Saint-Sever.

It was his custom to take gages, and often hostages. He loved living gages. Never had king, or father, so many children around him. He had quite a small troop of them, children of princes and of barons, whom he brought up and pampered, and whom, fond father as he was, he could not do without. He kept with him Albret's heir, and Alençon's children, as the friend of their father, whom he had restored to his possessions; likewise, the little count de Foix, whom he had made his brother-in-law, and the little d'Orléans, who was to be his son-in-law: 'tis true, he could not become so for a long time, and had to grow for it; but the king thought it safer to have the child in his hands at the moment that he was angering his whole house, and giving up his ultramontane inheritance, in order to secure for himself this side of the Alps, Savoy. Long had he loved Savoy, as the neighbor of his Dauphiny. There had he chosen his wife, there had he married his sister. He kept near him all the princes and princesses of Savoy; and, at last, sent for the old duke in person. One, indeed, of the Savoyard princes he had missed, and the easiest to be taken—the young and violent Philippe de Bresse, who, at first flattered by him, had so far turned round as to expel from Savoy his own father, Louis XIth's father-in-law. He lured the thoughtless prince to Lyons, when, placing him under good guard, he lodged him royally in his castle of Loches.

He counted on making a fine capture by the instrumentality of one of the Savoyard princesses, nothing less than the new king of England. This young prince, already old in war and slaughter, desired at last to live. He wanted a wife; not an English woman, tiresomely beautiful, but an amiable woman who would teach him how to forget. A French

* This nephew of the duchess of Burgundy's complained, ridiculously enough, to Louis XI. of his hindering the Burgundians and Picards sent him by his aunt and his cousin from entering Burgundy. *Ibidem*, l. vii. fol. 5, February 17th, 1464. As the Catalans, he said, desired a republic, it would be better to give them a king, &c. *Ibidem*, *Preuves*, February 28th.

† Perhaps this uneasy spirit, who was agitating in every direction, thought of reforming the clergy, at least the monks. On one occasion he grossly reproves the priests, objecting to them their gross, lewd ribaldry. Chastellain, c. 61, p. 190. As early as the year 1462, he authorizes his cousin and counsellor, Jean de Bourbon, abbot of Cluny, to reform the order of Cluny. *Archives*, *Registre* 199, no. 436, Dec. 1462.

‡ C'était Jehan de Foix, comte de Candale: D'autre part, Sire, M. le cardinal mon oncle, est en grant aage et tous-jours maladié, mesmement a esté puis naguères en tel point qu'il a euidé morir, et est à présumer qu'il ne vivra guères; je fusse volentiers, allé par devers luy pour le voir, et j'eüst valu plus que je n'ay gaigné pieça. . . . Je ne sçay, Sire, si vous avez jamais pensé d'avoir Avignon en vostre main, lequél, à mon avis, vous seroit bien séant. Et qui pourroit mettre au service de monditz sieur le cardinal, ou par la main de M. de Foix, ou autrement, quelque homme, de façon qu'il fist résidence avec luy, ne faudroit point avoir le palais, incontinent que ledit M. le cardinal seroit trespassé. Vous y adviserez, Sire, ainsi que vostre plaisir sera; nonobstant que je parle un peu contre conscience, attendu que c'est fait qui touche l'Eglise; mais le grant affection que j'ay de vous, Sire, me le fait dire. 31 août: 1464.

(This was Jehan de Foix, count of Candale: On the other hand, Sire, my lord the cardinal, my uncle, is far advanced in years, and always ailing, and has even lately been supposed to be at the point of death, and it is to be presumed that he cannot live long. I would willingly go to see him, and it would be worth to me more than I have hitherto got. . . . I know not, Sire, if you have ever thought of having Avignon in your hands, which, in my opinion, would suit you well. And whoever should place in the service of my said lord, the cardinal, either through my lord of Foix or otherwise, any one to reside with him, would not fail to have the palace the moment my said lord the cardinal dies. You will give orders, Sire, in this matter, according to your good pleasure. Nevertheless, I speak a little against my conscience, seeing that it is a matter touching the Church; but I am impelled by the great affection which I bear you, Sire.) *Lettre de Jehan de Foix au Roy*, *Bibl. Royale*, MSS. *Legrand*, *Preuves*, c. 1.

woman would have succeeded, a French woman of the mountains, such as those of Savoy often are, winning, naive, yet politic. Once caught, chained, and muzzled, the Englishman would have been dragged, grumbling all the while, here, there, wherever the French king and the *king-maker* would have chosen to lead him.

To this French woman of Savoy, the Burgundian party opposed an English woman of Picardy; whose mother, at least, was a Picard, come of the Saint-Pols of the house of Luxembourg.* It was evidently a match arranged beforehand, but most ably. A romantic adventure was got up so as to appear accidental; a hunting incident, in which this rude hunter of men was to rush blindfold. Entering a castle, to seek refreshment, he is received by a youthful widow in her mourning weeds, who throws herself with her children at his feet, confesses that she has belonged to the Lancastrian party, but her husband having been slain, and his estates confiscated, beseeches grace for her orphans. This lovely woman in tears, this touching impersonation of England herself, left widowed by civil war, troubled the young conqueror, and he became the petitioner. . . . Nevertheless, the affair was a serious one, for the lady was not one of those who are to be had without marriage. It was necessary to break off the negotiation begun by Warwick, to break with Warwick himself, with his great party, with London besides. The lord-mayor said, "Before he marries her, it shall cost ten thousand men their lives." But though it were to cost Edward his own life he would persevere and marry her. This was plunging into war; preferring alliance with the count de Charolais to alliance with Louis XI. To make this evident to all, and give it the fullest publicity, the count deputed to be present at the nuptials Jacques de Luxembourg, the queen's uncle, a brother of the count de Saint-Pol and of the duchess of Brittany, with a magnificent retinue of a hundred knights.

Thus, to whatever side he turned, whether towards England, Brittany, or Spain, the king ever found the count de Charolais before him. What use, then, were the Croys to him; what good was it to rule the duke of Burgundy by their instrumentality? He chose to make one grand effort, to gain the mastery himself over the mind of the aged duke, and, having

rendered himself master of the father, to use him as a tool to crush the son.

He no longer stirred from the frontier of the north, going to and fro along the Somme, pushing on as far as Tournai,* then confidently repairing all alone to the duke in Artois, visiting him every moment of the day, and winning him over by the sweet and innocent seductions of the queen, princesses, and their ladies, who took the good man by surprise one morning, warmed his old heart, and obliged him to play the gallant and get up fêtes for them. So overjoyed was he and made so young again, that he kept them three days longer than the king had allowed.

Charmed with being disobeyed, he seized the happy moment with his uncle, hastened to Hesdin, took full possession of him, turning round and round him, and dazzled him by his versatility, by playing off innumerable cat's or fox's tricks. . . . At length, believing him dizzy, fascinated, he ventured to speak, he asked for Boulogne. Then, hurried on by greed, he confessed his longing for Lille. . . . This was in a beautiful forest, where the king supported the duke's steps, and found himself readily listened to. . . . Emboldened at last by his patience, he hazarded the grand stroke—"Fair uncle, allow me to bring my fair brother de Charolais to reason; whether he be in Holland or in Frisia, by the Lord, (*par la Pâque-Dieu*,) I will bring him to you at your pleasure." . . . He had gone too far; the subtle wit had been blinded by the bad heart. The father awoke, and was horrified. . . . He summoned his people to reassure himself, and, without a word's leave-taking, struck into another forest path.†

No stone, however, was left unturned to increase his distrust, and to remove him from the frontier. He was told that if he remained at Hesdin he would die there, that the stars predicted it, and that the king, apprized of this, was close at hand watching for his death. His son counselled him, like a good son, to look to his safety, for that the king was seeking to

* Tournai, to manifest its hate of the Flemings and Burgundians, shows itself singularly French. Three hundred notables receive the king, all attired in white gowns, the which "each had had made at his own charge, and which displayed two large fleurs-de-lys, embroidered in silk, one on the right side, in front, the other behind . . ." *Archives de Tournai*, extract from the register entitled, *Registre aux Entrées*.

† Chastellain, in all probability, embellishes the scene. He supposes Louis XI. to have amused the aged invalid by talking to him of his proposed crusade, and reviving his remembrances of the Vow of the Pheasant. He makes him say, "Fair uncle, you have undertaken a high, glorious, and holy thing; God grant you accomplish it! For your sake I rejoice that such honor should accrue to your house. Had I undertaken the same, I should only have done so in full reliance on you, whom I should have appointed regent to rule my kingdom; would I had ten to confide to your care! And I trust you will do likewise if you set out, and leave me the government of your countries, which I will guard as my own, and render you a good account of them." To which the duke is made to reply, coldly enough, "There is no need, my lord; if I should be obliged to go, I shall recommend them to God's good keeping and the provision I have made for their safety."

* Elizabeth Rivers's mother was the daughter of the count de Saint-Pol, and was married at seventeen years of age to the duke of Bedford, who was more than fifty. At his death she indemnified herself by marrying, in spite of all her relatives and friends, the handsome Rivers, a poor knight who was in *her service*. See Du Clercq, l. v. c. 18. The count de Charolais deputed to be present at the royal nuptials (the marriage of Elizabeth with Edward) Jacques de Luxembourg, the queen's uncle, brother of the count de Saint-Pol and of the duchess of Brittany. This uncle, who had been brought up in Brittany, and who was captain of Rennes, (Chastellain, p. 308.) must have been the principal agent between the count de Charolais, the duke of Brittany, and England: but the English historians are blind to all this.

make himself master of his person. Nothing more unlikely. Louis XI. could be in no haste to dethrone the Croys to make way for Charolais.

One thing, to say truth, told against the king. He had just appointed governor between the Seine and the Somme, on that frontier line which he had but just recovered, the capital enemy of the house of Burgundy, that dark man, that sorcerer, that maker of waxen images—as the count de Charolais was wont to style his cousin Jean de Nevers, count d'Etampes, but better known as John Lackland.

John first saw the light on an unlucky day, on the day that the battle of Agincourt was fought, and his father lost his life. His uncle, Philippe-le-Bon, made haste to marry the widow in order that he might be the guardian of her two fatherless sons; and his guardianship consisted in depriving them of their right to Brabant, in assigning them a revenue which they never received, and then, instead of this, the towns of Etampes, Auxerre, Péronne, which were never given them.* They did not serve their uncle the less zealously; one conquered Luxembourg for him, the other gained for him the battle of Gavre. For recompense, the count de Charolais sought still further, out of their poor inheritance of Nevers and Rethel, to have Rethel at his command. Next, he sought their life, John's at least, against whom he brought forward this dreadful charge of sorcery. Thus, he threw him, as well as the Croys, into the arms of Louis XI., who posted him in his vanguard, and who from this moment, on the side of Nevers, on that of Rethel, and along the Somme, displayed to the house of Burgundy on its every frontier a deadly enemy.

It was not wars only which were to be anticipated from such furious hates, but crimes. It was no fault of the count de Charolais that the Croys were not killed, Jean de Nevers burnt. The duke of Brittany endeavored to ruin the king by an atrocious calumny; since in a country where the horrors occasioned by the English wars were fresh in the memory of all, he accused him of calling in the English, while he himself was at the same time secretly soliciting an aid of six thousand English archers. To back these archers by bulls, he sent to the pope for a nuncio to judge betwixt the king and him. This judge was allowed to enter the kingdom, but as a prisoner; and expedited to the parliament to take his seat there, but in the dock. At the same time, at the instance of the duke of Savoy, the king arrested the duke's son Philippe, who had driven him out of his dukedom. He would have been only too glad had the duke of Burgundy preferred a similar request. But, at this very moment, an occurrence was taking place, which broke off all between them.

On the frontier of Picardy, that land of disorders, which the king had but just recovered, and where the king's creature, Jean de Nevers, was collecting the soldiers, the *bravi* of the time, there chanced to be an amphibious adventurer of the kind, who sought fortune prowling on the *march* or cruising in the Channel. This bandit came of a good family, being the brother of one Rubempré, a cousin of the Croys. One day, taking at Crotoy a small whaler, he set sail, not to the whale fishery, but to catch at sea, if he could, a pretended monk, a Breton in disguise, the bearer of the treaty between his duke and the English. Missing his monk, and returning empty, the plunderer, rather than take back nothing, laid himself on the scent of the lion in his lair, and ventured on approaching a castle in Holland in which the arch enemy of the Croys, of Jean de Nevers, and of the king—the count de Charolais resided. The bastard had only forty men with him, nor did he dream of taking the castle with such a force. He landed alone, entered the taverns, made his inquiries:—Was the count in the habit of taking an occasional excursion by the sea? Did he go forth well accompanied? At what hour? . . . And he did not confine himself to inquiries of the kind, but went up to the castle, entered, made the round of its walls, reconnoitred the coast. He went so far as to attract notice, and was watched. On this he became as foolishly afraid, as he had previously been foolhardy, and became his own accuser by seeking the asylum of a church. Being questioned, he prevaricated piteously—he was returning from Scotland, he was going thither, he had come to see his cousin, Madame de Croy—in short, he was at his wit's end.

The count de Charolais would have given any sum for this to have happened. It turned up pat for him against Louis XI.; who was made to appear desirous of carrying him off as he had done the prince of Savoy. He at once dispatched his servant, Olivier de la Marche,* to warn his father of the danger he had run, and to give him a fright for himself; and he succeeded so well, that the old duke missed the appointment he had made with the king, left the frontier, and did not think himself secure until safe in Lille.

The great news—the attempted carrying off of the duke, and infamous treachery of the king, were bruited in every direction, proclaimed as if by sound of trumpet, preached upon from the pulpit. The preacher at Bruges was a Dominican friar. The mendicants were exceedingly useful as hawkers and criers of news. The king, who felt the blow, complained in his turn, demanded reparation, and called on the duke to condemn his son. The Croys wished him to let the affair blow over: this was to their interest, but not to that of the king, who saw his honor tarnished. He sent,

* They were occasionally allowed the revenue but not the possession.

* Olivier de la Marche, liv. i. c. 35

on the contrary, a grand embassy to accuse and recriminate aloud. On the one side, the chancellor Morvillers, on the other, the count de Charolais pleaded, as it might be said, before the aged duke. The chancellor asked if it could be affirmed that the bastard and his bark were armed and equipped for such an attempt, and whether with such a handful of men he could have carried a fortress and seized a prince surrounded by numerous vassals. Then, taking the high tone, he showed that it was the duke's part to have applied to the king for justice on the bastard; and stated, that satisfaction would not be done the king, except the disseminators of the report and falsifiers of the whole business, Olivier de la Marche and the Dominican friar, were delivered up to him.*

In the excess of his zeal the chancellor went great lengths; even charging the count with high treason for having entered into negotiations with the duke of Brittany and the English king, for the calling in of the English. The more he pressed home, the greater the passion of the violent youth, who, as the sitting broke up, said to one of the ambassadors, the archbishop of Narbonne:—"Commend me most humbly to the king's good grace, and tell him that he has rung a peal about my ears through his chancellor, but that before a year is over he shall repent of it!"†

He would not have allowed this angry speech to escape him, had he not thought himself prepared to act. Already, according to all appearances, the princes had come to an understanding. The moment seemed favorable. The English truce was on the eve of expiration; Warwick was sinking; Croy was sinking. Warwick had lost his pupil. Croy still retained his; ever commanding in his name, but gradually being disobeyed, as all looked to the heir. In France, the heir-presumptive had hitherto been the king's younger brother. The king gave out that the queen was pregnant. If a son should be born, the brother would lose his influence, and be less fit to serve the views of the great barons. It behooved to make haste.

To believe Olivier de la Marche, a chronicler of no weight, but who at this time, as we have seen, played his little part,—“A meeting was appointed at Notre-Dame, Paris, to which were

sent the seals of all the nobles who desired to enter into alliance with the king's brother. Those intrusted with the seals wore a silken tag at their girdles, which served to make them known to each other. On this fashion was contracted this alliance, of which the king knew nothing, though there were above five hundred parties to it, as well princes as knights, ladies, damsels, and squires.”

That the agents of the nobles should meet in the cathedral of Paris, whose franchises the king had recently disregarded, removing the deposits intrusted to its keeping—this is a fact which speaks volumes. The bishop* and chapter could hardly have been ignorant that such a meeting took place in their church. Louis XI. had just excluded bishops from his parliament;‡ he can hardly have been surprised at their opening their churches to plotters.

Naturally all the clergy were opposed to this king, who, in order to get the power of appointing to benefices, had first of all annulled election by the chapters, next, nomination by the pope; who had first in the pope's name condemned the clergy of France, next had laid violent hands on the pope's nuncio; and not the clergy only, but all counsellors, all judges who were clerks as well, whether in the parliament§ or the different seats of judicature, all clerks in the University, and all of the burghership who, whether through fraternities or various posts, whether through petty gains as shopkeepers, or as clients, parasites, honorable beggars, depended on the Church, in fact, all whom the clergy confessed, directed. Now this was every one.

During the long centuries of the middle-age, those times of weak memory and half slumber, the Church alone kept watch; she alone wrote, and kept her writings. And when she had not kept them, so much the better for her; she remodelled, and amplified her papers.¶ There was this marvel in church-lands, they went on always enlarging; the holy hedges travelled miraculously. Besides, antiquity aided to cover the whole with prescriptive right and render it venerable. All know the beautiful legend:—While the king is sleeping, the bishop, on his

* One of Louis XIth's principal agents writes to him significantly, "Would to God the pope had translated the bishop of Paris to the bishopric of Jerusalem." *Preuves de Communes*, ed. Lenglet, Dufresnoy, ii. 334.

† The parliament ruled, evidently under the king's influence, that bishops "should not enter the council without leave of the chambers." *Archives du Royaume, Registres du Parlement, Conseil, Janvier 1462*.

‡ On his accession, Louis XI. took the seals from the archbishop of Reims, and suppressed two places held by clerical counsellors. *Ibidem*, 1461.

§ Most of the ecclesiastical deeds which have been considered forgeries, and which are in the handwriting of a later period than the date affixed to them, seem to me to be not altogether forgeries, but rather remodelled. Deeds drawn up on this second edition principle, and, perhaps, from memory, would naturally be altered, amplified, &c.—See Marini, i. *Papiri*, p. 2; *Ser. R. Fr.* vi. 461, 489, 523, 602, &c., and viii. 422, 423, 428, 429, 443, &c. See, also, the *Diplomatique des Bénédictins*, and the *Eléments de M. Natalis de Wailly*, a work, though bearing so modest a title, full of knowledge and research.

* The duke, who had been well tutored what to answer, replied that the bastard had been seized in a country which was not subject to the king; that he knew not for certain, but only by hearsay, of the rumors spread by Olivier, and that he could take no cognizance of the monk, being a secular prince, and respecting the Church. He added, jokingly, "I left Hesdin a fine sunny day, and did not go further than Saint-Pol that day, no sign of haste . . . I well know the king is my sovereign lord; I have nothing to blame myself with as regards him or any man alive, I won't say as much as regards the ladies. If my son is suspicious, he don't inherit it from me, but rather from his mother, the most mistrustful woman I ever knew." Jacques Du Clercq, l. v. c. 15.

† *Communes*, l. i. c. 1. This essential circumstance, which is omitted in the report given in by the ambassadors, is mentioned by this writer, ed. Lenglet Dufresnoy, ii. 417-40.

little donkey, trots, trots, and all the land he makes the round of is to be his own; in a moment he gains a province. The king is roused up, "Sire, if you go on sleeping, he will ride round your kingdom."*

This sudden awakening of royalty is typified in Louis XI. He stops the Church in mid-career, and prays her to point out what is her own, in other words, to abstain from aught else; and as to what she has, he wishes her to prove her right to have it.

There was another account to settle—with the nobles; who had never entertained the idea that one would dare to come to a settlement with them. For a long period they had neither known what aides-nobles were, nor fines due to the king. They took care to be paid by their vassals, and to pay nothing to the suzerain. To their great astonishment, this new king bethinks himself of conjuring up the feudal law. As suzerain and lord-paramount, he claims the arrears on all dues; not merely those dues which have just fallen in, but all which have been unpaid, no matter for what lapse of time: and he thus made out an enormous bill, which he handed to the duke of Brittany.

If the nobles, the lords of the rural districts, no longer paid aids to the king, who then did? The towns. And this was the more hard as they paid very unequally, and their quota was fixed by those who did not pay. To such as are aware of the overwhelming influence of the nobles and the Church in the fifteenth century, there cannot be a doubt that the burgesses *elected* to assess the taxes were their docile and trembling servants; their passive instruments to erase from the list of tax-payers whoever was affined, nearly or remotely, to these high powers, whether kinsman or servant, cousin's cousin, or bastard's bastard. However, the docility of the *elect* had its reward, inasmuch as they were no longer really the *elect*, the office being handed down in the same families, which gradually formed a class, a sort of burgess-nobility, united to the other by hereditary connivance. Between the nobles and these allies of theirs, the burgess notables, the awkward business of taxation was amicably settled, made quite a family affair. The whole burden was made to fall plump on the poor, on those who could not pay.

Charles VII. had striven to remedy these abuses by nominating the elect himself; but, probably, he had been obliged to name the men recommended to him by the local powers. Louis XI. paid no respect to these arrangements. He sternly declares in his ordinance, "that all the *elect* throughout the kingdom are dismissed on account of their faults and negligent conduct." Of his mercy, he continues them for another year. Henceforward, they

are appointed from year to year, and are responsible to the Chamber of Accounts. They decide on the sums to be paid, but an appeal lies from their decisions to the assessors-general, (*généraux des aides*.) Their importance sinks to nothing; their petty civic dignity is annihilated.

One cannot, therefore, be surprised if the clergy, the men of the sword, and the burgess notables, found themselves leagued together, even before the word league had been mentioned. Even the king's own counsellors were against the king; his well-beloved and right trusty counsellors of the parliament, those men who may be said to have made royalty in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and who had strained their conscience, and flown in the face of the altar to go along with it, stopped here. This was not the king to whom they had been accustomed, their grave and wily king, their king of precedents, of the past, of the letter, to which he stuck, sure to change the spirit.—These were things which gave him no concern; and he went on alone, without taking any advice, in the scabrous path of novelty, turning his back on antiquity, and laughing at it. When solemnly remonstrated with by its most venerable representatives, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

So it happened to the archbishop of Reims, chancellor of France, who was complimenting him on his accession; the king stopped him at the first word. The pope, thinking to dazzle him, deputed to him his famous Greek cardinal, Bessarion, the glory of both churches. As the learned Byzantine was dealing out his heavy harangue, Louis XI. indulged in the pleasantry of taking him by the beard, his long eastern beard. . . . And the only compliment he paid him was repeating a sorry rule out of his grammar,* and so sending the poor man back to school.

And there he sent the university herself, since he got the pope to interdict her from meddling for the future with the affairs of the king or of the city, and from exercising her fantastic *veto* by closing the classes.† The university was thus defunct as a political body, and she became defunct, too, as a school; by losing what had been her soul and her life—the spirit of dispute.

If Louis XI. had little love for the scholastics, the feeling arose not out of contempt for

* *Barbara Græca genus retinent quod habere solebant*, (Greek barbarous terms retain their primitive gender.) Brantôme, who relates this anecdote, is not a very weighty authority; but it is supported by the contemporary testimony of the cardinal of Pavia, in a letter dated October 20th, 1473. —*Regi cœpit esse suspectus, progredi ad eum est vetitus, menses duos ludibrio habitus . . . ; uno atque eodem ingrato colloquio finitur legatio*. (The king began to suspect him, would not admit him to a conference, and, after he had been trifled with for two months . . . ; the ambassador takes his leave after one unsatisfactory interview.)

† Félibien, *Histoire de Paris*, Preuves du t. ii. partie iii. p. 707. This important document, which is the death register of the University, is not given in the great History of the University, by Du Boulay.

* See the original in my *Symbolique du Droit*, (Origines &c., pp. 24 and 79.)

their drivelling alone, but from his knowledge of the aptitude of all these shavelings to become the lacqueys of the nobles, (the patrons of the churches,) in order to get a share of the benefices. In their own despite, he freed them from this servitude, by suppressing ecclesiastical elections, which their noble protectors managed as they liked. The right of election was the delicate point, on which the members of the parliament themselves, but lately so bitter against the nobles, seemed inclined to make peace with them. Under the name of *Gallican liberties*, they set about defending with all their eloquence feudal tyranny over the goods of the church, and found their account in it. The two nobilities—that of the sword and that of the gown—united for their common good.

Louis XI., while he made use of his parliament against the pope, at the same time paid little regard to these kings of the *Bazoche*. He limited their power, in the first place, by issuing an ordinance declaratory of the independence, and establishing the rival sovereignty of the honest and peaceable Chamber of Accounts;* and, in the next, by restricting the monstrously extended jurisdictions of the parliaments of Paris and of Toulouse, extended to impracticability: appeals which had to be carried up a hundred, a hundred and fifty leagues, in a country destitute of roads, were never carried up. The king reduced these vast judicial sovereignties to somewhat more reasonable limits. At the expense of the parliaments of Paris and of Toulouse, he created those of Grenoble and of Bordeaux; to which, happy acquisitions subsequently added those of Perpignan, Dijon, Aix, and Rennes. The exchequer of Normandy had to receive, notwithstanding Norman clamor, a king's attorney-at-law.†

It was not only the primitive antiquities of the middle age, but it was those second antiquities, the parliaments and universities, hostile to the first, which this irrespective king maltreated. But lately important and formidable, they saw themselves pushed on one side, and would soon, perhaps, like rusty tools, be thrown into the lumber-room. . . . The most useful revolutionary machines of former ages ran a great chance of being reformed under a king who was himself a living revolution.

And yet to leave them there, to throw over (at a period when the privileged and corporate bodies comprised the best part of the community) both companies and privileges, was only

seeking to be left alone. Mistrusting, and not without reason, the higher classes, the gentry, he was compelled to pick his men out of the unknown crowd, and choose some bold gossip out of that kind of people who, without cultivation, succeed by instinct, possessing more cleverness than scrupulosity, never hesitating, and marching straight on—even to the gallows. To carry into effect the new schemes which he was revolving, he required men of this description, new themselves, and unlinked to the past. He liked those only whom he himself created, and who but for him were nothing. To please him, it behooved to be nothing; that out of this nothing he might make a man, a thing of his own, which, till then inanimate, might breathe his own will alone.

In default of a new man, a ruined, lost man was not objectionable to him; and he even often found it expedient to set again upon his legs some one whom he had previously undone. Thus, he restored his two capital enemies, who had driven him out of the kingdom, Brézé and Dammartin. That they had been skilful and strong enough to do him harm, gave them a claim on this singular man; he respected strength.* And when he had given them proof of his own strength, and made them feel his claw, he believed them his, and employed them.

At times, when he saw a man in danger and sinking, he seized the moment to make him his own, raised him with his powerful hand, saved him, and loaded him with favors. Morvilliers, a man of understanding and talent, and an able legist, had had a vexatious disagreement with the parliament, and his colleagues thought to ruin him by charging him with unclean hands. Louis XI. sends for the bag containing the papers of the prosecution, and then for Morvilliers. "Do you require justice or mercy?"—"Justice." At this reply, the king throws the bag into the fire, and says:—"Do justice to others; I make you chancellor of France." To give the seals to a man whose character was not yet cleared, to give the accused a place among his judges, and even above them, seemed incredible. It was as if the king asserted that all law centred in himself, in his own will; and as if he seated this will in the highest judgment-seat, in the person of his tool.

This style of choosing his men and giving

* Louis XI. knew how to forget at the proper time. There is no proof of his indulging in rancorous feelings, at least, at this early period. He made friends, as soon as he had an interest so to do, with all those of whom he had had cause to complain; with Liège and with Tournai, which towns, to flatter his father, had behaved ill to him during his exile. He readily came to an understanding with Sforza, who for two years had held the house of Anjou in check, and had hindered him from recovering Genoa; he put Sforza in possession of Savona, and even ceded to him his rights over Genoa, &c.—He had hardly mounted the throne when the canons of Loches, thinking to pay their court to him, prayed him to remove the monument of their benefactress, Agnes Sorel. "I consent," he said. "but you will give up all she endowed you with." They ceased from urging their suit

* Ordonnances, xli. 197–199. February 7th, 1464.

† On the 6th of September, 1463, Louis XI. creates and gives to Cérisey, viscount of Carentan, "the king's attorney-generalship in his exchequer, (*l'office de procureur-général du Roy*.) in the meeting of the states and assemblies, and in all tribunals throughout Normandy where his presence may be required." On this, the king's attorneys and solicitors in the various bailiwicks are up in arms, and enter protests "against the said office as being ■ innovation." . . . To this Guillaume de Cérisey replies, "that he must protest on the contrary that it was no innovation, but a revival of ■ old office." *Registres de l'Echiquier*. Floquet, *Histoire du Parlement de Normandie*, l. 246.

them office, though at times successful, at others got him gallows-birds, thieves. Being unable to pay them, he allowed them to steal; when they stole too largely, he is said to have gone shares.* He was not fastidious as to the means by which money was got,† for he was always wanting it. Though possessing only the poor resources of a king of the middle-ages, he was already encumbered with the thousand difficulties of modern government—innumerable expenses, public, concealed, shameful, and glorious. His personal expenses were few; he had not means to buy a hat, and yet found money to acquire Roussillon, and redeem the towns on the Somme.

His servants lived as they could, on what they could lay their hands upon. In the long run, they would find him some day or other in good humor, and manage to get out of him some confiscation,‡ a bishopric or an abbey. Often, when he had nothing else to give, he would give a wife. But heiresses would not always allow themselves to be given away. The dowager duchess of Brittany slipped through his fingers, and the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Rouen, with whose hand he sought to pay one of his servants, put off, and eluded the day like a true Norman woman.§

These violent proceedings savored of Italian tyranny. Louis XI., much more his mother's than his father's son, belonged through her to the house of Anjou, that is to say, like all the princes of that house, was in some sort Italian. Long had he watched from his Dauphiny, sending his glance over the mountains, the flourishing Lombard tyrannies, and the glory of the great Sforza.|| He admired, as did Philippe de Commines, and every one of that

day, the wisdom of Venice. The dominant power in the fifteenth century, was, as England became in the eighteenth, the object of a blind imitation. As soon as he ascended the throne, Louis XI. had invited two *sages* of the Venetian senate; in all probability, two instructors in tyranny.*

There were many points of difference betwixt the Italians and the French; but one, in particular, was most marked—the first were patient. Venice ever went on slowly, but surely; the wise and firm Sforza never hurried himself. Louis XI., less prudent, less happy, though greater, perhaps, as an innovator, apparently desired, in his impatience, to anticipate the slow progress of ages, and annihilate time, that indispensable element, which must always be taken into account. He had this grave defect in politics, that he was too long-sighted, and foresaw too much;‡ through excess of penetration and subtlety, he looked on the events of the distant future as present and possible.

At this time, nothing was ripe; France was not Italy. The latter, in comparison, was dissolved, reduced to powder; to outward view, there still existed classes and great bodies, corporate and political; but, in reality, all was individual.

France, on the contrary, was studded with diverse agglomerations, fiefs and arrière-fiefs, guilds and fraternities. If an attempt should be made to raise above these associations, Gothic and superannuated, but still powerful, above privileges and partial tyrannies, one supreme and impartial tyranny, (the sole means at that day of securing public order,) all would array themselves in opposition; all these discordancies would be sure for one moment to become concordant, and one unanimous league be formed of all doomed to die, against a living power. We have told how in one moment he had already sequestered and sunk into his own hands numberless lordships and lords, benefices and beneficiaries, things and men. Each feared for himself: each thought that that restless, rapid look, which took in every thing, fell upon himself alone. He seemed to know every one, to know the whole kingdom, man by man—here was cause for general fear.

There had been one thing in the middle age for which many thanked their God—that in the mist which prevailed they remained unnoted and unknown; numbers lived and died unperceived But now it began to be felt that there could be nothing unknown, that there was a spirit which saw every thing, a wicked spirit. Knowledge, which at the be-

* For instance, if we credit the pseudo Amelgard, he went shares with one Bores, who undertook the sale of places: "Et communiter ferebatur talium emolumentorum ipsum regem inventorem atque participem fore."—*Bibl. Royale, MS. Amelgardii*, l. i. c. vii. fol. 109.

† "Touching Jehan Marcel, we have him in the little Chastellet, and there is no day that the commissioners do not work him; and touching his moveables, I have heard that the inventory amounts to ten or twelve thousand livres Parisis, and if it be God's will that he be condemned, Sire, much more will come to light . . ." To my sovereign lord, the Bailly of Sens, (Charles de Melun,) greeting. *Preuves de Commines*, éd. Lenglet Dufresnoy, ii. 333.

‡ The king had promised Charles de Melun to transfer Dammartin's property to him, should he be found guilty; a consummation that could hardly be avoided, Charles de Melun being one of the commissioners appointed to try him. However, he could not wait for sentence being passed to take possession, but laid hands on all the moveable property of the accused, even down to an iron grate, which he bore off from the country for his house at Paris. The countess de Dammartin was compelled to take up her abode with one of her tenants for three months. *Lenglet, Preuves de Commines*, ii. 321.

§ The mother's reply is pretty and neat. Her husband, she says, is absent, "at the fair of St. Denis." She returns most humble thanks "for what it has been your pleasure to write to us touching the advancement of our aforesaid daughter; however, Sire, it has long been her answer . . . that she has no desire to marry . . ." *Ibidem*, pref. p. 66.

|| To believe an enemy of his, he one day, during his exile, expressed in presence of the canons of Liège, how much he envied Ferdinand the Bastard and Edward IV. their vast confiscations, their extermination of the barons of Naples and of England, &c. *Bibl. Royale, MS. Amelgardii*, l. i. xxvii. fol. 119.

* He sent for them "very mysteriously," says Chastelain, p. 190.

† It was the same with the illustrious and unfortunate John de Witt, who saw clearly in the future, that Holland would end by being a boat taken in tow by England, and who, entirely preoccupied by this remote probability, persisted in believing that France would follow her true interests and respect Holland. See M. Mignet's fine narrative.

ginning of the world appeared as the devil, re-appeared as such at the end.

This vague terror is expressed and acquires a specific shape in the charge brought by the duke of Burgundy's son against Jean de Nevers, Louis XIth's tool, who, he said, without touching him, was putting him to death, melting him by a slow fire, planting daggers in his heart* He felt himself sick, powerless, bound and fettered in every limb, by the invisible network "of the universal spider."†

The new, unheard-of power, the king—this God? this devil?—was met with everywhere, and weighed on each point of the kingdom with the whole weight of the kingdom. The peace which he imposed on them all with armed hand seemed to them a war. The battlers of Normandy (the flower of gentlemen‡) could not pardon him for having interdicted private wars. The same prohibition roused Roussillon into insurrection; Perpignan declaring her determination to preserve her good customs—the freedom of the sword, the liberty of the knife, and, above all, that delightful administration of justice which secured the judge as his fees the third of the property brought into litigation.

The plebeian guilds and fraternities were scarcely less friendly to him than the noble. Why, instead of applying to those of Dieppe or La Rochelle, did he meddle with the building of vessels, and the formation of a navy?§ Why, out of malignant spite to the University of Paris, did he found another at Bourges, to intercept all scholars from the south? Why did he invite foreign workmen into the kingdom, and merchants from all countries to the fairs he had newly established at Lyons, suppressing, in favor of the Hollanders and Flemings, the escheatage which had hitherto been the obstacle to their settling in France?

He had been reproached in Dauphiny with the swarm of nobles whom he had chosen out of the bazoche, out of his tax-gatherers, and had even, may be, taken from the plough—those *Dauphiny nobles*, whose fief was the *rusty shab* at their side. What must have been the general feeling, when, even on his first progress, he was seen wiping the dirt off a whole tribe of clowns, who, as consuls of the smallest burghs or bastilles of the south,|| presented themselves with harangues,—when he flung patents of nobility to merchants, "to all who desired to trade in the kingdom." Tou-

louse, that antique Gascon Rome, conceived herself taken by assault, when she saw soldiers, smiths, and cordwainers, enter by the king's orders into her honorable corporations, and ascend the Capitol.*

To ennoble clowns was to disenoble the nobles. And he dared yet further. Under pretence of regulating the chase, he touched *seigniorage* in its most delicate point, hampered the noble in the free exercise of his dearest privilege, that of harassing the peasant.

Let us call to mind the principle of seigniorage, its sacramental formulæ:—"The lord shuts up his clowns, as under gates and hinges, from heaven to earth. . . . All is his, hoary forest, fowl of the air, fish in the water, beasts in the bush, running stream, far-sounding bell†"

If the lord has rights, so have bird and beast, as belonging to the lord. And so it was an ancient and respected custom for the lord's game to devour the peasant. The noble was sacred, so was the noble beast. The husbandman sowed, and when the seed had sprouted up, the hare and rabbit from the warrens came to levy their tithe, their quitrent. If a few meager seeds escaped, the clown, hat in hand, might gaze upon the feudal stag stalking leisurely among them; while some morning, to hunt the stag, with goodly aid from horns and views-halloo, there would fall on the country a tempest of hunters, horses, and dogs—sweeping the land clear.

Louis XI., that tyrant who respected nothing, took it into his head to reform this. In Dauphiny, he had ventured on prohibiting the chase.‡ On his accession, he imprudently betrayed his intention of extending the prohibition to the whole kingdom; reserving, no doubt, the right of selling permission at his pleasure. The king having done the sire de Montmorenci the honor of a visit, the latter, anxious to treat him with a grand chase, had got together from all parts, nets, stakes, and every sort of weapon and appliance for diversions of the kind. Louis XI. ordered the whole to be collected into a heap, and burnt.

According to two chroniclers who are un-

* The states of Languedoc complain, in 1467, of the king's nominating "cordwainers, smiths, and cross-bow men" to various offices. Paquet, *Mémoire sur les Institutions Provinciales, Communales, et les Corporations à l'avènement de Louis XI.*, (a work crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions.)

† These few words sum up the German formulas, and express, though more poetically, what was common in every country. See Grimm, *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*, 46. See also my *Symbolique du Droit, Origines, &c.*, pp. 42 and 228-30.

‡ On the approach of his grand crisis, he revoked this prohibition:—"A general prohibition was recently issued by the master of the waters and forests . . . forbidding the inhabitants of the said country to hunt any animals . . . Should it appear to you that the said nobles have been accustomed in all times past to follow the chase and to fish in our said country of Burgundy, and that the inhabitants have the privilege, or have been formerly authorized by us to hunt and fish, in consideration of the payment of the aforesaid rent or dues . . . permit and allow . . ." *Ordonnances*, xvi. 1, June 11th, 1463.

* These pleadings run altogether in the customary style of such charges—a black monk, waxen images baptized "with the roaring water of a mill-stream," "one pierced with needles," &c. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, 165.

† Chastellain's violent expression. He makes the lion of Flanders say, "I have fought the universal spider." Chastellain, (éd. 1836.) *Notice de M. Buchon*, p. 36.

‡ "L'écarlate des gentilshommes."

§ Simon de Phares, a contemporary, says that Coulon, vice-admiral to Louis XI., acquired no less reputation by sea than Bertrand Duguesclin had done by land. *Bibl. Royale, MS. Legend, Histoire*, iv. 78.

|| See above, p. 233.

favorable to him, but who are often exceedingly well-informed, he ordained that all who had nets, snares, or traps, should bring them in in four days' time, interdicted the forests "to the princes and lords," and expressly forbade hunting to persons of all ranks under pain of corporal punishment and fine. This ordinance may have been drawn up, but I cannot think that he ever dared to promulgate it.* The same chroniclers assert that a Norman gentleman having, in contempt of the royal pleasure, hunted and caught a hare, he had the hunter caught and his ear cut off. They fail not to add that the poor man had hunted on his own land only, and, to render the tale more credible, add the absurd gloss that this king Louis was so passionately fond of the chase, that he wished to be the only hunter in the whole kingdom.

Now, it is likely enough that the king's council, as is likewise asserted, did the very thing which the king forbade the nobles to do, and harassed the poorer classes. What is authentic and certain, however, is, that we find the following entries in Louis XIth's accounts, (in the few registers which have come down to us):—"A crown to a poor woman whose sheep was worried by the king's greyhounds;—ditto, to a woman whose goat was killed by one of his majesty's dogs;—ditto, to another whose cat was worried by the dogs and gazehounds. Ditto, to a poor man whose corn was trod down by the archers on their march."†

These little entries say a great deal. Judging by these acts of reparation to the poor, and from the numerous charitable donations which occur in the same accounts, one would be inclined to suppose that this crafty politician, during the war he waged upon the great, had often entertained the fancy of making himself king of the little. Or, must we believe, that in his devout speculations, in which he often took the saints and Our Lady for partners, keeping an open account with them, and trading for mutual profit or loss, he thought by charities of the kind, by petty sums in advance, to secure their interest for some capital stroke?

* At least, it cannot be found. The pseudo Amelgard asserts it to be the fact in the following passage which we have incorporated with our text: "Unum edixit, quod sub pena confiscationis corporis et bonorum . . . omnes qui plagas, retia, vel laqueos quoscunque venatorios haberent . . . baillivis deferrent." *Bibliothèque Royale, MS. Amelgard, lib. l. c. 21, p. 122.* Chastellain speaks as if the ordinance had been carried into execution, and makes use of the word *harness*, (*harnois*), which would indicate more than hunting-gear, with the grave addition, "and interdicted all princes and lords from hunting in any forests, and all, no matter who they might be, from any kind of venerie, except under his special license." Chastellain, p. 215. Du Clercq asserts the same, but with a judicious restriction: "And ordered all nets to be burnt throughout the Isle of France, &c. And, likewise, as it was said, in every part of the kingdom that he visited in his progress; and while I was in Compiègne I saw many burnt." Du Clercq, l. v. c. 1.

† *Archives du Royaume, Registres des Comptes, K. 294, fol. 15, 43, 48, 49-50, années 1469-1470.*

Perhaps, in short, and this explanation is as probable as the others, the wicked man was at times a man,* and, in the midst of his political iniquities, and cruel acts of royal justice, would gratify himself by some private acts of justice, which, after all, were not expensive.

However this may be, the having threatened the right of chase, the having touched the sword itself, was sufficient to destroy him. According to all appearances, it was these attempts which secured the princes an army against him. Otherwise, it is doubtful whether the great and petty nobles would have followed, to oppose the king, the banner of the great feudatories, which had so long been laid by and covered with dust. But the one word—*no more chase*, the disforesting the forests, and, above all, the story of the ear's being cut off,† was a bugbear to draw the laziest country squire from his house; he saw himself attacked in his wild sovereignty; in his dearest passion, chased himself on his own land, roused in his own lair. . . . What, even in the remotest marshes, in the *landes* of Brittany, or of Ardenne, everywhere the king, always the king! Everywhere, close to the castle, a bailli who forces you to come down to answer to the clamorous clacking of the law, who, if need be, will drive your own vassals to bear witness against you. . . . Until, for peace sake, you kill dogs and hawks, dismiss your old servants.

Henceforward, nor horns, nor jovial shout; ever the same silence, unbroken save by the croaking of the frog in the moat. . . . All the joy of the manor-house, all the salt of life was the chase: in the morning, the reveillé with the horn;‡ during the day, the hunt through the wood and the attendant fatigue; in the evening, the return, the triumph, when the conqueror sat down to table with his joyous troop—that table, on which the hunter laid

* A distinction should be taken as to the time of life at which we speak of him. Louis XI. at this period, was not what he afterwards became. He had a great affection for his mother, and mourned her sincerely. He had avowed mild and peaceful sentiments. "He was often heard to say that if he exacted much from his people, he hoped, by draining their purses, to spare their blood." (*Légrand, Hist. MS. iv. 31.*) Pius II. in his eulogium, (a very interested one, it is true,) enumerates among Louis XIth's virtues, his *humanity*, &c. After having dwelt on his studious boyhood, his early misfortunes, he goes on to say:—"And what does Louis now that he is seated on the throne of his ancestors? Does he indulge in the dance or masquerade, (An ludit et choreis indulget,) or give himself up to drunken riot, or ruin his constitution by debauchery, or meditate plans of rapine or thirst for blood? . . . Nothing of the kind . . . O happy France, with such a king for thy ruler! O fortunate exile, which has sent thee back such a protector!" . . . *Æneæ Silvii Opera*, p. 859, March 17th, 1462.

† The last reminiscences of feudal liberty (which, in truth, was no other than the slavery of the people at large) are connected, whimsically enough, with the reign preceding that of Louis XI. Charles VII. was thus erected into the king of the golden age. Read the charming verses of Martial of Paris, charming, but, historically, absurd—"Du temps du feu Roy, &c." (In the late king's days, &c.)

‡ See, in the notes to my Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle, the translation of the hunting songs, the call to the hunters, &c. 'Tis the freshness of early morn.

the stag's proudly branched head, the enormous wild boar's skull, and where he renewed his courage with the flesh of the noble beasts,* slain at the risk of life—what was henceforward to be served upon it? . . . The humbled lord must do penance, condescend to plebeian

meats, or else feed on white meat* with women, and live upon the poultry-yard. . . .

Whoever could have resigned himself to this, would have found himself fallen from his nobility. Whoever wore a sword was bound to draw it.

BOOK THE FOURTEENTH.

CHAPTER I.

FEUDAL COUNTER-REVOLUTION: WAR OF THE PUBLIC GOOD. A. D. 1465.

LOUIS XI. saw the crisis coming,† and found himself alone; alone in his kingdom, alone in Christendom.

He must have felt his isolation keenly to invite, as he did, the distant alliance of the Bohemians, and of Venice; their alliance against the Grand Turk, a strange one at such a moment. But, in reality, had not matters been precipitated, the Bohemian would probably have attacked Luxembourg,‡ and Venice supplied him with galleys.§

Our great friends and allies, the Scotch, far from succoring, menaced us; and the English seemed on the point of attack. That France escaped an English invasion, and Edward the folly of plunging into a foreign immediately after a civil war—only too likely a folly at the

moment our enemies had just married this youthful prince, and placed in his bed and at his ear a sweet suitor who employed her blandishments to lure him to devastate France with fire and sword—was due perhaps to Warwick alone.

Louis XI. was exceedingly apprehensive that the pope, through old grudge to him, would countenance the league, and hastened to write to him that his enemies were the enemies of the Holy See, and that the object which the princes and barons had most at heart was the restoration of the Pragmatic act, and of elections, in order to secure the disposal of benefices at their pleasure. The pope, without declaring himself, returned him a gracious answer, and sent him *Agnus Dei* for himself and queen.†

The only succors which Louis XI. received, came to him from Milan and Naples. Sforza and Ferdinand the bastard,‡ saw clearly that if the Provençals followed John of Calabria, as they avowed their intention of doing, to the conquest of France, it would be Italy's turn next. Sforza dispatched into Dauphiny his own son, Galeazzo, with eight hundred men-at-arms, and some thousand foot soldiers. Ferdinand's galleys, cruising up and down the coasts, kept the Provençals on the alert—feeble and indirect succor, but not without efficacy.

The Italians of Lyons rendered the king an-

* Such has at all times been the barbarian or heroic belief. Achilles, as we know, was brought up on the marrow of lions. The Caribbees, notwithstanding their repugnance, ate human flesh, in order to make the valor of their bravest enemies their own. See, too, the sublime Greek song, in which the eagle is introduced conversing with the head of the clept which it is devouring:—"Eat, bird, 'tis the head of a brave man, eat my youth, eat my valor, &c." I have given a translation of this song in a note to my *Origines du Droit Français*, &c.

† At this solemn moment, a pause takes place in our historical monuments. No royal ordinance appears for ten months, from March, 1464 to May, 1465, (with the exception of two ordinances, without date, stuck in here without any reason.) Those of the three preceding years fill one enormous volume.

‡ As he offered to do at a later period.

§ To form a correct judgment on this treaty, we should, perhaps, take into account one thing, namely, the law of the middle age, which (in the minds of the people, at least) was not yet done away with; and, according to this, it was unjust and impious to attack a crusader. Louis XI. placed himself under the protection of this law, when he made known that he had allied himself against the Turks, with Venice and Bohemia. In this curious document, the contracting parties seem to assert a triumvirate in Europe, speaking boldly for allies who know nothing of the matter, and even for their enemies; Venice for the Italians, the Bohemian for the Germans, and Louis XI. for the French princes. And it is not a temporary league; it is a plan for a lasting confederation which already strikes the balance of power between the nations, and assigns its place to each several nation. We may detect in it a sketch of the famous projects for a Christian Republic, European Peace, &c. *Preuves de Commynes*, ed. Lenglet, ii. 431.

* The hero must only eat red meat, in order that his heart may be red like those of brave men. According to the traditions of barbarian ages, the coward's heart is pale.
† Letters from master Pierre Gruel to the king. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*, September 14th, 1465.

‡ The correspondence which the king maintained with Ferdinand, in opposition to the interests of John of Calabria, was one of the causes which led to the formation of the League. "A messenger was dispatched by the king with a letter to king Ferdinand, bidding him not trouble himself about duke John, as he should give him no aid. The messenger was stopped, and the letters found upon him, signed with king Louis's own hand." *La Chronique de Lorraine, Preuves de D. Calmet*, iii. 23. Pierre Gruel, president of the parliament of Grenoble, writes to the king: "The whole of Dauphiny is in commotion through the return of the lords of Velai, and also on account of Provence being up in arms, and the general supposition is that the Provençals are for making my lord of Calabria their God; albeit we hear that king Ferdinand's (Ferdinand's) navy is cruising along the coast of Provence." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Du Puy*, 596, Sept 14th, 1465. (I am indebted for this note to M. Jules Qui cherat.)

other service; they supplied with armor the gentlemen who came to him from Dauphiny, Savoy, and Piedmont*—the said armor came mostly from Milan. It is probable, too, that the Medici assisted him with some money through their agents at Lyons. His flattering letter to Pietro de Medici, his "friend and trusty counsellor," in which he authorizes him to add the French lilies to his coat-of-arms, looks exceedingly like payment in full.†

At home, the king's resources were poor and uncertain. Out of the twenty-seven provinces of the realm, only fourteen were with him; and, in these fourteen, it was probable that the feudal calling out of the ban and arrière-ban, would swell the ranks of the army of the princes, rather than those of his own. Here and there he had a few bodies of free-archers; and some *compagnies d'ordonnance*, well-armed, well-mounted, and active. But would not these companies, which had been formed by Dunois, Dammartin, and other of the king's enemies, recognise in battle the voice of their former leaders? . . . He had just issued a salutary ordinance, which protected the man-at-arms against the tyranny of his captain, and the citizen against that of the man-at-arms; but this attempt to establish order was taken for tyranny.

Another innovation of his found little favor with the troops. He attached inspectors to them, who were to inspect men, horses, and accoutrements every three months, and to report to the king; chiefly, indeed, as to how the men stood affected.‡

The first thing necessary at such a crisis, was to get good information, and quick information. He established the post.§ Every four leagues was a station, at which horses were provided for king's couriers, but for none other on pain of death. A great and novel measure! From this moment, every move-

* "What harness and coats of mail they require let them procure from such dealers as have them, and the accountant-general shall be answerable for the same." *Bibl. Royale, Legrand, Preuves*, 1465.

† Otherwise, I do not see his motive for choosing this moment to adorn the balls of the Medici with our lilies. The king alleges only a trifling reason for the permission: "Bearing in mind the great, laudable, and commendable renown enjoyed by the late Cosmo de Medici in his lifetime . . . and in compliance with the supplication and request made us on the part of our beloved and right-trusty counsellor, Pierre de Medici . . ." *Archives du Royaume, J. Registre*, 194, no. 23, May, 1465.

‡ They are to take down the names of the absent, and to keep the king informed of the number, condition, *feelings*, and *disposition* of the troops. The captains were forbidden to weaken their companies by granting their men furloughs, and so keeping up the effective strength on paper while they pocketed the pay themselves. The man-at-arms was protected against his captain, who was no longer allowed to keep his pay in arrear, and the citizen against the man-at-arms, who was bound to pay for his quarters. The quartermaster was to have his muster-roll signed by the judge of the district. *Ordonnance du 6 Juin, 1464. Bibl. Royale, Legrand, Hist. MS.* vii. 55.

§ No longer the snail-slow post and halting messengers, employed by the University to convey its scholars to and fro. The royal post was rather an imitation of the couriers of the old Roman empire. Louis XI. secured regularity of dispatch by paying the postmaster the sum, enormous at that day, of ten sous a horse for a distance of four leagues. *Preuves de Duclos*, iv. 260-272, June 19th, 1464.

ment would be borne to the centre, which could react in time.*

And he did not disdain to bring to the aid of these material means a moral one, quite as new, and which looked strange—he justified himself publicly, addressed himself to public opinion, to the people—but, was there yet a people?

Besides the pretended charge of attempting to carry off the count de Charolais, the king was absurdly accused of a plot against himself. It was said, and reiterated, that he was inviting the Englishman into the kingdom. In order to clear himself of these imputations, he convened at Rouen deputies from the cities of the north, and, in particular, from the cities on the Somme. He entered upon his justification to these citizens, and drew from them a promise that they would fortify and defend their respective towns; only they stipulated that they were not to be required to serve except as garrisons, and should be excepted from the ban and arrière-ban.

Guyenne, which had been so well treated by Louis XI., showed considerable coldness. The inhabitants of Bordeaux seized the opportunity to write, that the appanage of the king's brother was insufficient; they durst not expressly say that they required the revival of the kingdom of Aquitaine, and wanted another Black Prince to rule over them, with Bordeaux for his capital. Subsequently, fearing that they had committed themselves, they addressed a touching letter to the king, in which they offered him two hundred crossbow men, "with one quarter's pay," and offered themselves into the bargain—but stayed at home.

If the cities were but little moved by the royal apology, how much less the princes! However, he called them together, and opened himself to them as addressing relatives, with a frankness they had not anticipated. He went over the whole of his past life, his exile, the misery he had endured until his accession. He stated how that the king his father had, in his latter years, so impoverished the state, that he could not return too great thanks to God for having enabled him to recruit it. He was not ignorant how heavy a burden the crown of France was, and that no king could support it unaided by the princes who were its natural props. And, moreover, he had not forgotten his coronation oath, "to defend his subjects, as well as the rights and prerogatives of his crown, and execute justice."†

* Money was wanted for the post, the army, for a thousand things. Fearing to increase the taxes, he yet made every effort to keep up the revenue and supply any deficiency by expedients. He re-established the high financial tribunal, the Court of Aids. He attempted (in Languedoc, at first) to introduce a more equal distribution of the public burdens; he obliged all clergymen and nobles, on purchase of estates from plebeians, to pay taxes—a fiscal, but an exceedingly useful measure, since the privileged classes, if allowed to go on purchasing property, which, as soon as it became theirs, was exempt from taxation, would in the long run have bought up every thing, and the citizen would have been stripped of all he possessed.

† See the letters, manifestoes, and speeches of Louis XI

Both in this discourse, and in his manifestoes, he calls the princes to bear witness to the security and good order which he has established; how he has enlarged the kingdom, added to it Roussillon and the Cerdagne, redeemed the cities on the Somme, those "great fortifications of the Crown," and all this, "*without taking out of his people's pockets any more than the king his father had done.*"* Lastly, "thanks to our Lord, he has labored and travelled, visiting every part of his kingdom more than ever did, in so short a space of time, any king of France, since Charlemagne."

This eloquent discourse was exceedingly well calculated to confirm the princes in their ill-will. He said that he had exalted the monarchy; but this was one of the causes of muttered complaint among themselves. The count de Saint-Pol could have but coldly relished his resumption of Picardy, or the Armagnacs his having made the parliament of Bordeaux their equal or their superior.

He had proved in this discourse that the real culprit, the man who had called in the Englishman, was the duke of Brittany. No one contradicted the king; only the aged Charles of Orléans, emboldened by his years, hazarded some excuse for the duke his nephew. The poor poet no longer belonged to this world, if, indeed, he ever had: fifty years before, his body had been withdrawn from beneath a heap of corpses at Agincourt, but his sense had been left on the battle-field. Louis XI. returned but one word in answer—so bitter a one, that the poor old man, cut to the heart, died of it a few days after.

All the rest, wiser in their generation, applauded the king—"Never had man been known to speak French more plainly or more kindly. . . . Not one man out of ten who was not affected unto tears."† All these weepers had in their pocket their treaty against him.‡ . . . They swore to him, through their mouth-piece, the aged René,§ that they were his body and goods.

in Du Clercq, l. v. c. 23; in the *Preuves de Commines*, ed. Lenglet-Dufresnoy, ii. 445; and in *Les Actes de Bretagne*, ed. D. Morice, ii. 90.

* "Substance of ■ Remonstrance, on the king's part, to the Prelates, Nobles, and Cities of Auvergne:—They give the people to understand that they will relieve them from all aids and taxes Look well at the past troubles, both those occasioned by the king of Navarre, and the revolt of the *Mailloins*, and at the reports spread and disseminated before the year 1418 The people have since discovered that they were deceived Now with respect to aids and taxes, there has been no new impost laid on (*n'y a esté riens mis ny creu de nouvel*) since the king's father's time." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, Avril ? 1465.*

† "On n'avoit jamais vu homme parler en François mieux ny plus honnestement Il n'y en avoit pas de dix l'un qui ne plorast."

‡ The pseudo Amelgard, who was a partisan of the princes, informs us that the aged Dunois refused to proceed to Brittany as negotiator for the king, alleging an attack of gout as his excuse, but that he instantly got so well as to become as active as any in persuading others to enter the League, "by messengers and letters, &c." *Bibl. Royale, MS. Amelgardi, l. 2; 130 verso, and 131.*

§ René of Anjou answered for all with great warmth.

Meanwhile, the duke of Brittany, in order to lull the king some short time longer, sent him a grand embassy, with his favorite at its head. The king lavished caresses on this favorite, and thought he had won him over, when he learned that the honest ambassador had set out, taking along with him his (Louis's) brother, a minor, a mere boy.

The little prince, delighted at being made an important person of, entered heartily into the character assigned him. Yet the king had already given him Berri, with promises of more, and had added ten thousand livres to his annual allowance.

Letters and manifestoes were published in the name of the young duke, in which it was insinuated that the king, his brother, whose only heir he was, desired his life;* and that the kingdom, for lack of good government, justice, and police, would be ruined, unless he (this lad of eighteen!) were to step forward and save it. He summoned his vassals to take up arms, "in order to present remonstrances." He invited the princes and nobles to secure (by the sword) relief for the poor, and the "welfare of the commonweal."

The duke of Berri's manifesto is dated the 15th of March; on the 22d, the Breton declares himself the enemy of every enemy of the Burgundians, "without excepting my lord, the king." From the 12th, the count de Charolais had ended the reign of the Croys, and assumed the powers of government. For a long time bandied to and fro by the vacillation of his sick parent, who would one day give himself up to his son, and the next to the Croys, he lost patience, and declared even to the death against them, in a manifesto which he caused to be widely circulated. He sent word to one of them who would remain, that if he did not speedily take his departure, "no good would come to him." Croy throws himself for protection at the feet of his aged master, who waxes wroth, seizes a boar-spear, leaves the room, and calls for aid but his call is unattended to. His son, henceforward his master, was pleased however to ask his pardon. The old man granted it, and melted into tears.

. . . . All is over with Philippe le Bon; henceforward we shall have only to speak of Charles le Téméraire, (the Rash.)

This Téméraire, or Terrible, as he was at first called, began his violent reign by the prosecution and eventual execution of one of his father's treasurers, and by a sudden demand on the states, a call made on the 24th of April for

Innocent actor, he did but repeat the scene taught him by the bishop of Verdun, who was paid for his trouble by the king.

* The king replies, "As all know and have proved, the king, since his accession to the throne, *has treated no one cruelly*, whatever offence has been done him." *Preuves de Commines*, ed. Lenglet, ii. 446. However, in a letter in which Louis XI. alludes to his brother's flight, the following sinister expression escapes his pen. "*He will find out whether he have done well or not,*" which looks exceedingly like a threat. Du Clercq, l. v. c. 23.

payment in May. He summoned all the nobility of Burgundy and of the Low Countries to be present, and under banner, as early as the 7th of May. . . . And yet few were absent; they knew the man they had to do with. He had a force of fourteen hundred men-at-arms, and eight thousand archers, without reckoning a whole multitude of culverin-men, crossbowmen, dagsmen, baggage-wagon attendants, &c.*

The duke of Brittany required time to beat the meaning of the business into Breton heads. John of Calabria required time to collect his men from the four corners of France. The duke of Bourbon found his nobles so lukewarm, that he could with difficulty make a forward movement.

Louis XI. had foreseen that the unwieldy and ill-joined feudal machine could not be brought to act simultaneously, and believed that he would have time to break it up piece by piece. He conceived that if he could keep the Burgundian in check for two months on the Somme, and the Breton on the Loire, he could overwhelm the duke of Bourbon, and hem him in as in a circle between his Italians, his Dauphinois, and the reinforcements he expected from Languedoc; D'Armagnac's Gascons were to wind up the account with the duke, and then the king would return in time to engage the Burgundian alone, while the Breton was still on his march. All this pre-supposed unheard-of celerity; but the king rendered it possible by the order which he established among his troops.†

The duke of Bourbon supposed that, according to the old routine observed in our wars, the king would plant himself before Bourges and go to sleep over the siege, as he would never dare to leave such a stronghold behind him; and so he garrisoned Bourges. But the king passed by it, pushed on into the Bourbonnais, and carried Saint-Amand; the commandant of which fled to Montrond, and was taken there within the four and twenty hours. Montrond was considered a very strong place, and one which ought to have stopped the king for some time. Before his enemies can recover from their surprise, the king, in another four and twenty hours, takes Montluçon in spite of all the resistance it offered; and, notwithstanding which, he treats the town mercifully, and dismisses the troops with their arms and baggage. This mercy tempts and wins over Sancerre. After a month's campaign, (May 13th,) all seems over in the Bour-

bonnais, in Auvergne, and in Berri, Bourges not being taken into the account; and all, in truth, would have been over, had not the marshal of Burgundy thrown himself into Moulins with twelve hundred horse.

The king was waiting for the Gascons; who did not come. He relied upon them. As early as the 15th of March he had written to the count d'Armagnac, and the Gascon returned the zealous answer, that the counts of Armagnac had ever faithfully served the French crown, and that, assuredly, he would not degenerate from his ancestors; only, that he had few men under arms, and those poorly equipped—but that he would convene his states.*

Louis XI. had showered favors on Guyenne and the Gascons. He relied upon them, and perhaps too much. On his first progress into the south, he would intrust himself to a Gascon body-guard only. The bastard d'Armagnac had been for fifteen years his companion and confidant, and he had put him in possession of Comminges, so long disputed between Armagnac and Foix, besides bestowing on him the two great governments of Guyenne and Dauphiny, our Pyrenean and Alpine frontiers. On his accession he had granted the count d'Armagnac formal pardon for all his crimes; a pardon which was itself a crime. Disregarding alike justice and God, he had granted remission in full to this fearful man, who had been found guilty both of murder and of forgery, and who had openly married his own sister. And a year had hardly elapsed before the brigand would have delivered up his strongholds to the Englishman, had not the king secured the keys.

All this was nothing in comparison with his profuseness towards the younger scions of the house of Armagnac, to swell whose fortune to monster size he despoiled himself, detaching in their favor from the royal domains the duchy of Nemours, which had been bestowed by way of indemnity for numerous provinces on the branch of Champagne-Navarre. But, appertaining to the duchy of Nemours were numerous possessions besides, in the vicinity of Paris, and throughout the north.† However, this was not enough. What had contented a king, would not content a Gascon favorite, who required no less than that Nemours should be erected into a *duché-pairie*,‡ and that, mushroom duke as he was, he should take his seat between Burgundy and Brittany. The parliament protested, resisted: the king would obstinately believe that this great royal demesne would be safer in such devoted hands.

Nemours, the king's friend, the long-expected one, at last arrives. He arrives; but

* . . . Sans compter tout un monde de coulevruiers, cranequiniars, les couilliers, les gens du charroi, &c.

† "His army, indeed, is not too great, but for a host consisting of twelve or thirteen hundred fighting men, I think no one ever saw its like, or finer order maintained, whether as regards marshalling in battle array, or abstaining from doing injury to the people. No farmer, nor priest, nor merchant flies at its approach, and every soldier in his army conducts himself as he would were he in Paris. . . . Never has war been so gracefully carried on. . . ." *Lettre de Cousinot au Chancelier, Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Prouves, June 24th, 1465.*

* Ibidem, March 16th, 1485.

† In the dioceses of Meaux, Châlons, Langres, Sens, &c. Ordonnances, xvi. 371.

‡ (A duchy, the duke of which is a peer of the realm.)

does not come too near. He requires surety, a safe conduct, and sends to the royal camp under pretence of demanding one, but, in reality, to come to an understanding with the bishop of Bayeux, the most intriguing priest in the kingdom, who had repaired to the king as if to be a spectator of the war. He had turned the king's soldier, in order to betray him. The Norman and the Gascon do come to an understanding together, and with the duke of Bourbon and with M. de Châteauneuf, one of Louis's confidants, but who had long sold his secrets, as well. They made sure to surprise him in Montluçon. If the inhabitants should rise to his rescue, the bishop was to harangue them from his window, and swear that they were acting in pursuance of orders from his majesty. The duke of Bourbon, deeming this too bold a stroke, the good bishop coolly proposed to blow up the powder magazine, but the men of the sword shrunk with horror from this suggestion of the priest's, and fell back upon another. They fancied that they could overawe the king by pointing out to him the impossibility of his escaping from his numerous enemies, and so impress upon him the necessity of his delivering himself along with the Isle of France to the duke of Nemours, and of giving Normandy to Dunois, Picardy to Saint-Pol, Champagne to John of Calabria, Lyons and the Nivernais to the duke of Bourbon. The king was to submit himself to a council, consisting of two bishops, (of whom the bishop of Bayeux was to be one,) eight masters of the court of requests, and twelve knights.*

To have dreamed of terms of this nature, they must have thought themselves conquerors, and the king destitute of resources. In fact, all the world considered him lost, when, after Nemours' treason, the count d'Armagnac followed up the blow by joining the princes with his array of six thousand Gascons. Singular enough, the royal army was no jot discouraged. Louis pursued his march, took Verneuil, razed it to the ground, carried Gannat after a four hours' assault, overtook the princes at Riom, and offered them battle. They were struck with amazement. The duke of Bourbon sought refuge in Moulins. The Armagnacs escaped by oath-taking, as it was their custom to do, and pawning their souls as to their fidelity. They contrived to secure a general truce for the south till August, when a final arrangement was to be concluded at Paris. Till then, no one was to appear in arms against the king.

BATTLE OF MONTLHERY.

This short campaign, which had been brought

to a successful close almost by a miracle, gave room for reflection. If the duke de Nemours had turned traitor, all the rest would have followed.

The king was in the hands of two men on whom no great dependence could be placed—on the duke de Nevers and the count of Maine. Notwithstanding his success in the south, his ruin was nigh, supposing that the one did not hold the Burgundians for a time in check, and the other the Bretons, so as to prevent the junction of the two forces and their entering Paris before him.

The count of Maine had secured payment for his services beforehand, by getting a grant of the possessions of Dunois. He had kept back the greater part of the money he had received to enable him to arm the nobles; and, nevertheless, he displayed but little activity, and acted only by halves and reluctantly. As for his making Anjou, his family inheritance, the seat of battle, that was out of the question; so he retreated before the duke of Brittany all along the Loire, until those Bretons who were in the king's ranks, seeing the Breton flag, their friends and kindred, and their *natural* lord ever before them, deserted, and went over to the latter.

The Somme was no better defended by the duke de Nevers, who bore in mind that after all he was of the house of Burgundy, nephew of Philip the Good, and cousin to the count de Charolais. He had the folly to think he could make his peace apart. Even before the campaign had begun, as early as the 3d of May, he humbly petitioned for terms, and so struck discouragement into every one. The towns, which were busied fortifying themselves, felt their zeal cool; the great territorial barons feared for their lands, and either kept upon them, or set out to make submission to the count de Charolais. All that the luckless Nevers could extract from the count was an order that he should not garrison Peronne, that is to say, that he should allow himself to be made prisoner. On this he bethought himself, somewhat late, indeed, that his cousin was his mortal enemy, his persecutor, his accuser, and he shrank from falling into his power; he lacked courage for his villany.

The count de Charolais kept advancing with his large army and formidable artillery, but without encountering an enemy to play it upon.* The towns readily opened their gates,† admitted his officers, in but small numbers, it is true, and gave them provisions for their money. He took nothing without paying. Wherever he passed he caused it to be noised abroad, that he came for the good of the kingdom; and that in his capacity of lieutenant to the duke de Berri, he abolished all taxes and

* Legrand (*Histoire*, MS. vii. 48) professes to take all this from a chronicle favorable to Danmartin, and, perhaps, he says, too hostile to his enemies: but this does not strike me as a sufficient reason for discrediting a circumstance so much in accordance with the character of the actors, of the bishop of Bayeux, Châteauneuf, &c.

* Except at Beaulieu, near Nesle.

† Tournai, that advanced sentinel of the kingdom, though lost in the midst of a hostile country, remained doggedly faithful.

gabelles. At Lagny, he threw open the salt warehouses, and burned the tax-gatherer's books. This was the greatest feat of arms performed by this army, which, on the 5th of July, took possession of Saint-Denys.

On the 10th, the dukes of Berri and of Brittany were still at Vendôme. On the 11th, the king, who hurried back with all speed, had only reached Cléry. It was but too likely that before one party or the other could come up, the Burgundians would have struck the decisive blow, and the king could not arrive in time to save Paris.

Would Paris be saved? This was doubtful. The king had refused it a boon which he had granted to the towns on the Somme. In vain did he write from the Bourbonnais, with a thousand tender expressions to his cherished city; in vain make known his desire of confiding his queen to the Parisians, and that her approaching *accouchement* should take place in the capital; in vain declare that so dear was his love, he would rather lose half his realm than Paris. Paris was but little affected with these sentiments. The University, pressed to arm the students, stood upon its privileges, and refused. All he obtained was processions and sermons, and these were liberally granted. The shrine of St. Geneviève was brought forth and paraded; the famous doctor, L'Olive, preached, and exhorted his hearers to pray for the queen, for the fruit expected from the queen, for the fruits of the earth* . . . not a word about the war.

And the Burgundians are before Paris. Commines, who was with them, paints with satirical naïveté the confidence and presumptuous daring of this newly raised army,† which had never seen service, but which, led by the greatest prince in the world, felt itself invincible. Hardly had they reached Saint-Denys before they wished to strike alarm into Paris, and placing two serpentines in battery they made a great clatter, "a fine *hurtilibis*." Astonished to find that the keys of the city were not sent in the next day, they tried stratagem. Four heralds advanced in peaceful wise up to the gate of St. Denys, and demanded provisions and free passage for the Burgundian troops: "My lord de Charolais has neither come with hostile intent to any one, nor in the view of seizing any of the king's towns, but to

take counsel with the princes for the public weal, and to demand the persons of two individuals."* While the burgher-captains, Poupaincourt and Lorfèvre, are listening to these details at the gate Saint-Denys, the Burgundians make an attack on that of St. Lazarus. The city is thrown into great alarm; but the attacking party found their match, and sustained a vigorous repulse from the marshal de Rouault, who had thrown himself into Paris.

This check afforded matter for thought; and they began to consider that they were far from home, and had left a large tract of country, and many rivers, as the Somme and the Oise, behind them. My lord of Charolais had done enough; he had offered battle before the walls of Paris, and they had not dared to sally forth and engage him. That he had done no more was the fault of the Bretons, who had not made their appearance. But if they were not come, the king was coming, and that quickly; the thing was certain, for a great lady had written to that effect with her own hand.

Retreat by no means suited the interests of the great ringleader, Saint-Pol, who had instigated the war in order to be made constable.‡ He had not brought the count de Charolais to Paris, merely that he might show himself and then return home. If the Bretons were not come, the count had a man who could prove that they were coming. This was a crafty Norman, vice-chancellor to the duke of Brittany, who having blanks with his master's signature, filled them up, and spoke in his name. Day by day, the duke was to arrive the next day, or the day after he could not fail to come.

Saint-Pol carried the day, and prevailed on the count to advance and cross the Seine; besides, this devouring army could not stay where it was without provisions:‡ so he seized on the bridge of Saint-Cloud.

* Probably the duke de Nevers, and the chancellor Morvilliers, who had disappointed the count de Charolais. See Du Clercq, l. v. c. 36.

† The confederates sought to appoint a regent and the constable as well. *Answers given by the Sire de Crevecœur, prisoner, to the interrogatories of my lord the Admiral. Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Legrand, cartons 1 and 5.*

‡ "My said lord has not been able to get from them (the Parisians) a pennyworth of provisions, and but for the inhabitants of Saint-Denys, we should have been without bread. Oats are exceedingly scarce . . . You cannot credit the number of horses there are in the army." Written hastily at Saint-Cloud. *Preuves de Legrand, July 15th.* On the 14th, the count de Charolais writes to his father on quitting Saint-Cloud:—"Although, most dreaded lord, I wrote to you lately that I should not attempt the passage of Saint-Cloud, until I had heard from you touching the hundred thousand crowns . . . concerning which I have written several times to you, hoping that you will take pity on us all." . . . He adds with his own hand, "We shall rendezvous this week with my lord of Berry and our fair cousin of Brittany; wherefore, if we should be disappointed of the money when so met, independently of the hazards which may arise from the disappointment, you may think what dishonor, slander, and shame it would be in the first instance to you and to all the company."—In another letter written the same day to his secretaries, he orders them—"To send him word when they have collected the hundred thousand crowns, as fast as couriers can ride, without considering horse-flesh." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Du Puy, 596, July 11th, 1465.*

* Jean de Troyes, ann. 1465, June 11th.

† The greater number had never seen France: it was a voyage of discovery for them. See the verses quoted by Jehan de Haynin, (given in M. de Reiffenberg's edition of Barante, t. vi.)—

"De Dammartin en Goalle
On voit de France la plus belle,
On voit Paris, et Saint-Denis,
Et Clermont-en-Beauvoisis;
Et qui ung peu plus haut monteroit
Saint-Estienne de Meaux verroit."—

(From Dammartin in Gaul you see the finest part of France—you see Paris, Saint-Denys, and Clermont in the Beauvoisis, and, ascending a little higher, you may see St. Stephen's at Meaux.)

The Parisians, terrified at being dispossessed of the Lower Seine, and unable to depend on supplies from the districts below, already felt "famine at the door." From this moment, they saw that the heralds ought to be received, and that honorable personages should be deputed to my lord of Charolais, to whom he might declare in confidence wherefore he had come. Tediously, slowly, did the heralds parley at the gate Saint-Honoré, under a thousand pretexts; they sought to purchase paper, parchment, ink, sugar, lastly drugs. The king's council were compelled to order the gate to be closed.

The king, who was apprized of all, made the more haste. On the 14th he wrote that he would arrive on the 16th, and hastened to throw himself into Paris, conscious that Paris his, whatever might happen, he should still be king of France.* He preferred avoiding an engagement, if he could; but he was resolved to cross at any risk. He foresaw that the Burgundians, who outnumbered his force by one-third, would post themselves between him and the city. He had sent to Paris for two hundred lances, (a thousand or twelve hundred horsemen;) his lieutenant-general was to dispatch them to him under the command of the marshal de Rouault.† The Burgundians were encamped in very straggling order—their vanguard towards Paris, two leagues from the other divisions. If the king were to attack them on one side, and Rouault on the other, they must be destroyed; destroyed or not, the king crossed the river.

Reaching Montherly in the morning, he sees the road occupied by the Burgundian vanguard, which the remainder of the army marches up to support in all haste. Rouault does not show himself. The king waits on the height, occupying the old tower, and covering himself with a hedge and a fosse. He waits two hours, then two hours longer, (from six o'clock to ten,)—but no Rouault.

The royal troops were the more veteran body; but the king could not depend upon his captains. The fosse alone made them loyal; they dared not cross it under his eye. But once the army had passed, M. de Brézé, who led the vanguard, might very well turn Burgundian; in which case the count of Maine, who commanded the rear-guard, might perhaps

fall on the king from behind.* But let Paris declare herself, and only a hundred horse arrive from that quarter, all would remain loyal and faithful.

The king sends to Paris in all haste; he is in presence of the enemy, and has not a moment to lose. Charles de Melun coldly returns for answer, that the king has confided Paris to his care, that he is answerable for it, that he cannot lessen his garrison.† The royal messengers, driven to despair, address the burgesses, hurry through the streets, and cry out that the king is in danger, and needs succor. All close their doors and remain at home.‡

The Burgundians, drawn up in battle array, had as well as the king their reasons for waiting. Their friends in the royal army did not make up their minds. Brézé and the count of Maine remained immoveable. The last was vainly summoned by a herald from the count de Saint-Pol.

The Burgundians felt that in the long run, to leave this great city behind them might very well embarrass them; so they resolved on forcing their friends to join hands, and go to them since they durst not come. So they marched upon Brézé, who, answering the call, advanced to engage contrary to the king's orders.

Yet the king believed that he had won Brézé over. He had just restored him to full power in Normandy, had nominated him captain of Rouen, grand-seneschal, and, greater than ever, there was henceforward to be no appeal from his judgments.§ He had endeavored to unite him intimately to himself, giving one of his sisters, a natural daughter of Charles VIIth's, in marriage to his son, with a royal dowry.||

Just before the battle, the king sends for him, and asks him whether it is true that he has given his signature to the princes. Brézé, who had always a jest on his lips, answers with a smile¶—"They have the writing, the body

* Communes does not believe either the count of Maine or Charles de Melun to have been traitors, but Louis XI. does, (see Legrand's Preuves.) Communes, who was then only a youth of eighteen, could not have been well acquainted with the facts of that day.

† Such at least are the excuses he relied upon at his trial. Preuves de Communes, ed. Lenglet, iii. 11-17.

‡ "Mais onques pour cris qu'ils fissent, la commune ne se bougea." (But for all the noise they made, the townsmen did not budge.) Du Clercq, l. v. c. 34.

§ Charter dated Jan. 7th, 1465. Archives Municipales de Rouen. Registre, V. 2, fol. 89.

|| Payment of 4500 livres on account, May 20th, 1464. Archives du Royaume, May 26th, 1464, K. 70.

¶ "And he said so laughingly, for such was his wont. He said, too, just as the engagement was about to commence, 'I will bring them all to-day so close together, that he will be a clever fellow who can distinguish one from the other.'" Communes, i. 3.—Did he intend to declare for or against Louis XI. when he was killed. We have nothing to show us which. Perhaps, as the chances were equal, he did not himself know. This unimpassioned politician, who had been a spectator of, or an actor in so many affairs, was but the more disposed to turn every thing into a jest. Another anecdote told of him is, that seeing the king one day riding an undersized horse, he said, "Your majesty is excellently mounted, for I don't think a horse could be found as strong

* He said that "If he could be the first to enter he should be safe, and the crown firm on his head."—"He often told me that if he had been unable to enter Paris, and had found the city closed against him, he would have withdrawn to Switzerland, or to Francesco, duke of Milan, whom he considered his great friend." Communes, l. i. c. 9.—The duke of Bedford had long before said, "On the possession of Paris depends this seignior," (that of France.) Rymer x. 420, 421, 432.

† Charles de Melun hindered "marshal Rouault from quitting Paris, although the king had written to him that NEXT DAY HE SHOULD GIVE THE COUNT DE CHAROLAIS BATTLE, and called on him to come and take the enemy in the rear with two hundred lances. . . ." Preuves de Communes, Lenglet's edition, iii. 14-17. Louis XIth's note, which closes the charge against Charles de Melun, is sufficient proof that it was no vain calumny of his enemies.

shall remain yours." And so it did remain; he was the first man who fell.*

A movement being made, there only remained to follow it up. The king charged and broke through the division commanded by Saint-Pol, who finding a wood behind retired into it, and waited to see what the end would be. The count de Charolais, with the main body, pressed the king back towards the height, then, wheeling to one side, made a violent charge on one of the king's wings, but an irregular and unsupported charge, for the count of Maine, instead of supporting him, had gone off the field with the whole rear-guard—eight hundred men-at-arms.

The count de Charolais was carried by his impetuosity half a league beyond Monthléry and the king; two bows' flight further and he was a prisoner. His return was not without danger. A foot-soldier in the mellay stabbed him in the stomach, and then, several men-at-arms falling upon him, he receives a sword-thrust in the throat. Being recognised, he is surrounded and seized; when one of his cavaliers, a heavy man mounted on a heavy horse, burst through the throng and disengaged him. This his rescuer turned out to be one Jean Cadet, son of a physician of Paris, who had attached himself to the count: he dubs him knight on the spot.†

It was a strange situation. The king was left on Monthléry with his guard only, and the count remained in the lower ground so poorly accompanied, that he would have been compelled to take to flight had a hundred men only advanced against him. The two princes had kept their ground; the two armies had fled.

Who was the victor? It was impossible to say. The Burgundians, a few of whom had rallied and intrenched themselves behind their baggage-wagons, saw the fires of the enemy's camp near them, and supposed the king to be in force. Rather than remain there, destitute of provisions, and hemmed in between the king and Paris, they preferred burning their baggage and retreating. Saint-Pol himself, who had been so eager to attack, came round to this opinion. Great was the joy when it was known that the king had decamped.‡

as this little hackney.' 'How so?' asked the king. 'Because it carries your majesty and all your council.' Lenglet, i. pref. p. 67.

* 'God's justice, aided by Louis XI.' (See *Amelgard*). . . . I have spoken at some length in a preceding page of this important personage, who was statesman, general, and legislator—at least, he aimed at being the latter. In Charles VIIIth's reign, he had had a memoir drawn up on the reform of procedure at law. He was a poet as well. De la Rue, iii. 327. See in the cathedral of Rouen the noble, simple, and grave tomb by the side of Louis de Brézé's theatrical monument, and facing the gaudy sepulchre of the Amboises. Two centuries of history are written on that tomb. The inscription, which has been effaced, is given in M. Deville's *Tombes de Rouen*, p. 60.

† Olivier de la Marche calls him Robert Cotereau.

‡ Commynes's narrative is full of satire: "About midnight the scouts return, and you may think they had not gone far when they brought back word that the king was encamped where the fires were. Forthwith, others were sent out, and all prepared for battle, though they had much greater stomach

The king, greatly alarmed by the indifference manifested by Paris, and at a loss to conjecture to which party it inclined, took care not to trust himself in it. He went to wait at Corbeil, until he could gain sure intelligence. If, at this decisive moment, the count de Charolais had boldly advanced upon Paris, he would in all probability have brought the war at once to a conclusion. He preferred proving that he remained master of the field of battle, and took possession of it, after the old feudal and chivalrous custom, causing proclamation to be made by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, "That if any one sought him to do battle, he was ready to engage him." He passed his time burying the dead; and granted, like a merciful conqueror, the petition of those who claimed the corpse of M. de Brézé.

Paris remained immoveable; the king returned thither, and was once more king. By degrees all flocked to him, and made protestations of their fidelity. He admitted all excuses, behaved coldly to none, and pretended to believe every thing. As soon as he entered, he went to sup with his faithful Charles de Melun, with a goodly company of citizens and their wives and daughters. He narrated the particulars of the battle to them after his own fashion, telling how he had begun the attack and gained the day. The Parisians, for their part, congratulated themselves on having aided to render the victory complete; and, indeed, when the battle was over, they had fallen, full of ardor, on the flying and on the baggage—"wagons, coffers, mails, boxes."* The clerk to the parliament records in his register, that they sallied forth on that day to the number of thirty thousand.†

The king called himself conqueror to no purpose. He had been seen to return most sorrowfully accompanied, and this emboldened the better order of citizens. All the *men of worship*, the slaves and tools of the nobles, waxed bold against the king. They compelled him to retain as his lieutenant that Charles de Melun, who had left him unsuccored at Monthléry.‡ Counsellors, churchmen, and the

for flight. When day broke, the scouts met a carter who was bringing a jar of wine from the village, and who told them that the army had decamped. . . . Whereat, there was great joy amongst us; and there were many who then exhorted to pursue the enemy, who an hour before made a very sorry figure." Commynes, i. 4.

* "Chariots, bahus, malles, boistes."

† So runs the triumphant bulletin of the city of Paris. See the two others, which contradict one another, but are equally triumphant—the truly Homeric account put forth by the count de Charolais, (*Preuves de Commynes*, ed. Lenglet, ii. 484-488,) and that issued by Louis XI., (*Lettres et Bulletins des Armées de Louis XI. adressés aux officiers Municipaux d'Abbeville, et publiés par M. Louandre, 1837, Abbeville*.)

‡ Charles de Melun had long been laying out for popularity. "We met to the right of the hotel distinguished by the sign of the god of love, in St. Anthony's street . . . (*Master . . . asked*) 'Who had moved us to pray the king to have my lord, Charles de Melun, for his lieutenant at Paris, seeing that the contrary had been proposed in the said city . . . To which master Henry replied, that what had been done had been done in the idea of advantaging the city,

bishop of Paris himself, waited upon him at the Tournelles, and quietly requested him to be ruled in public affairs henceforward "by good council." This council was to be given him by six burgesses, six counsellors to the parliament, six clerks of the University. The king yielded every thing, and showed himself more confiding even than the burghers wished, assuring them that he would arm them to a man.*

During all this time, his safety was, that his enemies knew not what step to take. The count de Charolais kept aloof from Paris, stuck to his battle-field, and occupied himself in proclaiming his victory and defying the air. The dukes of Berri and of Brittany, young princes of delicate health, advanced by slow marches. The junction was effected at Etampes; a spot which must have been agreeable to the duke of Brittany, since it had been his appanage when a younger son, and since he had long borne the title of count of Etampes in despite of the younger sons of the house of Burgundy, who bore it as well. Here they loitered fifteen weary days, waiting for the duke of Bourbon and the Armagnacs. Next, it behooved to wait for the marshal of Burgundy, who, having sustained a defeat on his march, loitered and halted by the way. The duke of Calabria and the Lorrainers were also to be waited for. They did not come. This was no fault of theirs. Being closely pressed by the king's troops, they had been obliged to avoid Champagne, and take a circuitous route through Auxerre.†

At last, they effect a junction: all their forces are brought together; and they then learn the difficulty of remaining together. It was impossible for this immense swarm of cavalry to find forage in one and the same spot. They were compelled, at the outset, to turn their backs on one another, and set forth, as did Abraham and Lot, the one to graze in the east, the other in the west. They scattered themselves over la Brie as far as Provins, as far as Sens, and farther.

They seemed to be in a hurry to leave before they had done any thing. At the first glance they all disliked each other. The feudal world, in this, its last review of itself, had found itself quite different from what

it supposed,—strange, fantastic, monstrous. These four or five armies were so many peoples; but the variety of races and languages, even in the same army, together with singular diversities of dress, arms, and armorial bearings, awoke ancient quarrels. Under the name of Burgundians alone, the count de Charolais led a whole Babel, which comprised every contrast and difference that prevailed from Frisia to the Jura. Those that were styled Calabrians, as following John of Calabria,* were at one and the same time Provençals, Lorrainers, Germans, barbarian halberdiers, and Swiss culverin men,† in piebald jackets, murdering German enough to affright Germany, and answered with suspicious softness by Italians masked in steel.‡

Armagnacs and Burgundians—the two names jarred together. Was party rancor extinct? There was room to doubt it. One thing assuredly survived—the instinctive aversion between the north and south, the contrast arising from habit. D'Armagnac's Gascons, filthy foot-soldiers, without pay or discipline, half soldiers, half robbers, looked so wild and lawless that no one would endure their proximity: it was found necessary to encamp them apart.

But the rivalry from which most danger was to be apprehended, and which might at any moment set the allies at daggers-drawn, was that betwixt the Burgundians and the Bretons—two great peoples and two great princes. The Bretons came up late, after the battle, and in ill humor. Their ancient reputation ran the risk of being eclipsed by the rising glory of the Burgundians, who had wholly forgotten their flight at Monthéry,§ and who were earnest in their boasts. Ever since the count de Charolais, left alone in the plain, thought that he had gained the battle, you could not have known him for the same man: he was no longer a mortal, or, if he were, he was a Nimrod, a Nebuchadnezzar. He hardly spoke; and as for a smile, that was out of the question, save, may be, when he was told that the tender young dukes of Berri and of Brittany wore cuirases of silk made to imitate iron.|| The Bretons, little given to joking, asked each other whether they would not do well to fall upon these

because the said Charles de Melun had formerly prevailed on the king to remit part of the aids levied in Paris." Evidence of master Henry de Livres and Jehan Clerbourg. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*, July, 1465.

* De chacune dixène dix hommes. Jean de Troyes, July 20th, 1465.

† The bastard of Vendôme dogged so closely the army of the duke of Calabria and of the marshal of Burgundy, as to binder them from entering Champaigne, and to compel them to march across the country close to Auxerre. He had "a tailor with him who made parti-colored jackets, red and white, at two crowns apiece, and threw the twelfth in to the said bastard," (no doubt for the purpose of pressing such free-archers as he might meet with on his march to assume this royal uniform, and aid to swell his troop.) *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, Procédures Criminelles faites par Tristan l'Ermite*, J. 950.

* The clerk to the parliament styles them "Calabrian and Swiss *Lifreflores*." Jean de Troyes, Oct. 1465.

† "And there were commonly three Swiss together, ■ pike-man, a culverin-man, and a crossbow-man." Olivier de la Marche, *Collection Petitot*, x. 245.

‡ See the stained windows of the arsenal at Lucerne, not to speak of numerous other monuments.

§ Nevertheless, at this very moment the duke was writing to the baillis of Courtray, Ypres, and Hesdin, to the treasurer of the Boulonnais, and to other officers, to confiscate the property of those who ran away at the battle of Monthéry. *Compte de la Recette Generale des Finances*, Sept. 18th, 1465. Gachard's edition of Barante, ii. 24.

|| "Armed with small and very light corsets, (*brigandines*.) And there were who said that these were nothing but small gilt nails upon satin, in order to be less heavy." *Communes*, i. l. c. 6.

Burgundians, get rid of them, and so keep the rich spoil, the kingdom, to themselves; for whose would the kingdom be if not theirs who brought in the future regent or the future king?

And in this capacity the duke de Berri became an object of suspicion to all—to all his confederates, allies, and friends; he was already the common enemy. The king whom they mistrusted was not the actual but the probable king: Louis XI. seemed altogether forgotten. So far was this feeling carried, that notwithstanding their mutual hatred of each other, the Burgundian secretly entered into a separate league with the Breton, (July 24th,) and paid him ready money for the succor he might one day afford against the duke de Berri. That is to say, whilst making him king, they busied themselves to unmake him. Such a hold did this preposterous idea take of the count de Charolais, that he sent to ask the English to assist him against this king that might be.

The true king, meanwhile, was recruiting himself, and had again taken possession of Paris. At first he had two hundred lances with him, next, four hundred, next, the count d'Eu, a prince of the blood, whom he made captain of Paris in place of Charles de Melun, indemnifying the latter munificently, since he could not yet take upon himself to strike off his head.

He had summoned the free-archers from Normandy; but the gentry would not stir; held back, no doubt, by the greater barons and bishops. On this the king resolved to go personally to bring up the Normans; a bold resolution, for Paris was wavering. However, to make sure of Paris, it was necessary to have a *point d'appui* elsewhere; and, moreover, it looked as if the leaguers, wandering out of their way in La Brie, Champagne, and even in the Auxerrois, would, with the circuitous routes they followed, never reach their destination.

Nevertheless, they drew closer to each other sooner than was expected, in consequence, no doubt, of hearing of the king's departure from their good friends in Paris. As soon as they at Lagny, the parliament and the wealthier burgesses did not fail to feel the pulse of the new royal lieutenant, beseeching him to send and negotiate good terms with the princes. He replied that it was his duty, and that if any urgent need should arise, he would not send, but go himself.

Soon, the duke de Berri's heralds are at the gates with four letters, severally addressed to burgesses, the University, the Church, the parliament. As the princes are come to consult for the good of the kingdom, they invite the city to depute six notables to them. Twelve set off that very day, headed by their bishop, Guillaume Chartier, and including the civil lieutenant, the famous dean of Paris,

Thomas Courcelles, (one of the fathers of Bâle and of the judges of the Pucelle,) the preacher L'Olive, and the three Luilliers, the theologian, the lawyer, the money-changer—out of the twelve deputies, six were canons, and he who was thrust forward as their spokesman was the bishop, a pious idiot.

The duke de Berri received this pacific deputation of priests and burgesses in his castle of Beauté-sur-Marue. He received them seated; but standing near him was the ferocious conqueror of Monthéry, armed at all points. To add to their terror, the popular hero of the English wars, Dunois, all old and gouty as he was, treated these poor people as he would have done Suffolk or Talbot. He gave them to understand, that if the city were so unfortunate as not to receive the princes before Sunday, (this was the Friday,) they solemnly laid the result, whatever it might be, at their door, since on Monday, without fail, they would deliver a general assault.

Early on Saturday there was a grand meeting at the Hôtel-de-Ville. The civil lieutenant repeated the terrible threat, word for word. The alarm spread. Many give it as their opinion that it would be a breach of the respect due to the persons of the princes of the blood if the city gates should be unhand-somely closed in their faces; and that it was impossible to decline admitting them—the princes themselves be it understood, not their army—and a small guard, say of four hundred men for each of the four princes, which would make in all sixteen hundred men-at-arms.

What inspired the speakers with courage to give advice of the kind was the sight of the archers and cross-bow men of Paris, ranged in battle array before the windows of the Hôtel-de-Ville, ready "to secure the speakers the free expression of their opinions." They were drawn up in the Grève; but at some distance from the Grève, the count d'Eu held a grand review of the king's troops; and the provost of the merchants communicated the fact to the town council, in order to cure fear by fear. They numbered no fewer than five hundred good lances, (three thousand horsemen,) fifteen hundred infantry, together with archers on horseback, and Norman archers on foot, &c. They behooved then to take no step without the privity of the king's lieutenant; otherwise there would be a risk of a horrible butchery's taking place in Paris.

These reflections rendered the assembled burgesses exceedingly pensive. But how did they feel when they heard the shouts of the lower orders, who were scouring the streets in search of them, and yelling for those traitor deputies who were for suffering plunderers to enter the city, that they might cut their throats. . . . More dead than alive, the deputies betook themselves back to the princes, whom they addressed, not on the part of the city, but on that of the count d'Eu, the bishop using

these very words:—"It is not the wish of those of the *king's servants*, who are in Paris to return an answer until they know the king's pleasure." On this, Dunois reiterated his threat that the assault should take place the next day . . . So far from it, the king's troops sallied forth, reconnoitred the enemy, and brought back with them a booty of sixty horses.

It was time for the king to arrive. On the 28th of August he re-entered Paris with an army of twelve thousand men, sixty wagons laden with powder and ordnance, and bringing with him 3,500 quarters of flour. He knew Paris; and had taken care that all this time there should be no scarcity of bread, wine, or provisions of all sorts. There had been an abundant supply; two hundred loads of fresh sea-fish had come in at once, and he had even sent to Nantes for eel-pies, and had them sold wholesale by auction.

It was the besiegers who were dying of hunger. Having been unable, notwithstanding their numbers, to secure either the Upper* or Lower Seine, far from starving out Paris, they could not provision themselves. They roamed about, gathering the grapes before they were ripe, in August. The besieged should rather have had the charity to feed them. The count of Maine sent as a present to his nephew of Berri, a load of apples, cabbages, and radishes. During a truce, the Parisians would take provisions for sale to the gate Saint-Antoine, and fleece the besiegers without mercy.†

The king was determined to leave famine and dissension to do their work. Still with his two thousand five hundred men-at-arms, and thousands of archers, he behooved to feign a desire to bring about an engagement. He repaired to St. Catharine's to receive the oriflamme from the hands of the cardinal abbot of St. Denys; heard the charge customary on such an occasion, stayed mass, and remained long at his prayers. On quitting the church, he committed the famous banner, not to his standard-bearer, but to his almoner—to lock it up carefully in the Tournelles.

Louis XIth's prayers, in all probability, were that he might be enabled to divide his enemies, to gain them over one by one, and then laugh at them all—"the which," says Commynes, "is one of God's great mercies to any prince who can compass it." Negotiations, both public and secret, were afoot, and parleying and treating were incessantly carried on, under a thousand pretences, between Charenton and Saint-Antoine's; the road between which was nicknamed the market-place, and here, indeed,

* "We did not occupy the rivers higher up, which are three, to wit, the Marne, Yonne, and Seine." Commynes, l. i. c. 8.

† They did not stop to bargain: "Their cheeks shaggy, and hanging down through misery, without shoes or stockings, full of lice and ordure . . . they were so ravenous as to fall to at a cheese without waiting to pare the rind . . ." Jean de Troyes. "The city of Paris . . . made large profit out of the army." Olivier de la Marche, Coll. Petitot, X. 246

men were sold, oaths bartered, and fidelity bid for. One day, ten messengers would pass from the king's quarters; the next, as many from the quarters of the princes. The king had good reason to believe that when the balance was struck, he would be a gainer by the traffic. Humble in speech and dress, giving much, promising more, buying or ransoming, without standing out upon terms, those whom he stood in need of, "and bearing them no malice for by-gones."

This was shown on his return. The Parisians, when they saw the tyrant come back in force, expected to feel the vengeance of a Marius or a Sylla. All his proscription was limited to thrusting out of the city three or four of those deputies who had labored so hard in his absence to prevent his ever returning. As to the bishop, the king said not one word to him as long as he lived; but took his revenge, on his death, by penning a satirical epitaph for him. His severity fell upon some spies, whom he ordered to be drowned; and, to the great amusement of the populace, "a lecherous verger was flogged at the cart's tail," who, on the first alarm, had run through the streets, crying out that the enemy were in the town, and had frightened many women into premature delivery.

The king was supposed to entertain so little rancor, that the first to send him an embassy were precisely those of whom he had most to complain—the Armagnacs; while they, in their turn, had to complain of the princes who, by keeping them at a distance from Paris, had shown them plainly that it was their wish to do without them, and allow them as small a share of the spoil as possible. After the Armagnacs came the count de Saint-Pol, who had put the whole in motion, but who, in reality, sought only one thing, the sword of constable; he had a long conference with the king, and no doubt drew a promise from him that he should have it. John of Calabria, perhaps, was not far from making his treaty, too, apart, as his father advised him, and leaving in the lurch the two tyrants of the League, the Burgundian and the Breton.

A great inducement to incline the minds of many to peace was that, after all, the most terrible among them did no great things. On one occasion a captain fires into their trenches and kills them a cannonier. All fly to arms, first, John of Calabria, and then the count de Charolais. They prick forth upon the plain, armed and barbed with iron, and so does the duke de Berri, weak as he was. The morning is dull; but the scouts have descried numerous lances—they must be all the king's banners, all those of Paris, and an intimation which had reached them contributed to this belief. An engagement being now certain, John of Calabria, in conformity with the custom of all heroes of romance or history,* harangues his

* The romance of *Le Petit Jehan de Saintré* was dedicated to this chivalrous prince. The author, Antoine de la Salle.

chivalry. Our cavaliers, says Commynes, had recovered heart a little, seeing the scanty numbers of the enemy, and their disinclination to stir. As the day clears up, the lances are discovered to be thistles. To comfort themselves for missing a battle, the lords went to hear mass and then to dinner.

The king would on no account have a battle before Paris, but removed the war to a distance. As early as June he had opened negotiations with the Liégeois; on the 26th of August, he transmitted them money; and, on the 30th, they defied the duke of Burgundy "to the utterance." This counter stroke was felt at Paris; on the 4th, the princes asked for a truce, and on the 10th, for its extension. A peace was the next step; but their first demands were exorbitant—for the duke de Berri, Normandy, or Guyenne, a Guyenne swelled out to suit themselves, in fact, the ancient kingdom of Aquitaine; the count de Charolais demanded the whole of Picardy.

As the negotiation threatened to be tedious, one of two things was likely to happen; either that the princes, in their discouragement, would be won over by the king's fine words, or else that their numerous friends in the towns would be emboldened to go to work for them, and devise the means of putting them in possession of the places round Paris, and even, perhaps, of Paris itself. The king had soldiers in every town: but the barons had the inhabitants for them, at least, the principal ones, and were influential by their antiquity, their great possessions, their servitors, *household* and protected; and their onerous protection had been accepted by the towns from a remote period. The slavish herd of citizens served them, no matter how treated; thanked them when harassed, kissed their hands when beaten.

All this, no doubt, induced the far-sighted to believe that the princes and barons would prevail over the king, and that, for all his vigor and intellect, he was none the less a lost man. On September 21, a gentleman in command of the town of Pontoise writes word to the marshal de Rouault, that he has just delivered it up to the princes, and begs him to exonerate him with the king as he has done it against his will. At this juncture, too, the count of Maine, though still holding by the king, thinks it expedient to make sure of his offices, by getting the duke de Berri to nominate him to them as well. The wise Doriole, the finance minister, and the devoted servant of the king—whoever might be that king—conceiving the veritable king to be the king's brother, transferred his financial services to the duke.

Louis XI. believed Rouen his own. Madame de Brézé, who was in charge of the castle, had

apprized him that she had got rid of some suspicious persons who would have delivered it up. There was an individual who had great influence in the town, the former finance minister of Normandy, a man of God, who, so the rumor ran, never allowed himself the luxury of sleeping in a bed, wore sackcloth next his skin, and confessed himself daily.* The bishop of Bayeux, patriarch of Jerusalem, and who, besides, was one of the Harcourt family, did whatever he wished with the widow and the devout financier; they surrendered both castle and town to the duke de Bourbon, who entered without striking a blow, (September 27th.†)

Evreux followed the example of Rouen, then Caen, and then, indirectly, whatever towns on the Somme were yet the king's. The count de Nevers, who had hitherto been waiting the course of events, shut up in Peronne, hesitated no longer; he did not open the gates, but he suffered the place to be sealed and taken by surprise, and himself to be borne off prisoner, (Oct. 7th.)

That which all the princes of France, with an army of a hundred thousand men, had been unable to effect, was accomplished by a priest, a woman, and one act of treachery. In sober truth, it was the bishop of Bayeux and Madame de Brézé who brought the war of the Public Good to a close.

The king opened negotiations directly; if he did not come to terms, Paris would follow Rouen. The very day on which Rouen castle was surrendered, it was discovered that the Bastille at Paris had been opened, and the cannon spiked. The Bastille was in the very suspicious keeping of Charles de Melun's father.

Who were the actors against the king here? No one, and every one. The church of Paris had never spoken since the strange step it had taken through the medium of its bishop. Neither had the parliament nor the Châtelet spoken;‡ but from time to time such or such a counsellor, or notary, or advocate, would go over to the princes. Under the sombre and mute masses of the Palais,§ and of Notre-Dame, there bustled and fidgeted, gaining confidence with every day, adventurers, scapegraces, briefless lawyers, priests just tonsured, priests expectant, who gave utterance to their masters'

* Jacques du Clercq, l. v. c. 63.

† There seems to have been ■ remain of Norman patriotism in all this: "The day after Pontoise was taken by Loys Sorbier, a Franciscan friar of Paris waited on Madame the Grand-seneschal from Lancelot d'Harcourt . . . Lancelot said that he was a Norman . . . had sworn on Saint Anne's altar at Quetenville, &c. . . ." *Bibl. Royale, MS. Legrand, Prevosts, 1465.*

‡ The king's counsellors and the officers of the crown seemed to bear him the greatest ill-will. Compelled by his pressing wants to ask them for a loan, he could extract but a mite; they would have preferred giving to the enemy. A counsellor to the parliament and an advocate went over to the duke de Berri. Another counsellor's clerk, together with a notary, had gone as far as Brittany in search of the duke—clerk and notary were drowned for the example's sake.

§ That is, the Law courts.

says to him, "In obedience to your prayers, which are to me sovereign commands . . ." See *L'Histoire et Cronique du Petit Jehan de Saintré et de la Jeune Dame des Belles Cousines, sans autre nom nommer.* Without date, 8vo. black letter.

thoughts, and prated and rhymed against the king. It was, as all know, in this humid and foul atmosphere, hard by the Sainte-Chapelle, that the Menippée, the Lutrin, and even Voltaire himself* had their birth. Here, in fact, was a whole army of wits and wittlings, in the heart of his capital, ready to attack him at any time behind his back.† Satiric songs and ballads ran the round of the city, and were even sent to the princes, by way of encouragement; more especially, two most bitter pasquinades, which might have been written in the time of the League.

Yet the king had lavished favors on the Parisians. Although the University had refused to take up arms for him, he restored her her privileges. He accepted the freedom of the great fraternity of the burgesses of Paris; and became their brother burgess. He summoned the *quarteniers* and *cinquanteniers*,‡ and six notables from each of the quarters of Paris to hear, together with the parliament, and the great bodies, the conditions which the princes proposed.

The city was not the less discontented and agitated. Could those Normans, with whom the king had garrisoned Paris, continue to put a restraint on their Norman hands? There was a general fear of the city's being pillaged.§ One night the streets are lighted up, fires blaze in every direction, the citizens fly to arms and range themselves under their banners. Who has given orders for this—no one can say. The king sends for "Sir Jehan Luillier, the town-clerk," who states, coolly and without making any excuse, that all has been done with the best intentions. The king sends orders from street to street to put out the lights and fires, and retire to rest: no one obeys; all continue under arms. It was not unlikely that the citizens and the garrison would come to blows. An assault had already been made, in the evening, on bishop Balue, the king's factotum.||

* See above, vol i. p. 181.

† And sometimes to his face. The royal person had but little terror for them, if we judge by the anecdote given by the clerk to the parliament. One day, as the king was returning from a conference with the princes, he told the guard at the barrier that thenceforward the Burgundians would do them less harm, that he should be able to take better care of them. On which a lawyer of the Châtelet boldly said:—"True, sire, but meanwhile they gather in our vintage and eat our grapes, without our being able to help ourselves."—"Better," replied Louis XI., "that they should gather your vintage, than come here and take your goblets and the money you hide in your cellars."

‡ The *quartenier* was a civic personage, answering to our alderman of the ward. The *cinquantenier* was a captain of the city-watch, or guard.—*Translator*.

§ Jean de Troyes, however, says that the king, far from allowing the Normans to plunder, caused those among them who had failed to respect, so far as mere words meant, the dignity of the city of Paris, to be severely punished:—"There came to Paris many Norman nobles who used insulting language to the Parisians: and, on the complaint of the burgesses, the chief offender and speaker of the said words was condemned to do *amende honorable* before the town-hall, bareheaded, ungirded, a torch in his hand, and saying that he had falsely and maliciously lied in using the said words And after this, he had his tongue bored through, and was then banished."

|| This comical bishop, who could turn his hand to any

Not a moment was to be lost. The king demanded an interview, visited the count de Charolais,* and told him that peace was concluded:—"The Normans want a duke; well, they shall have one!"

To cede Normandy was to ruin himself. This province alone yielded a third of the taxes of the kingdom;† it was the only one which was wealthy, and that in all kinds of wealth, in pasturage, tillage, and commerce. Normandy was the kindly milch-cow which supplied the whole neighborhood.

The king, with one stroke of the pen handed over to the friends of the English our best sailors; just the same thing as if he had filled up and destroyed the harbors of Dieppe and Honfleur with his own hand. From this moment, the enemy could land at pleasure and would find the Seine open, that "great street which leads to Paris." He could roam through the length and breadth of the land, by the Seine or by the coast, from Calais to Nantes; and over this large extent of coast-line, the Englishman would have encountered none but the friends or the vassals of England.

The Burgundian was put in possession of Boulogne and Guines forever; of the towns on the Somme, on terms of distant and unlikely redemption. The duke of Brittany, henceforward master of his own home, master alike of his bishops and his barons, became a little king—under English protection. He demanded, in addition, Saintogne for the Scotch;‡ that is,

thing, played the captain if need were. He had greatly offended the Parisians by placing himself one night at the head of the watch, and taking it the whole round of the walls, with a large attendance of trumpets and clarions. He was assaulted just as he was leaving the house of a mistress.

* In a former interview the king had tried to cajole the count de Charolais; he said to him:—"My brother, I now know you to be a gentleman, and of the house of France."—"How so, my lord?"—"Because, when I sent an embassy to Lille to my uncle, your father, and yourself, and that mad Morvilliers spoke so stoutly to you, you sent me word by the archbishop of Narbonne, (who is a gentleman, and showed himself so to be, for all were delighted with him,) that I would repent of the language used by the said Morvilliers before a year was over. You have kept your word, and long before the year is out I desire to have to do with those who keep their promises." And the said Morvilliers disavowed."—Commines, l. i. c. 12, pp. 92, 93, Made-moiselle Dupont's edition.

† According to Louis XIth's own evidence, in a letter to the count de Charolais. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Histoire*, viii. 28.

‡ The Scotch, called in by the Bretons, came, after the war was over, to share the spoil, and seized the opportunity to claim their county of Saintogne, an absurd gift of Charles VII., who in his distress had bartered a province for a Scotch army, but the army was never sent.—"You will say," so run the Scotch king's instructions to his envoys, "that you doubt if right is not done to the king of Scotland, and the said county delivered up, great mischief may arise and that more speedily than may be thought." Here follow threats in case of the French king's attacking the duchess of Brittany, who was related to the king of Scotland, and to most of the Scotch nobles.—One of Louis XIth's counsellors observes in a note upon the passage, that the gift was conditional, &c., and advises his master as follows:—"If it was your pleasure to take the duke of Albany into your service there would no man of that nation who should dare to act against you, but the duke would hang him or have his head chopped off incontinently, and so break off their trafficking and petty alliances in England, Brittany, and elsewhere." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, 475, Nov. 13th, 1465.

for the English, who were at this moment masters of Scotland. Saintogne given up, Rochelle, its rear cut off, would not have long held out, and Guyenne would have followed, and the whole west.

In creating a duke of Normandy, each of the princes thought that he had labored for his own interests. Duke and duchy were both young, and would stand in need of a guardian. Each claimed to be this guardian. Divided on this point, they were better agreed as to enriching this creation of their own. They endowed and gifted the new-born child most paternally. Each day they forced something from the king to swell the amount. He was compelled to despoil the counts of Maine and Eu of their possessions in the duchy. The latter, peer of the realm as he was, held of Normandy, and was within the jurisdiction of the Exchequer. The count d'Alençon, who, by his treasons at least, had well deserved the consideration of the king's enemies, was added as a sop to this insatiable duchy of Normandy.*

It was not the kingdom alone which was plundered, but the crown and its rights. The Norman was to reap the fruits of vacant benefices and to nominate to all offices; the Breton was to enjoy the first of these privileges, and that of coining money. The Lorrainer was not to do homage for the *march* of Champagne, which was ceded to him by the king.

He was required to deliver up, not his subjects only, but his allies. The duke of Lorraine got himself appointed protector of three bishoprics,† which had been for centuries protecting themselves against him.

The king put a good face on matters, but was uneasy. While he was giving so much, they kept still taking more. Beauvais, Peronne, were surprised even while these negotiations were going on.

Where were these demands to stop? No one could tell. Each day, some forgotten stipulation came into their heads, and added to the terms already agreed upon. Hardly had the count de Charolais concluded his treaty for Boulogne and the Somme, before he required the cession of three provostships, which he asserted to be indispensable to his securing possession of Amiens. Nor would he draw off his forces until he had extorted something more. On the 3d of November, just as the king was taking leave of him at Villers-le-Bel,

* The assessors of the duchy were to pay their duke a pension out of the taxes and aids, and to account for and pay over the remainder to the duke of Normandy's officers. Was the device of the archers of Alençon, an allusion to the ancient resistance of Alençon to Normandy? "On their jackets was embroidered the motto, '*Audi partem*.'" The meaning seems to me to be, "Hear the other side as well." Jean de Troyes, Saturday, August 13th, 1465.

† At least, those of Toul and Verdun. As to that of Metz, the king appears to have given a verbal promise to the duke of Lorraine, that he would aid him to reduce it. In the sketch of the treaty, we find one of the articles, "A hundred thousand crowns of gold to be paid down, to be employed in the reduction of Naples and of Metz." *Preuves de Commynes*, ed. Lenglet, ii. 499.

the count made him sign a strange treaty of marriage between him, Charolais, who was thirty years of age, and his (the king's) eldest daughter, an infant two years old. She was to bring him as her dowry Champagne, with all that could be annexed to it; far or near—Langres and Sens, Laon and the Vermandais! To console the husband for having to wait so long for his bride, the king gave him Ponthieu on the spot.

The leaguers, on withdrawing, forgot only two things, but they were the two principal ones—the grand question of the Church* and the States-general.

Not a word more of the Pragmatic act.† The princes, becoming kings themselves, thought as the king had thought for himself, that it was better to come to an understanding with the pope, with regard to the collation to benefices, than to run the chances of elections.

The princes made no scruple of sacrificing the interests of the nobles, those of the wealthier burgesses, and those of the parliamentary families, who seldom came in for the good things of the Church except by election.

There were to be no more States-general;‡

* The king, in the instructions delivered to his ambassadors to the Pope, dwells upon the abolition of the Pragmatic act as the principal cause of the war of the Public Good; and he cites the treason of the bishop of Bayeux, which brought the war to a conclusion, in proof of the paramount importance of appointing to bishoprics. The king, the instructions go on to say, the moment he ascended the throne restored obedience to the Apostolic see:—"Whence discontent with the king, and the lighting of those flames which burst forth into the late mournful conflagration of the kingdom . . . they (the princes?) endeavored to win over the parliamentary families by holding out hopes that they would renew the Pragmatic act, feigning that France was drained of money . . . the ambassador will excuse the publication of a certain rescript as obtained by the craft and fraud of the bishop of Bayeux . . . traitor to the Holy See, he inflicted a deadly wound on its authority, and, at this moment . . . unexpectedly discovered himself to be an enemy and most wicked traitor. Of how great consequence it is to the king to have prelates of tried and approved fidelity to himself in the various sees is proved by the fact that the crime of the bishop of Bayeux was sufficient to rend the whole of Normandy away, and almost overthrow the monarchy, as many of the finest towns and strongest fortresses in France are in the hands of the bishops . . . They will therefore use their utmost efforts to obtain a favorable answer to the royal prayer, especially as concerns metropolitan churches, and the wealthier bishoprics and abbeys."

† The only mention we find of it occurs in the sketch, but is not in any of the treaties. Lenglet, ii. 249. Moreover, the most powerful of the confederates, the count de Charolais, needed the pope's assistance in the affair of Liège; and in his treaty with the king, he binds Louis to submit himself, "For the accomplishment of the aforesaid stipulations . . . to the constraint and coercion of our holy father the pope." Ibidem, 504.

‡ The princes had thrown out hints of assembling them; but a promise to that effect is explicitly given only in the invitation addressed by the king's brother to the duke of Calabria. He seeks, he says, "To abolish all aids, impositions, fourths, eighths, and other oppressions and exactions, which crush the poor commons, (*le pauvre peuple*), with the sole exception of the ordinary tax for the maintenance of the men-at-arms, and which shall be levied only until the States of the realm, which we trust shortly to assemble, shall take the subject into consideration." *Preuves de Commynes*, ed. Lenglet, ii. 45. The other princes confine themselves to more general expressions, "Moved by pity and compassion for the poor commons, &c." Ibidem, 444. Strange enough, they accuse the king of attacking them when they were come to reform the kingdom. "Some persuade the king to feel offended . . . with the princes of his own blood . . . and to annoy and injure them . . ."

only thirty-six notables, with Dunois as their president, were to consult for the public good, receive petitions, decide on "indemnities." Their decisions are to be sovereign and absolute; the king is to ratify them (for form's sake) in fifteen days, without fail, after they have been pronounced.* This reign of the thirty-six is to last for two months.

Thus, the king is finely tied down. For greater safety, he has his guards—the Burgundian at Amiens, the Gascon at Nemours, the Breton at Etampes and Montfort-l'Amaury. Thus he was shut up within Paris, and yet Paris was scarcely his, since the taxes had been abolished. He had hardly power to give or sell an office, as the parliament henceforward recruited itself, presenting a certain number of candidates to the king, to whom his choice was restricted.†

Whence he was to draw the monstrous pensions which he had promised the princes, seems not to have been thought of. He was in the situation of a poor arrested debtor, who can

neither retrieve himself nor pay, but whose very entrails are being devoured by a ravenous set of bailiffs, tipstiffs, and bailiffs' followers, quartered in his house, to live at rack and manger.

Still, prostrate as he appeared to be, and utterly ruined, the leaguers, on their departure, took a singular precaution; they made him give them a written security, that he would never force them to wait upon him, and that whenever he thought proper to visit them, he would give them three days' notice at the least. This settled, they conceived that they might return in peace to the enjoyment of their own homes.

But first the count de Charolais promenaded the king, who had come without any guard, all amiability and smiles, before the princes and nobles and their vast array, all the way from Charenton to Vincennes, when he said, "Gentlemen, we are all of us the king my sovereign lord's devoted subjects, at his service, whenever he shall require us."

BOOK THE FIFTEENTH

CHAPTER I.

LOUIS XI. RECOVERS NORMANDY: CHARLES THE RASH SACKS DINANT AND LIEGE. A. D. 1466-1468.

A KINGDOM with two heads,—a king of Rouen‡ and a king of Paris,—was the grave of France. The treaty was null and void; § no one can bind himself to die.

as indeed he has done, as far as was in his power, by his attacking us in force at Montlhéry on the 16th day of July past; us, who to aid him to advance the good of the kingdom and his own interests had allied ourselves with our most dreaded lord, my lord of Berry, our aforesaid fair cousin of Brittany, and other princes of the blood." Ibidem, 490.

* "The which sentences, deliberations, and conclusions, the king wills and ordains to be respected, as if they were his own judgments delivered in person; and, moreover, within a fortnight, he will ratify them and no letters rendering them null and void shall be granted by the king and if granted, they shall not be obeyed." Ibidem, 514, 515.

† Ordonnances, xvi. 441, November 12th, 1465.

‡ The Normans asked no better than to understand it on this fashion, and got the duke to read the statement in one of their chronicles: "That formerly there was a king of France who wanted to take back Normandy, (*which had been given in appanage to his younger brother*); but that the Normans offered such fierce resistance, they even drove the said king out of France, and made their duke, king." Jean de Troyes, ann. 1465.—On December 28th, Jean de Harcourt delivers up to the duke the Norman chronicles preserved in the town-hall, who covenants to restore them, in a few days, after he shall have read them. *Archives Municip. de Rouen Reg. des Délibérations*, xlii. fol. 241.

§ The parliament protested against the treaty, as having been neither legally registered nor published. The confederates themselves had made secret stipulations against certain articles; for instance, the duke of Brittany in regard to the thirty-six reformers. As to the first-fruits, the king had had the precaution to give them for the term of

It was null, and impossible to be executed. The king's brother, and the dukes of Brittany and of Bourbon, having different interests as regarded Normandy, could never come to an understanding.

On the 25th of November, six weeks after the treaty, the king, who happened at the time to be on a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Cléry,* received letters from his brother, which he showed to the duke of Bourbon. "Look," he said, "my brother cannot come to an agreement with my cousin of Brittany; I must go to his assistance, and take back my duchy of Normandy."†

The enterprise was facilitated by the circumstance of the Burgundians having undertaken a weighty business, which might occupy them for a length of time; they had started, in the depth of winter, to chastise and lay in ruins

his natural life, a month before the treaty, to the Sainte-Chapelle,—to revoke this gift was to raise a case of conscience. Ordonnances, xvi. 347-349, September 14th, 1465.

* Thinking that he could never have escaped such dangers but from the aid of our Lady of Cléry, he went to offer up thanks; and it was, probably, to her that he offers at this period a Louis XI. of silver: "Paid to our goldsmith, André Mangot . . . the remainder due on a certain vow of silver, representing our person." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand*, c. 2, March 17th, 1466. Another pious work; on the 31st of October, 1466, he exempts all the Carthusians in the kingdom from the payment of taxes. Ordonnances, xvi. 413. He becomes all at once good and merciful, and issues a pardon for one Pierre Huy, who had said: "That we had destroyed and drained our country of Dauphiny, and were draining our whole kingdom, and were only a chamberer, and that we had a horse which carried us and all our council, (*et que nous avions ung cheval qui nous portait et tout nostre conseil*."') *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, J. Registre*, cviii. 53, ann. 1466.

† *Bibl. Royale, Hist. MS. de Legrand*, l. ix. p. 5.

Dinant and Liège. The count de Charolais, when he struck his camp and marched from before Paris, on the 3d of November, had given notice to his vassals, who had hoped to be disbanded and return to their respective homes, to rendezvous on the 15th at Mézières, "on pain of the gallows."

Liège, incited to war by Louis XI., was about to pay for him; and though he had desired to succor it, he could not. In order to recover Normandy, in the teeth of the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, it was essential to him, at the least, to win over the duke de Bourbon; and it was precisely to reseat the duke de Bourbon's brother in the bishopric of Liège, that the count de Charolais was about to make war on the Liégeois.

I have alluded to the unceremonious impatience with which Louis XI. had, from the moment of his accession, forcibly or with their own good-will, seized the thread of the affairs of the Liegers. He had found them in open revolution, and this a fearful one, in which the stake was the life or death of a whole people; and had taken it in hand, as he would have done any other political engine, as a ready means of diverting the attention of the enemy.

It is with reluctance that I pause here; but the historian of France owes it to the people who so long laid down their lives for his country, to tell, for once, what that people was, and to restore it (if in his power!) its historic life. For this people was France, was ourselves; the blood they shed was our blood.

LIÉGE AND DINANT.

Liège and Dinant, our brave little France of the Meuse,* cast by chance so far from us among the rude German marches, and cabined and confined within a hostile circle of princes of the empire, ever turned wistful looks towards France. Of no use was it to tell Liège that she was German, and part of the circle of Westphalia; she would not believe a word of it. She allowed her Meuse to flow down to the Low Countries;† but her own tendency was to ascend in the opposite direction,—a tendency induced, not alone by community of language and character, but by other and not

less powerful interests; this was the trade carried on by Liège and Dinant with the Upper Meuse and our northern provinces, where, no doubt, they found a better market for their iron and copper wares, their edge-tools and *brass-ware*,* than was possible in Germany, ever a land of mines and iron-works. A word by way of explanation.

The rise of Liège as a manufacturing and trading town, dates from the moment France began to be a purchaser. When our kings gradually put an end to private wars, and the misery attendant upon them, and the rural districts felt the blessings of security, the husbandman, who, till then, had lived like the hare between two furrows, ventured on building; he built himself a hearth, and inaugurated the iron crook,† from which he hung a pot, an iron boiler, brought by hawkers from the forges of the Meuse. Ambition waxing with increasing plenty, and the wife laying by her little savings unknown to her husband, it would come to pass some morning, that the children would gaze with admiration at a golden pot suspended in the chimney, one of those brilliant caldrons such as were manufactured at Dinant.

This pot, this hereditary caldron, which had for ages been the ornament of the hearth, was hardly less sacred than the hearth, or less dear to the family. On an alarm, the peasant would allow all the rest to be plundered and burnt, but would carry off his pot, as Æneas did his gods. The pot, as we may infer from our old customs, represented the family, in which those are considered to be kith and kin who "eat of the same loaf and out of the same pot."‡

The forgers of this pot, then, could not fail of being, at the least, cousins of France; and this they proved when, during our frightful English wars, swarms of poor, famished Frenchmen fled into the Ardennes, and met in the country of Liège a hearty welcome and a brother's heart.§

What more thoroughly French than this land of the Walloons? And the best proof of this is, that in the heat of the rudest collision of tongues and races, and amidst the clangor of

* One of the graces of France, which has so many, is that she is not alone, but surrounded by many Frances. She sits in the midst of her daughters, the Walloon, the Savoyard, &c. France, the mother, has changed; her daughters are but little changed, comparatively, at least: one or other of the mother's aspects is still recalled by them. It is touching to see the mother's youth always renewed in that of her daughters; to find contrasted with her serious and thoughtful self all that which once she herself possessed,—gayety, vivacity, the graces of the heart, and those charming foibles, which we are correcting ourselves of, and which the world loved in us before we grew prudent.

† It is but just to say, that the Meuse remains French so long as she can. She turns round towards Sedan and Mézières as if to leave Luxembourg behind. She is obliged to flow into the Low Countries by the fall of the land, and to blend, whether she will or not, with the German rivers, yet still she remains French until she has borne her great Liège her last alluvial gift to her country.

* *Dinanderie*. The root of the word *Dinant*, *Dinant*, proves that we were supplied with brass-ware chiefly from this town. See Carpentier, verb. *Dinant*, used in 1404.

† One of the most important of our ancient ceremonials. The cat, as all know, never becomes domesticated until her paws have been carefully rubbed against the crook. The sanctity of the fireside in the middle age is far less identified with the hearth than with the crook suspended over it: "The soldiers dispersed themselves, plundering and laying their hands on whatever they could seize, sparing neither age, nor order, nor sex, women, girls, or infants, who held by the chimney-crook in the hopes of escaping their fury." Méliart, *Hist. de la Ville et du Chateau de Huy*, p. 266.

‡ See Laurière, t. i. p. 220, and t. ii. p. 171; also my *Origines du Droit*, p. xci. 47, 268. See particularly, for the Nivernais, Guy Coquille, *Question 33*; M. Dupin, *Excursion dans la Nièvre*; Le Nivernais, par M. Morellet, Barat, and Bussière.

§ Omnes pauperes, a regno profugos propter inopiam, liberalissime sustentasse. Even the French king confessed this. Zaufliet, ap. Martene, *Amplissima Collectio*, iv. 500

forges, miners, and armorers, our old genius for melody* bursts forth in its purest charm. Not to mention Grétry or Méhul, from the fifteenth century the masters of melody were the boy-choristers of Mons or of Nivelles.†

Charming, delicate, bird-like song along the Meuse! True voice of France! true voice of liberty! For without liberty, who could have sung in this severe climate, this serious country? Alone it had power to people the gloomy thickets of the Ardennes. Liberty of person, or, at the least, softened serfhood,‡ vast rights of common, immense communal liberties,§ above ground and under ground, for the miners and iron-workers.

* As melodists, the Walloons and the Vaudois, Lyonnese and Savoyards, seem to answer one another from the Meuse to the Alps. Rousseau is echoed by Grétry. It is the same style of art, produced by analogous states of society. Geneva and Lyons were, as well as Liège, episcopal and manufacturing republics. If the Walloons have shown a greater taste for music than literature in later ages, we must not forget that in the fourteenth Liège had her excellent chroniclers, Jean d'Outre-Meuse, Lebel, and Hemricourt. (See in the latter the amusing portrait of the magnificent and valorous canon, Lebel.) Froissart even acknowledges that he copied Lebel in the beginning of his Chronicles. The seventeenth century can boast of no more learned or judicious character than Louvrex: it is well known that when Fénelon had instituted a suit against Liège touching certain claims on behalf of his archbishopric, he withdrew it on reading a memorial drawn up by this celebrated juriconsult. In our own time we have living instances in the persons of MM. Lavalleye, Lesbroussart, Polain, and others, that the graceful and plastic spirit of the Liegers is not incompatible with the severer labors of erudition.

† See Guichardin, Description des Pays-Bas; Laserna, Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, pp. 202-208; Fétis, Mémoire sur la Musique Ancienne des Belges, et la Revue Musicale, 2d série, t. iii. p. 230, (1830.) The most ancient of these composers are Josquin des Prez, dean of the chapter of Condé; Aubert Ockergau, of Hainault, treasurer of St. Martin's of Tours, (A. D. 1515; Jean le Teinturier, of Nivelles, (who was alive in 1495.) invited by king Ferdinand to Naples, and the founder of the Neapolitan school; Jean Fupnier, of Ath, musical director to the archbishop of Cologne, and preceptor to Charles the Fifth's pages; Roland de Latre, born at Mons in 1520, musical director to the duke of Bavaria, (a statue was raised to his honor at Mons,) &c. &c. Grétry, as is known, came from Liège, Gossec from Vergnies in Hainault, Méhul from Givet. The musical theorist, Savart, comes from Mézières. As regards the sister art, painting, it is the Meuse which produced its restorer, John the Walloon, (Joannes Gallicus,) otherwise named Van Eyck, and, very improperly, John of Bruges. He was born at Maseyk, but, most probably, of a Walloon family. See above, p. 223.

‡ The constant wars rendered man and his services more valuable, and enforced a better treatment of the serfs. And as cultivation, already carried on with great difficulty, could only be prosecuted advantageously in proportion as the serf enjoyed greater freedom, serfhood disappeared at an early period from certain districts of the Ardennes. The custom of Beaumont (which spread from the Duchy of Bouillon into Lorraine and Luxembourg) allowed the inhabitants the free use of the waters and forests, the election of their own magistrates, and the disposal of their property, &c. At the beginning of the thirteenth century. (A. D. 1236,) the lord of Orchiemont freed his villages of Gerdines, according to the liberties of Renvez, (concessi, ad legem Renvez, libertatem,) and reduced all his rights to a certain proportion of the fruits and to a light quit-rent and right of multure. Saint-Hubert and Mirwart followed the example. My family being partly from Renvez, I was pleased to find this proof of the ancient liberties of my mother's birthplace in M. Ozcray's learned work, Histoire du Duché de Bouillon, pp. 74. 75. 110. 114. 118.

§ The large landed proprietors who are now instituting suits against the communes of the Ardennes, ought to bear in mind that but for ample grants of communal privileges the land would have remained a desert. They ask the communes for their titles, and the communes have none to

Two churches,—St. Hubert's with its pilgrimage,* and St. Lambert's with its asylum,—were the true nucleus of the Ardennes. Twelve abbés, preferred to canonries in St. Lambert's, Liège, opened an asylum, a city of refuge for the neighboring districts, and erected a tribunal for the maintenance of the peace of God, constituting the bishop and chapter the grand judge of the marches. The jurisdiction of the ring was feared far and wide; and for a circuit of full thirty leagues, the haughtiest knight, even were he sprung from the four sons of Aymon, trembled in his every limb when summoned to the black city, and forced to appear at the péron of Liège.†

High-handed justice and freedom, under the guardianship of a people who feared nothing, together with the social qualities of its inhabitants, and their active industry, formed the grand attractions of Liège, drawing thither crowds, many of whom were tempted to take up their residence there. When the traveller, after having surmounted the difficulties of a dangerous journey, saw the grand forge sending up its smoke in the distance, it looked to him all beauty, and he returned thanks to God. The cinders of coal and iron ore with which the roads were made, seemed softer to his foot than the emerald meadows of the Meuse. Mandeville, the Englishman, came to Liège, after having travelled round the world; but never left it,‡ so contented did he feel. So sweet is the lotus-tree of liberty!

A stormy liberty, I grant; a city of unforeseen and often unaccountable tumults; but, in despite of this, perhaps on account of this, liked and loved. Here was tumultuous change; but, after all, a change which was the index of life, (whose stronger pulsations so seldom diversified the languor of the middle-age;) of a vigorous and joyous life,§ com-

show, precisely because their rights are of the highest antiquity, going back to a period when written instruments were rarely used. Before long the earth, doubtless, will be asked to show by what title it has grown green since the origin of the world.

* The beautiful legends of the Ardennes commonly turn on the naive image of the Church's transforming the wild beasts of its woody wilds into men and Christians. The wolf of Stavelot becomes the bishop's slave; for, having devoured St. Bernard's ass, the holy man compels the wolf to serve him in its stead, and to carry the stones for the church he is building: in the town arms you see the wolf with a cross in its paw. The cross of Christ rises out of the antlers of St. Hubert's stag,—the knight to whom it appeared is cured of all worldly passions. The pilgrimage to St. Hubert was famous, as every one knows, for curing hydrophobia. Our French peasants, as well as those of the Low Countries, used to flock thither in crowds, whether bitten or not bitten, to have their foreheads rubbed with a bit of the saint's stole. St. Hubert's descendants used to work cures by their prayers. See Délices des Pays-Bas, (ed. 1785.) t. iv. pp. 50, 172.

† The péron was the column, at the foot of which all judgments were pronounced. It was surmounted by a cross and a cone of fir, (the symbol of association in the North as the pomegranate is in the South.) The fir-cone or fir-apple appears on the guildhall of Augsburg, and elsewhere.

‡ According to his epitaph:—"Qui toto quasi orbe illustrato Iudicii diem vite sue clausit extremum anno Domini mcccclxxi." Ortelius, ap. Boxhorn. De Rep. Leod. auctores præcipui, p. 57.

§ The fearful history of these times is nevertheless a very

pounded of labor, factions, and battles.* One might go through much in such a place; but then one could never feel life hang heavy on one's hands.

Assuredly the most unvarying feature of Liège was its mobility. The fundamental element of the city—its *tréfoncier*† chapter, was, under its apparent fixity, a variable person, constantly changed by election, composed of members of all nations, and which relied for support against the native nobility, on a population of workmen, which was no less fluctuating and often renewed than itself.‡

Here is a curious experiment going on throughout the middle age,—a city which alternately ruins and restores itself without intermission. It is conscious that it cannot perish. Its rivers pour back into it each time more than it has destroyed; each time its fields yield larger harvests; while, from beneath the earth, subterranean Liège, that black volcano of life and riches,§ soon throws up above the ruins another Liège, a young, forgetful Liège, not less glowingly busy than the ancient one, and ready for battle.

At first Liège believed she had exterminated her nobles. The chapter launched the people against them; and the survivors completed their own destruction by the madness of a "war to the knife."|| It was settled that the magistrates should henceforward be chosen out of the trades only;¶ and that only wheel-

gay one. See Hemricourt, *Miroir des Nobles de Hasbaye*, pp. 139, 288, 350, &c. &c.

* Prohibition against attacks on dwelling-houses:—"Whether by hurling, striking, or throwing at the houses, (En l'ansant, ferrant, ou jettant aux maisons,) or the dwellers therein, under a penalty of a pilgrimage to St. James."† Le Regiment des Bastons, (1422,) ap. Bartollet, *Consilium Juris*, &c., art. 34. I am indebted for this precious little volume, which gives an analysis of almost all the charters of Liège, to the obliging attention of M. Polain, conservator of the archives of Liège.

† In stylo curiarum sæcularium Leod., c. 5, art. 8, c. 13, art. 20, et alibi *seigneurs tréfonciers* dicuntur in quorum propria sunt decime, redditus, census, justitia, prædium, licet alii sint usufructuarii. (In the phraseology of the law-courts at Liège and elsewhere, they are called *lords tréfonciers*, to whom belong the tithes, fruits, quit-rents, jurisdiction, and predial rights, although others may have the usufruct.) V. Usatici urbis Ambianensis, MSS. Ducange, verbo *tréfoncus*.

‡ Hemricourt complains (about the year 1390?) that one-fourth of the population of Liège, far from being born in the city, do not even belong to the principality. Patron de la Temporalité, quoted by Villenagne, *Recherches*, (1817,) p. 53.

§ Coal is quarried underneath the city. An angel showed the inhabitants the first coal-pit. One of the pits in Limbourg is commonly called *Heemlick*, formerly *Hemeltryck*, (the kingdom of heaven,) on account of its mineral wealth. Ernst, *Histoire du Limbourg*, (ed. de M. Lavalleye,) i. 119. See, also, M. Lavalleye's notice respecting the date of its discovery.

|| See at the end of the *Miroir des Nobles de Hasbaye* the fine description of the wars of the Awans and the Waroux, which follows so naturally the previous genealogies and the curious preface to them.

¶ Hemricourt alone furnishes numerous instances of changes of condition from low to high life and the reverse. Corbeau d'Awans (one of the leaders in this terrible War of the Nobles) marries the daughter of "M. Colar Bakenheme, called the knight of Crèxhan, from his house so named in Liège, where he long sold wine, (for he was a vintner, 'vintier,') albeit he was admitted into the order of chivalry." In another part of the same writer we find the most noble and valiant Thomas de Hemricourt excusing himself from personal service in the civil war, on the plea of his being a wine-merchant; and it is evident on the face

of wrights, blacksmiths, &c., should be eligible to be consuls; when lo! innumerable nobles sprout out of the said trades,—noble drapers and tailors, illustrious wine-merchants, honorable colliers.*

Liège was one vast manufactory, not of cloth and iron only, but of men. I allude to the ease and rapidity with which the peasant was initiated into city life, the artisan made burgher, and the burgher noble. The whole fabric of society here is widely distinct from the unchangeable hierarchy of the Flemings.† Neither are the lines of demarcation so strongly marked between the cities of the Liegers. Liège is not, like Ghent or Bruges, the metropolis of the country, domineering over the rising cities around like a mother or a step-mother; but is rather a sister of the same age, or younger, who keeps the public peace for them, as supreme ecclesiastical authority, and with the ever ready aid of her armed citizens. Although she herself momentarily disturbs this peace, and takes advantage of her superior strength, we find her limiting her power in her most important juridical institutions, and admitting the secondary towns on a footing of equality.‡

The hierarchical bond, far from being too strong here, was unfortunately weak and lax; weak between towns,§ between fiefs or families,|| and even within the families themselves;

of the text that a regular trade is alluded to, and not a casual one, such as the students in the university of Paris were privileged to carry on. "Ce Thomas," says Hemricourt, "de plusieurs gens estoit acointeiz par tant qu'il estoit vintier . . . Ilh respondiit que c'estoit un marchands et qu'il pooit très mal laisser sa chevanche por entrer ces werres." (This said Thomas, being a wine-merchant, was known of many . . . He answered that he was a merchant, and that it would be very inconvenient for him to leave his business for these wars.) Hemricourt, *Miroir des Nobles de Hasbaye*, pp. 256, 238, and pp. 55, 141, 165, 187, 189, 225, 235, 277, 296, &c.

* At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the period of the banishment of Wathieu d'Athin, his family appear to have been owners of coal-pits. See a very clear account of this affair, which is so confusedly told by other writers, in M. Polain's work.

† There is another essential difference between the two people. If there is more apparent fickleness and less perseverance and obstinacy in the revolutions of Liège than in those of Flanders, it is, nevertheless, but justice to own that in many points the constitution of Liège received a development which was unknown to those of the Flemish towns; for instance, as regards the election of the magistrates by the people, and ministerial responsibility. No order of the archbishop's could be enforced, except signed by a minister responsible to the people. I am indebted for this remark to M. Lavalleye, who is as deeply read in the history of the Low Countries generally, as in that of Liège.

‡ The tribunal of twenty-two, instituted in 1372, for the trial of criminal cases involving force and violence, was composed of four canons, (these might be natives or strangers,) of four nobles, and of four burgesses, (eight natives of Liège,) and, lastly, of two burgesses of Dinant and two of Huy; whilst Tongres, St. Trond, and four other cities sent each one burgess.

§ Melart gives a curious instance of this. The small town of Cyney, which used to carry its appeals to the *échevins* of Huy, at last obtains an exemption from this appellate jurisdiction. Huy, in her turn, pretends that one of her bishops has granted her the privilege that none of her burgesses are to be tried by the *échevins* of Liège; and, also, exemption from military service, (*en ost banni*.) except the Liegers have marched to the war eight days before them. Melart, *Histoire de la Ville et du Chateau de Huy*, pp. 7, 22.

|| Hemricourt says, that from the conclusion of the great

and this was one cause of its ruin. The chronicler of the nobles of Liège, who wrote at a late epoch, and who may be said to count the dead on the eve after the battle of the fourteenth century, reveals to us, without suspecting it, a profound trait, which throws but too clear a light upon the history of Liège, (and upon many other histories.) "There happened to live at this time, at Visé-sur-Meuse, a skilful artificer, who made saddles and bridles, and who painted heraldic devices of all sorts. The nobles often called upon him, on account of his talent, and ordered coats of arms. But strange to say, brothers would not take the same, but quite different emblems and colors; for what reason, I know not, except, perhaps, each of them *wanted to be the head* of his own branch, and that the elder should not be lord over him."*

Each *wanted to be head*, and each perished. At the end of about half a century of power, the higher bourgeoisie is so weakened, as to be compelled to abdicate, (A. D. 1384;) and after this, Liège presented the most perfect image of equality ever witnessed, perhaps. The small trades vote equally with the great, the workmen with the master; even the apprentices are entitled to vote;† and if women and children did not absolutely vote, they nevertheless took their share in public affairs. In all tumults, sometimes even in wars, the women were as formidable as the men, and more violent; they were as strong, as inured to labor, whether carrying coal or dragging barges.‡

The chroniclers have passed a severe judgment on this laborious Liège of the fourteenth century; but the historian, who does not allow himself to be led away by the chronicler, and who sits in judgment upon his narrative, will bear witness, that no people was ever more surrounded by hatreds, or made its way under circumstances more unfavorable to political life. If it perished, the fault was less its own than that of its situation,—than that of the very principle of which it was born, and which had given rise to its sudden greatness.

War of the Nobles, (A. D. 1335,) they generally neglected their poor relations, as they no longer needed their swords. *Miroir de la Noblesse de Hasbaye*, p. 267.

* Ils ne voyoient nient que nus deanz awist sor l'autre sangnorie, ains voloit cascuns d'eaz estre chief de sa brinche. *Hemricourt*, p. 4. See the passages concerning the constant changes of armorial bearings, pp. 179, 189, 197, &c. And so he says: "A poynes seit-on al jour-duy queis armes, ne queile blazons ly nobles et gens de linages doyent porter." (One hardly knows now-a-days what arms or blazons nobles and gentlefolks ought to bear.) *Ibid.* p. 355.

† *Hemricourt*, Patron de la Temporalité, quoted by Villenueve. *Recherches*, (1817), p. 54.

‡ The proverb relative to Liège is well known—*The paradise of priests, the hell of women*, (on account of the rude labors which they undertake,) and *the purgatory of men*, (from the women being the masters there.) Many passages in the *Chronicles of Liège* and the *Ardennes* testify to the manly spirit of the women of this country; among others, the terrible defence of the tower of Crèvecoeur. *Galliot, Hist. de Namur*, iii. 272. "Some women of Liège came to Treit armed and dressed like men, and harassed and oppressed the neighboring districts more than ever men did." *Bibl. de Liège*, MS. 100; *Jean de Stavelot*, fol. 159.

What principle? Simply an ardent passion for action, which was never at rest, and which could not cease for one moment to produce without destroying.

The temptation to destroy was only too natural to a people aware that it was hated, and perfectly cognizant of the unanimous ill-will borne it by the higher classes of the day, by the priest, the baron, and the lawyer. Shut up within their solitary city, and consequently liable to be betrayed and delivered up whole sale, the Liegers were exposed to innumerable alarms, and often well-founded ones. Their weapon in such case, their means of legal war against either individual or body suspected by them, was for the trades to *strike*, and declare that they would no longer work for the party; who, on receiving a notice to that effect, took to flight at once, if he were wise.

Liège, seated to her work on her triple river, is, as we all know, commanded by the neighboring heights; and the barons whose towers were built there, who could descry thence all that was going on in the city, and who could allow provisions to enter it, or stop them at pleasure, were justly suspected by the Liegers. Some morning the mountain would hear no sounds from the city, and would see neither fire nor smoke. The people had *struck work*, were about marching out of the city, and fear and terror prevailed. . . . Presently from twenty to thirty thousand workmen would defile through the gates, march upon such or such a castle, dismantle and lay it level with the ground in a moment.* They would indemnify the baron with lands in the plain and a good house in Liège.

One after the other, towers and castles were tumbled down in this fashion. The Liegers delighted in levelling every thing, in demolishing whatever covered their city, in making fine roads for the enemy, if bold enough to come and attack them. In this case, they never suffered themselves to be blocked up within the city, but sallied forth all on foot, and without caring for horsemen. Just as their stone-built city did not like to have castles about her, the living city thought herself best without those heavy men-at-arms, who, in regard to the armies of the day, were so many moving towers; and the Liegers, agile foot-soldiers, went forth with

* This is what happened to Sir Radus. On his returning from a journey in company with the bishop of Liège, his eyes naturally turned to the spot where his castle stood, but castle there was none:—"By my fay," he exclaimed, "sir bishop, I know not whether I am dreaming or awake; but I was accustomed to see my house Sylvestre here, and now I do not perceive it."—"Come, you must not be angry, my good Radus," gently replied the bishop; "I have had a monastery made out of your castle: but you shall not be a loser by it." *Jean d'Outre-Meuse*, quoted by M. Polain in his *Récits Historiques*. See, also, in the same work, how this brave bishop, being invited to baptize the son of the lord of Chèvremont, introduced his men-at-arms disguised as priests, and took possession of the place, &c.—"The Dinanters divided amongst themselves as regarded St. Jean de Vallé, knight, whose tower and castles they were compelled to destroy. . . ." *Bibl. de Liège*, MS. 183; *Jean de Stavelot*, ann. 1464.

light hearts, in their short jackets, to pull down from their horses, with the crooks of their halberds, these iron-clad cavaliers.

And yet what good came of all this bravery? This valiant people, when drawn up in battle-array, might learn that both their city and themselves had been given over by a bull to one or other of the very enemies they were on the eve of engaging, and who had been appointed their bishop. In her hour of greatest strength and proudest triumphs, the poor city was roughly reminded that she was church land; and as such, she was often obliged to receive her most hated neighbors. If they were not brave enough to force their way in at the point of the sword, they entered disguised as priests.

The name was enough, without the disguise. The bishopric was often conferred on laymen, on this or that wild and dissolute young baron; who took it, as he would have done a mistress—until he married. The bishopric gave him a hold on the city; and this city, this world of labor, had no legal life, except the judges acted with the bishop's authority. On the slightest discontent he bore off the mace (*bâton de justice*) to Huy or Maëstricht,* and closed both churches and tribunals; so that this vast multitude remained equally without worship and without law.

Besides, the state of discord and of warfare which grew habitual to Liège, is not to be explained by tyranny on the one side, and a mutinous spirit on the other alone. No; it had a more deeply-seated cause, and this was the loss of all connection with the unchanging world around, sure to be entailed on a city which was constantly renewing herself. Having no longer any intermediate agent† or common language, she no longer understood or was understood. She rejected the manners and laws of her neighbors, and even gradually discontinued her own. The old world, feudal or jurist, unable to comprehend the rapid onward movement of the manufacturing city, called the Liegers "hate-rights;"‡ not perceiving that they

were in the right to hate a dead right, made for another Liège, and which, as regarded the new one, was the reverse of right and equity.

Striking every one as being the enemy of antiquity, and as *newness* itself, Liège displeased every one. Her allies loved her little better than her enemies. None thought themselves obliged to keep faith with her.

Politically speaking, she was alone, insulated; and she became still more so in commercial respects, in proportion as her neighbors, being all subjects of the same prince, learned to know each other, exchange their products, and enter the market against her. The duke of Burgundy, who in the course of ten years had got possession of Limbourg, Brabant, and Namur, is forthwith brought into hostility with the Liegers, and becomes their competitor in coal,* iron, cloths,† and brass-ware;‡ strange approximation of the two spirits, the feudal and industrial! The chivalrous prince, the leader of the crusade, the founder of the Golden Fleece, espoused all the commercial enmities of blacksmiths and founders.

It required no less than a strange and singular alliance of states and principles till then opposed, to overwhelm a people so tenacious of life; that far and near, early and late, all the channels of their prosperity should be dammed up, and that they should be wasted away little by little. The house of Burgundy labored at this for half a century.

In the first place, Burgundy kept at Liège, for thirty years, a bishop of its own, Jean de Heinsberg, a parasite and domestic of Philip's, (Philip the Good.) This said Jean enervated the city by his cowardice, weakness, and connivance, in the hope of ultimately delivering it up. But when the Burgundians, having acquired all the surrounding country, and almost enclosed the bishopric, began to speak with the tone of a master, Liège took up arms; the bishop appealed to the arbitrament of his archbishop, him of Cologne, and submitted to his paternal sentence,§ which ruined Liège in fa-

* Maëstricht was under the undivided sovereignty of the bishop of Liège and the duke of Brabant, whence the old saying:—

Een heer, geen heer, (*one lord, no lord.*)
Twen heeren, een heer, (*two lords, one lord.*)
Trajectum neutri domino, sed pariter utrique,
(*Maëstricht obeys neither lord, but both.*)

See Polain, *De la Souveraineté Indivise*, &c., 1831; and Luvallaye, extract from *mémoire* of Louvrex's on this subject, at the end of the third tome of Ernst's *Histoire du Limbourg*.

† The barons stood more in their way in peace than in war. If they wanted to send an embassy to a prince they knew not whom to employ. When Louis XI. prayed them to send ambassadors to him in order that he might come to an understanding with them, they answered that there were few nobles on the city's side, and that these few were wholly occupied by the public offices they filled at Liège. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, 165, August 1st, 1467.

‡ In the two poems *De la Bataille de Liège*, and in *Les Sentences du Liège*, they are named *hé-droits*. See the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France et de Bourgogne*, i. 375, 376. The leaders of the *hate-rights* under John of Bavaria are, "A squire, a butcher who had been burgo-master, a licentiate in civil and canon law, and a lime-burner." Zoutliet, ap. Martene, *Ampliss. Collect.* v. 363.

However, the haters of the strict letter of the law found their justification in the law itself, since one of the articles of the peace of Fexhe (A. D. 1316) enacts that the Liegers were to be judged by their own *échevins*; and that such laws as might be either too sweeping or too confined were to be interpreted according to the general custom of the country. Dewez, *Droit Public*, t. v. *Mém. de l'Acad. de Bruxelles*.

* The devices assumed by Louis of Orléans and Jean-sans-Peur, when their feud was ripening into open hostility, seem referable to the competition between wood and coal,—to the competition, in fact, between Luxembourg and the Low Countries. See note, p. 42.

† The weavers of Liège can boast of as high an antiquity as those of Louvain. We find from the *Chronicle of St. Trond* that there were weavers in 1133 at St. Trond and Tongres, &c., and that they were reputed to be more independent and high-spirited, or, as the chronicler has it, more forward and proud, than other artisans:—*Est genus mercenariorum, are his words, quorum officium ex lino et lana texere telas; hoc prociac et superbiu supralius mercenarios vulgo reputatur. Spicilegium*, ii. 704, (ed. in folio.)

‡ "A great war broke out between the Burgundians and Dinanters on account of the trade in brass-ware." *Bibl. de Liège, MS.* 100, *Jean de Stavelot*, fol. 152, verso.

§ Méhart himself, so partial to the bishops, acknowledges this peace to have been "infamous, and that the bishop

vor of the duke of Burgundy, amercing it in the monstrous fine of two hundred thousand Rhenish florins, (A. D. 1431.)*

Liège bowed the head, and stipulated to pay so much at certain intervals. These payments went on for long years. She made herself tributary, in order to work in peace. But it was for her enemy she worked; great part of her gains went to him. And moreover, she sold much less. The markets of the Low Countries were closed against her, and France, exhausted by war, was no longer a purchaser.

This misery was productive of still greater misery; for Liège, ruined financially, lost all heart. To see at each term the creditor at your door, grumbling and threatening if the money is not ready, sadly lowers the spirit. As she was not at war, this unhappy city made war on herself; and the poor fell foul of the rich, proscribing, confiscating, and draining the Liège blood, being gradually lured on by the gilded bait of this one-sided justice.† And all this to gorge the enemy.

France looked on Liège perishing as if she saw it not; very different from what took place in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when the two countries were on far other terms, and when our Frenchmen flocked in crowds, through innumerable dangers by the way, to visit the shrine of the great St. Hubert. The Liegers, on their part, were scarcely less devoted to the king of France, their pilgrimage being to Vincennes. There they repaired to make their complaints and lamentations; to tell their terrible tales of the noble brigands of the Meuse, who, not content with plundering their merchants, laid hand on their bishops: witness the one they bound on his horse and galloped to death. Occasionally the distant terror of France sufficed to protect Liège. In 1276, when the whole feudal strength of the Low Countries united to crush it, a word from the son of St. Louis made all these burly nobles hold back. Our kings at last bethought themselves of maintaining a brigand of their own on the Meuse, in order to keep these brigands in check,—the Sire de la Marche, who acted as provost of Bouillon for the bishop, and was

sometimes, by the grace of Philippe le Bel, or of Philippe de Valois, bishop himself.

It was La Marche, too, whom Charles VII. employed. Having not yet recovered either Normandy or Guyenne, he could do nothing except get up a little war of the Ardennes against the Burgundians, and set the Wild Boar upon them.* And when this insatiable Burgundian, after gaining possession of almost the whole territory around Liège, seized Luxembourg also, as if to complete and draw in his net, La Marche garrisoned his castle with French soldiers, and defied the duke. Who would not have thought that Liège would have seized upon this last chance of enfranchisement? But so broken down in spirit was she, or so senseless, that she allowed herself to be persuaded by her bishop to combat her natural ally,† and destroy him who, by means of Bouillon and Sedan, kept open for her the upper Meuse, the high road to France, (A. D. 1445.)

The bishop, from this moment looked upon as less useful, and no doubt treated much less ceremoniously, seems to have regretted his sorry policy, and so to have entertained the idea of strengthening La Marche,‡ by restoring him the government of Bouillon. The Burgundian, perceiving that his bishop was for shifting round, would not give him time for it, but summoned him, and threw him into such a fright,§

* It would be curious to trace the progressive action of France upon the Ardennes from the day a son of the count de Rethel's founded Château-Renaud. Our kings bought Monzon from the archbishop of Rheims at a very early period. Being *suzerains* of Bouillon, and of Liège for Bouillon, and wishing to establish the jurisdiction of France upon the Meuse, they chose the La Marches (not La Marks, for La Marche is a Walloon district) for their instruments—the famous Wild Boars. We held them by a chain of silver, and slipped them on the enemy in the hour of need. They fattened on the good food they drew from France, and, either by force or love, by theft, or marriage, they became masters of the mountain strongholds. When Robert de Braquemont abandoned the Meuse for Normandy, the sea, and the Canaries, he sold Sedan to the La Marches, who fortified it, and erected it into a great asylum between France and the empire, and hence boldly defied a Philip the Good and a Charles the Fifth. The terrible ban of the empire had little terrors for them. These *Wild Boars*, as they were called on the side of Germany, gave more than one excellent captain to France: in Francis the First's time, the brave Flemings, who, with his *lansquenets*, gave so good an account of the Swiss. Their line ends gloriously, by marriage, in Turenne. In 1320, Adolphe de la Marche, bishop of Liège, acknowledges the receipt of an annuity of 1000 livres from the king; in 1337, he gives a receipt for 15,000 livres, and promises his aid against Edward III. In 1344, Engilbert de la Marche does homage to the king, and again in 1354, for an annuity of 2000 livres, which he reduces to 1200 in 1368.—*Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartres*, J. 527.

† Under the pretext that if Liège did not aid the duke, he would hold for him such castles as were fiefs of the bishopric. Zantfliet, ap. Martene, *Ampliss.* Coll. v. 453. See, also, Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, *Du Clercq, Sufidius Petrus*, &c.

‡ La Marche appeared before the chapter to take his oath, March 8th, 1455; an important date for the explanation of subsequent events. See *Explanatio Ueberior et Assertio Juris in Ducatum Bulloniensem, pro Max. Henrico, Bavarie duce*, episc. Leod. 1681, 4to. p. 121.

§ Many say that he was threatened with death, a confessor brought to him, &c. What is certain is, that in order to make a show of his being a free agent, he was compelled to sign his resignation, not in the duke's palace, but in an inn, the Swan, (*Hospitium de Cygno*.) "where he took an oath that he would never protest against his resignation, under

abased himself most meanly, and is to be blamed . . . for having allowed the yoke to be put round his neck." Mé-lart, *Histoire de la Ville et Château de Huy*, p. 245.

* This money came in opportunely for this wealthy but necessitous house, whose income (not taking into account certain extraordinary and truly over-powering years) seems to have fluctuated, from 1430 to 1442, from between 200,000 and 300,000 crowns of gold; from 1442 to 1458, from between 300,000 and 400,000. At least, this I take to be a fair deduction from the accounts of the annual budget, for which I am indebted to the kindness of M. Adolphe Le Glay. *Archives de Lille, Comptes de la Recette Générale des Finances des ducs Jean et Philippe*.

† According to all probability this is the sad explanation of the very obscure affairs of Wathieu d'Athin, and of the proscription of his friends the masters of the coal-pits, which ended in a lamentable feud between the trades of Liège and the miners in the neighboring pits. The city, previously disconnected with the country by the ruin of the nobles, became still more so when the ancient alliance was broken off between the colliers and the miners.

that he resigned in favor of ■ nephew of the duke's, the young Louis de Bourbon. And at the same time, he forced the bishop elect of Utrecht* to resign in favor of a bastard of his own; and he established this said bastard in Utrecht by force of arms, in despite of both chapter and people.

No more did the duke of Burgundy solicit, in behalf of his protégé, the chapter of Liège, which, however, was not only the natural elector of the bishop, but was besides the original sovereign of the country, and had been prince before the prince. He applied to the pope, and easily obtained a bull from Calixtus Borgia.

Liège was but little edified with the prelate's entry. He was only eighteen, had a graduate of Louvain for his spiritual father, and entered gallantly arrayed, in a red habit and little hat,† escorted by fifteen hundred gentlemen.

It was easy to see who had sent him, for he had a Burgundian on his right hand and on his left; and his retinue was composed of Burgundians and Brabanters, without a single Frenchman, or any retainer of the house of Bourbon. Had the Burgundian himself entered through a breach, he could have made his entry in no other fashion.

If they did not shout, "*The town is taken,*" they attempted at least to take all they could, and hastened to the mint, to the treasuries of the abbeys, and the counters of the Lombards. They were come, they said, to borrow *for the prince*. After having so long extorted money by way of tribute, the enemy sought to "convey" the rest by way of loan.

The bishop of Liège resided anywhere sooner than at Liège; living at Huy, at Maëstricht, and at Louvain, where he required the Liegers to send him his revenues, to transmit them to ■ foreign country, to the duke of Burgundy's. The city sent none, but undertook to collect his dues, his dues on beer, on the administration of justice, &c.

The bishop alone bore the wand of justice, and could empower the judges to open their commissions. This he withheld, and so the

courts were shut, and the city and bishopric left without rule or law. Great disorders* ensue. Burlesque tribunals are established; and journeymen and apprentices, youths of from eighteen to twenty, take to administering the law† over all the country district, and are especially severe upon the agents of the bishop. Then growing bolder by impunity, they hold their courts at the corners of the streets, stop the bystanders, and pass judgment on them. The latter laugh, but tremble; and are fain to pay, in order to be let off quietly.

The most farcical (but most repulsive) part of the matter was, that when the bishop learned that Liège was about to make the solicitor for the bishopric disgorge, he repaired thither in all haste—to intercede? No; but to lay claim to his share. He took his seat, as if it were a matter of course, along with the magistrates;‡ tried along with them his own agents, and found his profit in it; for he was allowed two-thirds of the fines.

In all this Liège was swayed by the French party. Several of its magistrates had been pensioned by Charles VII. Apparently it was the house of Bourbon, which was in power throughout this reign, that brought about this strange compromise between the city and Louis de Bourbon. The duke of Burgundy bided his time, (for the dauphin was at the moment his guest,) in the belief that, when the latter should mount the throne of the dying Charles VII., France would fall into his hands, and with France, Liège.

The end is known. Scarcely was Louis XI. king, before he sent for the leading men of Liège, and worked upon their fears,§ and forced

* Less cruel, however, than the law as administered by the bishop, if we may judge from the horrible punishment inflicted on two drunken men, one of whom had uttered threats against the bishop, to which the other had been a consenting party; "and though inflicted," says de Vieux Bois, "to impress fear, it inspired horror."—Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, Ampl. Coll. iv. 1234.

† "Who called themselves *dy Clupslagher*, and bore upon a banner, as their device, the figure of a wanderer with a club in his hand, wearing a similar figure, painted on paper, on their arms and hats."—Ibid. 1242.

‡ Sedendo cum eis, juvit dictare, sicut aiebant, sententias.—Ibid. 1244.

§ This scene is prettily drawn in De Vieux Bois: "Messengers arrive at Liège from Dinant, with the news that there is a body of French men-at-arms assembled at Monzon, in the design of invading the land. In fact, their captain openly declares that his orders are to advance, if the Liegers are not at Paris before a certain day. The magistrates of Liège are very doubtful about going, and ask for a safe-conduct, which is refused. When they had arrived near Paris, hard by the royal galleys, there meets them a messenger from the bishop of Liège, who says to one of them, Jean le Ruyt, 'Oh, my dear lord, where are you going? Return, I beseech you; what are you about? Jean Bureau has just voluntarily given himself up into custody, until he has proved his charges against you.'—'What is this, are you telling truth?'—'Yes; you will find it as I say.' To this Jean le Ruyt replied, 'Ah! Ah! Ah! Lord Jesus, (Jeremiah!) I know that I must die once; the worst that can happen to me is to end on this gibbet. So, forward! . . . The first person they met was the very Jean Bureau, who they had been told had surrendered himself prisoner. In the mean time the king, hearing of their arrival, summoned them to his presence by repeated messages. When introduced, they fall on their knees; but the king desires them to rise. Bérard, the envoy deputed by the nobles to represent them, delivers in their name a fine ha-

penalty of the forfeiture of all his property."—Adrianus de V. Bosco. Ampliss. Coll. iv. 1226.

■ Meyer himself, so partial to the duke, says: Metu potentissimi ducis.—Meyer, Annal. Flandr. fol. 318, verso.

† Indutus veste rubra, habens unum parvum pileum.—Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, ap. Martene, Amplissima Collectio, iv. 1230. How comes it that this excellent continuator of the Chronicles of St. Laurent, an eye-witness, and a most judicious one, has been generally neglected? Simply, because there happens to be ready to one's hand in Chapeauville's collection, his abridger, Suffridus Petrus, a domestic of Granvelle, who wrote more than a century after the revolution, without comprehending it, and without knowing Liège. One instance will serve to show the silliness of the abridger: he relates that Raes de Linthres made the Liegers swear beforehand to obey any regent whom he might name! and makes him say that this regent (the brother of the marquess of Baden) is as powerful as the duke of Burgundy, &c. Besides Commynes and Du Clercq, the authorities to be depended upon for Liège are Adrien de Vieux Bois; and for Dinant, (which little town has preserved its archives better than Liège itself) the correspondence of its magistrates in the documents published by M. Gachard. A translation of Adrien will soon appear, and an excellent one, for it will be from the pen of M. Lavalleye.

them to place the city under his safeguard; but he did not do a whit the more for them. Pre-occupied with his anxiety to ransom the towns on the Somme, he had too great cause for keeping well with the duke of Burgundy. If he served Liège it was indirectly, by buying the Croys, who, as captains and bailiffs of Hainault, and as governors of Namur and the Luxembourg, would have certainly harassed Liège in many ways, had it not been for their good understanding with the king.

So situated, Liège, though not attacked, might die of hunger. The bishop, once more quitting it, struck it with an interdict, and carried off the keys both of the churches and the courts; so that the influx of lawyers and of persons of all classes who flocked to it as the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal, was put a stop to. The city, in a state of revolution, was without lawyers, without trade. The rich deserted it one by one, as they were best able; the poor remained. The population consisted of the destitute, of workmen without work.

An unendurable situation, and which, nevertheless, might be indefinitely protracted. Liège was crowded with a sluggish mass of moderates, of priests. St. Lambert, with its vast cloister, its asylum, its feudal patron, (*avoué*), and its dreaded banner, was a city within a city, an immoveable city, opposed to all change. Despite of the city's prayers or threats, its canons would not perform divine service in contradiction to the bishop's interdict; but, on the other hand, as *tréfonciers*, that is to say, as proprietors of the soil, as original sovereigns of the city, they would not quit it, or obey the injunctions of the bishop, who called upon them to abandon a town lying under an interdict.

To every request from the citizens the chapter coldly replied, "We must wait and see." And just so the French king said to the envoy from Liège, "Let us go on quietly; we must wait a little; when the old duke shall die" But to wait was death to Liège herself.

In this predicament the party of the moderates, of the ancient leaders of the people, the agents of Charles VII., died a natural death.

range. Then the king asks, 'Is Gilles d'Huy here?'—'Yes, sire.'—'And Gilles de Més?'—'Here, sire.'—'And the one, my father, King Charles, dubbed knight?'—'That is I, sire,' said Jean le Ruyt. Then the king spoke to them of the report which had been current, that they had promised his father to bring him (then dauphin) back into France. And he charged Jean Bureau to institute an inquiry into the matter. They sought for the bishop of Liège, and met with but a cool reception from him; and he invited only their orator, the envoy from the nobles, to stay with him. On the following day, as they were entering the royal palace, the chamberlain said to them, 'There is your orator, speaking against you.' However, the king admitted their excuses, and said that the matter should be dropped. Then he asked Gilles de Més, 'Would you like me to dub you knight?'—'Why, sire, I have neither land nor fief' Observing the patron (*avoué*) of Lers, with a simple silver collar—'Would you like to be knighted?'—'Sire, I am far advanced in years.'—'Never mind; some one give me a sword.' He knighted him and another. Then the envoys besought the king to take their city under his protection."—*Ibid.* 1247-1250.

* *Haberent ad modicum patientiam, scilicet usque ad obitum ducis Philippi.* *Ibid.* 1265.

Another man arose, the chevalier Raes, a violent and crafty man, of doubtful courage, but of great audacity of mind. He was but little burdened with scruples, for he was said to have begun his career (almost like Louis XI.) by robbing his father, and then attacking him in his castle.

Raes, knight though he was, and of noble descent, (the moderates, on the contrary, whose party he had done away with, were burgesses,) got himself enrolled in the craft of the *sebres*, or miners. The workers in iron took the top of the causeway in the city, by virtue of their number and strength. They were the *king-craft*,* and they felt proud of having at their head a *knight with gold spurs*,† and who bore on his coat of arms three large *fleurs-de-lis*.‡

His immediate task was to restore law in a town without law, to revive public worship and the administration of justice, without which cities cannot live. But what means had he to revive the law—violence and terror? He had hardly any other at his command.

His first step towards the restoration of law and order was a failure. He applied to the immediate superior of the bishop of Liège, the archbishop of Cologne, and had the address to get him to remove the interdict. But this was only prolonging the matter; for the duke of Burgundy, who was all-powerful at Rome, had the interdict confirmed by a legate; and then, as Liège appealed from him, the pope ordered the cause to be argued before himself, for mere form's sake, since every one knew beforehand, that he would pronounce in favor of the duke of Burgundy.

Anticipating the sentence which the pope would pronounce, Raes sent for doctors from Cologne,§ in order to restore confidence to the people, and extracted from them the opinion, that an appeal lay from the pope to the pope, (*better informed of the cause*.) And at the same time, he tried the effect of a spectacle, of a popular engine which might tell well. He gained over the Mendicants, the forlorn hope of the clergy, and got them to raise an altar, and say mass in the open air.

The clergy, the illustrious chapter, who were not wont to follow in the tail of the Mendicants, enveloped themselves in majesty, silence, and contempt. The gates of St. Lambert remained closed, the canons mute. Other means were required to restore them to the use of speech.

The first act of violence fell upon the head of one Bérart, a double-dealing man, who was

* Raes de Heers or de Lintres, son of Charles de la Rivière et d'Arshot, &c., and of Marie d'Haccour, d'Hermalle, de Wavre, &c.

† *Equite aurato.* Suffridus Petrus, ap. Chapeauville, *ii.* 135.

‡ At least, I suppose him to have had them at this period. The *fleur-de-lis* is frequently found in the armorial bearings of the Liegers. See *Recueil Héraldique des Bourgmestres de la Noble Cité de Liège*, p. 169. fol. 1720.

§ *Jurisconsults*, says the Jesuit Fisen, anxious to conceal the difference of opinion betwixt ecclesiastical authorities. Fisen, *pars ii.* p. 227.

justly obnoxious to the people, and who, when deputed to the king by the city, had denounced it. The *échevins* banished him for a hundred years, and the iron-workers razed one of his houses to the ground.

Bérart was a friend of the bishop's. A few months afterwards one of the bishop's enemies is arrested, one of the first authors of the revolution, one of the violent party at that time, but now a moderate. This man, Gilles d'Huy, is beheaded without regular trial, on the order of the patron, (*avoué*), or captain of the city, Jean le Ruyt, one of his former colleagues, whose sword and conscience were now at the service of the violent party.

In order to spread wider terror, Raes be-thought himself of ferreting out what had become of certain property confiscated thirty years before, but portions of which were still held back by many. One of the moderates, Baré de Surlet, who did not feel himself clean-handed in this business, passed over to the violent party, in order to conceal himself, as it were, amongst them; and he soon exceeded all, even Raes himself, in violence.

Just or unjust, these acts had at least the effect of strengthening Raes, so far as to enable him to restore the administration of justice, which he based on a new foundation, till then unheard of in Liège,—the authority of the people. One morning the iron-workers rear their banner in the market-place, and declare a general *strike*, until the tribunals are reopened. On calling upon the *échevins* to appoint judges, they allege that they are mere municipal magistrates, and have no power so to do. At last one of the *échevins*, an old weaver, suggests, "Let the crafts guaranty us full indemnity, and we will give you judges." Out of thirty-two trades or crafts, thirty signed a document to this effect, and justice resumed her course.

Raes carried another important point, and one equally difficult, as well as equally necessary in this ruined city,—the sequestration of the property of the bishop. The king of France set a good example, for this very year he seized upon bishoprics, abbeys, and the temporalities of three cardinals, and required the church to give in a description of their property.

Louis XI. was firmly convinced of his own strength, and his security gained over the Liegers. He had double assurance on the side of the north: in the first rank, on the whole line of the frontier, the duke de Nevers, who held Mézières and Rithel, was governor of the Somme, and laid claim to Hainault; and in the second, on the side of Burgundy, the Croys, grand baillis of Hainault, and governors of Boulogne, Namur, and Luxembourg. So he had in hand Nevers for attack, and the Croys—to offer no resistance. If the duke lived, the Croys continued to reign; if the duke died, the hope was that the Walloons, who were attached to the Croys, would close their towns against

the violent Charolais, the friend of Holland.* But a whimsical chance took place, which had been wholly unforeseen, and which was worse for the Croys and for Louis XI. The duke died, without dying; that is, he fell grievously ill, and was henceforward dead, so far as public affairs were concerned. His son took them in hand; and governors and captains who might have been tempted to resist the son, had not the heart to rend the banner of their old master whilst he still lived, and so admitted the son as his father's lieutenant.

On the 12th of March the Croys fell from power, and the count de Charolais entered their strongholds without striking a blow, and changed the garrisons. At the same moment Louis XI. received the manifestoes and defiances of the dukes of Berri, Brittany, and Bourbon. Terrible news for Liège.—was inevitable, the enemy at their gates, their ally powerless, in peril, perhaps overwhelmed.

The campaign was opened; and the city, far from being in a state of defence, could hardly be said to have a government. If she did not quickly choose a leader, she was lost. She wanted a mere captain, such as the La Marches had been, no longer, but a real protector; some powerful prince, who could uphold her by strong alliances. In the present disability of France, she was compelled to seek this protector in Germany and the Rhenish provinces. These princes, who saw with uneasiness the house of Burgundy continually extending in their direction, must have seized with avidity the opportunity of posting themselves at Liège.

Raes hastes to Cologne. The archbishop was a son of the Palatine Lewis the bearded, who had conquered half Germany in battle; and yet he durst not accept the offer, since, from his vicinity to the Low Countries, it would have afforded this terrible house of Burgundy a fine opportunity of carrying war into the ecclesiastical electorates. Besides, he was too well aware of all that the offer included, for he had been an eye-witness of the ungovernable character of the people. He preferred a good treaty with the duke of Burgundy, and the receiving a good pension from him, to becoming the surpliced captain of the unruly trainbands of Liège.

In default of the Palatines, Raes fell back upon Baden, their natural rival, and made sure of it. He convenes the assembly on the 24th of March, and puts the question, "Is it expedient to appoint a regent?" All say yes, with the exception of La Marche alone, who obstinately kept silence. "Well, then," exclaimed Raes, "I am ready to make oath that he whom I am about to name, is the fittest individual to

* Whither he had withdrawn. See, also, above, p. 246. This rivalry is constantly breaking forth, and especially with regard to Mont-le-Héry. The Hollanders maintained, in opposition to the Burgundians and Walloons, that they had decided the battle by raising the cry of *Brittany*, and so leading the enemy to suppose that the Bretons had come up. Reineri, Snoi Goudini, Rer. Batavie. l. vii.

promote the interests of the city.* I propose the lord Marck of Baden, brother to the margrave, whose wife is sister to the emperor, and brother also to both the archbishop of Trèves and the bishop of Metz." By his mother's side, the daughter of the duke of Lorraine, Marck was French; and he was at once chosen. La Marche, who conceived that he had an hereditary right to command in all cases of interregnum, passed over to Louis de Bourbon.

Raes had only been able to hurry this business to a conclusion by a double deceit. On the one hand, he gave the Liegers to understand that the German would be supported by his brothers, the powerful bishops of Trèves and of Metz, who, on the contrary, did their utmost to alienate him from Liège. On the other hand, he had addressed the margrave in the name of the king of France,† and promised him that monarch's support; so far from which, Louis XI. proposed his own man, Jean de Nevers,‡ neighbor to the Liegers, since he held Mézières, as their regent; and it is probable that La Marche would not have objected to his being nominated.

The *joyous entry* of the Badenese was by no means calculated to inspire him with confidence. Few nobles and few priests presented themselves. The bells were not rung; there was nothing prepared at St. Lambert's, not even a canopy, and Raes had to send to another church for one. Indeed, many of the canons quitted the choir.

Meanwhile the pope's sentence against Liège had been made public.§ The respite granted is at an end. On the last day of grace, the dean of St. Peter's is seized at the gates, in the act of endeavoring to fly from the town, and with great difficulty rescued from the hands of the people, who were for putting him to death. Raes and the heads of the guilds lead him to the Violette, (the town-hall,) show him in the balcony, and there Raes interrogates him before the assembled multitude as follows: "Who drew up this bull, which speaks of the excesses committed by the city, without saying a word of those of the bishop? who dictated it? was it the pope himself?" The dean replied, "Not the pope in person, but he whose duty it is to see to those things." "You hear him; it was not the pope." The crowd tumultuously clamored, "The bull is false, the interdict null and void." Straightway they hurry to the residences of the canons, and plunder all those whose owners are absent; and at night many kept armed watch at the doors of the convents, to listen whether the monks would chant matins. Wo to those who should have refused! The canons chanted, protesting against the compulsion.

Many fled. The property of these was sold; half going to the regent, half to the city.

The war, meantime, begins. As the king was off to the south against the duke of Bourbon by the 21st of April, he wishes to make certain of a diversion in the north; so he recognises Marck of Baden as regent of Liège; and binds himself to get him confirmed by the pope as regent of Liège, and "to pay no obedience to our most holy father" until he should be confirmed. He is to pay and subsidize for the Liegers 200 lances complete, (1200 horse-men;) the Liegers are to enter Brabant, the king Hainault, (April 21st, 1465.)*

Louis had believed that Jean de Nevers, who aspired to Hainault and Brabant, had powerful friends in those provinces, who only waited an opportunity to declare themselves. Nevers had deceived him, or was himself deceived, both on this point and all others.† The Picard nobles, for whom he had answered, failed him at the very moment they were wanted. So that all that was left for this conqueror of the Low Countries, was to shut himself up in Peronne; and by the 3d of May, he was asking grace from the count de Charolais.

On the other hand, the Germans, insecure as they were at Liège, had no desire to draw upon themselves the large army destined for Paris. And for whom, too, would they have made war in Brabant? For the duke de Nevers; for him whom the king had advised the Liegers to nominate regent in preference to Marck of Baden.

The king won the match in the south to no purpose, for he lost it in the north. On the 16th of May, after carrying Montluçon, sword in hand, he again writes to the regent, who does not budge. The Badenese would not take up arms, even to save themselves, except they were paid in advance. No doubt, too, in their great prudence, seeing that the king did not enter Hainault, they were not for marching into Brabant until they knew the Burgundian army to be at a considerable distance from them, and that there was no one to fight with. They did not make up their minds to sign the treaty until the 17th of June; and even then they took no overt step; for they bethought themselves, somewhat late in the day, that they had only militia, and were without artillery and regular troops; to procure which, the Margrave started off to Germany.

On the 4th of August great news arrived

* *Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes, J. 527.*

† He betrays an extraordinary confidence in his letter to the king:—"My servants, the lords of Crèvecœur and of Miraumont . . . are diligently at work in Picardy . . . I have found, and still find, means to strengthen myself as well through old as new friends, and am put in possession of their strongholds . . . In six days I hope to have here one named Jehan de la Marche (*one named!*)—what would the illustrious house of Arenberg say to this? who has made overtures to me; and, also, some deputies from the Liegers, who are anxious to do me pleasure. I hold very good and strong places in this country of Rethelais, &c. Given in my city of Mézières-sur-Meuse, March 19th, 1465."

Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves, c. i

* *Propter profectum patriæ.* Adrian. de V. Bosco, *Ampl. Collect.* c. iv. 1267.

† *Suffridus Petrus, Ibid.* p. 141.

‡ *Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, Ampl. Coll.* iv. 1268.

§ The bull is given at full length in *Suffridus Petrus*, 147

from the king. He sends word to his good friends of Liège, that, thanks to God, he has defeated his adversary near Mont-le-Héry; that the count of Charolais is wounded, and all his followers blockaded and starved out; that if they have not yet surrendered, surrender they will without fail. All this was proclaimed by one Renard, (whom the king had knighted to make him bearer of the news,) and by one master Petrus Jodii, professor of civil and canon law, who, in order to enact the man-at-arms, was constantly playing with the quarrel of a cross-bow.*

How disbelieve such heroes? They came with full hands, with money for the city and money for the guilds, not to speak of "secret service" money. Desperately situated as he was, Louis XI. had got together all that he could, in order to bribe Liège, at any price, to make a diversion in his favor.

Never did false news produce greater effect. It was impossible to restrain the people, who, despite their leaders, would rush to arms. The rising was perfectly tumultuary and unconcerted, the trades marching off one by one; first the vine-dressers, then the clothiers, then all. Raes hurries after them to direct them upon Louvain, where they might have had a chance of being welcomed by the malecontents; but they would not listen to him, and madly went off to burn and sack their neighbors of Limbourg. It was essential for the king that they should attack either it or Brabant; and his two commissioners followed to see the war begun with their own eyes. At the sight of the first village which was burned down and sacked, and of its church in flames, "Bravo, my boys," they cried; "we will tell the king that you are men of your word: you do more than you have promised."

They did only too much. Prouder of this fine victory of the king's than if it had been their own winning, they send their herald to Brussels to declare war against the old duke—a war of fire and sword. Another offence, which Louis XI., if he had no hand in it, must no doubt have prayed for—an offence calculated to render the war implacable and *inexpiable*—was, that the smaller trades' corporations of Dinant, the journeymen and apprentices, made extravagant rejoicings in honor of the battle of Mont-le-Héry, and kept a fearful *sabbat* of insults against the Burgundian.

All this, in reality, was directed less against him than to spite Bouvignes, a town of the duke's facing Dinant, on the opposite bank of the Meuse. For centuries Dinant and Bouvignes had thus bayed at each other; the grudge was deep-seated. Dinant was not wholly to blame for this. She seems to have been earlier founded than the other; and had even, by the year 1112, brought the art of work-

ing in copper to a degree of perfection which has never been surpassed.* Nevertheless, she was doomed to see rise opposite to her, under the protection of Namur, another Dinant, which opened shop, very probably, with her workmen, with her apprentices—which manufactured without having taken up its freedom, took away her customers, and undersold her.†

A circumstance which ought to have cemented a good understanding between them, served, on the contrary, to increase and complicate their hate. Through the glances they had of each other across the river, the young folk of the two towns would occasionally fall in love and marry. The surrounding districts were so thinly peopled, that otherwise they must have gone to their enemies for wives.‡ But these intermarriages produced innumerable clashing of interest and constant lawsuits, in addition to the municipal animosity of the two towns. Knowing one another, and detesting one another, they spent their whole life in mutual watchings and espial. In 1321,§ Bouvignes, in order to command a good view of the rival city, and so be aware of any preparations for attack, built a tower, which she called Crève-cœur's tower. Next year Dinant, by way of answer, reared Proudmount's tower. And henceforward outrages and insults were bandied to and fro, from the opposite towers and banks.

Before the count of Charolais had taken the field, Bouvignes commenced firing upon Dinant,|| and planted stakes in the Meuse to prevent all attack on the side of the river, (May 10th, 1465.) The Dinanters, however, did not embark in the contest till June or July, when they were instigated to it by the king's agents. About the 1st of August, on his sending word to Liège of his victory, some journeymen of Dinant, headed by one Conart the clerk or chanter,¶ cross the Meuse, carrying with them a puppet dressed up in a coat of arms resembling that of the count of Charolais, and with a cow's bell round its neck,** and, erecting be-

* The fons in which all born at Liège have been baptized for these eight centuries, are still much admired. "Lambert Patras, copper-beater of Dinant, made them in the year 1112." Jean d'Outremeuse, quoted by M. Polain in his *Liège Pittoresque ou Description Historique*, &c., pp. 204, 205. The bronze statue raised by Liège in honor of its burgomaster, Beeckman, was cast at Dinant in the seventeenth century. Idem, *Esquisses*, p. 311.

† A rivalry similar, no doubt, to that between the clothiers of Ypres and of Poperingen, of Liège and of Verviers. The Liegers taunted the others, "that their cloths were of inferior quality and short measure." *Esquisse d'une Géographie du pays de Liège*, par F. Henaux, in the *Messenger des Sciences*, Hist. de Belgique, (1840.) p. 246.

‡ Comynes, (Mademoiselle Dupont's ed.) t. i. l. 2, c. 1, p. 115.

§ The date is important. The historian of Namur, naturally favorable to Bouvignes, admits that she built her tower the first. Galliot, iii. 270.

|| Dinant complains of this to the duke in a letter, dated July 16th. Documents publiés par M. Gachard, ii. 205, 208.

¶ The words *conart*, *chanter*, remind one of the *abbé des cornards*. (abbot of euckolds,) whom we meet with in other cities of the Low Countries. This person may have been a chanter or fiddler, = licensed fool of the town, like those who played, sung, and sung and danced, (*ballaient*.) when a treaty of peace or any other public act was proclaimed.

** Du Clercq, l. v. c. 45. *Amplissant ung doublet plain de feu, couvert d'un manteau armoiet des armes du dit*

* D. Petrus Jodii, miles armatæ militiæ, professor utriusque juris, qui semper sagittam portabat in manibus. *Adrianus de Veteri Bosco*, *Ampliss. Coll.* iv. 1278

fore Bouvignes a St. Andrew's cross, they hang the puppet upon it, and call out to the townsmen, "You thieves, don't you hear your count of Charolais summoning you? Why don't you come? . . . Look at him, the false traitor! The king has either strapped him up or will strap him up as you see . . . He called himself a duke's son, and was only the son of a priest, was only our bishop's bastard! . . . He fancied he could put down the king of France, did he!"* . . . The townsmen, in their rage, vent from their walls a thousand insults upon the king, and, as a fitting revenge for the hanging of the count of straw, fire right into Dinant, from a large bombard, a figure of Louis XI. with a rope round his neck.†

Meanwhile, the truth began to spread with regard to the battle of Mont-le-Héry and the siege that was being laid to Paris; and, although French money still retained its influence in Liège, yet uneasiness, reflection, and scruples would creep in. The populace bethought themselves that the war had not been declared in due form, that it was not regular, and wanted the formality to be gone through again. On the other hand, the Germans found out that they could not conscientiously join in the impieties of the Liegers and their sacking of churches, and believed it to be imprudent to be found longer in the same ranks with these committers of sacrilege. One of their counts said to Raes, "I am a Christian; I cannot tolerate these things‡ . . ." And their scruples increased when they learned that the Burgundian was negotiating a treaty with the Palatine and his brother, the archbishop of Cologne. So, on the first opportunity, as soon as their motions were less carefully observed, regent, margrave,§ counts, and men-at-arms, they were all off.

But, notwithstanding, such was the audacity of the Liegers, that, although abandoned by the Germans and without hopes from the French, they prosecuted their ravages in Limbourg more furiously than before, and would not return. The enemy approached,—a numerous band of nobles, who, summoned by the old duke as if to avenge a personal insult, hastily took horse. Raes had barely time to get 4000 men together to bar the road; but the well-appointed nobles galloped over them, and not half that number returned to the city. (Oct. 19th, 1465.)

Meanwhile, a horseman arrives from Paris:—"The king has made peace, and you are included in it."|| He is followed by one of the

magistrates of Liège, who likewise comes from France:—"The count has dictated a peace; he is master of the country; I could not have returned without a safe-conduct from him." All the people cry out, "Peace!" Envoys are deputed to Brussels to sue for peace.

Great was the alarm at Liège, greater at Dinant. The copper-manufacturers and founders—who were, so to speak, riveted and annealed to the city by their forges, their moulds, and the weight and bulk of the article in which they dealt, could not fly as the journeymen did. They awaited, stupified, the fearful chastisements which the madness of the latter was about to draw down upon them. As early as the 18th of September they had returned humble thanks to the town of Huy for counselling them to punish the guilty.* On the 5th of November they write to the small town of Ciney to arrest that accursed Conart, the author of all the mischief, who had taken refuge there. On the self-same day, no longer daring to budge, though insulted and attacked by the men of Bouvignes, and immoveable through fear, they apply to the governor of Namur and beseech his protection against them. On the 13th, they beg the Liegers to come to their succor. The news had reached them, that the count of Charolais had shipped his artillery at Mézières, in order to bring it down the Meuse.

The Terrible, as he was soon called, came at last, undeterred by the winter season. The foolish words of the *chanter* of Dinant, the terms *bastard* and *priest's son*,† had been charitably reported by the men of Bouvignes to the old duke and to madame of Burgundy. The latter, a prude and a devotee, and of the house of Lancaster, took the matter in high dudgeon, and swore, if we may believe rumor,‡ that, "Were it to cost her all she were worth, she would lay the city in ruins, and put every living being in it to the sword."§ The duke and duchess pressed their son to return from France under pain of their anger.|| He himself was sufficiently eager. The shaft, aimed at random by a madman, had gone but too straight to the mark. It is true the count was no bastard; but, by the mother's side,¶ he was notoriously

writes to them:—"You are comprehended in the said agreement . . . it would be difficult for us to help you." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*, ann. 1465, 21 Octobre.

* Documents publiés par M. Gachard, ii. 221, 231, 233.

† Pfaffenkind, "There is no greater reproach." Grimm, *Rechtsalterthümer*, 476; Michelet, *Origines du Droit*, 68.

‡ "We learn," say the Dinanters, "that she is at Sluys, waiting for men-at-arms from various parts." *Instructions du 23 Septembre*, 1465, Documents Gachard, ii. 222.

§ "S'il luy devoit couster tout son vaillant, elle feroit ruyner ceste ville en mettant toutes personnes à l'espée."

|| Sub pœna putæne indignationis. *Bibl. Royale, MS. Pseudo-Amelgardi*, ii. 9, 140.

¶ See, above, a note at p. 245. It is curious to see the awkward efforts of the worthy Olivier de la Marche (Preface) to reassure his youthful master, Philip, grandson of Charles the Rash, on this point:—"I have undertaken to show you that your descent on the side of Portugal is not the only line of bastards . . . Jephtha is numbered amongst the saints, and yet was the son of a prostitute . . . Booz was the son of Salmon and of Raab, a prostitute . . ." We are then treated to Alexander, Bacchus, Perseus, Minos, Hercules, Romulus, Arthur, William of Norinandy, Henry,

seur, et mettant au desseus un cloekin de vache . . . Documents publiés par M. Gachard, ii. 221, 252.

* Ibid. Letter dated November 5th, 1465, l. v. c. 45.

† Ibid. Letter dated September 23d.

‡ Se hominem esse christianum, nec posse talia crudelia et impia videre fieri. *Adrianus de Veteri Bosco*, Ampl. Coll. iv. 1279.

§ Qui vir prudens erat, (a man of prudence.) *Suffridus Petrus*, ap. Chapeauville, iii. 151.

|| The king may have spoken in their behalf, but there is nothing relative to them in the treaty with the exception of the king's avowal that they have acted at the "solicitation of some servants of ours." *Lenget, Preuves*, ii. 501. He

the grandson of a bastard. Bastardy was the side on which this proud house of Burgundy, with its chivalry, its crusade, and its Golden Fleece, was keenly sensitive. The Germans were pitiless on the subject. Most of the German chapters or orders were closed against the son of the founder of that of the Fleece. And so this said word, *bastard*, heard for the first time, and heard in the hour of triumph, at the moment he was dictating the terms of peace to the king of France, had struck deep. . . . He believed himself sullied so long as the *villeins* had not eaten their *villeins'* words, so long as he had not washed out the mud with their blood.

He returned then by forced marches with his large army, which kept growing larger. All hastened to join him on his march, fearing to be marked down as absent. The Flemish cities sent their archers; the Picard knights, up to this time, wavering between the two parties, came to offer their excuses. Some even passed over to him from the king's army.

All trembled for Dinant, and saw it in fancy already ground to dust, when the storm fell upon Liège. Whatever was the count's thirst for vengeance, he was not yet the Rash, and was still amenable to advice. His counsellors, the St. Pols, the Contays, the Humbercourts, wise and cool-headed men, would not allow him to waste such vast forces before a small town. They led him to Liège. Liège reduced, Dinant was in his grasp.

They refrained, moreover, from assaulting the city. They were well aware of the terrible wasps' nest that Liège was, and that whoever put foot in it too suddenly ran a risk, whether strong or weak, of being stung to death. They stopped short at Saint-Trond; and there, the count granted a truce to the Liegers.* The essential was not to arouse this choleric people, but to allow them to rot in inactivity, without work or war throughout the winter; when you might safely wager they would fight with one another. Above all, it was essential to isolate them by blockading the Meuse above and below, depriving them of all relief from the country,† and gaining over the barons and the other cities—by occupying Saint-Trond, re-

king of Spain, and John, king of Portugal, the father of the duchess of Burgundy.

* To those aware of the violent temper of these princes of the house of Burgundy, nothing is more striking than the moderation of their official language, which is clearly stamped with the cautious spirit of their counsellors, the Raulins, the Humbercourts, the Hugonets, the Carondelets. During his French campaign the count of Charolais constantly asserted that he came only to advise the king and enter into an arrangement with the princes; wherefore, then, had the king attacked him at Monthéry? He makes this a subject of complaint in one of his manifestoes. In like manner, when the Liegers sent a defiance to the duke, as the king's enemy, he coolly replies:—"This does not concern me; bear the defiance to my son." And again:—"Why should they make war on me? I have never done the least harm either to the regent or the Liegers." See Du Clercq, l. v. c. 33, and Suffridus Petrus, ap. Chapeauville, iii. 153.

† It is probable that the *banlieue* itself was not safe, since the city smiths had erected forges there. See, above, a note at p. 277.

covering Huy, and occupying Dinant, without, however, be it understood, committing one's self to any promise.

The great lords of the bishopric were in the count's army, the Horns, the Meurs, and the Marches, who feared for their lands. He forbade his soldiers plundering the country, allowing them rather to plunder and ravage his father's patrimonial territories and loyal and peaceful subjects.

By the 12th of November, the barons had prepared Liège for submission, and had drawn up for her a draft of a treaty, by which she submitted to the bishop, and indemnified the duke. This was not what he counted upon, since he desired no less an indemnity than Liège herself; and, besides, to heal his wounded pride, he required blood,—that a certain number of individuals should be delivered up to him, and that Dinant, above all, should be left to his mercy. To this the great city would on no account consent.* It did not become her to imitate Huy, which obtained favor by carrying sentence into execution against herself, and by superintending her own noyades. Liège would only be saved, on condition of saving her citizens, her friends, and her allies. On the 29th of November, when the earth shook under this terrible army, and it was not yet known on whom it was about to burst, the Liegers promised to succor Dinant.

It was not difficult to deceive the latter, for, in the agony of fear which pervaded her, she only asked to deceive herself. She implored every one, sent petitions to all quarters, and humbled herself both to the bishop and the count, (Nov. 18th and 22d.) She reminded the king of France that she had made war on the faith of his envoys only. She charged the abbot of Saint-Hubert and other great abbots to intercede for her, and to pray to the count for her, as one prays to God for the dying. They got no answer. Only the barons in the army, and some, even, who belonged to the district, lulled the poor, credulous, and trembling town with words, and played upon her distress. More than one endeavored to extract money from her.†

Dinant had received a few soldiers from Liège; she had faith in Liège, and was constantly looking in her direction for the expected succors. None had come by the end of December. She was all consternation. It occurred to Liège, as to many other cities, that

* *Concluserunt cives quod neminem darent ad voluntatem . . . Ministeriales petebant pacem, sed volebant aliquos homines dare ad voluntatem.* Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, *Ampliss. Coll.* iv. 1284.

† Nothing could be more detestable. Jean de Meurs, after having given a kind reception to the abbot of Florines, who came to intercede, took his horses from him and insultingly held him to the petty ransom of a silver mark. Louis de la Marche writes to the Dinanters:—"You must acquire friends ■ well by presents as by good words, and reward for their labors such as shall interfere." (*Fault acquérir amis tant par dons que par biaux langage, ceulz quy de ce s'entremelleront, récompenser de leurs labours.*) Documents Gachard, li. 263, 264.

she had no lack of *respectable persons*, of wealthy and quietly-disposed men, who were for peace at any price—at the price of pledged faith, at the price of human blood. To persist in protecting Dinant and defending Liège, was to make sure of heavy drains on the purse. So, the instant the notables perceived that the people were beginning to flag, they took heart, undertook to get a good treaty, and obtained full powers to treat with the count of Charolais.

They did not feel too confident in repairing to this formidable lord, this scourge of God,—but, to their great surprise, they were received with mild words. He sent them dinner. Then (a thing unexpected and unheard of, and which utterly confounded them) he himself, this great count, led them to review his army,—and what an army!—twenty-eight thousand horsemen (the infantry were not taken into account) all covered with iron and gold, and glittering with the various blazons, colors, and standards of various countries. The poor men were terror-struck. The count took pity upon them, and observed, in order to give them confidence :—“Before you made war upon us, I was ever well inclined to the Liegers, and, when peace is concluded, I shall be so again. But since you said that all my men were slain in France, I was anxious to show you those I have left.”...

In reality, the deputies relieved him from great embarrassment. The winter was setting in severely, (it was the 22d of December;) provisions were becoming scarce; and he was compelled to allow his hungry army to break up into various divisions in search of food, since he gave no pay.

Nevertheless, the deputies from Liège signed the treaty in terms dictated by the count, as uncompromisingly as if he had been encamped in the city in front of St. Lambert's Church. This treaty is justly named in the public acts of the town, the *piteous peace of Liège*. Liège performed the *amende honorable*, and built a chapel in perpetual memory of the *amende*. The duke and his heirs are to be forever, as dukes of Brabant, patrons (*avoués*) of the city; that is to say, are to hold the sword there. Liège is to be no longer the supreme court and court of appeal for her neighbors; is to hold neither bishop's court nor civic court, neither *ring* nor *péron*.* She is to pay 390,000 florins to the duke; 190,000 to the count, and this for their behalf only: as to the claims of their subjects, and the indemnity demanded by the bishop, they are to be inquired into afterwards. The city renounces her alliance with the king, and delivers up the letters and acts of the treaty between them. She returns to obedience to the bishop and the pope. The Liegers are prohibited from erecting fortifications on the side of Hainault, even walled villages. The duke is to cross and recross the Meuse when and as he pleases, with or without arms; and whenever he crosses, he is to be supplied with pro-

visions. In return for all these stipulations, there is to be peace between the duke and the whole territory of Liège, *except Dinant*; between the count and the whole territory of Liège, *except Dinant*.

To bear back such a treaty to Liège was not a step unattended with danger. The chief of the envoys, and who undertook to be the spokesman, Gilles de Més, was a man beloved by the people, a good citizen, and of great wealth. Having been formerly a pensioner of Charles VII., he had originated the movement against the bishop, and had the honor of being dubbed a knight by the hand of Louis XI. He presents himself in the balcony of the Violette, and says, with apparently perfect unconcern :—“Peace is concluded; we are not to deliver up any one; only some are to absent themselves for a short time: I will go with them if they like, and will never return, if they do not return!—After all, what can we do? We can offer no opposition.”

On this a loud cry bursts from the assembled multitude :—“Traitors! Sellers of Christian blood!” Seeing their danger, the advocates of peace essayed to escape by a lie :—“Dinant might have had peace, but would not.”*

Gilles was none the less pursued by the popular hate. The guilds demanded that he should be brought to trial; but as he was amiable and highly beloved, all the judges found some excuse or other for refusing to try him, and, for want of a judge, he might, perhaps, have escaped for this one day at least. Unfortunately, the peaceful Gilles had once suffered a warlike and violent expression to escape him. This was ten years since, but still it was remembered :—“If the bishop will not nominate judges, we will have the *patron*, (the captain of the city.)”† These words were used against himself. They forced the captain to try him, and to condemn him. No sooner was sentence passed than the poor man, turning to the people, said, “Good friends, I have served the city fifty years, without reproach. Allow me to live in the Carthusian convent, or anywhere else. . . . I will give a hundred florins of the Rhine to each guild; and will bring you back, at my own expense, the canons whom you have lost.” Even his judge pleaded for him :—“Good people, pardon him, have pity on him!” Raes and Bare were at a window in the highest story of the town-hall. They appeared to laugh; and one of the burgomasters, who was their creature, harshly exclaimed, “Come, put an end to this; we will not sell the franchises of the city.” His head was struck off; but the very executioner was so troubled that he could hardly accomplish his task.

* There is not a word of this in the authentic documents of Dinant. Every thing leads to a contrary belief. The assertions of Adrien de Liège, generally a judicious historian, but too interested in justifying his native city in these transactions, must not be too implicitly relied upon.

† Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, *Ampliss. Coll.* iv. 1238, 1285, 1286.

* See, above, note at p. 274.

No sooner does his head fall than the trumpet sounds, and the peace, the author of which has just been beheaded, is proclaimed without a dissentient voice.

Whilst Liège was thus wavering and struggling between the sense of its wretched position and its honor, the count of Charolais was cooling his heels the whole winter at Saint-Trond. He could bring nothing to a conclusion in this quarter, and was daily receiving disastrous news from France. Daily did lamentable letters reach him from the new duke of Normandy, whom the king held by the throat Hardly had the duke married *his duchy** before Louis XI. set to work to effect a divorce, employing for this purpose the very individuals who had brought about the marriage, the dukes of Brittany and of Bourbon.

He had not stood out upon terms with these two princes. Only to keep the Breton at home he gave him a hundred thousand golden crowns, a perfect mount of gold. Enormous, too, were the advantages conceded to the duke of Bourbon to unmake the duke of Normandy, whom he had contributed more than any other to make duke† without gaining any thing by it. The king appointed him his lieutenant over the whole south, and, as he won him over at this price, he made use of him to introduce himself one by one into the strong towns of Normandy—Evreux, Vernon, Louviers.

The latter he had got possession of by the 7th of January, (A. D. 1466.) Rouen still held out; but from Rouen to Louviers all came, one after the other, to make their peace and ask a free pardon. The king would smile, and say, "What do you want pardon for? you have not failed in your allegiance."‡ He

excepted a small number of individuals; some of whom, being seized attempting to fly, were decapitated or drowned.* Many who repaired to him were laden with benefits, and devoted themselves to his service; among others his great enemy Dammartin, henceforward his faithful servant.

The count of Charolais was aware of all this, but could not prevent it. He was fixed before Liège. All that he did was to write to the king in behalf of Monsieur, and this, in very gentle terms, "in all humility."† The king, in his turn, wrote to him in very gentle terms in behalf of Dinant. It took a long month before the treaty could be returned ratified from Liège to the camp; and the count, thus left at liberty, could seriously devote himself to the affairs of Normandy. But by this time all was over there.‡ Monsieur had taken to flight; and had withdrawn into Italy rather than Flanders, preferring an enemy's hospitality to that of so cold a protector. The latter lost forever the precious opportunity of having a brother of the king take refuge with him, and who might have been turned to so excellent an account for the disturbance of France.

On the 22d of January, a hundred notables of Liège waited upon him with the *piteous peace* sealed and ratified. Cold, misery, and despair, seemed to have broken down the spirits of all When the Liegers beheld this mournful procession of a hundred men bearing away the will of the dying city, they wept over their own fate. The hundred set off armed and mailed; but against whom?—against their fellow-citizens, poor exiles from Liège,§ who, houseless and homeless, were wandering about in the heart of winter like wolves in search of prey.

Hereupon the effect of grief and pity was to produce a strong reaction of courage. The populace declared that if Dinant was not to be included in the peace, they themselves would have none of it. The count of Charolais took good care not to scrutinize this change too narrowly. He could not keep his ground any longer; so disbanded his army without paying it, (Jan. 24th,) and bore off his treaty to Brussels, as the *spolia opima*.

There he received a letter from the king,|| a friendly one, in which, to calm him, Louis gave him Picardy, which was already his. As regarded Normandy, he explained the necessity he was under to relieve his brother of it, at his brother's own desire; and his inability to bestow Normandy as an appanage,

* All the ancient forms were revived on the inauguration of the new duke; the sword, borne by the count de Tancarville, hereditary constable of Normandy, the standard by the count d'Harcourt, hereditary marshal; the ducal ring, which the bishop of Lisieux, Thomas Bazin, placed on the prince's finger, affiancing him with Normandy. Registres du Châpitre de Rouen, December 10th, 1465, quoted by Floquet, Hist. du Parlement de Normandie, i. 250.

† The duke of Bourbon was one of those who most obstinately dreaded and denounced all trust in the king. See his instructions to M. de Chaumont, (Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves,) of the 12th of October, 1465:—"Let Monseigneur and the other princes . . . beware of entering Paris We have again learnt through friends arrived from Paris, that the king has made up his mind to some act of violence He has sworn to grant no grace or pardon . . . but has resolved on taking vengeance by any means whatever, even in contempt of his pledged faith and honor." To prove the hatred of the Bretons, it is enough to cite the passage where they desire to chuck the envoys of Louis XI. into the sea:—"There are the French; accursed be he who shall spare them." Actes de Bretagne, ed. D. Morice, ii. 53. The king first shook the duke of Bourbon by leading him to fear being attacked by Sforza in the Lyonnais and Forez. Bernardus Corio, Historie Milanese, p. 959. He took him, too, in an angry and discontented mood, when thrust out by his friends the Normans, and when bitterly regretting his having helped to create a duke of Normandy to whom Brittany would owe homage.

‡ "The inhabitants of our good town of Rouen . . . have explained to us that the said entry was made by night, unknown to them, and to their great displeasure, and so suddenly that they had no time or opportunity for appraising us of it." Archives Municipales de Rouen, tir. 4, No. 7, January 14th, 1466.

* Where did Désormeaux get this strange exaggeration?—"Almost as many gentlemen perished by the hand of the executioner as by the fate of war."

† Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze, 9675. B. Jan. 15th, 1466.

‡ The count of Charolais sent Olivier thither, who has left an account of his sorry embassy:—"I passed through Rouen and had an interview with the king, who asked me where I was going . . ." Olivier de la Marche, l. i. c. 15.

§ Jacques du Clercq, l. v. c. 55.

|| Bibl. Royale, Legrand, Hist. MS. de Louis XI. fol. 37

it having been strictly forbidden by an ordinance of Charles V. This province defrayed a third of the charges of the crown, and furnished a direct road to Paris for the enemy, by way of the Seine. Besides, as Rouen had been taken in time of truce, the king was justified in retaking it; and he had referred the whole matter to the arbitrament of the dukes of Brittany and Bourbon. He had made unimaginable efforts to content his brother, and it was not his fault that the conferences were broken off. . . he was much distressed thereat. . . Distressed or not, he entered Rouen, (Feb. 7th, 1466.)

CHAPTER II.

THE SACK OF DINANT.

NORMANDY cost us dear. To retake it, and save the monarchy and the kingdom, Louis XI. unscrupulously resorted to the means employed by the ancients in the hour of extreme necessity, and offered up a human sacrifice. He immolated, or, at least, left to perish, a whole people, another France, our poor little Walloon France of Dinant and of Liège.

He was himself in danger. He had retaken Rouen, and was hardly secure of Paris. He was expecting an English invasion.

He did not even know whether the Bastille were his. Those towers, whose cannon he could see commanding him from his palace of the Tournelles, were still in the hands of Charles de Melun,—of the man who, at the critical moment when the king was in face of the enemy, had boldly mistaken his orders; and who, as far as was in his power, had done his utmost to ruin him. Nevertheless, the king had not been able to remove him from the guard of the Bastille;* which he guarded so strictly, that on a certain night the gates were found open, the cannon spiked, and it was optional for the princes to enter. It was but six months after this that “the provost, master John, the king’s notary and secretary, entered the bastille of St. Antoine by *subtle means*,” and thrust out the governor.

In this age of craft and cunning, to have recovered Normandy so *subtly*, and so suddenly, was a trick which awoke the envy of all the princes. They were but so much the more mortified. Even the Breton, who was paid for allowing matters to take their course, was more angered than the rest when he saw the success of the stratagem. And Breton and Burgundian had recourse to an extreme remedy, which, ever since our frightful English wars, was viewed with general horror,—they called in the English.

Hitherto there were two circumstances which had given the king confidence in this

respect. In the first place, his good friend Warwick, governor of Calais, kept the gate of France shut; and in the next, the count of Charolais, being Lancastrian by his mother’s side, and the friend of the Lancasters, there was but little probability of his coming to an understanding with Edward and the house of York.

However, we have seen that Edward had married a niece of the Saint-Pols, (the servants of the house of Burgundy,) and had married her in opposition to Warwick, whom he was desirous to shake off. This king of yesterday, who already denied his author and creator, Warwick, alienated his own party, and thenceforward saw his throne slipping down between York and Lancaster. His wife, and the relatives of his wife, for whom he hazarded England, were eager to support themselves by foreign alliances. They courted the duke of Burgundy, and held out to the Bretons and Flemings the bait of a commercial treaty.* Madame of Burgundy herself, who had much more of the man in her than of the woman, immolated the hatred of York, which she bore in her blood, to her stronger hatred of France. She caused Edward’s advances to be met, and accepted for her son’s wife the young sister of her enemy, contemplating to form and mould her in her own likeness. In like manner, Margaret of York, a step-daughter worthy of Isabella of Lancaster, will form in her turn, Mary, the grandmother of Charles V.

Louis XI., well aware that this marriage was brewed against him, hastened defensive preparations, and even took the church-bells to cast cannon with. His greatest want was money. The monstrous sums which he required, either to prepare for war or to purchase peace in the kingdom, and out of it, are enough to frighten one. The people, who had not known too well what the princes meant by their Public Good,† understood it but too clearly when they were called upon to pay the gifts, gratifications, pensions, and indemnities, which he had extorted. The king’s treasurers, called upon by him to pay impossible sums, summoned up courage in default of money, and told him, “that they had heard the Messieurs say” (the *Messieurs* were the thirty-six appointed to reform the state) “that he would ruin his people, the very fund from which he drew his money . . . that parishes which, up to this period, had paid two hundred livres, were about to be amerced in six hundred; that this was an impossibility‡ . . .” He was not

* Rymer, Acta, i. v. pars ii., pp. 138, 139, March 22d, 1466. On the same day Edward grants powers to treat for a double marriage between his sister and the count of Charolais, and between the count’s daughter and his brother Clarence.

† Du Clercq, l. v. c. 22.

‡ “In the evening the king spoke to me, and was very wroth that the steps he wanted to take were opposed, and I told him that I had heard the commissaires say, ‘qu’il perdroit son peuple . . .’” Lettre de Reilhac à M. le Contrôleur, Maître Jehan Bourré, Bibl. Royale, MSS. Le-grand, September 22d, 1466.

* Nor from that of Melun. Jean de Troyes, ann. 1466, the end of May.

checked by this, but remarked, "The towns must be taxed double or triple, and the assessment must extend to the open country." The open country, or rural districts, consisted, for the most part, either of church lands, which were exempt from payment, or of the estates of the barons, who drew from the treasury instead of paying into it.

But one thing cannot be dissembled, namely, that there was no alternative between perishing or purchasing the alliance of the houses of Bourbon, Anjou, Orléans, and Saint-Pol, against England and the houses of Burgundy and Brittany.

The alliance of the Bourbons, the brothers of the bishop of Liège, was very dearly bought. It implied a miserable and dishonorable condition, a fearful disgrace to be swallowed,—the desertion of the Liégiers. And yet without this alliance there would no longer be a Normandy, perhaps no longer a France. Besides, the last war had proved that, no matter the vigor and celerity which the king might display, he must succumb if he had to contend at once with the south and the north; and that to make head against the north, he ought to have a fixed alliance with the central fief,*—the duchy of Bourbon.

This was a great fief; but of all the great fiefs, the least dangerous, being, not a nation, a race apart, like Brittany or Flanders, not even a province, like Burgundy, but altogether an artificial aggregation of portions lopped off from other provinces, Berri, Burgundy, Auvergne. There was little cohesion in the Bourbonnais, and still less in what the duke possessed external to it,—Auvergne, Beaujolais, and Forez. The king did not hesitate to appoint him his lieutenant over all the central districts which were not in contact with the foreigner,—the sleeping France of the vast plains, (Berri, Sologne, Orléannais,) and the wild France, the France without roads of the mountains, (Velay and Vivarais, Limousin, Périgord, Quercy, Rouergue.) Add to these Languedoc, which he subsequently confided to him, and the duke de Bourbon had half the kingdom placed in his hands.†

When we reflect that by the very immensity of such an establishment he made sure of the duke, who could not hope for any thing approaching it elsewhere, this excess of confidence on Louis's part seems more excusable; and, besides, it had been proved, both in the Praguerie and in the last war, that a duke of Bourbon, even in the Bourbonnais, was not firmly planted in the soil like a duke of Brittany, having twice been instantaneously despoiled of

every thing: he might grow, without being the stronger for it, striking root nowhere.

In a personal point of view, also, the king felt disposed to trust John of Bourbon.* He was childless, and had therefore no interest in the future. It is true he had brothers and sisters, whom Philip the Good had brought up and put forward as if they had been children of his own. But it was precisely because the house of Burgundy had done much for them, and they had extracted from it all they could, that they henceforward looked up to the king. Undoubtedly it was a great thing for Charles of Bourbon to be archbishop of Lyons and legate of Avignon,—but if the king were to make him cardinal! Louis of Bourbon, it is true, was indebted to Philip the Good for the title of Bishop of Liège; but for him to be really bishop, and return to Liège, depended on the king's withdrawing his support from the Liégiers. The king made the bastard of Bourbon admiral of France and captain of Honfleur, and gave him one of his daughters to wife with a large dowry. This was a natural daughter, but he had lawful ones; the eldest, Anne of France, was always introduced as a stake in his treaties. She was betrothed at two years of age, once to the son of the duke of Calabria, once to the son of the duke of Burgundy. It was easily foreseen that these parchment marriages would go no further; and that if the king took a son-in-law, he would choose a docile, willing, submissive nobody, such as Pierre de Beaujeu, the youngest of the de Bourbons, who gave himself wholly up to Louis XI., served him in his rudest necessities up to the hour of his death, and even after death, in the person of his daughter Anne, another Louis XI., whose lowly servant Pierre was rather than her husband.

Thus the king rallied round him, and firmly, the whole house of Bourbon; contenting himself with sowing divisions in those of Anjou and Orléans.

John of Calabria, the son of René of Anjou, happened to be at this time in want of money, as, indeed, he always was. This hero of romance, having missed France and Italy, turned to seek his fortune in Spain. The Catalans desired him for king, for king of Aragon.† Louis XI., aware of his necessities and his hopes, sends him at first twenty thousand livres, and then a hundred thousand, putting it as so much on account of his daughter's dowry. In fact, under color of dowry, it was a wage or hire, for which John of Calabria undertook

* The geometrical centre of France is marked by a Roman boundary stone in the Bourbonnais, near Alichamp, three leagues from Saint Amand. See Allier, Michel et Battisier. Ancien Bourbonnais.

† From this time forward foreigners seem to rank the duke of Bourbon on an equality with the king:—"A dispute having arisen between the king of France and John, duke of Bourbon, on the one hand, and Charles of Burgundy on the other . . ." Hist. Patrie Monumenta, i. 642.

* These Bourbons, although restless enough, had not the fiery blood of the Gonzagues, the Foixs, and the Albrets. The motto upon the sword, *Penetrabit*, (It will find its way,) was adopted by the constable only. The famous *Qui qu'en grogne*, (Grumble who like,) also attributed to the dukes of Brittany, was said (about 1400 ?) by Louis of Bourbon, in allusion to the bourgeois who took offence at his erecting his tower. Ibidem, ii. 201.

† The king, Don Pedro of Portugal, nephew of the duchess of Burgundy, had died on the 29th of June, 1466. See Villeneuve de Bergemont, and Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, i. 160.

the sorry office of proceeding to Brittany to summon and arrest the king's brother; who was not sorry that the renowned knight should exhibit himself to the Bretons in the capacity of a bailiff or royal tipstaff.

As to the house of Orléans, the king detached from its interests the glorious bastard, the aged Dunois, whose son he married to one of his nieces of Savoy. The old man's name conferred great éclat on the commission of the Thirty-Six, who, under his presidency, were to reform the kingdom. The king himself convened them in July. Circumstances had changed so within a year, that this instrument, devised against himself, had become a weapon of his own, which he made use of as of a kind of shadow of States-general that spoke as he willed, and whose voice might be taken for the voice of the kingdom.

To have brought over so many enemies, and so quickly, was a great thing. There remained the most difficult of all, the general of the League, who had led the Burgundians as far as Paris, who had animated them to the resistance offered at Montheré, and who had made the king make him constable of France. Though so bitterly humiliated by him, the king conceived a great passion for him, and did not rest till he had made him his own.

Saint-Pol become constable here, but long established elsewhere, having his family and property in the duke's territories, and a niece queen of England, was bound to consider well before hearkening to Louis. He had been the friend of the count of Charolais from his infancy as it were, possessed his confidence, and had always led him as he wished. It seemed improbable that such a man would turn. . . . He turned, if the truth must be told, because he was in love; in love with the sister of the duke of Bourbon, the duke of Burgundy's sister-in-law, in love with the lady, but more in love with the royal blood and the grandeur of the alliance. The lover was fifty years old, but of noble air, lofty deportment, and indulging in regal pomp and in sumptuousness of dress beyond all the men of his day. Still, he was no longer young, and he had a young son. The lady would have liked Saint-Pol as a father-in-law. He called on the count of Charolais to support his suit; but the latter was but lukewarm in his cause, thinking, no doubt, that his friend, but just named constable, was in too great a hurry to rise.

Just at the moment that the mortified Saint-Pol found out that he was fifty, the king comes to him with open arms, full of love for him, and seeking to effect a marriage, not only for him, but for his son and his daughter. He gives to father and son his young nieces of Savoy; and Saint-Pol's daughter is to marry the king's nephew, the brother of the said two nieces.*

So here is the whole family provided for, and allied in the same degree as the king with the sovereign house of Savoy and Cyprus.

So violent was the king's desire to have Saint-Pol his own, that he promised him he should be the successor of a prince of the blood who was still alive, of his uncle, the count d'Eu. He strengthened him in Picardy by giving him Guise; and established him in Normandy, confiding to this, his scarcely reconciled enemy, the keys of Rouen,* making him captain of Rouen, and immediately after governor of Normandy.

The providing for Saint-Pol in so princely a manner portended one thing, namely, that the king, having recovered Normandy, desired to recover Picardy. The count of Charolais pretended to laugh; in reality, he was furious. Picardy might slip from his grasp. The cities of the Somme already regretted that they were no longer royal cities.† And how was this regret increased when the count, at a loss for money for his campaign against Liége, reimposed the gabelle, that severe tax upon salt which he had just abolished, and which he had promised never to revive!

All was to begin over again with the Liegers. The glorious treaty, which was in every one's mouth, became a laughing-stock, not a stipulation having been carried into effect. It was with great difficulty, and by employing both threat and entreaty, that the Liegers were got to perform the *amende honorable*, which was, at least, some cover for pride. The ceremony was performed at Brussels, in front of the town-hall, the old duke being in the balcony. One of the envoys (the one deputed by the chapter) besought him "to manage that there should be good peace, especially between the lord Charles, his son, and the *men of Dinant*." To which the chancellor replied, "My lord accepts the submission of those who present themselves; as to those who have failed, he will pursue his right."

To pursue it required an army. It behooved to remount the heavy gendarmerie, to draw forth from their firesides men still stiff from the fatigue of a winter's campaign, who, for the most part, were only bound to forty days' feudal service, and who had been detained nine months under harness without pay, and at times without food. They had not received a third of what was due to them. There were some even, who, bandied about from one to the other, received a trifle as alms, "in consideration of their poverty."‡

The enemy, who had neither fire nor hearth, took the field with much less trouble and expense. The children of the Green Tent§ rose

* The keys of the castle, of the palace, and of the bridge tower were handed over to his lieutenants. *Archives Municipales de Rouen, Délibérations*, vol. vii. fol. 259, 260.

† Du Clercq, l. v. c. 56.

‡ *Registres de Mons*, quoted by M. Gachard in his edition of Barante, t. ii. p. 255, No. 2.

§ See further on, and the documents quoted by Gachard,

* *Historiæ Patriæ Monumenta, Chronica Sabaudie*, ann. 1466, t. i. p. 639.

with the lark, scoured the fields, pillaged, burnt, and took a delight in exasperating to the utmost "the old dotard of a duke, and his son Charotteau."

It was necessary to put up with this until July, and even then there was nothing ready. The duke, deeply mortified, became more and more depressed. There were not wanting those about him to aggravate the wound. One day as he was sitting down to table, he missed his favorite dishes. He sends for his steward:—"Do you mean to hold me in pupilage?"—"My lord, the leeches forbid." Then, addressing the lords present:—"Have my men-at-arms set out at last?"—"My lord, there is little appearance of it. They have been so badly paid as to be afraid to come. They are utterly ruined, and their clothing in pieces; the captains must reclothe them." The duke flew into a great rage:—"And yet I have drawn from my treasury two hundred thousand crowns of gold. I must turn my own paymaster . . . Am I then quite forgotten?" Saying this, he upset the table with all that was on it; his mouth turned on one side; he was struck with apoplexy, and seemed on the point of death . . . He recovered, however, a little, and had letters expedited for all to be ready "under pain of the halter."

The menace was effectual; for the count of Charolais was well known to be a man to carry it into effect. He had been seen to kill a man for less,—an archer, whom he took offence at for some deficiency at a review. His violence was feared by all, great as well as little. In the present case, especially, when both father and son made it a point of honor, a personal quarrel, it was dangerous to remain at home.

So all came, full 30,000 men. The Flemings performed the last feudal service to their aged lord in a Walloon war, with their whole heart. Even the Walloons of Hainault, the nobles of the country of Liège, made no scruple of assisting in the chastisement of the accursed city. The nobles and militia of Picardy were headed by Saint-Pol, whose marriage with the king's niece took place on the 1st of August; and by the 15th he was with the army at Namur, with all his family, his brothers and his children.

Besides the marriage of Saint-Pol, three other pieces of intelligence, not less distressing, reached the count of Charolais on the same day,—the three treaties entered into by the king with the houses of Bourbon, of Anjou, and of Savoy. He instantly set out from Namur, and gave vent to his rage in a furious letter to the king, in which he accused him of inviting the

Englishman, and of offering him Rouen, Dieppe, Abbeville.*

All this rage against the king was about to fall upon Dinant; although, in fairness, there was one question which he was bound to have inquired into first and foremost of all. Were those he was about to punish those who had committed the offence? Are there not many cities in one city? Was not the real Dinant innocent? When we so often find in one man *two men*, (and more,) was it just to consider a whole city, a whole people, as one man?

What made Dinant Dinant in the eyes of the whole world? Its copper-beaters, its *good trade of copper-beating*, as it was called. This trade had raised the city into existence, and still maintained it. The rest of the inhabitants, however numerous they might be, were accessories,—a crowd attracted by the fame of the city and hope of profit. There were in Dinant, as in all other towns, burgesses, petty chapmen, free to come and go and live elsewhere. But, whatever might happen, the copper-beaters had perforce to live here and die here; fixed to the spot, not only by the heavy nature of their stock, constantly added to by each new generation, but by the fame of their manufactures, which had been renowned for ages; and finally, by the traditions of their art, which was unique, and which has not been handed down to our time. They who have seen the baptismal fonts of Liège, and the candleabra of Tongres, will never think of comparing the *dinandiers* who wrought these master-pieces with our brass-founders of Auvergne and Forez. In the hands of the first, the beating of copper had become an art which rivalled the great art of casting. There is a certain rigidity in the works produced by the latter, which often makes us sensible that an inert agent has been the intermediate between the artist and the metal; whereas in beating, the work received its form immediately from the human hand,† under a hammer as instinct with life as the hand itself,—a hammer which, in its struggle with the hard metal, was forced to remain faithful to art, and to strike to a hair's breadth, even when struck with the greatest force. Faults in this art, when once impressed on the copper by the hammer, are almost beyond the reach of repair.

These *dinandiers* were necessarily the most patient of men, a laborious and sedentary race.

* Ducloux, *Preuves*, iv. 279. The object was to throw odium upon the king. He writes to him shortly afterwards, that the officers of the bailiwick of Amiens oppress the people, and that it behooves to choose better for the king to confirm,—"so he will do great good and solace to the poor people." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, 9675, D. Oct. 16th, 1466.

† For the full appreciation of the superiority of the hand over mechanical means, read the discourses delivered by M. Belloc at his annual distribution of prizes, and which are replete with ingenious and pregnant views. The *Royal Free School of Drawing* (directed, rather created by this excellent teacher) has already given a vivifying impulse in Paris to all branches of trade dependent on design—to jewellery, lock-making, cabinet-work, &c. Undersuch auspices, these trades will once more become arts.

ii. 435; and, on the *Green Tent* of Ghent in 1453, Monstrelet, ed. Buchon, p. 387. On the *Galants de la Feuillée*, (*Gallants of the Leaf*) in Normandy, see Legrand, *Hist. MS.* l. ix. fol. 87, 88, ann. 1466. Compare my *Origines du Droit for the banished man*; and for the English outlaw, the Robin Hood, a curious Essay of Mr. Barry's, professor of history.

It was not they, assuredly, who had compromised the city. No more could it have been the wealthier burgesses. I doubt even whether the excesses complained of can be ascribed to the small master-manufacturers, who constituted the third member of the city. Wanton outbreaks of the kind were in all probability the result of the frolicsome spirit of the younger journeymen and apprentices, who were the more turbulent and daring from their being for the most part strangers, engaged for a limited time, according to the demand for work.* Being little encumbered with baggage, and still less encumbered with reflection, they were always ready to make a move. Perhaps, after all, the most daring acts were the premeditated work of malecontents in the pay of France, or of exiles wandering about the frontier.

At first the well-disposed and orderly thought they could save the city by arresting five or six of those who were pointed out as the ringleaders; but one of them crying out, as he was being dragged to prison, "Help, help! our franchises are being violated," the populace rose up, broke into the jail, and threatened the lives of the magistrates. The latter, who had a man of courage, Jean Guérin, at their head, betrayed no alarm, but called an assembly of the people, and with a word brought them back to respect for the law: "If we could detain those who wish to escape by a thread, we would not; we will hold those answerable who have forced the prisons." On this, many who had aided in setting the guilty at liberty hastened after them, secured them, and imprisoned them with their own hands.†

Justice must be executed; but could it be executed by a foreign sovereign, to whom the city would have to deliver, not the prisoners only, but herself and her most precious right,—her sword of justice.

This terrible question was discussed by this small community, on the eve of perishing, with a gravity worthy of a great nation and of a better fate.‡ But the hour for deliberation soon slipped away. Invaded by a horde of strangers,

the city was no longer herself. One morning the whole flood of plunderers and bandits comes sweeping up the Meuse, and collecting the dregs of the population in its course from Loss to Huy, and from Huy to Dinant, it rolled along, increasing as it went, until it was finally swallowed up by the doomed city.

What was the origin of this horde of savages, without law and without country? This we must explain; the more especially since it was their presence in Dinant, and their ravages in the environs, which set every one against her, and elevated the war into a kind of crusade.

The storm of political revolutions had for a long time past peopled country and forest with exiles. Once banished, they never returned; because their property being either divided or sold, there were too many individuals interested in preventing it. Many preferred wandering in the adjoining country to seeking fortune at a distance. They found a secure shelter in the deserts of Limbourg, Luxembourg, and the Liégeois, and in the *seven forests of Ardennes*, living there as charcoal-burners; and when the season set in they prowled round the villages, either begging or forcibly taking. The freedom of this rude and wandering life tempted many to join them; and the spirit of vague independence* gained ground in a country in which public worship and the administration of justice had been suppressed by the voice of the supreme authority. It spread to workman, apprentice, and child. Those who scoured the country, and took upon themselves to administer justice when the bishop withdrew his judges, were lads of eighteen or twenty; and their ensign was the figure of a wild man, worn on their arm, cap, and banner.

Numbers growing weary of the insipidity of a town life, deserted their families and took to the woods. But woman, whatever her wretchedness, has ties not to be thus broken, and must remain, whatever happen, with her children. In this time of general desertion, the women of Liège displayed great energy. The law of their country giving them only *God and their distaff*,† they turned, in default of the latter, to the occupations abandoned by the men; and succeeded them also in the market-place, taking the same or even greater interest in public affairs. Many women took a prominent share in the revolutions; amongst others, the wife of Raes. Every one at Liège, women as well as men, was familiar with the history of preceding revolutions. The old family chronicles, such as those of Jean Lebel, Jean d'Outremeuse, would be read aloud in the family

* See a petition from Estienne de la Mare, workman in brass, (*dynan*), who sets forth that he had bound himself to Gautier de Coud to work for the latter for a certain time, under such and such stipulations, &c. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes, Reg. 159, pièce 6, Lettre de Grace d'Avout, 1404.*

† Letter from Jehan de Gerin and other magistrates of Dinant, Nov. 8th, 1465. *Documents Gachard, ii. 336.*

‡ Of the three members of the city, the beaters (in conjunction with the burgesses) declare their anxiety to treat. They ask the third member, composed of the little master-workmen, if they think that they can hold out when the city of Liège, and the king of France, likewise, *have made peace*? . . . They complain of no one; they do not insist on their right to take the initiative in a city which, after all, was the growth of their labor, and which without them was nothing. They only insist on the right of the majority; that is, on the right of two members to overrule a third. The latter denies this right, and asks whether they advance this pretence in order to give it over to slavery:—"But what greater slavery can there be," is the reply, "than war, and the ruin of body and goods? When a vessel is in danger of sinking, must not something be sacrificed and thrown overboard in order to save the rest? Do we not pull down a wall in order to save a house that has taken fire?" . . . *Ibid. pp. 363-369.*

* Strongly developed in us Frenchmen. The missionaries in Canada observe that the savages seldom conform to our customs, while we readily adopt their wild and wandering mode of life.

† See above, note at p. 276. The women of Liège owed their influence not to the laws of the city, but to their own violent and energetic character. The Flemish women were indebted for theirs, in great part at least, to the liberty they enjoyed of the free disposal of their property.

circle of an evening;* and mother and child knew by heart these old political bibles of the city.

No sooner could the child walk, than he hastened to the market-place, displaying there our strange French precocity both for talking and fighting. After the *Piteous Peace*,† when men's tongues were tied, the children's were loosed; and when none else durst mention Baden or Bourbon, the children boldly raised the cry of Baden, and displayed its devices. Men, both old and young, having directed public affairs, the children seemed to aspire to the government of things, and to wish to have their turn as well.

At last the Liégers took the alarm. Unable to keep these little tyrants within bounds, they applied to their parents to compel them to abdicate. It was a strange, indeed a fearful sight, to see the movement sinking deeper, spreading wider, and reaching the very basis of society, family life, instead of remaining on the surface.

If the Liégers conceived a dread of this deep-seated disorder, much more their neighbors; especially when they perceived, after the doing of the *amende honorable* by Liège, that all who were any way compromised quitted the towns to increase the bands of the Green Tent; and that these hordes of wild dwellers in the woods sought Dinant as a shelter and a stronghold. . . . Unable to account for the appearance of this phenomenon, they were inclined to see in it either a *mania* proceeding from the devil, or a curse from God. The city was laid under excommunication; and the duke caused the bull to be posted in all directions. The grave historian of the period asserts, that if the king had succored "this *villeinhood*," denounced both by princes and the Church, he would have arrayed against himself the whole nobility of France.‡

These fearful guests, not content with burning and plundering all around Dinant, devised an outrageous insult, which could only have irritated the duke still more against the city, and have ensured its destruction. They placed the duke's effigy, arrayed in the ducal robes of Philip the Good, in a marsh full of frogs, (in mockery of the Low Countries, with their muddy waters!) and saluted it with cries of, "This is the throne of the great frog!" When the

duke and the count were apprized of this, they swore that if they took the city, they would make an example of it after the fashion of the ancients, by razing it to the ground, passing the ploughshare over it, and sowing it with salt and iron.*

In their excess of insolence they disregarded all consequences. Walls nine feet thick, and eighty towers, seemed to them a secure refuge. Dinant, they said, had been besieged seventeen times, both by emperors and kings, but never taken. If the citizens ventured to betray any alarm, they of the Green Tent asked them whether they could doubt their friends of Liège, 40,000 of whom would fly to their succor at the first signal.

They maintained their confidence till August; but when they saw that army, so slow to assemble, and which it appeared impossible to get together, at last formed, and moving on from Namur, more than one of those who had wagged their tongues the loudest, quietly slunk away, remembering, somewhat of the latest, the point of honor of the sons of the Green Tent, who, in conformity with their name, piqued themselves on never lodging under a roof.

There were two classes of persons who did not stir: on the one hand, the burgesses and the beaters of copper, who were in a manner incorporated with the city, by their houses, their long-used and familiar workshops, and by the value of their stock. They valued their moulds alone at 100,000 florins of the Rhine; and how either leave or transport all this? So they put themselves in God's keeping. And, on the other hand, very different from these, those lawless men, the furious enemies of the house of Burgundy, who were so well known and marked out, that they had no chance of being allowed to live elsewhere, and perhaps cared not so to do.

The latter, in league with the populace,‡ were ready to do whatever might render treating impossible. Bouvignes, in the view of increasing the divisions which prevailed in Dinant, had sent a messenger thither. They struck off his head. Next a child was sent with a letter. They tore the poor boy in pieces.

On Monday, August 18th, the artillery came up. The master of the ordnance, the sire de Hagenbach, made his approaches in the open day, and battered down one-half of the faubourgs. Without betraying any astonishment, the citizens went straight to burn down the rest. When summoned to surrender, they replied with mockeries, and called out to the count that the king and the Liegers would soon dislodge him.

Empty words! The king was powerless;

* For this and all that follows, see the two principal authorities, Du Clercq and Adrien de Vieux-Bois.

† According to one account, which, however, leans altogether to the Burgundian side, the mob drowned several priests for refusing to officiate. Du Clercq, l. v. c. 58; Suf-
fridus Petrus, ap. Chapeauville, lii. 163.

* There are still many of these family chronicles extant, notwithstanding the repeated revolutions which have taken place. (A remark of M. Lavalleye's.)

† Probably instigated by Raes and other ringleaders, who wished to prove their German ally. See the curious detail given by Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, Ampl. Coll. iv. 1291, 1292.

‡ "We may well believe that a king of France . . . may and ought to be long in making up his mind . . . to array himself . . . against an arm constituted champion of the Church . . . And if he should have helped such villains to overcome, he would have gained nothing but shame and his own loss by the destruction of the numerous nobility holding of the duke, and this would give rise to a fear on the part of the king of France that he would set his own nobility . . . against him, by his alliance with a haughty villeinhood, (*vilennaille*), whom all kings and princes cannot fail to hate." Chastellain, c. 123, p. 432, ed. 1836.

he was forced at this time to triple the taxes. France was sunk in the extreme of misery, and the plague had broken out in Paris. All he could do was to charge Saint-Pol to remember that Dinant was under his safeguard. Now, it was for this very reason, chiefly, that the duke and count were bent on its destruction.

But if the king took no steps to succor it, could Liège fail Dinant in its extremity? She had promised to send an aid of ten men out of each of the thirty-two trades, making in all three hundred and twenty men,* but few even of these came. She had given Dinant a captain of her own, who, however, soon quitted it. On the 19th of August a letter arrives at Liège, in which Dinant reminds her that, but for the hope of receiving efficacious assistance, the idea of standing a siege would never have been entertained. When they had read the letter to the people, the magistrates said to them, "Don't trouble yourselves about this; we have only to take good order and we shall soon raise the siege." A second letter came from Dinant the same day; but its contents were not made public.

The count of Charolais had no intention to carry on the siege according to rule. He sought to crush Dinant before the Liegers had time to set out; and had concentrated on this one point a formidable park of artillery, which, with the baggage-wagons, formed a line three leagues in length along the road. On the 18th, the faubourgs were razed to the ground. On the 19th, the cannon, raised in battery on the ruins of the faubourgs, battered the walls at almost point-blank distance. By the 20th and 21st, a large breach was opened, and the Burgundians could have given the assault on the Saturday or the Sunday, (August 23d, 24th;) but the besiegers fought with such fury, that the old duke deferred it for fear of its proving too murderous.

The extraordinary promptitude with which the siege was carried on, is a plain proof of the fear entertained of the arrival of the Liegers. However, from the 20th to the 24th, Liège remained perfectly passive. It appears that during this time Dinant was in hopes of succor from the princes of Baden; but none came, and the Dinanters wasted the time in breaking their statues to pieces. On Sunday (Aug. 24th) the magistrates of Liège received two letters from Dinant; and the people resolved to begin their march on the 26th. There was only one difficulty in the way; and this was, that they never set out without the standard of St. Lambert, which the chapter confided to their care; and the chapter was at this time dispersed. The other churches, when consulted on the subject, replied that the matter concerned them not; much about the reply returned by William de la Marche on being

asked to bear the standard. Hence delays which caused the day of marching to be postponed to the 28th.

But Dinant could not wait. By the 22d, the burgesses, bewildered by the hell of noise and smoke from the horrible cannonade which thundered on the city, sued for grace. . . . They proffered the same prayers on the 24th, and with better success; for the duke had just learned that the Liegers were about to begin their march, and so showed himself less obdurate. At this very moment, when hope revived in every heart and all were eager for surrender, one man raised his voice against it—the old burgomaster, Guérin, who offered, if the city would still hold out, to bear its standard:—"I trust to no one's pity; give me the standard. I will live or die with you: but if you surrender, you shall not find me amongst you; that I give you my word for!" The crowd turned a deaf ear, clamorously exclaiming, "The duke is a good lord: he has a kind heart, and will show us mercy." How could he do otherwise on such a day as the morrow? It was the fête of his grandfather, the good St. Louis, (August 25th, 1466.)

Those who would have nothing to do with his mercy fled during the night; so that the burgesses and the beaters of copper, freed from their defenders, were at liberty to surrender themselves.* The troops began to occupy the city about five o'clock on the Monday evening, and at noon on the following day the count made his entry. He entered preceded by drums and trumpets, and (in conformity with ancient custom) by the licensed jesters and mountebanks,† who played their part in all grave ceremonies, treaties, and surrenders.

Strict discipline was essential. Some of the more obstinate of the besieged still kept possession of large towers, from which they could not be dislodged. The count prohibited all acts of violence, or the taking any thing, even by way of present, except provisions. Some of his soldiers, notwithstanding this prohibition, being guilty of assaults on females, he seized three of them, and, after having them thrice paraded through the camp, hung them *in terrorem*.‡

The soldiery kept within bounds the whole of the Tuesday, and even the Wednesday morning. The poor inhabitants began to recover confidence. On Wednesday, the 27th, there being no movement on the side of Liège, and having secure possession of the town, the duke held a council at Bouvignes on the course to be pursued with Dinant; at which it was

* An author, who is exceedingly partial to the house of Burgundy, confesses, nevertheless, that the beaters of copper shortened the defence:—*Ad hanc victoriam tam celeriter obtinendam auxilium suum tulerunt fabri cacabarit. Sulfidus Petrus, ap. Chapeauville, iii. 158.*

† *Cum tubicinis, mimis, et tympanis. Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, ap. Martene, iv. 1295.* See, also, note on the word "Conart," p. 2-3.

‡ *Du Clercq, l. v. c. 60.*

* The number given in the *Actes*. The chroniclers say, 4000! 40,000! &c.

determined, that as every thing was to be given up to justice, vengeance, and the insulted majesty of the house of Burgundy, there should be nothing drawn from the town in the shape of contribution, but that it should be handed over to plunder on the Thursday and Friday, burnt on the Saturday, (August 30th,) demolished, razed to the ground, and its ashes scattered to the winds.

To the great indignation of the old duke, this orderly arrangement of disorder was not respected. So long a delay had over-taxed the patience of the soldiery. On this said 27th, each soldier, as he rose from table after dinner, laid hands on his host, on the family whose meals he had shared for two days:—"Show me your money, your hoard, and I will save your life." Some of the most barbarous seized the children in order to make sure of the fathers

In the first moments of violence and rage the plunderers turned their swords against one another; but, coming to an understanding, each confined himself to the pillage of the house in which he was billeted, so that the scene wore the ignoble appearance of a general removal, the streets being filled with carts and wheelbarrows rolling out of the town. Some (these were nobles, and not of the lowest rank either) hit on the expedient of plundering the plunderers, and, posting themselves on the breach, forced from them whatever valuables they had secured.

For his own share the count took what he called his justice; that is, men to hang and to drown. And, first of all, he hung the chief engineer of the town upon a lofty gallows erected on the hill that commands the church, for having dared to fire upon him. Next he called upon the men of Bouvignes, the ancient enemies of Dinant, to point out those who had uttered the *blasphemies* against the duke, the duchess,* and the count; and, in the virulence of their hate, they designated no fewer than eight hundred† individuals, who were bound two and two, and thrown into the Meuse. But this did not satisfy the bloodhounds of the law who followed up the inquiry, and who had recourse to the odious and impious act of seizing the women, and either by force or terror, com-

pling them to bear witness against their husbands or their fathers.

The city was condemned to be burnt on Saturday, the 30th. But as it was known that Liège had determined to send the whole of her townsmen from fifteen years of age to sixty, in one body, to the relief of Dinant, and that this force, which was to march on the 28th, would arrive by the 30th, it was essential, in order to be in a state to receive them, to withdraw the soldiery from the city, to tear them suddenly from their prey, and to bring them back, after such a scene of license, to discipline and their respective standards. This was a difficult, and, if compulsion were to be used, perhaps a dangerous task. Men drunk with plunder would not have recognised their officers.

An hour after midnight on Friday, the 29th, the lodging of the duke's nephew, Adolphus of Clèves, is discovered to be on fire, and the flames spread with rapidity. . . . If, as circumstances seem to warrant, this was by the order of the count of Charolais,* he had not foreseen that the fire would spread so quickly. It reached instantaneously the place where the treasures taken from the churches had been deposited. All attempts to arrest it were in vain. It caught the town-hall, which had been converted into a powder-magazine, and seized the roof, the *forest* of the church of Notre-Dame, where many valuables had been placed for security, and, moreover, where many of the wealthier inhabitants had been confined in order to hold to ransom. Men and valuables, all were consumed; and the brave men who still held out in the towers were burnt with the towers.

The priests, women, and children, had been suffered to leave the town before it became wholly a prey to the flames,† and they were led on the road to Liège, in order to serve as a testimony, and to be held up as a living *example* of the terrible justice that was to be expected When these unhappy ones were clear of the town, they turned in order to gaze once more on the spot where they left their souls, and then gave utterance to two or three cries only, but so full of woe, that there was not one of their captors who heard the sound, whose heart was not stricken "with pity and horror."‡

* Some author, whose name I cannot recollect, asserts that the duchess of Burgundy, impressed with scruples at so cruel a vengeance, came to intercede personally at the beginning of the siege, but as the sword was drawn it was no longer a woman's business, and she was not listened to.

† The monk Adrien is silent on this point, no doubt out of respect for his bishop's uncle, the duke of Burgundy. Jean de Henin (see the end of Reiffenberg's edition of Barante) says, with the utmost effrontery, "I do not know that any one was killed in cold blood." But Comines (éd. de Mademoiselle Dupont, l. ii. c. l. t. i. p. 117.) an eye-witness, and not at all favorable to the Dinanters, expressly says, "As many as eight hundred, drowned before Bouvignes, at the urgent request of the inhabitants of the said Bouvignes." I have found a similar statement in a manuscript, the writer of which does not confine himself to this, but adds that the count "put women and children to death." *Bibliothèque de Liège, Continuateur de Jean de Stavelo*, MS. 183, ann. 1406.

* Jacques Du Clercq endeavors to involve the matter in obscurity in order to suggest some resemblance to the ruin of Jerusalem, and pretends, "It was God's will the town should be destroyed."

† A portion of the male population retired to Middlebourg in Flanders; another passed over into England. The duke seems to have made a present of this colony to his friend Edward; but though the men were transplanted, their art, apparently, was not. The artists degenerated into workmen; at least, no one has ever heard of the *beating* of Middlebourg or of London. Scarcely were the Dinanters settled in London before they sided against Edward with Warwick's party, which was the French party, out of their incurable attachment to the country which had neglected to protect them! *Lettres Patentes d'Edward IV.*, (Feb. 1470.) Documents Gachard, ii. 376.

‡ I mistake. It is Jean de Henin's opinion, that "the city of Dynant was treated more gently than it deserved."

The flames had spread far and wide, and had destroyed from top to bottom. And as soon as the ashes were cooled a little, the neighbors were summoned, the enviers of the city, to the joyous task of demolishing the blackened walls, and carrying away and scattering the stones. They were paid by the day, and would have done it for nothing.

Some unhappy women would return. They sought . . . but there was scarcely any remains.* They could not even recognise where their houses had stood. The sage chronicler of Liège, a monk of St. Laurent's, came to be an eye-witness of this scene of destruction which he had to describe. He writes: "The only thing I found entire in the whole city was an altar; besides this I found an image, marvellous to tell, almost unharmed by the flames, a very beautiful image of our lady, which was left all alone at the portal of her church."†

They who were employed to dig into this vast burial-place of a people, kept on finding, and carried what they found to receivers appointed to register whatever they dug up, and who trafficked and haggled upon the ruins. According to these registers, the objects found were for the most part masses of metal, but yesterday works of art. A few tools were found uninjured under their forms,—hammers, anvils. The workman would sometimes venture back, to see if he could recover his own, and purchase back his bread-winner.

The surprising part of the matter, when we read these mournful details, is, that along with indestructible substances, (which alone apparently could resist the action of the fire,)—along with lead, copper, and iron, were recovered many fragile things, little articles of furniture, jewellery, and other frail ornaments . . . living mementoes of humanity, left there as witnesses that what was destroyed was not stones, but living, loving men.

Amongst other details I find the following:—*"Item.—Two small silver goblets; two small ivory tablets, (one broken;)* two pillows, with coverings sprinkled with small silver spangles; a small ivory comb; a chaplet, with beads of jet and silver; a woman's pincushion; *a pair of bride's gloves."*‡

This induces reflection. What! this frail marriage-gift, this poor little luxury of a young household; did this survive the frightful conflagration which melted iron? It was probably sheltered and preserved by the falling in of a wall . . . The circumstance induces one to believe that they remained until the catas-

trophe, unable to make up their minds to quit their beloved home; else could they not have easily carried many of these light objects away? That they remained, or the bride at least, is proved by the very nature of these objects. And then, what became of her? Must we seek her amongst those mentioned by our Jean de Troyes, who begged, houseless and homeless, and who, constrained by hunger and misery, prostituted themselves, alas! for bread?*

Ah! duchess of Burgundy, when you asked for this dreadful vengeance, you could not have suspected that it would cost so dear. What, pious lady, would you have said, had you seen, towards night-fall, from your balcony at Bruges, the sad widow wandering forth, in squalid guise, and with breaking heart, to earn the wages of sin?

CHAPTER III.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY AND ENGLAND —SURRENDER OF LIEGE. A. D. 1466–1467.

GREAT was the surprise at the capture of Dinant. No one could have divined that this city, which was supposed to be provisioned for a three years' siege, with its eighty towers, its good walls, and the valiant bands which defended it, could have been carried in six days. The fatally rapid effects of artillery were now felt for the first time.

On the noon of the 28th of August, a man arrives at Liège; they inquire, "What news?" "The news is, Dinant is taken." They arrest him. At one o'clock another man, "Dinant is taken; every one put to the sword." The populace hasten to the houses of Raes and the other leading men, vowing destruction; but could only find one, whom they tore in pieces. Happily for the others, the next arrival from Dinant was the brave Guérin, who magnanimously said, "Do not fret; . . . you would have been of no use to us, and might have perished yourselves." The populace were appeased, and sent to the count to demand peace, although arming themselves by way of precaution.

Despite his victory, and, indeed, on account of his victory, he could not refuse to grant it. After so frightful a holiday of plunder, an army does not soon recover its order, but remains drunk and stupified; and as this army had not been paid for two years, it literally staggered under the weight of its booty. When the Liegers, sallying forth, came suddenly upon it, they might have had a cheap bargain of this army of pedlers.†

* "Only four days after the breaking out of the fire," says Du Clercq, "they who looked upon the spot where the city had stood, might exclaim, 'Here once was Dinant.'" L. v. c. 60, 61. In 1472, the duke authorized the rebuilding of the church of Notre-Dame, in the place called Dinant. Gachard, *Annales Beligiques*, pp. 318, 320.

† Non inventi in toto Dyonto nisi altare S. Laurentii integrum, et valde pulchram imaginem B. V. Mariæ in porticu ecclesiæ suæ, &c. Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, ap. Martene, iv. 1296.

‡ *Recepte des biens trouvez en laditte plaiche de Dinant.* Documents Gachard, ii. 381

* Jean de Troyes, ann. 1466.

† "During this night the army of the Burgundians was in great trouble and doubt. . . . Some among them were for attacking us; and in my opinion they would have had the better." Comines, éd. de Mademoiselle Dupont, i. 116.

But this first moment let slip, the advantage remained the count's. The Liegers sued for a delay, and broke their ranks. The count's wise counsellors were for his profiting by the opportunity, and falling upon them; but Saint-Pol appeals to his honor and his knightly feelings.* Had the count exterminated Liège after Dinant, he would have become more powerful than would have suited Saint-Pol.

This equivocal personage, a great ringleader of the Picards, and all-powerful in Picardy, must have disquieted the count even while serving him. He had been present at the siege, but had taken no share in the sack of the town; and had kept his followers under arms, "to protect the others in the event," he said, "of any thing happening." A whole town had been assigned him to hold to ransom, and yet he was dissatisfied. He could, if it were to his interest, induce all the nobles of Picardy to declare for the king; who had seized this very moment, when he thought the count in a strait, to cavil with him about his encroachments, and the oath which he had required of the Picards; sending a threatening embassy to Brussels, and keeping in his pay a body of regular troops, who could be put into motion, Saint-Pol to aid, when the feudal array of the count should return to their homes as usual.

Nor was this all. The thirty-six reformers of the Public Good were skilfully used by Louis XI. additionally to torment the count; to whom they deputed a counsellor to the parliament with a protest, and a commission, as it were, to inquire into his want of faith in regard to the lord of Nesle, whom he had promised to liberate, but whom he retained a prisoner. The answer was at once delicate and dangerous, as the question concerned all arrière vassals and the whole nobility. At first the count followed the prudent instructions of his legists, and equivocated. But the firm and cool parliamentary pressing him closer and closer, respectfully but obstinately, he lost patience and alleged conquest,—the right of the strongest. The other did not let go his hold, but said boldly, "Can the vassal conquer from the king, his suzerain?"† . . . He left him but one answer to make, to wit, that he denied this suzerain; that he was no vassal, but a sovereign himself, and a foreign prince. He would thus have renounced that double position which the dukes of Burgundy had so largely abused; and would have devolved on the king, but lately attacked by the nobles, the distinguished part of protector of the French nobility and of the kingdom of France, against the foreigner.

Against the enemy . . . for such he must

have avowed himself, in order to tear himself from France. Now, with so many French subjects, this was hazardous; and it was, too, as far as he was personally concerned, odious, repulsive, and hard . . . since, whatever he might say, he was French by education and language at least. His dream was of antique France, of French chivalry, of our worthies, our twelve paladins, and the round table.* The head of the *Fleece* ought to be the mirror of all chivalry. And he was to begin to set the example of this chivalry, by an act of felony. Roland was bound to be first of all Ganelon of Mentz. . . .

In order to shake off his dependence upon France, he was obliged to make himself anti-French, that is, English. Jean-sans-Peur, who feared no crime, had shrunk from this. His son was led to commit it out of revenge, and had to lament it with tears. France had been all but lost by it; and thirty years afterwards was still a desert and covered with ruins. A compact with the English, in the estimation of the people, was always the same as a compact with the devil. All that could be understood here of this horrible war of the two Roses, was that it appeared to be a war of the damned.

The Flemings, who were brought into constant and close connection with the English by commerce, picture the leader of the barons as "a wild boar," ill-born and "unsound," and term the alliance between Warwick and the king, "a monstrous union, a dishonorable conjunction . . ."—"Such is this people," says the violent Chastellain, "that no good can be said of them, *save sinfully!*"† It is not surprising, then, that the count of Charolais hesitated a long time before concluding an English marriage.

The very circumstance of his being a Lancaster made him feel the more repugnant to extend his hand to Edward of York and abjure his maternal relatives. Forgetting, in this doubly unnatural alliance, in order to turn English, the French blood of his father and of his grandfather, he could not even assume the Englishman, in virtue of his English mother, in a natural manner.

He had not a choice between the two English branches. Edward had just strengthened himself by an alliance with the Castilians, hitherto our allies; and these, through a strange reversal of all things, were sued in friendship and in marriage by their eternal enemy, the king of Aragon,—a marriage opposed to our interests, and the dower for which would have been sought on our side of the Pyrenees. The idea of a division of the kingdom of France was acceptable to all; and Louis XIth's sister, the duchess of Savoy,

* Ibidem.—Agente plurimum et pro miseris interveniente comite Sancti Pauli. Amelgard. Ampliss. Coll. iv. 752.

† He also gravely asserted that the king might bring an action against him for full restitution. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS Du Puy*, 762, Procès-verbal du 27th Sept. 1466.

* "He took to reading and to having read to him the joyous tales and deeds of Lancelot and of Gauvain." Olivier de la Marche, éd. Petitot, x. 62.

† Chastellain, éd. 1836, pp. 466, 488, 489.

carried on negotiations to this end with the Breton and with *Monsieur*, and had already stipulated to have the whole country as far as the Saône annexed to Savoy.

To link together and perfect the circle within which it was sought to shut us up, this strange sacrifice of the marriage of a Lancaster with a York was essential; and it was consummated. The count of Charolais, not without shame and precautions, took the leap a month before his father's death. . . . He sent his brother, the great bastard, to a tournament which the queen of England held on purpose at London, and Olivier de la Marche accompanied him, in order to bear the treaty as soon as it was concluded to the Breton, and to procure his signature to it.

The marriage was easy; war, difficult. The latter suited Edward, but not England. Without choosing to understand the visit of the bastard of Burgundy, or inquiring whether their king desires war, the bishops and barons conclude peace for him, and send in his name their great leader, Warwick, to Rouen.* This wealthy and all-powerful party, possessing the land and as firm as the land, had no fears of his being disavowed by a tottering king.

Louis XI. gave Warwick the same reception which he would have given to the king-bishops of England, whose deputy he was. He made the whole clergy of Rouen go forth to meet him in their priestly robes, and with cross and banner.† The demon of the war of the Roses made his entry amidst hymns, like an angel of peace. He went straight to the cathedral to offer up his prayers, and thence to a convent in which the king lodged him close to himself; though this was still too far off to please the king, who caused an opening to be made through the wall in order to be able to communicate with him night and day. The king had brought the queen and princesses to welcome him, treating him quite as a family guest; and had his English attendants taken to the cloth and velvet merchants of the town, to select whatever they chose at his expense. That which they would have chosen beyond all else was gold; and as the king was aware of this weakness of the English for the precious metal, he had had large and beautiful golden

pieces, weighing ten crowns each, so as to fill the hand, struck on purpose for them.

Warwick arrived most opportunely for him. Great was his need to make England his own, when he saw both extremes of his kingdom taking fire, in Roussillon and on the Meuse, and this at the moment that he learned the death of Philip the Good (who died on the 15th of June) and the accession of the new duke of Burgundy.*

It happened, by a strange chance, that the envoys of the king, deputed to excuse the hostile proceedings on the Meuse, were unable to reach the duke. He was kept prisoner by his subjects of Ghent. They intended him no harm, they said; they had always supported him against his father; he was like their own child, and might believe himself as safe among them "as if in his mother's womb." But they kept him prisoner none the less, until he had restored them all the privileges of which they had been deprived by his father.

He found himself in great danger, having been imprudent enough to make his entry while this violent race were celebrating their popular fête, a sort of annual tumult, the fête of the national saint. On that day they were madmen, and would be madmen. "Every thing was allowable," they said, "to Saint-Liévin's madmen."

Gloomy madness—a sombre drunkenness on beer, which was seldom got over without the drawing of knives. Just as in the legend, the barbarians drag the saint to the place of his martyrdom, the populace, devoutly inebriated, seize his shrine and bear it off to this self-same spot, three leagues from Ghent. There they kept watch the whole night, which they spent in getting more deeply intoxicated. On the following day the saint *would* return; and the crowd bore him back, shouting, howling, and bearing down all in its way. When he reached the market-place, the saint *would* pass right through the toll-house where the duties were taken. "Saint-Liévin," they cried, "won't be put out of his way." The toll-house disappeared in a moment, and the city banner—the saint himself furnishing the material for it from his own banner—was reared in the market-place; and, by its side, all the trades' banners, newer than ever, "it was like a fairy scene," and, under their banners, the various guilds or trades in arms. "And they so increased and swelled in number that it was terrible to see."

The duke "was sorely alarmed. . . ." He had unfortunately brought his young daughter with him, and the treasure left him by his father. His wrath, however, got the uppermost. . . . He goes down among the people in a black gown, a bat in his hand:—"What do you

* This explanation will not surprise those who know who were the true kings of England. The truce was on the eve of expiry; and Warwick, no doubt, got his brother, the archbishop of York, chancellor of England, to place the great seal to full powers authorizing him to renew it, in opposition to the king's will. It is certain that after Warwick's departure Edward hastened in a fury, with a body of guards, to take the seals from the archbishop, who professed to be ill, and dispossessed him of two of the crown manors. He took the precaution to covenant with the new keeper of the seals, that if any royal mandate should be presented to him which was prejudicial to the king, "then he differe the expedition. . . ." Rymer, *Acta*, ed. tertia, t. v. c. 2, p. 144, Jun. 8. 1467.

† "Was receyvid into Roan with procession and grete honour into Our Lady church." Fragment given by Hearne in his continuation of Spots' *Chronicles*, p. 297. The writer professes to have learned all the particulars from Edward himself:—"I have herde of his owne mouth." Ibid. p. 298.

* Nothing can be more melancholy than the language held by Chastellain:—"Now, he is a dead man," &c. The words are evidently penned at the very moment, and betray the writer's uneasiness and gloomy anticipations of the future.

want? Who is stirring you up to this, ye knaves?" And he struck a man, who was on the point of slaying him outright. Well was it for him that the Ghenters made it a point of conscience *not to touch the body of their seignior*: so ran the feudal oath, and in their greatest fury they respected it. The duke, being extricated from the throng, mounted to the balcony, where the sire de la Gruthuse,* a noble Fleming, much beloved by his countrymen, and who knew how to manage them, harangued them in their own tongue; and then the duke took up the word, in their own tongue likewise. . . . This touched them sensibly, and they cried out for many minutes, "*Willecomme!*" (Welcome!)

It was now supposed that the duke and the people were about to come to a friendly explanation; when lo! "a huge ruffian," having got up to the balcony without being perceived, seats himself at the window by the duke's side. There, raising his black gauntlet, he strikes a heavy blow on the balcony in order to command silence, and without the slightest token of fear or respect, says, "My brothers below there, you have come to lay your grievances before your prince, here present, and you have good cause therefore. Now, do you not wish to have those punished who rule the town, and who interfere between the prince and you?"—"Yes, yes!" cried the crowd. "Do you want the *cuillotte* abolished?"—"Yes, yes!"—"Do you want your condemned gates reopened, and your banners licensed?"—"Yes, yes!"—"And you want to have your castellanies and your white-hoods restored, and all your ancient customs, do you not?"—"Yes!" shouted the whole assembled multitude. Then, turning to the duke, the man said, "My lord, here you have in brief the motives which have brought all these people together. I have set them forth, and they have testified to the same, as you yourself have heard; be pleased to look to it. Now, pardon me; I have spoken for them, and with good intent."

The sire de la Gruthuse and his master "cast piteous looks on each other." They escaped, however, for a few fair words and some rolls of parchment. The whole of this great commotion, so terrible to witness, was in reality but little to be dreaded. Great part of those who were engaged in it, were so against their will. During the tumult† several of the trades, especially the butchers and the fishmongers, happening to be near the duke, told him to have no fear, but to contain himself, as it was not yet time to take vengeance on the traitors. . . . But a few months elapsed,‡ and

the most violent, taking alarm, repaired to him suing for pardon. It had been supposed that all the towns would follow the example of Ghent; but the only one in which any movement took place was Malines. The nobles of Brabant were unanimous in repressing the towns, and in repulsing the rival set up by the king, Jean de Nevers, who made great exertions, as he conceived the opportunity to be favorable. The duke, borne as it were in the arms of his nobles, found himself superior to all opposition; and, far from being weakened by this tumultuary movement, he fell with only the greater strength on Liège.*

SURRENDER OF LIEGE.

I have to tell the end of Liège. I have to record the events of this miserable last year, and to show this valiant people in the pitiable position of the debtor who is under bodily constraint.

The oppressive treaty of 1465 had been drawn up by "two grave clerks," Burgundians, who accompanied the count in his campaigns, —master Hugonet, master Carondelet. These able men had forgotten nothing, nothing had escaped their knowledge or their foresight,† not one of the *exceptions* of which Liège might have taken advantage, not one, a single one apart, namely, that it was utterly out of the power of the Liegers to fulfil its stipulations.

They had started from the principle that *the loser ought to pay*, and that *he who cannot pay ought to pay more*, discharging over and above the debt the expenses of the seizure. Liège was to give so much in money and so much in men, who were to pay with their heads. But, as the city did not wish to deliver up heads, they valued these heads at a money value, so much for my lord of Burgundy, so much for my lord of Charolais, in order to satisfy all the demands of justice.

The fearful amount was to be liquidated by half-yearly instalments of sixty thousand florins each, payable at Louvain. If the whole of the Liegeois had been liable, the thing might have been possible; but, in the first place, the churches declared that having always desired peace, they ought not to pay for the war. And, in the next, most of the towns, although their names figured in the treaty, found some means of slipping out of it. The whole fell upon Liège, upon a city at that time without

of the events, could have made a mistake of two years in the date of this submission. I should be more inclined to believe that Ghent submitted and demanded grace as early as December, 1467, than that it did not obtain it until January, 1469, and that the *amende honorable* did not take place till May, the same year.

* "He accused the Liegers of having incited Ghent to insurrection." *Bibl. de Liège, MS., Bertholet, No. 81, fol. 444.*

† "We renounce all rights, allegations, exceptions, prohibitions, privileges, feints, reservations, all rescissions, dispensations from oaths . . . and the right professing a general renunciation to be worthless except preceded by a special one." Letter to which the Liegers were forced to subscribe, Dec. 22d, 1465. Documents Guchard, li. 311.

* Recherches sur le seigneur de la Gruthuyse, et sur ses MSS., par M. Van Praet, 1831, 8vo.

† See the description given by Chastellain, simpler than, but quite as grand as the grandest pages of Tacitus.—Compare the details furnished by the *Régistre d'Ypres*, and by the Register of *La Colace de Gand*, ap. Barante, éd. Guchard, li. 275, 277.

‡ Notwithstanding Wiellant, I can hardly believe that two such men as Comines and Chastellain, eye-witnesses

commerce, without resources, yet still very populous, and therefore the more wretched.

Its exasperated population, unable to take vengeance on others, wreaked it upon themselves. They became hardened and cruel; and their demagogues familiarized them with executions, to which women crowded as well as men. It was found necessary to raise the scaffold higher, so that none might complain of not enjoying a good sight. A strange scene of this kind was the *joyous entry* which they got up for a man accused of having betrayed Dinant. They made him *enter Liège* in the same fashion as the count had entered Dinant, with trumpets, musicians, and jesters, and then cut off his head.

There was no longer a government at Liège, or rather, there were two; that of the magistrates, who no longer acted, and that of Raes, who executed every thing through adherents of his own, chosen, for the most part, from the poorest and most violent of the people, whom (out of respect for the law, which prohibited arms) he had armed with large bats. Raes did not inhabit his own house, thinking it insecure, but kept in a privileged spot belonging to the chapter of St. Peter, and a spot, too, of easy defence. That this man, all-powerful in Liège, should occupy an asylum like a fugitive, paints but too well the state of the city.

The popular fermentation went on increasing. About Easter the movement begins, and with the saints, whose images set about working miracles. The children of the Green Tent reappear, scour the country, hold their courts of justice, and murder sundry individuals. The French men-at-arms are at hand; the king's envoys say so: and, to hasten the expected succor, the partisans of France boldly convoy the envoys up the hill of *Lottring* to *Herstall*, (the famous cradle of the Carlovingians,) and there make them *take a formal possession*,* attested by a notary and witnesses. . . .

Possession of Liège? It seems that they durst not state the fact, as the attempt did not succeed. Such were the force of custom and respect for the law that prevailed amongst this people, seemingly so prone to novelty and change, that the Liegers might beat or slay their bishop and their canons, but they always maintained that they were subjects of the Church, and bound to respect the rights of the bishopric.

Although overt acts had already been com-

* *Iverunt super collem de Lottring, et acceperunt possessionem pro comite Nivernensi et rege Francia. Similiter in Bolland et circum, et sequenti die in Herstal.*—Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, *Ampliss. Coll.* iv. 1309. (July 23d. 1467.) The king seems to have sounded Louis of Bourbon on this head: "It being necessary to know the will of those of the city, and whether they would wish through my said lord (of Liège) to submit to you." Letters from Chabannes and from the bishop of Langres to the king.—*Bibl. Royale, MSS. Le-grand, Preuves*, ann. 1467. This undoubtedly is the true reason of the Liegers refusing to send to the king; they feared pledging themselves. Their excuse is a very poor one: "The reason is, that there is in this city a very small number of noble men. . . ."—*Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, 1675, A. fol. 21, Aug. 1st, 1467.

mitted on both sides, and blood shed, they pretended to do nothing contrary to their treaty with the duke of Burgundy. "We are at liberty," they argued, "without violating the peace, to force Huy to pay its share of the debt, and to recover Saint-Trond, which is one of the daughters of Liège." The bishop was residing in Huy: "No matter," they said, "we have no ill-will to the bishop."

The bishop would not trust to them. As a priest, and dispensed by his gown from all show of valor, he insisted that the Burgundians sent to the relief of the townsmen should put his person in safety rather than stay to defend the city. The duke was beside himself when he saw them return. . . . Sad commencement of a new reign to see his men-at-arms flying in company with a priest, and to have been himself at the mercy of the barefooted populace of Ghent!

He hesitated no longer, but took the perilous leap at once. He sent for an aid of five hundred English.* Edward had dispatched two thousand to Calais, and asked for no better than to send more; but the duke, who wanted to remain his own master, confined himself to the five hundred. These were enough to answer the object of operating on the king's fears.

The number was no matter. Five hundred Englishmen, or one Englishman alone in the Burgundian army, was a fearful sign to those who remembered former days. . . . The aspect of affairs was more dangerous than ever. England and her allies, the Aragonese, the Castilian, and the Breton, had a better understanding than formerly, and could act in concert and simultaneously. And, besides all this, there was a rival all ready in Brittany, who was already signing treaties for the division of France.

The king was perfectly aware of his danger. As soon as he knew that the old duke was dead, and that henceforward he would have to do with duke Charles, he did what he would have done in case an English fleet had sailed up the Seine: he armed the city of Paris.†

To restore Paris, her arms, and her banners, and to organize her into a great army, might appear a bold step, on remembering the doubtful attitude of the Parisians during the last war. Charles VI. had already disarmed them; and Charles VII., *king of Bourges*, had never over-trusted them. Louis XI., whom they had failed in his hour of need, did not the less turn Parisian all at once. His danger after the battle of Monthéry had taught him that with Paris, and without France, he would still be king of France. So he resolved to regain Paris at any price, and to manage it and fortify it even should he ruin all besides.

* Comines, éd. de Mademoiselle Dupont, l. ii. c. 2, pp. 127, 129. "If the king had taken up in earnest the defence of the Liegers against him, he had two thousand English ready to march upon Liège, and had sent thirty thousand francs there to pay them in case of need."—Chastellain, iii. partie c. 138, p. 443, éd. 1836.

† *Ordonnances*, xvi. 671, June, 1467.

During the crisis he had exempted it from taxes; and he continued this exemption notwithstanding his pressing want of money.* This secured him all the trading portion of the community, the markets, (*halles*), and the whole northern quarter of the capital. The city and the southern quarter had never been burdened with taxes, being mostly inhabited by privileged classes, by lawyers and churchmen, students or fellows of the university.

St. Germain's, St. Victor's, and the Charreux, surrounded and guarded, as it were, the southern quarter of Paris; and these the king exempted from the duties payable on mortuaries.

The city was Nôtre-Dame and the *Palais*, the parliament and the chapter. Louis XI. had found out his mistake in not respecting these powers. He corrected himself, and recognised the claims of the canons to the enjoyment of the highest feudal judicial rights. As to the parliamentarians, their chief anxiety was the power of disposing of their offices, as so much family property, covering the sale or bequest, however, by a simulated election. The king shut his eyes, suffered them to elect amongst themselves sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, and promised to respect such elections, and to leave all offices in the same hands.

The only point on which he would hear of no privilege was the general arming. The parliament and the châtelet, the chamber of accounts, the municipal authorities, the peaceful masters-general of the aids and of the mint, were all held either to personal service, or to the providing of substitutes. The very churches were bound to provide and pay their quota of soldiers; nor could they moot any objection when they saw a bishop, a cardinal of Rome, the valiant Cardinal Balue, cavalcading before the banners, and presiding at reviews.

The king and queen were present at one of these. It was a grand sight; upwards of sixty banners flying, and from sixty to eighty thousand men under arms.† The line stretched from the Temple to Reuilly, as far as Conflans, and thence, in returning, along the banks of the Seine, as far as the Bastille. Louis had had the paternal attention to send orders to tap a few pipes of wine.

He had become a true Paris citizen. It was a pleasure to see him walking in the streets, and going to take a friendly supper with the burgess, Denis Hesselin, one of the royal assessors; it is true that they were gossips, the king having done him the honor to hold his child at the font. He would send the queen, with Madame de Bourbon and Perette de Châlons, (his mistress,) to sup and take their bath

(the custom of the day) at Dauvet's, the first president. He seemed to take delight in consulting all distinguished persons, whether belonging to the parliament and law, or trade. No joking now with the cits of Paris; the king would not have understood it. A Norman monk having brought a charge against two burgesses, unsupported by proofs, the king ordered him to be drowned; so warm a friend of the city he had become!

Great as it was, he desired it to be greater still, and more populous; and had proclamation made by sound of trumpet, that men of all nations who might have fled for theft or for murder, would find shelter here. In the course of a little pilgrimage which he made to St. Denis, as he was crossing the plain chatting with Balue, Luillier, and some others, three ruffians flung themselves on their knees before him, beseeching grace and a free pardon. They had been all their lives highway-robbers, thieves, and murderers. The king graciously granted their suit.

Hardly a day passed that he was not to be seen at mass at Nôtre-Dame, and he never went without leaving some offering.* On the 12th of October, after attending vespers there, he took a rest at Dauvet's; and on his return to the palace, it being pitch-dark, he saw above his head a star, and the star followed him until he had entered the Tournelles.

He had need to believe in his star. The blow which he had expected was struck; the Breton had invaded Normandy, and was already master of Alençon and Caen. (Oct. 15.) This the king had been unable to prevent. Had he budged, the Burgundian would have thrown an English army into France. He had sent four several messages to the duke in the course of four months; offering at one time to give up Liège, and at another, entering a protest in her favor.

He tried the pope's intervention; having recovered his good graces by registering the abolition of the Pragmatic Act; the which bribe won over the holy see, which had but recently excommunicated the Liegers, to intercede for them. The duke, however, would hardly consent to see the legate; and when he did consent, it was only on condition that he would not say a word on the subject.

The constable being deputed by the king to the duke, was received in a manner calculated to make him fear for himself. . . . The duke roughly accosted him with, "Fair cousin, if you are constable, you are so through me. You were born in my dominions, and the best of your possessions are in them. If the king comes to meddle with my affairs, it will not be to your advantage." To appease him, Saint-Pol guaranteed that no overt act should take place on the side of France for the next twelve days; on which he said, as he was mounting

* "Orders to the treasurer of Dauphiny to pay to Dunois, &c.; to the Auvergnats to pay to the duke of Brittany, &c.; to the Languedocians to pay to the duke of Bourbon, &c., 1466, 1467." *Archives du Royaume*, K. 70, Feb. 27th, and Oct. 4th, 1466. Jan. 14th, 1467.

† If the clerk, (*greffier*), in his warlike ardor, did not see double—Jean de Troyes, Sept. 14th, 1467.

* *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*, Oct. 1467.

his horse, "I shall have gained a victory in three days; but if beaten, the king may do as he pleases in regard to the Bretons." He spoke ironically, no doubt; * for he could hardly have been ignorant that at that very moment, (Oct. 19,) Alençon and Caen were opened to the duke of Brittany.

Who could have checked him, launched as he was in his career by wrath? He had sent defiance to the Liegers, after the ancient barbarous custom, with torch and sword. For a moment he entertained the idea of putting to death fifty hostages who were in his hands. The poor men had answered for the maintenance of peace with their heads: and it was one of his old counsellors (and hitherto one of the wisest) who had suggested the idea. Happily the sire Humbertcourt, more moderate and more able, perceived all the advantage that might be derived from these persons.

The two armies met before St. Trond, which place was held for Liège by Renard de Rouvroy, a bold and crafty man, attached to the king, and who aided him, as we have seen, to play the farce of the false victory at Monthéry. In the army of the Liegers which had come to the succor of St. Trond, there was remarked the bailli of Lyons, who for a month had been promising them assistance, and who deceived them all the better that he was deceived by the king himself.†

According to Comines, who saw them from a distance, they were thirty thousand, although others reduce this number to eighteen thousand. Their standard was borne by the sire de Bierlo. Bare de Surlet was at their head with Raes, and with the latter's wife, madame Penteôte d'Arkel. This valiant dame, who followed her husband everywhere, had already signalized herself at the siege of Huy; and here she galloped in front of the people, and encouraged them much better than Raes knew how to do.‡

However, the confidence was far from being general. The churches had lent themselves with an ill grace to escort the standard of St. Lambert, as required by ancient custom; and some of the convents, in order to escape from the task, had disguised laymen as priests. Moreover, scarcely had this escort proceeded two leagues, than it sought to return. The honor of bearing the standard was offered to

the bailli of Lyons, who declined it. And Bare de Surlet, wishing to mount for the march a war-horse which he had just bought from the abbot of St. Laurent, learned that he had died in the night.

The Liège army arrived by evening at Bruston, near St. Trond, where its leaders forced it to halt till the following day, (Oct. 28th.)

In the morning, the duke, "mounted on a hackney," rode before his lines, with the order of battle in his hand, drawn out in accordance with the suggestions of his counsellors on the previous evening. What would be the result of this, the first battle which he delivered as duke? It was a great question, an important augury for the whole reign. The fear was, that his eager courage would endanger every thing; and it seems that they managed to detain him in a body which was not allowed to take any share in the engagement. The cavalry, for the most part, remained inactive during the battle. In this miry plain, all intersected with marshes, it might have renewed the sad hap of Agincourt.

About ten o'clock the men of Tongres, unable, in their impatience and restlessness, to bear waiting any longer, marched upon the enemy. They were driven back by the Burgundians, who bore down, with showers of arrows and bullets, those who guarded the fosse, and seized both it and the cannon placed in battery there; but as they soon exhausted their ammunition, the Liegers recovered the advantage. These charged the archers with their long pikes, "and slew four or five hundred men in a moment, throwing all our banners into confusion. On this, the duke ordered forward the archers attached to the body under his own immediate command, and with Philip Crève-cœur, a man of experience, and many other honorable personages at their head, they assailed the Liegers with a loud *Hu!* and discomfited them in a trice."

It appears that the duke was induced to believe that he had killed some six thousand of them. Comines says so, and laughs at it himself. He asserts their loss to have been very trifling, and to have hardly been visible out of so large a force. Renard de Rouvroy holding out for three days in St. Trond, Raes and the bailli had time to put Liège in a state of defence. But to do this effectually, it would have been necessary to pull down certain houses adjoining the walls; and these belonged to churches which would not give their consent.

The town was already lost, as far as regarded heart and courage, if not physical means. In vain did they assure the people that the king's envoys were negotiating, and that the legate would soon come to arrange every thing. Each began to think of himself, and to wish to make his own peace before the rest; and, first of all, the humblest and poorest of the guilds, the fishermen. Then the churches took courage, and declared that they would open nego-

* This has escaped Comines; no doubt because he did not compare the dates.

† There is no proof that there was any other Frenchman with them. Dammartin, who, according to Meyer, was present with four hundred men-at-arms and six thousand archers: (Annales Flandr. p. 341.) had never stirred from Mouzon, though the bailli of Lyons, who found himself exceedingly embarrassed at Liège, did all in his power to bring him. The letter addressed by the bailli to the captain Salazar. (*Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Preuves*.) is exceedingly simple: "If all goes on well, you will say that it is owing to the king, and you, and myself who gave them the counsel . . . the men-at-arms will be better off here than there, and the whole country is ready to make you good cheer," &c.

‡ Plusquam vir ejus fecisset.—Adrianus, Ampliss. Coll. iv. 1316.

tiations. They were allowed to follow their pleasure; and they treated not only for themselves, but for the city.

They succeeded in obtaining, and that as a pure favor, free leave to surrender all at "discretion," safe from fire and plunder. The priests, having nothing to fear for themselves, were satisfied with securing goods, without caring about persons.

This arrangement was accepted, selfishness gaining ground, as it does in all great panics. Three hundred men were chosen, ten out of each trade, to sue to the duke for pardon,—a commission of no very inspiring kind, since he had taken ten of the inhabitants of St. Trond, and ten men of Tongres, and had had their heads struck off.

Would three hundred suffice? Once the enemy was within the city, would he not take others? . . . The fear spread and became so strong, that they would not open the gates. The brave Bierlo, who had borne their standard, and had defended and saved it, set about the defence of the gates, persisting in keeping them closed, except he had a guarantee that life would be respected.

The duke awaited the three hundred on the plain. His position was a critical one. "It was the heart of winter; the rain fell in greater torrents than can be described, and the whole country was converted into a morass. We were" (it is Comines who speaks) "laboring under the want both of provisions and of money, and the army all but broken up. The duke had no mind to besiege them, nor would he have been able. Had they deferred their surrender two days longer, he would have marched home. All the glory he won in this expedition was of God's grace, and opposed to all human reasoning. All this honor and profit accrued to him from the kindness and favor he showed the hostages, of whom you have heard mention."

Thinking that he had but to enter the city, the duke sent Humbercourt, whom he had named governor, and who was not disliked by the Liegiers, to lead the way. He found the gates closed, and took up his quarters in the abbey of St. Laurent, close to the walls of the city, and within earshot of every sound from it.* He had only two hundred men, and could hope for no relief in case of attack. Luckily he had a few of the hostages with him, who were of great use in sounding the city, and inducing it to surrender. "If we can but amuse them till midnight," he said, "we shall have escaped; they will be worn out, and will go to sleep." So he released two of the hostages to the Liegiers, and then (as the tumult in the city increased) four more, with a kind and friendly

letter, wherein he stated that he had ever been well inclined to them, that nothing in the world would induce him to consent to their ruin; that he was but lately one of themselves, of the guild of the *Fèvres* and farriers; had worn the gown of the fraternity, &c. The letter came in the nick of time, for the watch at the gate were talking of going to burn the abbey and Humbercourt in it. But "incontinently," says Comines, "we heard the great bell sound for the people to hold assembly, at which we greatly rejoiced; and the clamor at the gate ceased. They remained in assembly until two hours after midnight, and came at last to the conclusion that they would deliver up one of the gates in the morning to the lord of Humbercourt. And straightway sir Raes de Lintre and all his following, fled from the town."*

Next morning the three hundred, in their shirts, were led into the plain, where they cast themselves on their knees in the mud, and prayed for grace. The king's good friend, the legate, who had come to intercede for them, was just in time to witness the piteous spectacle. The duke paid little attention to what he said, though the prudent Humbercourt would have wished him at least to take advantage of the legate's presence to send him into the city before him, to bless, sooth, and quiet the people, and render his entry the safer.

Far from this, the duke, intent on having it believed that he entered by main force, and "gates down," ordered hammers at once to be applied, and the hinges forced. It was the ancient custom, when the conqueror did not enter through the breach, to have the gates laid flat with the ground, for him to march over them, and trample them under his feet.

The troops entered on the morning of the 17th of November; and then the duke, accompanied by the bishop, but followed by troops, long files of troops, which continued to march in until evening. It was not without emotion that he saw himself at last in Liège; in the morning he had scarcely been able to eat.

The crowd through which he passed presented the appearance of two distinct people,—of the elect and of the damned, on this day of judgment. On the right hand were the elect, that is to say, the clergy, in white surplices, and all those who either held of the clergy, or wished to have it believed so, holding lighted tapers in their hands, like the wise virgins; and on the left, without tapers, but without arms as well, the dense and dark file of the burghers, the handicraftsmen, and the populace, with heads bowed down.

They revolved within themselves the terrible sentence, still unknown, and all that may be

* This curious night-scene has been described by two very intelligent witnesses, a young Burgundian man-at-arms, Philippe de Comines, and a monk, Adrien de Vieux-Bols. The whole monastery, in alarm, took to baking bread for all comers, of whatever side they might be.

* See in Adrien the description of the whole scene as it took place in Liège, and of the flight of the tribune. Great odium was cast upon him for not affronting death like Bare de Surlet, and it was asserted that after the battle he passed the night in a mill, &c. It is certain, however, that he no sooner re-entered Liège than he showed great firmness, and did not leave till the last moment.

anticipated by him who surrenders from the vague, illimitable phrase "at discretion." Until this was explained, none knew who were to be considered living, who dead.

This state of doubt was prolonged until the 26th of November. On that day the bell of the people tolled for the last time. On the bench in front of the palace, in the consecrated and legal spot where erst the prince-bishop sat, the master and judge seated himself . . . near him was Louis de Bourbon, and lower down the condemned, that is, the people, to hear their sentence. Several illustrious personages likewise took their seat on the bench, as if to represent Christendom,—the marquis of Ferrara, an Italian, the count of Neufchâtel, (marshal of Burgundy,) and lastly, Jacques de Luxembourg, the queen of England's uncle.

A simple secretary and notary read the sentence, "loud and clear," (*haut et clair*) . . .

Sentence of death on Liège,—city, walls, law, municipal tribunals, bishops' tribunals, guilds, all were no more.

No more law; *échevins*, nominated by the bishop, sworn to the duke, are to administer justice, *according to right and written reason*,* after the manner to be fixed upon by the lord duke and the lord bishop.†

No more city; Liège has henceforward no gates, nor walls, nor fosse; the whole is to be razed and levelled, so as to allow of free entrance on any side, "as in a village."

The city's voice, its burgo-master; the city's sword, its patron, (*avoué*), are equally taken away from it. Henceforward its patron, its defender, is the enemy; the duke, as supreme patron, sits and levies his dues in the city, on the bridge of Amercœur.

Far from their being a corporation, there are no longer guilds. Liège loses the two things to which she owed her existence, and which might have revived her,—her guilds and her episcopal court, her famous jurisdictions of the ring and of the Peace of Notre Dame.‡

She is no longer the judge, but the judged; and is judged by her neighbors, her enemies,—Namur, Louvain, Maestricht; to which three towns appeals are to be henceforward carried.

Maestricht is free, independent, and no longer pays any thing. Liège pays over and above the six hundred thousand florins in which she was amerced by the first treaty, a ransom of one hundred and fifteen thousand lions.

That is to say, that, prisoner as she is, she

ruins in order to ransom herself; and though paying her ransom, she must deliver up twelve men, for imprisonment or death, as the duke shall determine.

The articles read, the duke declared that to be his sentence. His chancellor, addressing the assembled crowd, asked them whether they would accept the articles and abide by them? . . . It was duly verified that they did accept, that none had protested, that all had distinctly said "Oy, oy," (Yes, yes.) The chancellor then turned to the bishop and chapter, who answered, "Oy," like the people; on which the duke, addressing the crowd, deigned to assure them, that if they kept good faith, he would be a good protector and guardian to them.

This goodness did not hinder him from having the scaffold erected some days after. Here were brought the twelve who had been delivered up. Three were admitted to grace after they had been put on the scaffold; three times three were decapitated. The terror inspired by this spectacle had such an effect, that five thousand men bought their pardons.

There was one thing in Liège which was as dear to the Liegers as their life. This was a bronze pillar, which they called their *péron*; at the foot of which the people had been accustomed to assemble for many centuries, to pass laws and public acts, and which they regarded as the chief monument of their city, and its palladium. This pillar, which had witnessed the whole life of Liège, seemed to be Liège herself. As long as it was safe nothing was lost, for the city might always hope to revive; but the duke's sentence contained this terrible article: "The *péron* shall be removed, never to be restored; nor even its image to appear in the city arms."

In fact, he bore off the pillar with him, and placed it, as in the pillory, in the Exchange at Bruges; on the which sad monument the following verses were engraved, in two languages, and where it is made to speak as if Liège were addressing Flanders:—

'Raise no more thy eyebrow in pride.
Take a lesson from my mishap.
Learn thy nothingness forever.
I was the venerated sign of Liège, its title of nobility,
The glory of an unconquered city . . .
But now exposed, (the mock of the passer-by,)
I am here to confess my fall;
Charles was my overthrower.'*

CHAPTER IV.

PÉRONNE.—DESTRUCTION OF LIÉGE. A. D. 1468.

AN uneasy crowd awaited the duke at Brussels, of solicitors, supplicants, envoys from all countries; amongst others, some poor folk from

* "Selon droit et raison escripte," and "without any regard to the bad styles, usages, and customs, by which the *échevins* have formerly regulated their judgments." Documents Gachard, ii. 447.

† Adrien, who is usually very exact, adds the words given in the text:—*Et modum per dominum ducem et dominum episcopum ordinandum.* Ampliss. Coll. iv. 1322.

‡ The people lose their ancient and joyous privilege of dancing in the church, &c. "And there shall be abolished the abusive custom of holding councils in the church of Saint-Lambert, as well as of holding markets of various kinds of provisions, and dances, and sports, and other unlawful matters which it has been the custom to celebrate there." Documents Gachard, ii. 453.

* This is the translation of the Latin inscription given by Meyer, fol. 342. See the very flat inscription in French in D. Plancher et Salazar, Histoire de Bourgogne, iv. 358. An

Tournai, who were there on their knees to excuse some prank or other of which the younger inhabitants had been guilty; and to punish which, the duke threatened nothing less than to have them branded on the forehead with the arms of Burgundy.*

It was easy to see from his violence and gloomy air, that the end of this business of Liège was with him only a beginning. He revolved in his mind more things than one man's head could contain; and you might have read in his countenance his threatening motto, "I have *undertaken* it."† He was about to *undertake*; with what success, God alone knew. The appearance of a comet at his accession filled men's thoughts. "My imagination is at work," says Chastellain . . . "I prepare myself for any and every thing . . . We must judge by the result."

But what was easily to be foreseen was, that with such a man there would be much to do and to suffer; that his followers would have little rest; and that he would tire out every one before being himself tired. He was never known to betray either fear or fatigue. "Strong of arm and loin, good stout limbs, long hands, a rude jousting, to hurl any man from his horse, brown complexion and hair,—thick, *matted* hair."

Son of so *prudish* a woman and so much of the *béguine*, and an insatiable devourer from his boyish days of the old romances of the paladins of old, it was believed that he would turn out a true mirror of chivalry.‡ He was devout, it was said, and, especially, towards the Virgin Mary. It was remarked that his eyes were "angelically clear."

The Flemings, Hollanders, and all the northern people of German tongue reposed great hopes in their young count. He spoke their language, borrowed in case of need from their purses, lived with them and as they did, on the dikes and sailing, in which he took great delight,

historian of the seventeenth century adds:—"The duke ordered the statue of Fortune, reared by the Liegers in the market-place as a mark of their liberty, to be thrown down, and a nail to be driven through its wheel so that it might turn no more." Mélat, *Histoire de la Ville et du Chateau d'Huy*, p. 267.

* And would have done it but for the intercession of his nobles. Poutrain, i. 286. Tournai, hemmed in as it was on every side, and resolute in remaining French, was in a state of constant siege. The Flemings could starve her at pleasure; and, by way of reprisal, she used to jeer and scoff at her heavy and over-fed neighbors.

† This is the expression of the formidable portrait attributed to Van Eyck. That which used to form part of a valuable collection in Ghent, (sold in 1840,) exhibited a lowering, violent, bilious cast of countenance; the complexion clearly indicating the Anglo-Portuguese origin of the duke: it has often been copied.

‡ "His understanding and good sense were so great as to enable him to overcome his temperament, so that nothing could be milder or more courteous than he was in his youth. He was an apt scholar, too," &c. Olivier de la Marche, ed. Petitot, x. 62. Chastellain's, however, is the portrait, and proves that he had a well-cultivated mind, and was eloquent and keen-witted:—"He spoke with great good sense and profundity, and could continue for a long time if needful," which altogether contradicts the assertion of Comines, that "he was deficient in penetration and sense," &c., although, after all, the contradiction is only an apparent one, since it is possible to be diffuse, logical, and yet injudicious.

as well as in building his tower of Gorekum. As soon as he became master, it was found out that there was quite another man within him beyond what was suspected, a man of business, of accounts, and of love of money. "He took the bit in his mouth, and watched, and studied over his finances." He visited his father's treasury,* but only in order to see to its security; desiring to meet all his expenses with his own territorial revenues and the sums he drew from his people. The money drained from Liège and all extraordinary resources were not to be devoted to the relief of their burdens, but to go to swell his coffers. He introduced a severe order into every thing. The joyous household of the good duke assumed the austerity of a convent.† The large common table at which officers and lords ate with the master, was done away with. He divided them, and appointed them different tables; and, after the meal was over, they were made to file off before the prince, who noted down who were absent; and all such had their day's wages stopped.

No man could be more exact or work harder. Morning and evening he took his seat at the council table, "working himself and making his officers work beyond all measure." His officers, those at least whom he most employed, were men who used the French tongue and were conversant with the Roman law—Burgundian lawyers, or else from Franche-Comté. The reign of the Comtois‡ (men of Franche-Comté) begun in the time of Philip the Good by Raulin, and continued under his son by the De Goux, the Rocheforts, and the Carondelets,§

* Which, according to Olivier de la Marche, contained "four hundred thousand golden crowns, seventy-two thousand marks of silver, two millions of gold in moveables," &c. In 1460, Philip the Good issued orders to his officers to give in their accounts within four months after the completion of each year. (See Gachard's *Memoir on the Ancient Chambers of Accounts*, prefixed to his *Inventaire*.) In 1467-68, we find duke Charles creating a Chamber of Domains, settling the responsibility of the public accounts, and dividing it betwixt the receiver and the payer, &c. *Archives Générales de Belgique, Reg. de Brabant*, No. 4, fol. 42, 46.

† "Delighted in rhetorical display, (*en beau parler*.) and in admonishing his nobles to virtue, like an orator . . . seated in a raised chair of state. He held an audience, three times a week, after dinner . . . the nobles of his household were seated before him on benches, each according to his rank, without daring to fail. . . ." Chastellain, ed. 1836, pp. 448, 449.

‡ The above remarks on the ministers of the house of Burgundy are altogether inapplicable to the remarkable spirit of caution which characterizes Franche-Comté. Within reach of all, and informed of all, the Comtois early acquired two things—the art of knowing what to do and where to stop. Men of learning and philosophers, (Cuvier, Jouffroy, Droz,) legists, profound scholars, and literary men, (Prond'hon and his colleagues of the faculty of Paris, Dunod, Weiss, Marmier,) in a word, all the distinguished men of Franche-Comté present this characteristic. Nodier himself, who gave the impulse to our literature of the day, has not followed it in its eccentricities. The mottoes of the Comtois are modest and discreet, as Granvelle's, *Durate*, (Harden yourselves;) that of Olivier de la Marche, *Tant a souffert*, (Such suffering;) and that of Besançon, *Plût à Dieu*, (Would to God.) I entertain great expectations as regards the study of Franche-Comté from the documents published in the excellent memoirs of its Academy, and from the learned and judicious history of M. Clerc.

§ These families of legists pushed on their fortune both in the law and in the army. A Carondelet was slain at

is signalized in history by the tyranny of the Granvelles. Still, their traditions drawn from the Roman imperialism, their secret procedures, &c., were known from the epoch when the chancellor Raulin, with no other authority than a mere note from his absent master, had the lord of Granson smothered between two mattresses.*

We recognise the hand of these legists in the sentence pronounced on Liège, and especially in the following article; wherein, substituting *the written law* for custom, they extend this vague term to an arbitrary illimitableness by the words, "After the manner to be settled by the lord duke and the lord bishop."

Flanders was to take her turn after Liège. The very morning succeeding his victory, the duke expedited a letter threatening all *enfeoffed* in Flanders who should not perform military service. This expression seemed to impose the obligation of service on numerous humble individuals who, under the title of fiefs, held the minutest gifts at the minutest suits. So great was the alarm† and sudden the result, that many preferred quitting fief and all, and crossed the frontiers. The duke had to explain, and issued a new letter, in which it no longer ran "all *enfeoffed*," but "our loyal vassals and subjects, *bound and accustomed* to serve and to use (*fréquenter*) arms."

The word *aid* was no less liable to misconstruction than *fief*; under which feudal term (aid of joyful entry, marriage aid) he demanded a regular annual impost, to continue for sixteen years. The sum total appeared monstrous—1,200,000 crowns for Flanders; 800,000 livres for Brabant; 100,000 livres for Hainault. "There was no one who was not sore perplexed and overcome at hearing this horrible sum of money, to be taken from the people, named."

Amidst all these violent tricks to change his vassals into subjects, and to become, from a feudal *suzerain*, a modern sovereign, the duke of Burgundy did not the less remain in all men's opinions, and in his own, the prince of chivalry. He observed its forms, and, in his hands, they were often turned into a political weapon. Judge of chivalrous honor, as head of the Golden Fleece, he summoned his enemy, the duke de Nevers, to appear at the chapter of the order;‡ pronounced sentence of condem-

nation upon him, as contumacious, blotted his name out of the roll, and blackened his scutcheon.*

Even those whom the king believed he had attached to himself, and whom he had paid the dearest for, turned to the duke of Burgundy to the natural head of the princes and barons. A new *Public Good* was set on foot, on a wider basis, and admitting many who had abstained from the other. René was to be one, although the king was at the time aiding his son in Spain. Two women took an active part in it, the dowager duchess of Bourbon, to whose children he had intrusted half his kingdom; and Louis XIth's own sister, who, it is true, was too like him to endure patiently his tyrannical protection; and who, the more he did for her, worked the harder against him.

The Englishman had not had it in his power to join the first *Public Good*; he was invited to be one in the second. The Burgundian married Edward's sister; and the Breton, in some sort, married England herself, as he wished to settle her close to himself in Normandy. The king, seeing that they were unanimous in calling in the Englishman, bethought himself of an expedient which they had not foreseen,—he called in France.

He convened the States-general, (April,) the three orders; and sixty cities sent their deputies.† He merely submitted to them the true question, "Will the kingdom lose Normandy?" To confide it to the king's young brother, who was nothing save through the dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, was giving it to them, or rather, was putting the English in possession of it.

It was not the duke of Brittany's fault that the English were not there. They had no need to take a single place, as Henry V. had been obliged to do; twelve were freely offered to them. And, strange to say, they required to be paid in order to accept of them, and haggled about the amount. . . . The fact is, they were hard put to it to come. Edward dared not budge from home.

There was no doubt as to the offer's having been made. Warwick (and, consequently, Louis XI.) had a copy of it.‡ When this was communicated to the States they were horrified. . . . That there should exist a Frenchman who would renew the English wars, the murder of France! . . . All present, even those

Monthéry; a Rochefort, who commanded a hundred men-at-arms there, was rewarded by being master of the Courts of Requests, and subsequently he became chancellor of France. His father's estates had been confiscated for a slight *erasure* which he had made in a deed to his own advantage. Forgery was by no means uncommon at this time. See the famous prosecution of the bastard of Neufchâtel, *Der Schweitzerische Geschichte*, i. 403.

* Dunod, iii. 165; Salazar, iv. 287.

† The threat is dated the 5th of November, and the explanation the 20th of December,—emigration had begun within six weeks:—"They depart and absent themselves, or are preparing so to do." Gachard, *Documents Inédits* (1833), i. 173, 192.

‡ The duke had an ordinance read and adopted at this chapter, which placed the entire jurisdiction of the order in his hands. See the original in Reiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, p. 50.

* He dishonored, after having despoiled him. For this terribly iniquitous act of the house of Burgundy, for the compulsory cession, (extorted by Hugonet,) for the courage of the notary, who slipped just a small protest into the very act of cession, (within the fold of parchment on which the seal lay,) see *Preuves de Comines*, éd. Lenglet, ii. 538-540.

† Each town sent three deputies, a priest and two laymen. The account drawn up by the *greffier*, *Prévost*, and which is printed in the various collections. (Isambert, &c.,) occurs in a completer state in one of the Rouen MSS., where the dates and certain details are given with greater exactness. We find there that one burgess would act as representative of several cities. *Archives Municipales de Rouen*.

‡ Menepenny's Dispatch to the king. *Legrand, Hist. de Louis XI.* (MS. de la Bibl. Royale.) l. xi. p. 1, Jan. 16th, 1468. See, also, Rymer, Aug. 3d.

princes and nobles who had wavered the evening before, recovered heart, and offered the king their goods and lives.

"The matter," as the noble historian of the house of Burgundy himself says, "affected the *perpetuity* of the kingdom, and the king has only his *life-interest* therein." All felt this. The unanimous resolution of the States, communicated to the duke at Cambrai, spoke with authority; and the contempt he expressed for it, which was sedulously noised abroad by the king, turned many against him. Even the most peacefully inclined were seized with a passion for war. A tournament was held at Paris by the younger citizens,* more in earnest than was the fashion of the day; and, in their inexperience, entering into it with too much ardor, many were hurt.

The feeling ran strong against the duke of Burgundy. And the proof is, that the most undecided and most cautious man of his time, Saint-Pol, displayed a sudden audacity, and repairing to Bruges, where the duke was, made a noisy entry, drums beating, and trumpets sounding, and with the constable's sword borne before him. And he returned no other answer to the complaints made on this score than that Bruges held of the kingdom, that he was constable of France, and that it was his privilege to go everywhere on this fashion.

The duke was waiting at Bruges to receive his future wife, Margaret of York, and had assembled around him a complete world of all nations, strangers innumerable, who had come to see the festivities. The duke took the opportunity to display in a solemn manner how rude a justicer he was, how high and mighty a lord, how independent and superior to all; and beheaded, without any form of trial, a young man of noble family who had committed a murder. In vain did the whole of the nobility intercede. He persisted in carrying the execution into effect on the eve of his marriage.

This English marriage in opposition to France was a very serious matter, with the fantastic magnificence of its warlike fêtes, full of threats and of a gloomy future. The thousand colors of the warriors' costumes and banners were saddened by those of the master—black and violet,† which predominated over all the rest.

Margaret of York, the sister of three fratricides, brought with her a hundred and fifty years of warfare between relatives. Her English archers laid down her litter on the threshold of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where she was received by the dowager, Isabella,—archers, few or no lords, and a single English bishop who had carried the matter through, maugre all the other bishops.

Two cardinals were present at the marriage—Balue, the king's spy, and a legate who came

from the pope to ask time for payment on behalf of the poor town of Liège. So utterly ruined had the wretched citizens been two years before, that to meet the first instalment they had been compelled to despoil their wives and deprive them of their rings and girdles. The duke was inflexible. Severity, at such a moment, could bring scant happiness to the new marriage. Hardly were bride and bridegroom in bed, before a fire broke out they narrowly escaped being burnt to death.*

The tournament was that of the tree or the *péron*† of gold; so named apparently to recall that of Liège. In the interludes enacted, there was introduced, with numerous allusions,‡ the English saint, the saint by whom the duke always swore, Saint George who killed the dragon. Two heroes, two friends, Hercules and Theseus, (Charles and Edward?) disarmed a king, who threw himself on his knees, and owned himself their serf. The duke figured in person at the tournament, and fought; then suddenly left his bride, and repaired to Holland to levy the marriage aid.

This warlike festival, these threats, and the duke's sudden departure, seemed to the king to threaten a grand blow. He had been expecting it for three months. As early as May, the chancellor of England had given solemn warning of an invasion; and the king had thrown a brother of Henry VI. into the island in order to delay it. An immense camp was collecting against him near Saint-Quentin. The odds were, that when the truce with Burgundy expired on the 15th of July, Burgundian, Breton, and Englishman would act in concert.

Such, in point of fact, would seem to have been the tenor of the agreement. The Breton alone kept faith, and commenced operations, and had to bear the brunt alone. The king pressed him both through Poitou and Normandy, and retook from him Bayeux, Vire, and Coutances. He clamored for aid, but could only obtain from the Burgundian five or six hundred men to garrison Caen. The Burgundian was jealous; and had little care to strengthen the Breton in Normandy: late, very late, at his instant entreaty, having received a supplicatory letter written with his own hand, he consented to cross the Somme; but still pacifically, and without draw-

* "When they were both in bedde . . ." Fragment published by Hearne at the end of Sprot's *Chronicles*, (8vo., 1719,) p. 296.

† Olivier de la Marche gives it both names. At the conclusion of the fête the gold *péron* was cast into the sea.

‡ Nothing could be more magnificent or more fantastic, (see Olivier,) yet with a dash of the barbarous: take as instances the duke's shield "covered with jingling florins," and the brutal couplet, "*Faites-vous l'dne, ma maitresse?*" The tower which the duke was building in Holland was, as a matter of course, represented at the festival of Bruges; and on the summit of the tower were perched musical animals, wolves, bucks, or wild boars, which rang bells and sung to the four quarters of the heavens. Another marvel, and a stranger one, (was this English or Dutch magic?) the beast of the northern ocean, the whale, enters and swims on dry land. Knights, giants, sirens, issue from its belly; sirens, giants, knights, fight, and then make peace, as if England were ending her wars of the Two Roses: on which the monster, swallowing back its children, swims away.

* Here the *greffier*, Jean de Troyes, draws himself up, inflates his voice, and gives the noble detail at full length.

† "My-parti de noir et de violet," according to Jean de Henin and Olivier de la Marche.

ing the sword. Thus feebly supported, the Breton was compelled to treat, to abandon the king's brother, and to remit all he held in Normandy to the keeping of the duke of Calabria, who was at this time wholly the king's, (Treaty of Ancenis, September 10th.) The king had won the match.

The duke of Burgundy had no doubt been cooled by seeing a revolution fermenting in his rear. Since his cruel refusal to allow Liège delay, the wretched city, crushed and bleeding as she was, agitated her corpse-like limbs . . . A hideous crowd, stark-naked or in rags, armed with clubs, true savages who had long been denizens of the woods,* strayed from Ardennes. These wretched exiles, on the rumor that a blow was about to be struck in despair, wished to share in striking it, and, if die they must, preferred dying after all on their own hearths.

On the 4th of August they made an attempt on Bouillon. They kept on advancing and adding to their numbers; and, by the 8th of September, they entered Liège with shouts of "Long live the king!" so that the news might have reached the duke of Burgundy, at one and the same time, of the revolution of Liège, and the submission of the Breton, (September 10th.)

The duke had withdrawn his troops, few in number, from Liège, in compliance with entreaties long urged in the bishop's name; after having utterly ruined, not only the city, but the churches, obliged to answer for the city. There was no longer spiritual court, or ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or money to be drawn from suitors. The duke's lieutenant, Humbercourt, left at Liège as receiver and tax-gatherer, was sole master; the bishop was nothing. The individuals who ruled the latter, and, at their head, the canon Robert Morialmé, a warlike priest, who was often seen armed at all points, had recourse, in order to effect their delivery from the Burgundians, to the dangerous expedient of recalling the exiles from France.† Robert no doubt imagined that the king would march them back supported by his troops, and would sustain the bishop, the duke of Bourbon's brother, against the duke of Burgundy.

On their return to Liège the exiles found no bishop there; but, for all authority, the pope's legate. The latter was greatly alarmed when he saw himself surrounded by these all but naked men, whose bodies, covered with shaggy hair from long neglect and exposure,‡ might have led to their being mistaken for wild beasts . . . though frightful to look upon, their words were gentle and touching. They addressed themselves to the old Roman priest, as

to a father, beseeching him to intercede for them: "We make you," they said, "the depository of our last prayers. We only beg to be allowed to return and resume our occupations; we can no longer endure the hardship of living in the woods. . . . If a deaf ear is turned to our entreaty, we shall no longer be able to answer for what we may do." . . . On the legate's asking whether they would lay down their arms and leave him to arrange all with the bishop, they melted into tears, and averred that they only asked to be restored to favor, and to return with their fathers, mothers, and children.

By this kind reception the legate prevented great disorders, and perhaps saved the city. Many had at first uttered terrible threats, saying that the priests were the source of all mischief, and were for massacring them. He calmed them, took their leaders to Maestricht, where the bishop was, and counselled him to return to Liège. The bishop dared not. He dreaded both the exiles and the duke of Burgundy, who had written to him that he should quickly be there. His fear of the latter was apparently the strongest; for he resumed his chains, and went docilely to Tongres to join Humbercourt, the duke's lieutenant, to expel whom his canons had recalled the exiles.

The duke was not mistaken in announcing his power to take the initiative. The king, who, freed from the Bretons, could seemingly have handled him rudely, on the contrary, became his suitor, paid court to him, and offered to defray the charges of the campaign. The royal army, far superior to the duke's, and which had seen much more service, was altogether at a loss to account for all this, and almost went the length of accusing the king of cowardice. . . . They did not see that, in their rear, the duke of Burgundy still held possession of Caen, and that a brother-in-law of Edward's had an army all ready at Portsmouth, and was only waiting for the signal to cross. Was this costly English armament, announced openly in parliament, and in preparation the whole summer, to be thrown away? Nothing was less likely. The king had at this moment no means of opposing a descent upon the coast. The utmost he could do in revenge was to launch against the English Margaret of Anjou, whom he had at Harfleur.

Here he was in the midst of perplexities, going backwards and forwards in the face of the duke of Burgundy; who, planted firmly in the midst of his large strongholds of the Somme, in an immense camp, (city, rather,) which he had constructed for himself, prided himself on not budging a step. The Breton had deserted him; but what did that signify, was he not strong enough of himself? So all was at a stand-still; and the king, who was dying of impatience, laid the blame on those who were negotiating for him. Growing daily more suspicious, (and already ailing,) he

* *Inermes ac nudi, sylvestribus tantum truncis et fundis lapidibusque armati.* J. Piccolomini, Comment. lib. iii. p. 400, et apud Freher, t. iii. p. 273.

† *Magister Robertus habebat nomen, quod ipse scripsisset literas, nomine domini, fugitivis de Francia quod redirent, quia omnes dicebant quod fuissent remandati.* Adrianus de Veteri Bosco, Coll. Amplius. iv. 1337.

‡ *Capillorum et barbarum promissione, sylvestrium hominum instar.* Piccolomini, ap. Freher, ii. 274.

so far mistrusted all as to hesitate arming his men-at-arms. There is a letter of his in which he gives orders to carry the lances in baggage-wagons, and to serve them out only in case of need.

One thing gave him hopes as regarded the duke of Burgundy, namely, that he was assured by every one the duke was in furious choler against the Breton. If it were so, the moment was propitious. His choler against a friend might dispose him to listen to an enemy; and the king adopted this belief easily, both because he had great need to find it the case, and because he entertained precisely the same feelings himself. Betrayed successively by all in whom he had confided, by Du Lau, by Nemours, and by Melun, he had found no sure stay save in a reconciled enemy, Dammartin, who had, at a former period, driven him out of France. In his hands he had placed his army, and he had raised him, as commander-in-chief, above all his marshals.

So he did not despair of winning over his arch-enemy. For this end he needed no intermediary. It was requisite that they should see and hear each other. With representatives, who cannot but feel their responsibility, and be full of hesitation, all becomes difficult; with men who transact their own business themselves, one word will often smooth every thing. Besides, if one of the two must be the gainer, it was apparently the king, far deeper than the other, and who, by reviving the ancient familiarity of their younger days, might get him to talk perhaps, by egging him on a little; might draw from him, violent as he was, precisely those very things which he wished least to say.

As to the danger which some apprehended from the interview, the king only laughed at it. He remembered, no doubt, that in the days of the *Public Good*, the count de Charolais, when walking and chatting with him between Paris and Charenton, had not feared at times to trust himself far from his own people; and, indeed, had once been so absorbed, as to find himself within the barriers.

The influential servants of the two princes do not seem to have been averse to the interview. On the one side, the duke's sommelier,* on the other, Balue,† busied themselves exceedingly to expedite the business. Saint-Pol at first opposed it; and yet it seems that the king was determined, by a letter of his, to take the decisive step.

Every thing induces the belief that the duke entertained no idea of entrapping the king. According to Comines, he cared little to see him; others, on the contrary, represent him to

have been extremely eager for it.* I incline to credit both. He did not himself know, perhaps, whether he wished it or not. In dark beginnings, one ever experiences great temptations.

However this be, the king did not hazard himself lightly. He got the duke to accept half of the sum offered; and did not set out until he saw the agreement which had been concluded, in the way of being executed. He received the most satisfactory assurances with regard to his going and returning. Nothing can be more explicit than the terms of the letter and the safe-conduct sent him by the duke of Burgundy. The letter runs, "You may surely come, go, and return . . ." And the safe-conduct, "You may come here, remain, and sojourn; and you may surely return to Chauny and Noyon at your good pleasure, as often as you shall please, without any hindrance being given to you, for any reason whatsoever, or whatever may happen."‡ (Oct. 8th, 1468.) These last words rendered all double dealing impossible, even if any thing had to be feared from a prince who piqued himself on being a knight of the antique stamp, and who haughtily plumed himself on the inviolability of his word, boasting that he kept it better than his enemies desired. Every one knew that this was his weak side, the one on which he was to be had. In the affair of the *Public Good*, when he had carried out his threat before the expiry of the year, the king, by way of flattering him, had said to him, "My brother, I clearly see that you are a gentleman, and of the house of France."‡

As a gentleman, then, and as visiting a gentleman, the king arrived alone, or nearly so. Respectfully received by his host, the king held him twice in a long embrace, and entered Péronne with him, with his hand on his shoulder, like old friends. This frankness suffered a shock when he learned that at the very same moment, his most dangerous enemies were enter-

* So said Saint-Pol in his letter, and others affirmed the same. See *Lettre de la Loire*, dated August 26th, (*ibid.* fol. 42.) Nevertheless, the writer, after saying that the duke is very desirous to see the king, adds, "The vidame of Amiens came yesterday evening, and with him a man who pledges his life that Burgundy inclines to this meeting solely in the view of some attempt upon the king."

† The duke's brother, the great bastard, his intimate servants, Bitche and Crèvecœur, and his old secretary, Guillaume de Cluny, all recognised the original of the safe-conduct as being written with his own hand. This precious document is preserved in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, (*MS. Balue*, 9675 B.)

‡ "Mon frère, je vois bien que vous êtes gentilhomme et de la maison de France."

§ "When my lord met the king, he bowed his head to his horse's neck. Then the king, bareheaded, took him in his arms, and held him long in his embrace; and my lord did likewise. After so embracing, the king saluted us, and this done, he embraced my lord once more, and my lord him, half as long again as they had done before. He proceeded into the town, laughing and chatting, and alighted at the receiver's hotel, and he was to go, (?) after dinner, to lodge in the castle . . . Master Poncet and my lord the bastard are lodged in the castle." See the *Lettre aux Magistrats d'Ypres*, Documents Gachard, i. 197. The concluding words would lead one to suppose that the king found himself to be in the castle in the keeping of one of his enemies.

* Comines, i. ii. c. 5, t. i. p. 150, (éd. Dupont.) Olivier de la Marche, (éd. Pétitot.) x. 286.

† The duke's note to the cardinal (*MS. Legrand*, i. xi. fol. 46) is marked by the most flattering warmth:—"Very dear and especial friend . . . Adieu, cardinal, my worthy friend." See (*ibid.*) Saint-Pol's letter, which would seem perfidiously designed to work upon the king's vanity.

ing by the opposite gate, Philippe de Bresse, prince of Savoy, whom he had kept three years in prison, and whose sister he had just given in marriage in opposition to his wishes; and the marshal of Burgundy, the sire de Neufchâtel, whom the king had deprived of Epinal after first bestowing it upon him; two impetuous men, of great influence with the duke, and who brought him reinforcements.

The worst is, that there came along with them men singularly interested in the king's destruction, and very capable of hazarding a blow. One of these was a certain Poncet de la Rivière, whom the king intrusted with the leading of his household troops at Monthéry, and who, in conjunction with Brézé, precipitated the battle, in order to ruin all. The other was Du Lau, sire de Châteauneuf, the friend of the king's youth in Dauphiny, and who, in those his days of exile, had been trusted with all his secrets, and had sold them; nay, had attempted to sell the king himself, and have him taken; but the king, on the contrary, took him. This very year, fearing that his escape would be managed, Louis XI. had with his own hand designed an iron cage for him. Du Lau, apprized of this, and in great alarm, found means to fly. His escape cost all those who were charged to guard him their lives; and unhappily, cost Charles de Melun his; for the king hurried on his trial, fearing a similar adventure.

And lo! this runaway prisoner, who had so narrowly missed the cage, this Du Lau, boldly meets the king along with Poncet and with d'Urfé, all styling themselves the servants and subjects of his brother, and exceedingly interested in having this brother succeed him as quickly as possible.*

The king was alarmed. That the duke should have allowed these men to come, that he should welcome these traitors to him, the king, at the very time that he was receiving himself, was of sinister augury, and called to mind the bridge of Montreuil. . . . He conceived himself to be in little safety within the town, and therefore asked to take up his abode in the castle, an old and gloomy fortress, rather a prison than a castle. But then it was the duke's castle, his house, his home; and he became so much the more responsible for whatever might happen.

So the king was put in prison at his own request, and it only remained to lock the door. That he lacked good friends to push on the duke to this, is not to be supposed. Can one believe that these new-comers, who found the thing in so good a train, who saw vengeance within reach, their enemy in their hand, and who smelt his blood through the walls . . . can one believe them to have been such perfect Christians as to have spoken for him? . . .

No doubt they made desperate efforts to profit by such an opportunity; and tempting the duke in every manner, endeavored to shame him out of his scruples, telling him that he would be a laughing-stock forever, if he rejected the prey that came voluntarily to the hunter. . . . Was it not a miracle, too, a sign from God, that this venomous beast had delivered itself up on this wise? Let it go; what hold can you have upon it? What oath, what treaty can avail? What other security can there be save the depths of a dungeon?

To which the duke, greatly excited, and trembling between desire and fear, but still master of himself, and putting a good countenance on the matter, may have nobly answered, "That all this was nothing to the purpose; that no doubt the man deserved any and every chastisement, but that an execution would not befit him, the duke of Burgundy; that the Fleece which he wore was, thanks to God, as yet unsullied; that having promised and signed for both kingdoms of France, he would do nothing to the contrary. . . . But the very evening before he had received the king's money. Did they counsel him to keep the man in order to be able to keep the money? . . . They must be bold indeed to speak to him on this fashion!"

Such must the struggle have been, and more violent still; at least, so the faintest knowledge of human nature would lead one to conclude, even though what followed did not put it beyond a doubt.

But we may also conclude, with no less certainty, that the duke would have stopped here, notwithstanding the violence of the inward struggle, without being able to shake it off, had not those interested in the matter hit upon an expedient, just in the nick of time, which, employed with vigor, determined him to a definitive resolution.

He certainly could not but know, by the 10th of October, that the exiles had returned to Liège on the 8th of September. From the end of August, Humbercourt, who, with the bishop, had withdrawn to Tongres, had his eye upon them, and reported accordingly.* The movement was shared and encouraged by agents in the king's employ; and this the duke knew before the interview at Péronne, and had said that he knew it.†

* In fine Augusti dicebatur scripsisse literas ut apponerent diligentiam ad custodiendum passagia. Adrian. Coll. Ampliss. iv. 1328.

† The duke complained from this time that "the Liegers were preparing to rebel, on account of two ambassadors sent to them by the king in the view of inciting them so to do. . . . To which Balue replied that the said Liegers durst not." Comines, (ed. Dupont.) i. 151. This cannot be altogether exact. Neither the duke nor Balue could have been ignorant that the Liegers had been in rebellion above a month. The result of the passage in Comines is, that the duke was thoroughly aware, before he received the king, of the proceedings of the king's agents in Liège. The dates and the facts are furnished us by a graver witness in all that concerns Liège than Comines, by Humbercourt himself, who was near the spot, who made it his sole business, and who was pleased to give the monkish chronicler, Adrien, information on points to which Adrien was personally a stran-

* See M. Bernard's curious work on this talented and intriguing family of the d'Urfes.

It was easy to foresee that the Liegers would attempt to surprise Tongres, in order to recover their archbishop and bear him off from the Burgundians; and Humbercourt did foresee it.* The duke, on hearing that the thing had happened, might be irritated, no doubt; but could he be surprised? . . . For this news then to produce a marked effect upon him, it required to be amplified and adorned with tragic details; and this is what the king's enemies did. Or if one chooses to ascribe the lying news to chance, one must acknowledge that chance served them to a nicety.

"Humbercourt is slain, the bishop is slain, the canons are slain." . . . Such was the shape the news ought to assume, in order to produce an effect; and, accordingly, in this shape it came.

The duke flew into a great and fearful fit of rage; not, assuredly, on the bishop's account, who fell the victim of his double dealing, but on Humbercourt's, and on account of the insult to the house of Burgundy, and the audacity of the swinish mob; and above all, on account of the share the king's agents had in all this.

It was a great misfortune; but for whom? For the king. That a movement encouraged by him should have ended in the assassination of a bishop, the duke of Bourbon's brother, threatened to involve him with the pope, who had as yet been favorable to him in this Liège business; besides, he risked losing the support of the only prince on whom he counted, the duke of Bourbon, to whose hands he had intrusted the most important of the central and southern provinces. . . . And what the duke of Burgundy risked, what he lost by all this, (save Humbercourt,) no one can understand.

The injury to him was not that the Liegers should kill their bishop, but that they should regain him and re-establish him in Liège, should effect a reconciliation with him, and that the bishop himself, supported by the pope's legate, should pray him to cease meddling with a city which held of the pope and the empire, but in no degree of him.

The fact is, that the bishop was perfectly well, and Humbercourt too, (released upon parole.) The band which had brought the bishop and the legate back from Tongres to Liège, had slain many canons who had betrayed the city first by instigating it to rebellion, and then deserting it; but towards the bishop they had shown the greatest respect, even to the extent of hanging up some of their body, and that on the spot, who had hazarded a word against him. The bishop, greatly alarmed both by their violence and their respect, accepted the sort of triumph which was got

up for him on his re-entering Liège:—"My children," he said, "we have been quarrelling with one another. I see that I have been misled. Well! let us turn over a new leaf. . . . Henceforward, I myself will be your captain. Trust in me, I will trust in you."

Now, to turn to Péronne. That the Liegers should have moved on Tongres was so probable and so natural an event, that it could hardly have surprised the duke; and surely the death of the bishop, after his equivocal conduct, a death which happened unfortunately for the king and the reverse for the duke, could not have much afflicted the latter, or have led him to raise all this outcry. To think that the king, who lost so much, and who could gain nothing by the event, would have been its instigator, at the time the brother of the deceased had so many provinces in his power, and such easy means of vengeance, and at the moment, too, that he had just placed himself at the mercy of the duke of Burgundy, would be to think the king a madman, or else to have lost one's own wits.

Besides, the distance between Liège and Péronne is no such immense one. The king made his entry into Péronne, and the Liegers theirs into Tongres, on the same day, Sunday, October 9th.* The fabricated intelligence reached the duke on the 10th;† but the 11th, the 12th, and the 13th, ought to have brought the Burgundians whom the Liegers had found in Tongres and sent off express, with the correct accounts. It was not until the 14th that the king was compelled to sign the treaty by which he was made to atone for the death of the bishop, who was known to be alive.

Was the duke's rage on the receipt of intelligence which served his cause so materially, which gave him strength, and which was death to the king, was this whimsical rage a piece of acting? I think not. Passion is supplied with admirable means for deceiving and exasperating itself, in perfect good faith, when it is to its interest. It was to the duke's advantage to be surprised, he was so; to be betrayed, and he believed it. And frightful, blind, excessive must have been his rage, to induce his utterly forgetting the fatal clause in the safe-conduct:—"For any reason whatsoever, or whatever may happen." Frightful, indeed, it was, and as boundless as if the king had murdered his mother, wife, and child . . . terrible were his words, furious his menaces. . . . He had the castle-gates closed upon the king; who had there ample leisure for reflection, "finding

ger:—"My lord of Humbercourt," says the chronicler, "from whose relation I have written the above . . ." Coll. Ampliss. iv. 1338.

* He twice asked for a guard:—*Petivit custodiam vigiliarum. . . Iterum misit. Ibid. 1334.*

* St. Denis's Day. These two hazardous enterprises were risked on the same day, and, perhaps, for the same reason—because it was St. Denis's day, and in confidence of success through the favor of the patron saint of France. The famous war-cry, "En avant, Montjoie St. Denis!" is well known. Louis XI. was superstitious, and the Liegers in a state of high excitement.

† This remarkable dispatch is explained by the fact that the Liegers struck their blow about midnight; so that including the 9th of October and a part of the 10th, there were twenty-four hours for the news to reach Péronne in

himself imprisoned *rasibus* in a large tower, where a count of Vermandois had formerly put to death a king of France."

Louis XI., who was well read in history, knew perfectly well that kings in prison can seldom be guarded, (there is no tower strong enough.) Even though anxious to guard him, it is not always in one's power—witness Richard II. at Pomfret. Had Lancaster wished to let him live, he would have been unable. To guard is difficult, to set at liberty dangerous:—"So great a prince a prisoner," says Comines, "hardly gets free."

Louis XI. did not give himself up. He had always money by him for his little negotiations. He gave out fifty thousand gold crowns for distribution. But his ruin was considered so certain, and so little was he already feared, that the person to whom he gave it kept the greater share.

Another thing served him more. Those who were most eager to destroy him were known to be adherents of his brother's, and already styled themselves "the servants of the duke of Normandy." The men who were really attached to the duke of Burgundy, his chancellor, de Goux, and his chamberlain, Comines, who slept in his room, and who watched him throughout this tempest of three days' duration, it is likely gave him to understand that he had no great interest in conferring the crown on his brother, who had so long been a resident in Brittany. To risk making a quasi-Breton a king, was a poor result for the duke of Burgundy. Another would have the gain; and he, according to all appearance, a rough war. For, if the king were under key, his army was not, any more than his old leader of *flayers*, Dammartin.*

There was a better course; and this was not to make a king, but rather unmake one, to turn him to the best advantage, to lower and lessen him, and to make him in all men's esteem so little, wretched, and impotent, that to have killed him would have been less a death than this.

This was the course on which the duke decided after long struggles, and, accordingly, he repaired to the castle:—"When the duke came into his presence his voice trembled, so moved was he, and ready to give way to his wrath. He humbly inclined his body; but his speech and gesture were harsh as he asked the king whether he would keep to the treaty of peace. . . ." The king "was unable to conceal his fear," and signed a renunciation of all that had been formerly in dispute between the kings and dukes.† Next he was made to

promise to give his brother, not Normandy now, but La Brie, which brought the duke close to Paris, and Champagne, which completed the circle of the duke's possessions, and gave him every facility for going to and fro between the Low Countries and Burgundy.

On the king's pledging himself to this effect, the duke went on to say to him, "Will you not be pleased to accompany me to Liège, to take vengeance of the Liegers for their treason to me, through you? The bishop is your relative, being of the house of Bourbon." The presence of the duke of Bourbon, who was with him, seemed to support this request; which, indeed, in the king's situation, was equivalent to an order.*

Great, and terrible, and well-deserved punishment for the perfidious game Louis XI. had played with Liège, showing her as a bugbear, agitating, inciting her, and then drawing back his hand. . . . Well! it behooved that now this disloyal hand, taken in flagrant delict, should be seen by the whole world slaughtering those whom it had pushed on, that it should tear in pieces its own fleurs-de-lis raised as their standard by the Liegers, and that Louis XI. should drag in the mud the banner of the king of France. . . . After this, the man, accursed, detested, and infamous, might be let go wherever he list—to France or elsewhere.

Only, in order to be qualified to make these great examples, and to constitute one's self on this wise minister of God's justice, one must not steal the thief from the gibbet. . . . This was precisely what was attempted.

The king's safety depended mostly upon one thing; namely, that he should not be wholly a prisoner. Though imprisoned at Péronne, he was at large elsewhere in his capital army, and in his other self, Dammartin. His visible interest was, that Dammartin should take no overt step, but should remain under arms and keep up a menacing aspect. Now, Dammartin received, post after post, two letters from the king, one ordering him to disband his army, the other to dispatch it to the Pyrenees, by way of reassuring the Burgundians, and leaving the frontier ungarrisoned, so that they might be free to enter if they chose, after their inroad upon Liège.

The first letter is probably a forgery, or, at least, drawing the inference from its false date,† its heavy and useless preface, and its prolixity, was dictated to the prisoner. Nothing can be

* In his anxiety to clear the duke of Burgundy, the false Amelgard boldly advances, in opposition to Comines and Olivier, eye-witnesses, that it was the king who asked to go to Liège:—"Et de hoc quidem minime à Burgundionem dace rogabatur, qui etiam optare potius dicebatur, ut propriis servatis finibus de ea re non se fatigaret. Amelgardii Excerpta, Ampliss. Col. iv. 757.

† Care was taken to date it on the day of the king's arrival, whilst he was yet free, on the 9th of October. He is made to say that the Liegers *have taken* the bishop. Now, as this event took place on the 9th at Tongres, it could not be known on the 9th at Péronne. Besides, the letter states that the treaty is *concluded*; but this did not happen till the 14th.

* Who was just fresh from *flaying* Charles of Melun, who had his skin, and who had every thing to fear if Melun's friends came into power.

† We have a long series of ordinances dated the same day, (14th of October,) granting so many growing concessions, forced, one may suppose, from hour to hour. They fill thirty-seven folio pages. Ordonnances, xvii. 126-161.

further removed from the familiar vivacity of the letters of Louis XI.

The second is his own, as is proved by the style. Among other things, the king says, in order to determine Dammartin to remove the army to a distance, "Hold for certain, that I never proceeded so willingly on any journey as on this. . . . My lord of Burgundy will press me to set out as soon as he shall have done at Liège; desiring my return more than I do myself."

What gave this letter the lie, and divested it of all credit, was, that the king's messenger who bore it, was kept within sight by an emissary of the duke's, for fear of his speaking. The snare was gross; Dammartin cried shame on the duke of Burgundy for it, and swore that if he did not dismiss the king home, the whole kingdom would go and bring him back.

The king was bound to write whatever was wished. He was in constant peril. There was even the danger of some impediment or other arising to chafe his violent-tempered enemy, and induce him to tear the treaty in pieces, as he had done the safe-conduct. And supposing even that the duke remained satisfied, there were those there who were not so,—his brother's servants, who had no hope save from a change of sovereign. The slightest pretext would have been enough for them to return to the charge, to rekindle the duke's fury, and to induce him perchance to let drop some threat which they would have pretended to mistake for a command.* The king, who, as is well known, never dies, would only have changed his name,—would have become Charles instead of Louis.

Liège was now without walls, fosses, money, artillery, or men-at-arms, to oppose to the enemy. There was but one thing left her,—the *fleurs-de-lis*, the name of the king of France. The exiles, on their entry, shouted "Long live the king!" That the king should be coming to fight against himself, against those who were fighting for him, appeared so strange, so absurd, and mad a report, that no one would at first credit it. Or if any credit were given it, it was by heightening the report by still greater absurdities and sillier dreams; for instance, that the king was conducting the duke to Aix-la-Chapelle, to have him crowned emperor.

No longer knowing what to credit, and madened with rage, four thousand of them sallied forth against forty thousand Burgundians. Though beaten, they nevertheless made a stand in the faubourg against the enemy's vanguard, which had hurried forward in order to secure the plunder for itself, and which only gained blows.

The legate saved the bishop,† and strove to

save the city. He persuaded the populace that they ought to let the bishop go, by way of proving that they did not keep him prisoner. He then hastened to throw himself at the duke's feet, and to sue for grace in the pope's name, offering all save life. But it was life which was now coveted. . . . *

For so large an army, and two such great princes, to busy themselves about forcing a city unfortified, already deserted, and without hope of succor, was a work of supererogation; at least, so the Burgundians thought, for they deemed themselves too strong by half, and so kept careless watch. Accordingly, one night the camp is forced, and both the king's and the duke's quarters beaten up. No one was armed; the archers were playing at dice; and it was a chance that there was any one to bar the duke's door. He arms himself, descends, and finds some crying out, "Long live Burgundy!" others, "Long live the king, and kill!" Whom was the king for? No one yet knew. His men fired from the windows, and killed more Burgundians than Liegers.

However, it was a body of six hundred men only, (according to others, three hundred,)+ that gave this alarm,—men of Franchimont, rugged men from the woods, wood-cutters, or charcoal-burners, as they all are indeed; and who had thrown themselves into Liège when every one else was deserting it. Unaccustomed to confinement, their first impulse was to wander forth, and mountaineers and ready cragsmen as they were, they began scaling by night the rocks which command Liège, and thought it a mere matter of course, though numbering only three hundred, to enter a camp of forty thousand men, and proceed to wake up the two princes with blows of their pikes. . . . And assuredly this they would have done, if, instead of preserving silence, they had not, like true Liegers, burst out into loud cries, raised "a great *Hu!*" And these charcoal-burners of the Ardennes slew valets, missed the princes, and were themselves slain, unconscious that they had done more than the Greeks at Thermopylæ.

The duke, in high dudgeon at such a reveille, was for giving the assault. The king was for further delay; but the duke told him that if he did not relish the assault, he might go to Namur. This permission to leave at the moment of danger, did not suit the king, who fancied that advantage would be taken of it to sink him

was in ill-health, rich, and a great Roman lord, did this solely in the view of becoming bishop himself. This account has been refuted by M. de Gerlache.

* Bearing in mind that the duke had himself recalled Humbercourt, and had allowed the exiles to come in, when with a few horse he might have dispersed them on their leaving the shelter of the woods, the probability seems to be that he longed for a last provocation in order to destroy the city.

† The number is variously stated:—"Four hundred men wearing the colors and livery of the duke." *Bibliothèque de Liège*, MS. Bertholet, No. 183, fol. 465.

* Like the words which were the death-warrant of Thomas a Becket, of Richard II., &c.

† According to the absurd and malicious account of the Burgundians, this legate, who was advanced in years, who

still lower, and charge him with having shown the white feather. . . . He conceived his honor to be staked on his sharing in the barbarous execution of Liège.

He seemed to be bent on having it believed that he was not forced, that he was there for his pleasure, and through pure friendship for the duke. On the occasion of a first alarm, two or three days before, as the duke appeared to be embarrassed, the king had looked to every thing, and given all the orders. The Burgundians, in their amazement, no longer knew whether it were the king or the duke who was leading them to the destruction of Liège.

He would have been the first at the assault, had not the duke stayed him. As the Liegers bore the arms of France, he, king of France, is said to have worn the cross of Burgundy; and, to wind up this melancholy farce, he was heard shouting in the great square of Liège, "Long live Burgundy!" . . . High treason of the king against the king.

Not the slightest resistance was offered.* The captains had started in the morning, leaving the innocent burgesses on guard. They had kept watch for eight days, and were worn out; and besides, did not dream of being attacked on this day, for it was Sunday. However, in the morning the duke orders his bombard and two serpents to be fired by way of signal; the trumpets sound, and the troops march to the assault. . . . There were only two or three sentinels at their posts, the rest were gone to dinner. "We found the cloth laid," says Comines, "in every house."

The army, entering the town at either end, met and formed in the public square, and then separated into four divisions, each taking a distinct quarter of the town for plunder. All this occupied two hours, so that many had time to escape. Meanwhile the duke, after conducting the king to the palace, repaired to St. Lambert's, which the plunderers were about to force; so little did they heed him, that he was obliged to draw his sword, and he slew one of them with his own hand.

About noon the whole city was in the hands of the Burgundians, and a prey to pillage. Such was the festival in the midst of the tumult of which the king took his dinner, testifying the liveliest joy, and never weary of lauding the valor of his good brother. It was a marvel, and a thing to be repeated to the duke, how heartily he sung his praises.

The duke waited upon him to ask, "What shall we do with Liège?" A hard question, this, for any one else, and which every man with a heart would have hesitated before answering. Louis XI. replied with a smile, and in the style of the *Cent Nouvelles*: "There was a large tree close to my father's palace, in

which rooks built their nests. As they annoyed him, he had the nests pulled down, two or three times; but the rooks always built them again the next year. My father then ordered the tree to be rooted up, and afterwards slept all the better."

The horrid feature in this destruction of a whole people is, that it was not a carnage committed in the fury of assault, and when the victors were heated, but a long execution,* which lasted for months. The townsfolk found in the houses were kept and reserved, and then flung into the Meuse in an orderly and methodical manner. Three months afterwards, the drownings were still going on.†

Even the few that were put to the sword on the first day, (about two hundred in number,) were killed in cold blood. The plunderers who cut the throats, in the Franciscan convent, of twenty hapless beings who were on their knees hearing mass, waited until the priest had consecrated and drunk before they tore the chalice from him.

The city was burned down methodically; fire being first set to it, by the duke's orders, on Saint-Hubert's day, the anniversary of the foundation of Liège. The work was intrusted to a knight of the neighborhood, in conjunction with the men of Limbourg; and those of Maestricht and of Huy, like good neighbors, came to bear a hand, and undertook the demolition of the bridges. To destroy the population was a work of greater difficulty; for the inhabitants had for the most part fled to the mountains. The duke reserved for himself the pleasure of hunting them down. He started the day on which fire was first set to Liège, and could mark as he rode in the distance the rise and spread of the flames. . . . He scoured Franchimont, burning the villages and searching the woods. Their leafless state, and the fearful cold of the winter, exposed the prey to him. Wine was frozen, men as well; some lost a foot, others their fingers. If the pursuers suffered to this degree, what must the fugitives, especially women and children, have done? . . . Comines noticed one who had been frozen to death, after giving birth to a child.

The king had left a little before the duke,

* Antoine de Loisey, licentiate at law, one of those apparently who were left behind to continue this anti-judicial task, writes on the 8th of November to the president of Burgundy:—"Nothing is going on in the way of law, save that all Liegers who come to hand are daily drowned or hung, as well as those prisoners who have not wherewithal for ransom. The said city is thoroughly sacked, for nothing has been spared by the fire; in proof whereof I have not been able to find a whole sheet of paper to write to you upon . . . the sole thing I have recovered has been an old book." *Preuves de Comines*, éd. Lenglet, iii. 82.

† I give this on the authority of Adrien. Angelo seems to me to deserve little attention: his poem, I take it, is but an amplification in verse of Piccolomini's amplification. He makes a messenger say, "that he has seen two thousand persons drowned! two thousand put to the sword." The exaggeration does not stop here:—"Monsters writes that there were forty thousand men slain, and twelve thousand women and girls drowned." *Bibliothèque de Liège*, MS Bertholet, No. 183

* I follow Comines and Adrien de Vieux-Bois, both eyewitnesses. Piccolomini's account, of such importance as regards the beginning of this business, seems to me, as regards the close, a mere amplification.

but without betraying any hurry, and only four or five days after the taking of Liège. He had first sounded the duke by the intervention of friends, and then observed to him, "If you have nothing more to do, I should like to go to Paris to publish our agreement in parliament. . . . Don't spare me, when you have need of me. Next summer, if you choose, I will visit you in Burgundy. We will be a month together, and will make good cheer." The duke consented, though "always murmuring a little," made him re-peruse the treaty, inquired if he regretted any thing in it, saying he was free to accept or not, and "offering a faint excuse for having brought him there. So the king departed at his pleasure," happy and astonished, no doubt, at finding himself on his road home, shaking himself to know whether it were really he, and thinking it a miracle that he was safe and sound, with the exception, perhaps, of his honor at the furthest. Yet I do not believe him to have been totally insensible, since he fell sick shortly after. The fact is, he had suffered in a very delicate point; in the opinion he had himself entertained of his own ability. After having twice recovered Normandy so quickly and so subtly, to have then committed himself like an embryo statesman! To have shown such simplicity, to have reposed such naive faith in promises, was enough to humble him forever! Could he, could Louis XI., master in the art of forswearing, have suffered himself to be entrapped? The farce of Péronne had ended like that of Patelin. The craftiest of the crafty was duped by Agnelet. All laughed, young, old, children; what do I say?—the very jays, magpies, and starlings talked of nothing else; they were taught only one word—Perette.*

If he had a consolation in his misery, it was probably the secret reflection and whispered thought, that though he had played the simpleton, the other had been a greater simpleton still for allowing him to depart. What! could the duke fancy that when the safe-conduct had been of no value, the treaty would hold good? He detained him, contrary to his word, and he lets him go on the faith of a word!

Really, the duke was inconsistent. He thought that the violation of the safe-conduct, whether for a good or a bad reason, would do him little harm;† and so it happened. But, at

the same time, he had fancied that Louis XIth's double dealing at Liège, and the odious part he had played there, would ruin him forever;‡ which did not take place. Louis was neither ruined nor lost, but only a little ridiculous. Men laughed for a moment at the bitter bit, and that was all.

None were yet aware of the extent of the insensibility of the period. Princes themselves did not suspect how little faith and honor was required at their hands.† Hence, numberless unnecessary falsehoods and useless hypocries; hence, too, strange errors in the use of means. It is the farce of Péronne; in which the actors changed parts, the trickster assuming knightly bearing, and the knight aiming at trick.

Both were entrapped, and could not help being so. There is but one cause for surprise; namely, that the duke of Burgundy's counselors, those cool-headed men whom he had about him, should have suffered him to release the king, without exacting gage or guarantee to answer for the execution of the treaty. The only precaution they hit upon was to make him sign letters by which he authorized certain princes and barons to league and take up arms against him if he violated the treaty; an exceedingly superfluous act, as it concerned those who had done nothing else all their lives than conspire against the king.‡

If the duke's counsellors were so cheaply contented, we may believe that the king, who took the journey in their company, did not lose his time altogether. By going to Liège, he secured one of the principal results which he had anticipated from his step at Péronne. He became personally known, not from a distance, could speak for himself, and discourse with many who till then had hated him on hearsay. Men drew comparisons between the two; and the king was the gainer, not being haughty, or violent, or outrageous like the other. He was considered very "wise," (*saige*;) and the reflective began to think that they might agree well with such a master. Moreover, they recognised a great merit in him—he was a bounteous giver, and never haggled with those who

seizing the king and conveying him into Brabant, but that he was dissuaded from it by his bastard brother Anthony." R. Gaguini, *Compendium*, (ed. 1500.) fol. 147. The chronicle which pretends to translate Gaguini, (see the last leaf,) dares not give this passage. *Chronique Martiniane*, fol. 338, 339.

* Such are the hopes betrayed by the false Amelgard and Chastellain. The latter, however, affects pity:—"He is the most humbled king that has been seen these thousand years," &c.

† Morality, indisputably, did not perish then, (neither then, indeed, nor ever;) only in politics it was not to be met with, taking refuge elsewhere, as we shall see. I cannot pause now to handle so important a subject.

‡ He authorized the duke of Alençon and the Armagnacs, who were never out of conspiracies, the duke of Orléans, six years of age, and the duke of Bourbon, who, as he could not hope from any league a fraction of the enormous favors heaped on him by the king, had no mind to hazard his position. The king's letters are extant in Ghent, (*Trésorerie des Chartes de Flandre*.) Gachard's edition of *Ba rante*, ii. 320.

■ Conveying a double allusion; since this, which was the name of the king's mistress, suggested the idea of Péronne likewise. There was a perfect overflow of witticisms on the occasion:—"All were prohibited from daring to utter a word in contempt of the king, whether by word of mouth or by writing, signs, pictures, rondeaux, ballads, virelais, defamatory libels, historic songs, (*chansons de geste*), or in any other way whatever. . . . On the same day, all the jays, magpies, and choughs were seized in order to be brought before the king, and notes were taken of the places where the said birds were seized, and also of what words and phrases they could speak." Jean de Troyes, ed. Petitot, xiii. 384.

† Even our French writers treat it with indifference. Gaguini alone states the charge of a premeditated snare:—"It is commonly reported that Burgundy had long meditated

attached themselves to him. The duke, on the contrary, gave a little to a great number of individuals, and so left none feeling a sense of obligation to him. The far-sighted, Comines and others, (even the duke's brothers,) fell into "deep meditations." They put the question

to themselves whether it were probable that the most adroit player could always be the loser. . . . What would he do? This was uncertain; still, all in serving the duke, the safest plan was ever to keep a door open to lead to the king.*

BOOK THE SIXTEENTH.

CHAPTER I.

DIVERSIONS MADE BY ENGLAND.—DEATH OF LOUIS'S BROTHER.—BEAUVAIS, A. D. 1469—1472.

THE history of the fifteenth century is a long history; its years are long, long its hours. They were so for those who lived through them; they are so for him who is obliged to go through them and revive them.

I allude to the historian who, not regarding history as a pastime, enters sincerely into the life of bygone times. . . . But where is the life here? Who can say which are the living, which the dead?

In which party should I take an interest? Amongst these diverse countenances, is there one which does not look askance and bear the stamp of deceit? Is there one on which the eye can dwell, and view faithfully mirrored there those ideas and principles which are the sustenance of the heart of man?*

We have sunk very low in indifference and moral death. We must sink lower still. To witness Sforza and the other Italians professing treason, and Louis XI., Saint-Pol, Armagnac, and Nemours, spending their lives in swearing and forswearing, grows at last to be a monotonous spectacle enough; but now, they are outdone; France and Italy must yield the palm to that grave nation which has always aspired to the glory of persistence. It is a curious sight to see the bold player, the earl of Warwick, leading the rude England so briskly from one king to the other, and from one oath to the other, making her shout to-day, "*York forever!*" and to-morrow, "*Lancaster forever!*"—certain again to change the day after.

This English imbroglia is part of the history of France. The two rivals on this side of the strait waged war on the other; an underhand war, a war of intrigue and money. The fa-

mous Shaksperian battles of the Roses were often a combat of French gold against Flemish, a duel of crowns and florins.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

The reason of Louis XIth's imprudent step at Péronne in order to precipitate the treaty, was his believing the duke of Burgundy to be so thoroughly master of England, that he could momentarily bring upon him a descent of the English.

The duke held this opinion as well as the king. He thought he had England in his grasp, and forever; thought that he had wedded her. His marriage with Margaret of York was no royal caprice: the two peoples were married by their great national staples, the trade in wool, and by the union of the foreign Hanse towns, which equally ruled Bruges and London. A letter from the duke of Burgundy was received with as much respect in London as in Ghent. He both spoke and wrote English. He wore the Garter as Edward did the Fleece; and he boasted to be more English than the English.

After all this, there was nothing absurd in believing that such a union would last. This belief, which was no doubt shared by the duke's own counsellors, beguiled him into a great fault, which led him to ruin, to death.

Louis XI. was at his lowest, sick and humbled. He seemed to bear his hap with Christian humility, and resignedly registered the treaty.

His friend, Warwick, was in no better plight than he. He had compromised himself with the merchants of London by opposing the Flemish marriage; and, when it was contracted, the great earl was seen cutting a sorry figure

* He who gropes through these obscure limbos of history sees that in a lower sphere the day begins to dawn, that this fifteenth century is a searching age which at last finds itself, and that though moral life is displaced and difficult to grasp, it nevertheless subsists. And, in fact, an attentive observer, who can discern it but feebly in political relations, will find it strongly developed in the family circle and the ties of home. Domestic life gradually lays aside the feudal severity, and allows itself to be humanized by the sweet influence of equity and nature. 'Tis, perhaps, precisely for this reason, that the little regard with such indifference the game played by politicians in the arena above them.

* A last word as to the authorities on which I have depended. I have not quoted the author who is most frequently consulted, Suetonius, for he confounds every thing, facts and dates. He supposes that there were French troops in Liège to defend it against Louis XI. He thinks that if Tongres were surprised, it was on the occasion of there being celebrated there on the 9th the peace which was not concluded till the 14th, &c., &c. Chapeauville, iii. 171, 173. Piccolomini is important so long as he follows the legate; but useless for the end. The capital authority for Péronne is Comines; for Liège, Adrien, an eye-witness, (enlightened, besides, by *Humbercourt*.) who wrote on the spot as the events happened, and who gives the dates day by day, often hour by hour. Legrand, unacquainted with this writer, and unable to settle the dates, is utterly at a loss to comprehend the transaction. still more so his copyist Duclos, and succeeding writers.

at the marriage fête, after escorting the affianced bride into London* and parading the streets before her, like Haman before Mordecai.

So Louis XI. faring so badly, Warwick so badly, and England being safe, the moment seemed propitious for the duke's extending his frontier on the German side, for acquiring Guelders on the Lower Rhine, and, on the Upper, the Landgraviate of Alsace. Franche-Comté would have been the gainer by this;† and the duke's principal counsellors being natives of that province, were of course interested in recommending his acceptance of the offers of the duke of Austria, who wished to make over to him his possessions in Alsace and part of the Black Forest.‡ Only, there was the risk of bringing weighty quarrels on his hands with the Swiss leagues, the towns of the Rhine, and the empire. This fear did not deter the duke; and no sooner was he involved in this "infinite obscure" of the Germanies, than England, forgotten by him, so secure did he deem himself of her, began to slip from his hand.

England, and France over and above. He had counted confidently on establishing the king's brother in Champagne, between his own Ardennes and his own Burgundy, which would have secured him the passage from one province to another, and have in some sort linked together the two isolated moieties of his fantastic empire.

The king, who dreaded nothing so much, embraced a dangerous resolve in order to avoid this danger. He trusted himself to his brother. He placed in his hands Guienne and almost all Aquitaine, reminded him that he was his only heir, (the heir of an invalid,) and gave him a kingdom by way of tempting him to wait.

By the same stroke, he placed him in opposition to the English who claimed this Guienne, rendered him suspected by the Breton,§ and removed him from the Burgundian, on whom he would have depended in case of his accepting Champagne.

An admirable exchange for a young man fond of pleasure, to have all the beauteous South, and to be settled at Bourdeaux.¶ This

was duly impressed upon him by his favorite Lescun, an intelligent Gascon, who was no friend to the English, who rejoiced at the fine opportunity of ruling in Gascony, and who disgusted his master with Champagne the Lousy.*

This was not the duke of Burgundy's interest. Will he nill he, he was for settling him in Champagne, having him there, and making use of him. "Stick to that," wrote a friend to the duke, "don't give way upon it; once have the king's brother, you have the rest." The giver of this advice was no less a personage than Balue, the man who knew all and did all, a man whom the king had raised from nothing, even to forcing Rome to elevate him to the cardinalship. Balue having thus got from the king all that he could get, was anxious to secure advantages from the opposite quarter. That he sold his master at Péronne is not an ascertained point; but, as regards the king's brother, he sought to put him in the duke's hands, and wrote to this effect himself. His new rank emboldened him; he knew that the king would never put a cardinal to death. Louis XI., who had a weakness for him, was anxious to know what he might have to say for himself, although the case was only too clear. But as the gentleman would confer nothing, (*le drôle n'avouant rien*), and braved the king, enveloping himself in his red robe and dignity of prince of the Church, *this prince was confined in a cage*.† Balue himself had said that there was no surer mode of keeping a prisoner than these iron cages.‡

On the 10th of June, the king's brother, reconciled with him, established himself in Guienne. On the 11th of July, an unforeseen revolution begins for England. England di-

selves into each other's arms, and every one wept for joy. Lenglet, iii. 108.

* See vol. i. p. 174.

† To the great joy of the people, who made ballads upon it. But, indeed, they had not waited for his fall to lampoon him. (See *Ballade et Caricature contre Balue*, Recueil des Chants Historiques, de Leroux de Lincy, ii. 347.) To terrify the wits, he either composed or got written for him a song, in which the low-minded cruelty of the all-powerful knave is evident; its burden, "*On en fera du civet aux poissons*," (We will bait for fish with them?) is atrocious *Bibl. du Roi*, MS. 7687, fol. 105, quoted in the Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes, t. iv. p. 566, August, 1843.

‡ It has been erroneously supposed that he was the inventor of these cages. He had only the merit of being their importer. They had been long known in Italy:—*Et post paucos dies conducti fuerunt in palatio communis Veronæ, et in gabiis carcerati*, (A few days after they were taken to the town-hall of Verona, and imprisoned in cages.) Chron. Veronense, apud Murat. viii. 624, ann. 1230.—*Posuerunt ipsum in quadam gabbia de ligno*, (They confined him in a sort of wooden cage.) Chron. Astense, apud Murat. xi. 145.—*In così tenebrosa e stretta gabbia rinchiusi fummo*, (In so darksome and narrow a cage were we shut up.) Petrarcha, part i. son. 4.—We find the same custom in Spain:—"King James was confined in loathsome and cruel dungeons for three years and upwards by the king of Aragon, and was shut up in an iron cage whenever he desired to sleep, by night or by day." *Vetera acta de Jacobo ultimo rege Majoricarum*. Ducange, verbo *Gabbia*.—Balue's cage is still preserved in the gate-house covering the bridge of Moret. See the Bulletin du Comité Hist. des Arts et Monuments, 1840, No. 2, rapport de M. Didron, p. 50. The cage was placed in Amboise, in a large hall, which is still shown.

■ "Rode behynde the erle of Warwick." Fragment of a contemporary chronicle, published by Hearne, at the end of Spott's Chronicles, (1719,) i. 296.

† See, amongst other works, *L'Esquisse des Relations qui ont existé entre le comté de Bourgogne et l'Helvétie*, par Duvernoy, (Neuchâtel, 1841,) and *Les Lettres sur la Guerre des Suisses*, par le Baron de Gingins-la Sarraz, (Dijon, 1840.)

‡ See the following chapter.

§ It was at this juncture, when he king thought he had separated them forever, that he wished to force the duke of Brittany to accept his new order of Saint Michael, which would have made the duke hold of him. For the foundation of this order, the rival of those of the Fleece and the Garter, see *Ordonnances*, xvii. 236-256, August 1st, 1469, and Chastellain, quoted by M. J. Quicherat, Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes, iv. 65.

¶ The new duke of Guienne was exceedingly grateful. The brothers had a very touching interview, threw them-

vided, France momentarily pacified : two blows for the duke of Burgundy.

On the 11th of July, Warwick, visiting with Clarence, Edward's brother, his government of Calais, suddenly marries him to his eldest daughter,* to her whom he had destined for Edward when he made him king, but whom Edward had declined.

Great was the surprise, for nothing of the sort had been anticipated. The thing feared had been lest Warwick, the leader of the barons, and of the bishops, perhaps, through his brother the archbishop, should intrigue with them in favor of Henry VI. And a little before, in order to prevent the possibility of such a league, Warwick had been constrained to sit in judgment on the revolted Lancastrians, and bathe in the blood of Lancaster.

Nor did he address himself to this implacable party. In order to overthrow York, he sought no other agent than York, Edward's own brother. The marriage concluded, twenty revolts break out, but under different pretexts and different banners : here, against the taxes ; there, out of hate to the king's favorites, the relatives of the queen : here, for Clarence ; elsewhere, for Henry VI. In two months Edward is utterly forsaken and alone. To take him requires only a priest, Warwick's brother, the archbishop of York.† Here is Warwick, holding two kings under lock and key—Henry VI. at London, Edward IV. in a castle in the north, not to reckon his son-in-law, Clarence, who had but few adherents of his own. The

* The account given by Jean de Vaurin is most curious. Warwick visited the duke and duchess, who "gave him a sweet reception." No one, however, divined the object of the visit. It seems that the good chronicler had hopes that the great politician, either through vanity or the love of chronicles, would let him into the secret : "And I, author of these chronicles, desiring to know and to have true materials for the perfecting of my work, took leave of the duke of Burgundy in order to repair to Calais ; and he gave me my congé, being aware that the said earl of Warwick had promised to make me welcome if I would come and see him at Calais, and would put me in communication with one who would give me all the information I might require. So I went thither, and he kept me nine days, making me great cheer and showing me great honor, but gave me little satisfaction as to my inquiries, albeit he promised that if I would return in two months he would satisfy me on some of the points I was anxious about. On taking leave of him he defrayed all my charges, and presented me with a valuable hackney. I saw that he was engrossed with some great business, and this was the marriage on foot between his daughter and the duke of Clarence . . . and these set out, five or six days after I had left, for the castle of Calais, where there were but few residing. So the feast lasted only two days. . . The Sunday after he crossed the sea, having news that the Welshmen had taken the field in great force."—*Jean de Vaurin (ou Vaurin) Sire de Forestel, MS. 6759, Bibliothèque Royale, vol. vi. fol. 275.* In the concluding volumes of this Chronicle, Vaurin speaks as a contemporary, and, sometimes, as an eye-witness. They ought to be published.

† Edward loved his ease and his sleep, and was taken in bed : "When the archbishop had entered the room where the king was sleeping, he said to him quickly, 'Rise, sire !' The king, wishing to excuse himself, said that he had not had any thing like his rest ; but the archbishop told him again, 'You must get up, and come to my brother Warwick ; this, you cannot gainsay !' On which the king, doubting that worse might happen, dressed himself, and the bishop took him off without much noise."—*Ibid.* fol. 278. In the Illumination, the prelate is depicted speaking on his knees. Fol. 277

difficulty was to know in the name of which of the three Warwicks would rule the kingdom ; and the Lancastrians hurried to take advantage of his hesitation.

A letter from the duke of Burgundy decided the question.* He wrote to the Londoners, that when he married the sister, he had relied on their being loyal subjects of the brother. All who profited by the trade with Flanders shouted for Edward. Warwick had nothing left but to bring back Edward to London, and to declare that he had not acted against the king, but against his favorites, against those relatives of the queen's who drained the poor commons of their money.

Warwick was fated to sink. He had built up his prodigious fortune, and that of his two brothers, on antagonistic elements. A word by way of explanation.

The Nevilles (this was their real name) were younger sons from Westmoreland. We must believe their piety to have been great under the pious house of Lancaster, since Richard Neville, the personage in question, managed to espouse the daughter, name, and inheritance, of that famous Warwick, that peer after God's own heart, that favorite of the bishop's, who burnt the Pucelle, and who made Henry VI. a saint. This father-in-law expired regent of France, and, with him, many of the Nevilles' hopes. Forthwith they faced about and cultivated the White Rose, civil war, which indemnified them for the loss of France, by placing England in their hands. The produce was enormous. What with successions, marriages, nominations, confiscations, Richard Neville and his two brothers found themselves established everywhere. Theirs were the counties of Warwick, Salisbury, Northumberland, &c., the archbishopric of York, the seals, the keys of the palace, the offices of chamberlain, chancellor, admiral, lieutenant of Ireland, and the vastly lucrative post of governor of Calais. The situations held by the eldest alone brought him

* "The duke of Burgundy wrote at once to the mayor and people of London, remonstrating, and setting forth how he had allied himself with them by his marriage with King Edward's sister, amongst the conditions of which alliance they had promised him to be and to remain forever good and loyal subjects to King Edward . . . and that if they did not keep their promise, he knew what course to take. The which mayor of London, having received the aforesaid letter of the duke's, assembled the commons of the city and read it to them publicly. The reading concluded, the commons answered, as with one voice, that they would truly keep their promise, and be good subjects to King Edward. . . Warwick, feigning that he knew nothing of the said letters, told the king one day that it would be well for him to go to London to show himself to the people, and visit the queen his wife . . ."—*Vaurin, fol. 278.* National pride seems to have swayed all the English chroniclers to suppress this grave fact of a threatening, and almost imperative, letter from the duke of Burgundy. Vaurin's account, moreover is confirmed by the fact that the captain of Calais took the oath of fealty to Edward at the hands of the duke of Burgundy's envoy, Comines himself.—(Ed. Dupont, l. 236.) The continuation of Croyland (p. 552) attributes the enlargement of Edward solely to the fear which Warwick entertained of the Lancastrians, and the refusal of the people to take up arms unless they saw the king at liberty. Polydore Vergil (p. 657) and the rest after him are at a loss what to say ; the event, as given by them, remains unintelligible.

a yearly income of twenty thousand silver marks. Two millions in that day would be equivalent to twenty millions in the present. So much for posts and offices; but how estimate the estates, goods, and chattels!

A grand establishment, which, in some sort, rivalled that of royalty.* Warwick's true power did not, however, consist in this, but in his being, not the first of the lords, of the great landowners, but the king of the enemies of property, of the plunderers of the borders, and corsairs of the Strait.

The fundamental element of England, which constitutes the grotesque double part it played in the middle age, consists in its spirit being, on the surface and ostensibly, that of legal Pharisaism, a superstitious reverence of the law, but, underneath, that of Robin Hood. What is Robin Hood? The outlaw. Robin Hood is naturally the enemy of the man of the law, the adversary of the sheriff. In the long series of ballads of which he is the hero,† we find him first inhabiting the green woods of Lincoln. He is induced to quit them by the French wars;‡ so he turns his back on the sheriff and the king's deer, seeks the sea and crosses it. . . He becomes a mariner. This transformation takes place in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, under Warwick and under Elizabeth.

All Robin Hood's companions, all who were under ban of the law, were safe whilst Warwick (either personally or through his brother) was judge of the marches of Calais and Scotland: an indulgent judge, and so kind-hearted, that he never could carry justice into execution. If there were a "tall man" on the border, who, in default of stolen meat, had only his spurs for his meal,§ he repaired straightway to this great judge of the marches. The worthy judge, instead of strapping him up to the next tree, set him down to dinner.

What Warwick most loved and honored in this world was the city of London. He was the friend of the lord-mayor and of all the great merchants; their friend, and, the better to attach them to his fortunes, their debtor. For the humbler sort he kept open house, and a free board for all comers. Whilst in London, six oxen were killed for every meal; and each might carry off as much meat with him "as he could stick upon a large dagger."|| It was the

common saying, that thirty thousand men were fed by this hospitable lord on his various domains and in his numerous castles.

Warwick, equally with Sforza and Louis XI., or more so, was the man both of business and of action, according to the conceptions of the period. He was devoid alike of fear, honor, or rancor; and the reverse of chivalrous. On the day of battle he issued his orders and saw his troops engaged, but kept a horse at hand in order to be the first off, should the event go against him. He would never have played the gentleman like Louis XI. at Liège.

But though cold and *positive* to this degree, he had nevertheless a thorough understanding of the political drama, and could take up any part circumstances might call upon him to act.

This talent of his was conspicuously displayed when, after the terrible check he suffered at Wakefield, and the loss of his duke of York, there remaining in his hands only a boy of eighteen, the young Edward, he took him to London, and solicited for him from door to door. The frightful tale of the paper crown, the litany of the child put to death, and, above all, the beauty of the youthful Edward, *the white rose of York*, were marvellous aids to the great actor. He showed him to the women. This handsome young king, who might be supposed looking out for a wife, touched them nearly, drew tears from them, and often money. One day asking ten pounds from a dowager, "That face," she said, "shall command twenty."

It was no mean difficulty for Warwick to continue to reconcile his two opposite characters; to be, for instance, the friend of the merchants, and the protector of the corsair of the Strait. Those grand feasts which were the wonder of the good citizens of London, must often have been given at their expense; and the merchant ran a chance of recognising at table, in this or that guest "with the long dagger," the worthy who robbed him on his passage from Calais.

If Warwick managed to deceive London, he could not blind the duke of Burgundy. What was the most frequent sight that met the duke's eyes, who loved the sea, and had dwelt long close to his own dikes? The vessels of England capturing his own. Thanks to their vicinity to England, the ports of Flanders and of Holland were virtually blockaded. The man he most hated was Warwick. We have seen how, with a mere letter, he had taken London from him, and saved Edward. After two fresh attempts, Warwick lost ground, and passed over to Calais. (May, 1470.)

A whole people cast themselves into the sea to follow him; no fewer than eighty vessels full. But Warwick's own lieutenant at Calais refused to receive him with such a fleet, and closed the gates, and fired upon him; but sending him word privily that he thus forced him to steer elsewhere in order to save him, as, if

* I have a recollection of having read on the tomb of one of these Warwicks, either in their chapel or their vault, *Regum nunc subsidium, nunc invidia*, (Now the stay, now the envy of kings;) but I quote from memory.

† See, as regards this cycle of ballads and the transformations undergone by the normal type, Robin Hood, the highly interesting dissertation of Mr. Barry, professor of History to the Faculty of Toulouse.

‡ The name of Robin continues to be popular in the fifteenth century. The commons of the north, when they rose in 1468, called their leader Robin: "A capitaine, whom thei had named Robin of Riddisdale."—The chronicle Fabian, (in folio, 1559), fol. 498.

§ An allusion to a well-known Border custom. See the Border Minstrelsy.

|| Stow (p. 421) has collected these traditions. See, also, Olivier de la Marche, ii. 276.

he should enter Calais, he would be a lost man, besieged as he would soon be, by the combined forces of England and of Flanders. Warwick took refuge in Normandy, with his world of skimmers of the sea, who, for their first attempt, took fifteen vessels from the duke, and boldly sold them at Rouen.*

The duke in his rage refused the reparation offered by the king, arrested all the French merchants in his dominions, assembled against Warwick the Dutch and English fleets, blockaded and starved him out in the ports of Normandy, and so obliged him to stake his all for all, and recover England if he could.

He had grown greater by absence. He was more present than ever to the people's hearts. The name of the great earl was in every mouth.† His regal hospitality, his generous table, open to all, had left many a regret behind. For Warwick's hearth, the hearth of all those who had none of their own, to be cold, and in so many countries at once, spread as if a public mourning over the land. On the other hand, the lords and bishops‡ clearly perceived that, without a leader of his stamp, they would be at a loss to defend themselves against the avidity of the low-born nobles whom Edward had rallied around him.§ They offered Warwick money; he needed not trouble himself about men, they said, he would find plenty on landing; only he must effect the new revolution in the name of Lancaster.

Warwick and Lancaster! The very names seemed to be horrified at being thus brought into juxtaposition. The barrier which separated them, barrier of blood and of infamy, was insurmountable. . . . Scaffolds, carnage, murders in cold blood, kindred slain, filth and insult hurled from one to the other, Warwick leading Henry VI. bound neck and heels into London, placarding the queen at St. Paul's, and having her accused from the pulpit there as "lewd, personally infamous, and a strumpet," and her son a bastard, adulterine, the offspring of the street. . . .

She must have blushed only at hearing Warwick named. To speak to her of admitting him to her presence, seemed an impossibility. To require that she should forget all, that she should so far forget herself, as to introduce this man's family into her own, and this by a union of their children, that Margaret, so to speak, should wed Warwick, was an impiety. No

man, save Louis XI., would have consented to negotiate this monstrous junction.

Moreover, in making this effort and this sacrifice, each of them could only wish to deceive for a moment. Warwick, who had just married his eldest daughter to Clarence, with a promise to that prince of the throne, married his second to Margaret's young son, with the same dower. He thus had two kings to choose between, and the means of destroying the house of Lancaster after he had restored it. Hate and distrust followed with the marriage; but it was only the more acceptable to Louis XI., from his desiring in this the seeds of two or three civil wars.

Warwick laughed at the blockade of the Flemings, and crossed into England under the convoy of the king's vessels, (September.) His two brothers met him; and Edward had only time to throw himself into a vessel which landed him in Holland. Warwick was left free to re-enter London, take Henry out of the tower, parade the innocent phantom about, and edify the people by humbly accusing himself of the sin of having dethroned a saint.

Here was ground for a strong counter-stroke. The king assembled the notables, related to them all the misdeeds of the duke of Burgundy, and they decided by acclamation, that he was released from all the oaths he had taken at Péronne.* Amiens went over to the king. The duke saw with surprise all the princes turning against him. At bottom, they did not want his ruin, but to force him to give his daughter to the duke of Guienne, so that Aquitaine and the Low Countries falling one day into the same hands, France might have been hemmed in on the north and the south, strangled between the Somme and the Loire.

The loss of Amiens, the advice of Saint-Pol, who, in order to alarm the duke, kept telling him that resistance was out of his power, the flight of his own brother, a bastard son of Philip the Good, who had just gone over to the king,† and, finally, the startling fact of the Swiss renouncing alliance with Burgundy,—all seemed so many signs of a great and terrible breaking-up. The duke was full of regret that he had not, like the king, a permanent army. He quickly levied troops, but he employed other means as well, the king's favorite means—he schemed, lied, strove to deceive and lull.

He wrote two letters; one to the king, a note of six lines written with his own hand, in which he humbled himself and expressed his regrets for a war, to which, he said, he had been instigated by the wiles and interested arguments of others. The other letter, skillfully adapted to his object, he addressed to the English. He dispatched it to Calais, the great

* The duke's letter to his mother is clearly meant to be made public; 'tis a pamphlet, as it were.

† "They thought the sun had dropped from their world . . . his name filled the mouths of the populace instead of songs." Polyd. Vergil, pp. 659, 660.

‡ From the year 1465, they had been recalling Margaret. Croyland. Continuat. fol. 439.

§ The elevation of the queen's relatives, the Woodvilles, was sudden and violent, being chiefly brought about by forced marriages. Five sisters, two brothers, and a son of the queen's, swept away the eight richest inheritances of England. The venerable duchess of Norfolk, eighty years old, was compelled to marry this son of the queen's by her first husband. A contemporary calls it "a diabolical marriage."

* Nothing less was spoken of than confiscating all the duke held of the crown, and commissioners were nominated to seize Burgundy and the Maconnais. *Archives de Pau, liasses* 497, (3) and 501, (49); January 5th, 1470.

† And the flight, too, of one Jean de Chassa, who brought the foulest and most improbable charges against the duke. See, especially, Chastellain.

staple for wool, and took care to remind the merchants in it that "the exchange of merchandise was not with the king only, but with the kingdom." The duke warned "his very dear and great friends" of Calais, that they were about sending them from England a number of soldiers; a measure not likely to afford them any great security. Should they come, he added, "you will find yourselves unable to be their masters, or to hinder them from making attempts upon us."

To this letter he subjoined, with his own hand, a bravado, a flattery under the guise of a threat, like a dog fondling while he growls;—he had never meddled with the royal quarrels in England; he should grieve to be forced, on account of a single man, to have to disagree with a people whom he had loved so much! . . . "Well, neighbors mine, if you cannot away with my friendship, begin . . . By Saint George, who knows me to be more truly English than you, you shall see if I am of the blood of Lancaster!"*

The letter did good at Calais and at London. The great merchants, into whose purses Warwick was obliged to dip, hindered him from sending archers to Calais,† and from crossing over there himself, as he was on the point of doing in order to crush the duke in concert with Louis XI.

Louis, who relied on Warwick much more than on Margaret, and who was aware that she was at this very moment negotiating with the duke of Burgundy, was in no hurry to let her depart; desiring, no doubt, to give Warwick time to strengthen his position. She embarked several times; but the king's ships in which she embarked were constantly driven back to the coast by contrary winds: a miracle, which proves that the winds were at the king's disposal, is the fact that they were contrary for six months!

The delay did not strengthen Warwick. Hardly had he landed, master and conqueror as he seemed, before he fell into the hands of a council of twelve lords and bishops, the same, no doubt, who had invited him over. He had bound himself to do nothing, to give nothing, without their consent. The revolution was ineffectual and ineffective, because, widely different from the preceding ones, it brought about no change in property. It bestowed nothing, obliged no one, pledged no one to its support.

Edward had remained king of the merchants: those of Bruges honored him equally with the duke of Burgundy. Fearing from one moment to another Warwick's falling upon Flanders, the duke at length decided in favor of Edward, who after all was his brother-in-law; and all

the while protesting that no one should lend him aid, he hired for him fourteen Hanseatic vessels, and gave him five millions of our money.* And, in addition, Edward bore with him that which alone was worth millions—his brother Clarence's word, that on the first opportunity he would quit Warwick and return to his side.†

With this assurance, the enterprise was in reality less hazardous than it looked. Edward revived an old political farce known to every one, but of which every one, wearied of war and grown indifferent, was the willing dupe. He played, without any alteration, the Return of Henry IV. Like him, he landed at Ravenspur, (March 10th, 1471;) like him, he gave out as he marched along that he did not come to claim the throne, but only his paternal property, the duchy of York. This great word, property, a word sacred in England, served him for passport. The sole difficulty he encountered was at York, where the townsmen wished him to take an oath that he would never more aspire to the crown:—"Where," said he, "are the nobles to administer the oath to me? Go, fetch them; bring the earl of Northumberland. As for you, I am the duke of York and your lord, and you cannot receive my oath."‡

He pursued his march, and Warwick's brother, the earl of Montague, who might have barred his way, allowed him free passage. Warwick's other brother, the archbishop of York, who guarded Henry VI. in London, felt the pulse of the people by taking Henry occasionally into public; but he found them so indifferent that he only continued to guard him in order to deliver him up. Edward had a large party in London; in the first rank his creditors, who were exceedingly anxious for his return, and, in the next, numbers of females who busied themselves for him, and won over to his side

* Edward set sail from Flushing, "accompanied by about twelve hundred stout soldiers." Vaurin, fol. 304. "*All English*," says Mr. Bruce's anonymous writer, (p. 1;) in his national pride he does not mention the Flemings:—"With two thousand Englyshe men." Fabian is more modest:—"With a small company of Flemings and others . . . a thousand persons," p. 502. Polydore Vergil, (p. 663) makes the number two thousand. "Nine hundred of Englishmenne," says Warkworth, (p. 13.) "and three hundred of Flemmynges."

† A lady had been dispatched to France to the duke of Clarence, in order to enlighten him as to the sorry part he was enacting. Comines is very deep here, "This lady was no fool, &c."

‡ The most important authority here is the one which has been hitherto totally neglected, the manuscript left by Vaurin. The anonymous English author, published in 1838 by Mr. J. Bruce, (for the Camden Society,) is only a translation of it, an ancient one I grant, but still a translation from Vaurin, word for word, with the exception of two or three passages, which would, perhaps, have wounded English pride. For instance, the translator has suppressed the details of Edward's journey to York; fearing to degrade him by relating such a tissue of falsehoods. Nevertheless, Vaurin's account is marked with the stamp of truth; and as his master, the duke of Burgundy, was Edward's friend, he cannot be suspected of any ill-feeling. See, in particular, fol. 307, where Gloucester already appears the Richard III. of tradition, and, to relieve himself from a difficulty, ■■■ think of no better means than a murder.

* Preuves de l'Histoire de Bourgogne, t. iv. p. 289.

† He promises two thousand on the 18th of February, and is to furnish as many as ten thousand, and lead them in person. See the letter of the bishop of Bayeux to the king, (Bibl. Royale, MSS. Legrand, Feb. 6th, 1470.) to which Warwick adds a line with his own hand, confirming the promise.

their kinsfolk and husbands. Edward was the handsomest prince of his time.

The instant Edward and Warwick were in presence, the latter was deserted by his son-in-law, Clarence. Fearing more desertions, he forced on an engagement, and, contrary to his usual practice, dismounted and fought bravely. But two bodies of his troops, misled by the fog, charged each other; and his brother Montague, who had rejoined him, dealt him the finishing stroke by mounting, in the midst of the battle, Edward's colors.* He was slain on the instant by a retainer of Warwick's, who watched him; but Warwick was slain as well. The bodies of the two brothers were exposed naked for two days in St. Paul's, so that no one might doubt the fact of their death.

Margaret landed on the very day of the battle. She was for returning, but was not allowed by the Lancastrians, who congratulated her on being freed from Warwick, and compelled her to give battle. Such, however, were the divisions which prevailed in her party, that its leader, Somerset, was left to charge alone, Warwick's old lieutenant remaining immovable. In his rage, Somerset slew him before his troops; but the battle was lost, (May 4th, 1471.)

Margaret, who had fainted away in her litter, was taken prisoner and conducted to London; her young son was either killed in the battle, or murdered after it. Henry VI. survived but a short time. An attempt having been made in his favor, Edward's youngest brother, the fearful Crookback, (Richard III.,) hurried, it is said, to the Tower, and assassinated the poor monarch.†

The same blow of the dagger seemed to have killed another,—I allude to Louis XI. Nevertheless, his misfortune was relieved by one piece of good fortune; he had at that very moment concluded a truce with the duke of Bur-

gundy. His peril was great. The chances were that he was about to have England on his hands and her victorious king, inflated with the idea that he had already conquered France in the person of Margaret of Anjou, a king quite as brave as Henry V., and who was said to have gained nine pitched battles, he himself commanding in person and fighting on foot.

And it was not England only which had been provoked. All Spain, likewise, was indignant,—Aragon, on account of the invasion of John of Calabria; Castile, through the opposition offered by the king to the interests of Isabella; Foix and Navarre on account of the wardship of the young heir. Foix had just united himself with the Breton by giving him his daughter to wife; and he offered his other daughter to the duke of Guienne.

The sole question seemed to be, whether Louis was to perish through the north or the south. His brother (his enemy now that he was no longer his heir, the king having a son)* had his choice between two alliances. If he married the daughter of the count de Foix, the entire south would be concentrated in his hands, and he would draw it, perhaps, into a crusade against Louis XI. If he married the daughter of the duke of Burgundy,† he would, sooner or later, be master of a gigantic kingdom,—Aquitaine and the Low Countries; betwixt which Louis XI. would have been strangled.

The point was no longer to humble France only, but to destroy and dismember her. The duke of Burgundy did not attempt to conceal this. "So dearly do I love the kingdom," he said, "that instead of one king I wish for six." And it was a saying at the court of Guienne, "We will put so many hounds on his track, that he will not know where to fly."

The prey was already believed to be brought to bay, and all were summoned to the quarry. To tempt the English, they were offered Normandy and Guienne.

The king's sister, the Savoyard, whom he had come to succor, turned her back, and labored to set the duke of Milan against him. His son-in-law that was to be, Nicholas, son of John of Calabria, did the same. He deserted the king's daughter as if she were a poor man's, and set off to ask the hand of the wealthy heiress of Burgundy and the Low Countries.

A little respite was afforded the king by the want of harmony among his enemies. The

* Out of contradictory statements I choose the only one which wears an air of probability. Montague had previously secured Edward's success by allowing him to pass:—"The marquis Montacute was privily agreed with king Edward, and had gotten on king Eduarde's livery. One of the erles of Warwike his brother's servants, espying this, fel upon hym, and killed him." Warkworth, p. 16, (4to, 1839;) Leland, Collectanea, (ed. 1774,) vol. ii. p. 505.

† These events have been so obscured by party-spirit and the spirit of romance, that it is impossible to ascertain exactly how Henry VI. and his son perished; the probability is, that they were assassinated. Warkworth (p. 21) lets fall only one sentence, but that a most fearfully expressive one:—"At this time, the duke of Gloucester was in the Tower." As to Margaret's presence embarrassing Gloucester and preventing his killing her husband, as Mr. Turner seems to think, that is a piece of delicacy which the famous Crookback would certainly have been most indignant at being suspected of. Before quitting these wars of the Roses, another word as to the authorities. The Paston and Plumptre letters have been but of little service to me. I have made no use of the gossip of Hall and Grafton, who, finding the contemporary sources a little dry, diluted them at pleasure. No more have I made use of Holinshed, who has, perhaps, been indebted for his success to the beautiful pictorial editions published by him, and whose chronicles Shakspeare turned to as a popular book, ready to hand. An authority which has been but little used is, The Poetical Works of Lewis Glyn Cothi, a celebrated bard who flourished in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.; Oxford, 1837.

* Charles VIII. was born on the 30th of June, 1470. Now, from this date to the end of the life of Louis XI., I can find no year in which his father could have had time to write for his use the *Rostier des Guerres*. This elegant work, which is full, however, of vague generalities, does not suggest the notion of the style of Louis XI. It is doubtful whether, speaking of himself to his son, he would have said, "The noble king Louis the Eleventh." See the two MSS de la Bibl. Royale.

† Louis XI. tells the strangest lies in order to prevent this marriage. He wants his brother apprized that he will have "no great happiness" (*pas grand plaisir*) with her, nor chance of issue:—"M. de Bouchage, my friend, if you can carry this point, I shall be in paradise . . . and the maid is said to be very unhealthy and swollen. . . ." *Preuves de Duclos*, iv. 381, 382.

duke of Burgundy having promised his daughter to two or three princes, could not satisfy them all. He desired the presence of the English, the others did not. The English themselves hesitated, fearing to be considered dupes, and to aid in making a duke of Guienne greater than the king, and than all kings; which would have been the case had he, by this prodigious marriage, united the north and the south.

Meanwhile the spring threatened to bring these shifting doings to a crisis. The duke of Guienne had convened the ban and the arrière-ban in his provinces, and had named the count d'Armagnac his general; who, being the king's deadly enemy, undertook to carry his wishes into execution.*

Without allies, without hope of succor, the king is said to have entertained the idea of tempting the Scotch to make a descent upon Brittany, in vessels of his own and in Danish ships hired by him.

To his brother he made the last and highest offers he had to propose,—to make him *lieutenant-general of the kingdom*, and to give him his daughter, with four additional provinces, which would have brought him to the Loire. He could do no more, except he abdicated, and seated him on the throne in his stead. But the young duke was not minded to be *lieutenant*.†

The king had long been in the habit of applying to the pope to judge betwixt his brother and him. In the danger to which he was now exposed, he got the holy see to appoint himself and his successors forever canons of our lady of Cléry. He ordered prayers to be put up for peace, and enacted that from this time forward, every one should go on his knees throughout France, when the bells rang noon, and say three Aves. (April, 1472.)

He counted upon the holy virgin; but likewise on the troops which he had pushed forward, and still more on the intrigues he had carried on in his brother's court. Many a servant of the latter refused to take the oath of fealty to him.

It was not worth while to bind one's self to a dying man. The duke of Guienne, always delicate and sickly, had had the quartan fever for eight months, and could not hold out much longer. He had suffered much from the divisions raging in his little court, which was distracted by two parties,—a Poitevin mistress and a Gascon favorite. The latter, Lescun, was inimical to English intervention, as was the archbishop of Bordeaux, who had in time past compassed the death of prince Gilles in

Brittany, for being friendly with England. A zealous servant of Lescun's, the abbé of St. Jean d'Angeli, freed him (without asking his leave) of the duke's mistress by poisoning her; and it is believed that, for his own safety, he poisoned the duke of Guienne at the same time. (May 24th, 1472.) Lescun, grievously compromised, clamored loudly at the death of his master, and accused the king of having bribed the poisoner, whom he seized and took into Brittany, to have him brought to justice.

Louis XI. was not incapable of the crime,* which, indeed, was exceedingly common at that day. It would seem that fratricide, enrolled at this period in the Ottoman law, and ordained by Mahomet II.† was in general use in the fifteenth century amongst Christian princes.‡

But it is certain that the dying man had no suspicion of his brother; for on the day of his death he named him his heir, and asked his pardon for the grief he had caused him. On the other hand, Louis XI. made no reply to the charges with which he was assailed; and it was not till eighteen months afterwards that he announced his desire to associate his judges with those whom the duke of Brittany had ordered to investigate the matter. No public trial took place. The monk lived in prison several years, and was found dead in the tower where he was confined after a tempest. The belief was that the devil had strangled him.

The death of the duke of Guienne had been long foreseen; and, whilst waiting for it, the king and the duke of Burgundy played at which of the two should trick the other. The king professed that if the duke would renounce the alliance with his brother and the Breton, he would restore him Amiens and St. Quentin; to which the duke rejoined by saying, that as soon as they were given up to him, he would abandon his friends. Not that he had any intention of the kind; and, to reassure them, he sent them word that he only humored the farce in order to recover the two cities.§ The king managed to interpose delays, and with such effect, that he kept up the game until news came of his brother's death; on which, far from surrendering any part of Picardy, he seized Guienne.

In his wrath at being the biter bit, the duke issued a terrible manifesto, in which he accused

* However, neither Seyssel nor Brantôme is to be accounted a very sufficient evidence against Louis XI. Every one knows the anecdote related by the latter, the king's prayer to the good Virgin, &c. M. de Sismondi remains in doubt. Were the false Amelgard to be credited, we should believe that Louis XI. poisoned his brother's servants as well. *Bibl. Royale, Amelgard, MS. 2, xxv. 159, verso.*

† See Hammer.

‡ Witness the deaths of Douglas and Mar, Viane and Bianca, Braganza and Visen, Clarence, &c.

§ Here Comines is exceedingly skilful, not only in manner, (which is exquisite, as his always is,) but in his seeming confusion. After he has spoken of the duke's excessive wrath, of the horrible affair of Nesle, &c., he lets out the cause of this wrath, which is his having been disappointed of chousing Louis out of Amiens. As regards Nesle, see *Bulletins de la Société d'Histoire de France*, (1834,) part II pp. 11, 17.

* France and Guienne were already like two foreign and hostile states. See the prosecution instigated by Tristan l'Hermite against a Norman priest, who had returned from Guienne. *Archives du Royaume*, J. 950, Feb. 25th, 1471.

† His seal is but too significant. He is represented sitting crowned, and bearing the sword of justice, with the motto, "Deus, judicium tuum regi da, et justitiam tuam filio regis," which must be taken here in quite a peculiar sense; *judicium* may signify punishment. See *Trésor de Numismatique et Glyptique*, planche xxiii.

the king of having poisoned his brother, and of having attempted his, the duke's life. He declared war against him, a war of fire and sword; and he kept his word, for he burnt every thing on his line of march,—a sure means of conjuring up more active resistance, and of compelling the least stout-hearted to fight.

His first act of vengeance was wreaked on Nesle, which small place was only defended by free archers, some of whom were for surrender at the sight of so large an army, led by the duke in person; whilst the rest were for resistance, and slew the Burgundian herald. As soon as the place was taken, all were put to the sword, with the exception of such as were spared with only the loss of their hand. Even the church ran with blood up to the ankles. The story runs, that the duke entered it on horseback, and cried out, "By St. George, this is glorious butchery; good butchers are mine!"*

This affair of Nesle greatly surprised the king, who had ordered the constable to raze it to the ground beforehand, and to destroy the small towns for the better defence of the large. His whole thought was to prevent the junction of the Breton and the Burgundian, and, to this end, to press the first closely himself, not to let him slip, and to force him to stay within his own dominions, whilst the Burgundian should waste his time in burning villages. He again ordered the small towns to be razed to the ground, and again the constable neglected the order; which enabled the Burgundian to make himself master of Roye and of Montdidier. This latter place he caused to be repaired, so as to make it a tenable position.

Saint-Pol wrote to the king praying him to come to his assistance; that is, to leave the Breton at liberty, and to facilitate the junction of the two enemies. The king penetrated the traitor's design, and did just the contrary. He clung to Brittany, and dispatched to Saint-Pol's aid his personal enemy, Dammartin, who was to divide the command with him, and have an eye upon him. Had Dammartin arrived a day later, all would have been lost.

On Saturday, June 27th, the great Burgundian army arrives before Beauvais. The duke thinks to carry the place at once, disdains opening trenches, and orders the assault. The ladders are discovered to be too short; and after two discharges, the artillery is left without ammunition. Meanwhile the gate is forced. There are few or no soldiers to defend it, (such had been the foresight of the constable,) but the inhabitants fought for their lives. The terrible fate of Nesle had taught them to fear the worst should the city be taken. Even the women, gaining courage from the extremity of their terror for their husbands and families, threw

themselves into the breach along with the men. The great saint of the city, St. Angadresme who was brought out upon the walls, encouraged them. . . . A maid of the town, Jeanne Lainé, called to mind Jeanne d'Arc, and tore a banner out of the hands of the besiegers.*

The Burgundians, however, would have made good the entry. They sent word to the duke to be quick, and the city was his; he delayed, and, thanks to this delay, he never entered. The townsmen lighted a great fire under the gate, and burnt it and its tower down, but kept up the fire for a week, to the blocking out of the enemy.

On the evening of the same day, sixty men-at-arms threw themselves into the town, and by the next dawn, two hundred; a poor succor, and the terrified city was inclining to surrender, but the duke would not hear of it, and would only be contented with taking it by force, and committing it to the flames.

On Sunday, the 28th, Dammartin encamped in the rear of the duke, between him and Paris, and threw a whole army into Beauvais, the oldest and steadiest captains of France,—Rouault, Lohéac, Crussol, Vignolle, Salazar. The duke fixed on Thursday for the assault. On Wednesday evening, as he was throwing himself ready dressed on his camp-bed, he said, "Do you think that these fellows will wait for us?" He was answered that there were sufficient men to defend the town, though they had only a hedge to cover them. He scouted the idea. "To-morrow," he said, "you will not encounter a single foe."

It was the height of imprudence, of barbarity, indeed, on the duke's part, to order his troops to the escalade, without having established a breach, against the great forces which were in the city. The assault continued from daybreak to eleven o'clock, without the duke's growing tired of sacrificing his men. During the night Salazar made a sortie, and killed the grand-master of the Burgundian artillery in his very tent.

Paris sent succors, and Orléans as well, maugre the distance. The constable, on the contrary, who was close at hand, did nothing for Beauvais; rather he tried to weaken it, by asking from it a reinforcement of a hundred lances.

On the 22d of July the duke of Burgundy at last raised the siege and departed, avenging himself, as he crossed it, on the country of Caux, plundering and burning. He took St. Valeri and Eu, but was closely followed; his army melted away, and his provisions and all stragglers were cut off. He could not take Dieppe, and returned by Rouen; before which

* Comines, who was present at the siege, but amongst the besiegers, knows nothing of this popular heroism; which is verified by the privileges granted to the city and to the heroine. *Ordonnances*, xvii. 529. The king, in his anxiety, had vowed an offering of a town of silver, and he writes word that he will not touch meat until he has discharged his vow. *Preuves de Duclos*, iv. 399.

* Others put into his mouth, when, on leaving the city, he saw it in flames, these melancholy words, (nearly identical with those of Napoleon on the field of Eylau,) "Such is the fruit borne by the tree of war."

he lay for four days, in order to be able to say that he had kept his word, and that the fault rested with the Breton, who had not come.

He had no mind to come; the king held him, and did not suffer him to budge. Even the news that Picardy and Champagne were being laid waste, could not make him let go his hold. He took Chantocé, Machecoul, Ancenis; so that the Breton, constantly losing, and seeing no prospect of aid, no diversion, no English on the north, no Aragonese on the south, was too happy to secure a truce. The king detached him from the Burgundian, as he had done three years before, and, victor as he was, gave him money; only he retained one stronghold, that of Ancenis, (Oct. 18th.) The duke of Burgundy could not carry on the war single-handed, and winter was drawing nigh; so he, too, agreed to a truce. (Oct. 23d.)

Louis XI., contrary to all expectation, had extricated himself from his difficulties. He had positively conquered Brittany, and recovered the whole south. His brother was dead, and with him expired intrigues innumerable, and countless hopes of troubling the monarchy.

That the crisis was not fatal to the king, was a proof of his vitality, and the firmness of his position; and so judged the wise. Two hard-headed men, the Gascon Lescun, and the Fleming Comines, took their resolution, and devoted themselves to the king.

Comines, born and brought up in the duke of Burgundy's household, was entirely dependent upon him, was his chamberlain, and deep in his confidence. For such a man, so wary and so thoroughly informed of the course of affairs, to take this step, was a grave sign. The other great chronicler of the time, Chastellain, the zealous servant of the house of Burgundy, who here lays down the pen, dies, betraying more depression and gloom than ever, and plainly ill at ease.*

CHAPTER II.

DIVERSION ON THE SIDE OF GERMANY. A. D. 1473-1475.

We have seen that the duke of Burgundy missed Beauvais by one day. It was, too, by not being ready in time, that he lost Amiens.

* He expired on the 20th of March, 1474. This powerful writer is the originator of the figurative, labored, tortured style of the sixteenth century; ■ style frequently made ridiculous by his imitator Molinet. In his lifetime, Chastellain was recognised as a master of style; and his name was often prefixed to works in order to secure a sale. Singularly enough, however, his fate was that of Charles the Rash; and his work disappeared with his hero, torn in fragments, dispersed, and buried in libraries. MM. Buchon, Lacroix, and Jules Quicherat have exhumed its poor remains. I am deserted here, too, by the other Burgundian, Jean Vaurin, who ceases at the very moment the power of the duke of Burgundy is exalted to its highest pitch by the restoration of Edward. His concluding page contains a letter of thanks from Edward to the town of Bruges, (May 29th, 1471.)

The cause is patent, for the duke himself tells it. He complains of not having a permanent army, like the king. "The king," he says, "is always ready."*

He was sovereign of the wealthiest people of Europe, but also of those who guarded their pockets the best. The money came in slowly every year; the military preparations were made still more slowly; the opportunity went by.

The duke blamed Flanders for this most of all, and what he called the malice of the Flemings.† A happy chance‡ has preserved us the invective which he uttered against them in May, 1470, in the thick of the English crisis, when he asked them for the means of arming a thousand lances, (five thousand horsemen,) to serve the whole year round.

In their remonstrance, the Flemings had respectfully pointed out a serious difference between the words of the prince and those of his chancellor. The latter had said that the money would be *levied on all the countries*, (which would have comprised the Burgundies;) and the duke *levied on the Low Countries*. He replied roughly, that there was no mistake; that it was the Low Countries which was meant, "and not my country of Burgundy, which smacks of France, and has no money, but which has good men-at-arms, and the best that I have. You are acting thus simply and solely through cunning and malice. Thick and hard Flanders' skulls, do you fancy all fools but yourselves? . . . Take care; *I am half French and half Portuguese*. . . I know my remedy. . . No earthly power shall persuade me to alter my ordinance; do you hear that, master Sersanders? (the leading deputy from Ghent.) And who is it that asks it? Is it Holland? Is it Brabant? . . . You alone, you thick Flanders' skulls! . . . The rest, who have their privileges, too, very great lords, like my cousin Saint-Pol, suffer me to make use of their subjects; and you are for depriving me of my own, under pretence of privileges, *of which you have not one*. . . . Hard Flanders' skulls that you are, you have ever despised or hated your princes. If they were weak, you despised them; if they were powerful, you hated them. Well, then, I had rather be hated. . . . There are some of you, I well know, who would like to see me in battle with five or six thousand men, so that I might be defeated, slain, cut in pieces. . . . I will take order about this, depend upon it; you shall have no room to plot against your lord. And sorry I should be for you; it would be

* Documents Gachard, i. 212. Comines repeats this observation thrice.

† Ever since he had been their prisoner he hated them. When they made the *amende honorable*, (Jan. 15th, 1469,) he kept them waiting "in the snow above an hour and a half." Documents Gachard, i. 204.

‡ It is a sudden outburst, like one of Bonaparte's, and must have been taken down by the town-clerk of the city of Ypres during delivery. It was discovered in the archives of Ypres. Ibid

the fable of the earthen pitcher and the iron pot."*

The money was levied very slowly, notwithstanding. It had been demanded in May. The army only began to be levied in October; was it finished in December? We find the duke, at this epoch, beset with complaints and difficulties; writing to the assembled states of the Low Countries, that he should prefer to give up all and renounce all his lordship. (Dec. 19th, 1470.) By January, as we have seen, he lost Amiens and St. Quentin.

The reader has noticed the strange assertion, that he was *half French, half Portuguese*; this was telling the Flemings, that they had a foreigner for master.

In this very same year, 1470, he proclaimed himself a foreigner as regarded France, and that, too, in a solemn audience, at which ambassadors from France were offering him reparation for Warwick's piracies. It was a strange scene, which terrified and offended his most devoted servants.

He had ordered to be prepared for this day a dais and a throne, higher than any one was ever known to use, king or emperor, a dais of gold, a heaven of gold; the numerous steps of the throne were covered with black velvet. On these steps, in strict order, each in his appointed place, were ranged his whole household and officers of state,—princes and barons, knights and squires, prelates and chancery. The ambassadors, when introduced and led to their seat, fell upon their knees. He, without speaking to them or putting his hand to his cap, "scornfully motioned them with his head to rise." Hardly had they stated their message before he passionately retorted that the offers of reparation were insufficient, unreasonable, and inadmissible. . . . "Well then, my lord," humbly urges Louis's deputy, "deign to write your wishes; the king will subscribe to all."—"I tell you that neither he nor you can make me reparation."—"What!" responded the other in a doleful voice, "peace can be made after a kingdom has been ruined and five hundred thousand men slain, and yet this slight mischief is to be inexpiable? . . . My lord, there is a judge above both the king and you. . . ." At this hypocritical piece of morality, the duke, beside himself, cries out, "*We Portuguese*, for our part, are wont, when they whom we fancy friends turn the friends of our enemies, to pitch them all to the devils in hell."

A profound silence ensued. . . . Flemings, Walloons, French, all were wounded to the heart.† The foreigner was palpable. . . . He

had spoken but too truly. He had nothing in him of the country, nothing of his father. The singular mixture of the Englishman and the Portuguese, which he inherited by the mother's side, was becoming more and more marked in him. The gloomy English background, which grew gloomier still, was lightened up every moment by the fitful passions of the south.

Discordant by origin, ideas, and principles, he was but too clearly the type of the incurable discord of his heterogeneous empire. We have painted this Babel under Philip the Good.* But there was this difference betwixt father and son: the first, a Frenchman by descent, was also French by political ties, both through his acquisition of French countries and the ascendancy of the Croys; while the last was neither Frenchman nor Fleming, and far from harmonizing in either direction, complicated still more his natural complication of jarring elements, which he could never reconcile.

No one, however, felt more the want of order and unity. From the moment of his accession he had endeavored to introduce regularity into his finances,† by appointing a paymaster-general, (A. D. 1468.) In 1473 he attempted to centralize the administration of justice, in spite of all protests, and founded a supreme court of appeal at Malines, on the model of the parliament at Paris; and his different chambers of accounts were to centre in a superior chamber there as well. The same year, too, he published a grand military ordinance, which recapitulated all the preceding ones, and subjected the different troops of which his armies were composed to the same regulations.‡

No doubt this want of union and harmony was a sufficient reason in his eyes for the conquest of the countries which dovetailed into his own, or which seemed to be naturally part and parcel of them. He had inherited many things, but which were all apparently incom-

165, May 17th, and the *Papiers Legrand, carton de l'année, 1470*. There is also extant in these papers (*Papiers Legrand*) an exceedingly hypocritical pamphlet, under the form of a letter to the king, directed against the duke, who "last Sunday, was enrolled in the order of the Garter. Alas! if he had but reflected and thought how you humbled yourself, like Jesus Christ who humbled himself towards his disciples, you who are his lord, by going to him to Peronne, he would not have done this, and I think (under correction) the goddess of wisdom is deserting him. . . ." *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Gaignières, No. 2893*.

* See Book the Twelfth.

† See *Archives Generales de Belgique, Brabant*, 1. fol. 108, a mandate constraining the officers of justice and finance to render annual accounts, Dec. 7th, 1470.

‡ Little innovation is introduced by this ordinance, which is chiefly confined to regulating. It leaves untouched the defective organization by *lances*, each of five or six men, two of whom at least were useless. The English, on their expedition into France in 1475, retrenched the most useless of these,—the page. The ordinance requires signatures, difficult to be procured from the soldiers of the day. The captain is "always to carry a roll about him . . . in his hat or elsewhere." Neither gaming nor swearing is to be allowed. Only thirty women are allowed to each company, (there were 1500 at the siege of Neuss, and some thousands at Gronson.) The ordinances of 1468 and 1471 are printed in the *Mémoires pour l'Histoire de Bourgogne*, (4to, 1729, p. 283.) that of 1473 will be found in the *Schweizerische Geschichtsforscher*, (1817,) ii. 425-463, and in Gollut, 846-866.

* *Ibid.* t. 219, May, 1470.

† Even Chastellain, his official chronicler, and in a chronicle which it is very likely he overlooked himself, complains of it with noble grief, (p. 496.) The king's instructions to his ambassadors were well calculated to produce this effect. They comprise an enumeration of all the benefits of France towards the dukes of Burgundy; and the preferring of such a charge of ingratitude on this solemn occasion before so many of the duke's servants, might cool them towards him, or even detach them from him. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*,

plete. Was he not bounden to strive to bring into a ring-fence, and connect the numerous provinces, which had on various occasions devolved on the house of Burgundy? To secure better frontiers for them, was to ensure them peace. For instance, if the duke acquired Guelders, he had a better chance of bringing to a conclusion the old petty war of the marches of Frisia.*

In all times, the sovereign of Holland, of the drowned lowlands, of bogs and marshes, has been an envious man. Sad porter of the Rhine, obliged yearly to undergo its inundations, to look after and to keep its channels clear,† it would seem natural that this laborious servant of the river should share in its advantages as well. He is not so enamored of his beer and his fogs, as not to cast a glance sometimes towards the sun and the wines of Coblenz. The alluvium which it brings down reminds him of the fertile soil through which it passes; the richly-laden barques which pass up and down the stream within his sight, render him pensive and abstracted.

Charles the Rash, like Gustavus at a later date, could not see with any patience the best countries of the Rhine ecclesiastical property. He felt little respect for the mob of free cities, of petty lordships, which boldly appropriated the river to themselves, and barred or sold the freedom of passage. He reckoned on his being compelled, sooner or later, to lay his hand and his grand sword of justice on this rich domain.

Was it not a shame to see the cities beyond, and on the Upper Rhine, soliciting the patronage of the cowherds of Switzerland? Serfs who had revolted from the Austrians, these mountaineers forgot that before they had belonged to Austria, they had been the subjects of the kingdom of Burgundy.

He could descry from Dijon, from Mâcon, from Dôle, rising above the poverty-stricken Comté and the wearisome wall of the Jura, the Alps, the gates of Lombardy, the snows lit up by an Italian sky. . . . Why was not all this his? . . . The true kingdom of Burgundy, as regarded its ancient limits, had its throne on the Alps, ruled over their slopes and falls, and dispensed or refused to Europe their fecundating

streams, bestowing the Rhône on Provence, the Rhine on Germany, the Po on Italy.*

A grand and poetical idea! Was it impossible to realize it? Was not the empire dissolved? And was this territory of the Rhine, from its extremest source to its furthest mouth, any thing save anarchy, save permanent war? Were not its princes ruined? Had they not sold or pledged their domains? The archbishop of Cologne was starving. His canons had reduced his rental to two thousand florins.

All these hungry princes flocked to the court of the duke of Burgundy, and held out their hands in suppliant wise. Many took pensions from him, and became his servants; others, sued for debts, had no other resource than to pledge their provinces to him, and give him a good bargain, if he chose, of their subjects.

Philip the Good had acquired the county of Namur for a trifle, and the Luxembourg for a trifle. His son, at no great expense, acquired Guelders lower down, and, above, the landgraviate of Alsace and part of the Black Forest; the latter only pledged, but with little chance of its ever being redeemed.

The Rhine seemed willing to sell itself bit by bit; and, on the other hand, the duke of Burgundy coveted buying or taking, for innumerable convenient reasons. He wanted Guelders, in order to have Utrecht within his grasp, and to get at Frisia. He wanted Upper Alsace, as covering his Franche-Comté. He wanted Cologne, as the emporium of the Low Countries, and as the great toll-gate of the Rhine. He wanted Lorraine, to enable him to pass from Luxembourg into the Burgundies, &c.

He had long had his eye on Guelders, and he counted on making it his own through the differences betwixt the old duke Arnold and his son, Adolphus. The latter he had pensioned, and had made his servant. The part did not

* There is no proof that he as yet entertained any fixed idea on these points. He hesitated between different projects,—a kingdom of Belgic Gaul, a kingdom of Burgundy, vicariate of the empire. The Bohemian, Podiebrad, undertook to make him emperor for 200,000 florins; and this was even made the subject of a treaty. Lenglet, iii. 116, (1469.) Perhaps this was only by way of compelling Frederick II. to come to terms, by giving the vicariate and the title of king, which had been a promise of old date, as is proved by letters from Pius II. to Philip the Good. The latter, on a solemn occasion, had said that he might have been king: he did not say of what kingdom. Jacques du Clercq, l. v. c. 15. I find in a manuscript that from the beginning Philip the Bold had endeavored timidly, silently, in his blazon, to induce the belief that, "The duchy of Burgundy had not proceeded out of France, but was head of an eldest branch itself." (*La duchie de Bourgogne n'estoit yssue ne descendue de France, mais chief d'armes à part soy.*) Bibliothèque de Lille, MS. E. G. sub fin. In the mind of Charles the Rash, this independent duchy grows into a kingdom. At the States of Burgundy, held at Dijon in January, 1473. he "did not forget to speak of the kingdom of Burgundy which those of France have long usurped, making it into a duchy, which ought to be matter of great regret to all his subjects, and saying that there were things appertaining thereto which none knew save himself." I am indebted for this note to the kindness of the late M. Mallard, of Chambure, Record-keeper of the Department of the Côte d'Or, who met with it in a manuscript belonging to the Carthusian convent at Dijon.

* Amelgardii Exc. Ampliss. Collectio, iv. 767.

† The Germans congratulate Holland on the quantity of alluvial matter brought down to it by the Rhine. Holland replies, that this enormous quantity of slime and sand (several millions of cubic toises yearly) raises the bed of the rivers and increases the danger of inundations. See M. J. Opden Hoof's work, (1826.) and numerous others on this long litigated point. Prussia claimed the free navigation "into the sea," (*jusqu'en mer*;) Holland maintained that the terms of the treaty of Vienna are, "as far as the sea," (*jusqu'à la mer*;) and exacted toll at the mouth of the river. Constituted in 1815 the jailer of France, she wished to be the porter of Germany as well; and it was for this reason that she was suffered to be crushed.—Since Holland did not possess the German base which would have given it solidity, (Cologne and Coblenz,) it presented only two hostile halves. The empire of Charles the Rash had still less unity, and fewer conditions for duration.

content the youth, who proclaimed himself duke, and imprisoned his father. This was a fine opportunity for interfering in the name of nature and insulted religion; so Charles the Rash clutched at it, and got himself commissioned, both by the pope and emperor, to judge betwixt the father and the son.* This was a power which the empire alone had a right to grant. It was not the emperor's to delegate, still less the pope's. The Burgundian proceeded to judgment none the less, and decided in favor of the old duke, that is to say, of himself. The latter, ill and dying, sold the duchy to his judge; and the judge ratified the purchase. An assembly of the Golden Fleece (a strange tribunal) ruled that the legacy was valid.

The son was quickly despoiled as a parricide, and imprisoned by a judge who profited by his spoliation. But what had the people of Guelders done to be thus sold? This very son, this guilty one, had a child only six years of age, who was assuredly innocent, and who, in default of him, was the lawful heir. The city of Nimeguen resolved not to yield on this wise, took the child, proclaimed him, paraded him armed in mimic armor on the ramparts, amongst the fighting men who were repulsing the Burgundians. The latter, however, gained the day at last; Guelders was occupied, the little duke made prisoner.

Violence and injustice flourished. The powers that be seemed gone; there was neither king nor emperor. The king appeared dead to all around, absorbed in the affairs of the south alone. The emperor, poor prince, poor in honor above all, was willing to hand over the empire in order to make the fortune of his young Max, by the grand match with Burgundy. At a subsequent period Maximilian married mademoiselle of Burgundy; who was obliged, when she became his, to provide him with shirts.

At the very moment the duke of Burgundy got the little duke of Guelders into his power, news was brought him of the death of the duke of Lorraine; and, in his brutality, he thought it a mere matter of course to carry off the young René de Vaudemont, the duke's successor,† thinking to secure the inheritance along with the heir. But he secured nothing. The

person of the duke went for little in Lorraine,* where nothing was to be had save through the great lords of the country. He released René. (August.)

It became clear that one so violent, and who had got such a habit of taking, no longer required pretences. Meanwhile he proceeded to an interview with the emperor, who, mean and selfish as he was, could not fail to give him all the force titles, seals, and parchments can add to the force of arms.

Metz had been selected for the honor of witnessing the interview of the two princes;‡ but the duke had requested to be allowed to occupy one of the gates, by means of which he could have introduced as many men as he liked. The prudent city replied, that it could only find quarters for six hundred men, and that the emperor's followers had occupied every vacant spot; not to take into account the peasants who, on the approach of the troops, had sought refuge in Metz. The rage of the Burgundian envoys at this reply, was a proof that all they had wanted was to take in order to keep. "Rascal rabble!" was their cry on leaving. The duke observed, "I don't require their permission; I have the keys of their city."

The interview took place at Trèves; and the result was, to embroil the two princes. In the first place, the duke kept the emperor waiting, and then overpowered him by his pomp. The Burgundians laughed long and loud when they saw the Germans, their friends and future sons-in-law, so heavy and so poor; and could not refrain from passing an opinion that they were exceeding foul‡ for bridegrooms. Nor was the marriage altogether a certainty, albeit the little Max had leave to write to mademoiselle of Burgundy. He was not the only one; others had enjoyed the same favor.

The archbishop of Mentz, chancellor of the empire, opened the conference with the ordinary phrases, deploring, in the name of the emperor, that the wars which troubled Christendom did not allow the princes to unite against the Turk. The chancellor of Burgundy replied by a long accusation of the author of these wars,

* This is evidenced by the *Remonstrances Faictes au Duc René II. sur le Règlement de son Estat*. (Remonstrances [and bold ones] to the duke René II. on the Regulation of his Dominions,) appended to the *Tableau de l'Histoire Constitutionnelle du Peuple Lorrain*, par M. Schütz, Nancy, 1813.

† The duke communicates to the king of England:—"That the princes of Germany, in continuation of their previous endeavors to appease the differences between king Louis and my said lord . . . have appointed a meeting in the city of Metz, for the first Monday in December, and have requested the said king Louis and my said lord to send deputies there, informed as to the claims advanced by both." *Archives Communales de Lille*, E. 2; sans date.

‡ See Comines; Preuves de Lenglet; Documents Gachard; Diebold Schilling, &c. The duke thanked the emperor for having taken so long a journey to do him honor. As Frederick, according to the historian of the house of Austria, perceived that his aim was to steal an advantage over him, he replied, or the historian makes him reply, "Emperors are like the sun: they illuminate by their majesty the most distant princes, and so remind them of their duties of obedience."—Fugger, *Spiegel des Erzhauses Oesterreich*, fol 772.

* To cover the young duke with the greater odium, he was brought face to face with his aged father, who threw down his gauntlet in defiance. Comines himself, (iv. c. 1.) and every one, indeed, was moved at the sight. Nothing could be better calculated to favor the duke's views. See *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, (iii. 184;) of which work the portion here referred to is from the pen of the learned Ernst, and it is, as is well known, exceedingly important as regards the history of the Low Countries.

† Not, however, without a dispute, as regarded at least the right of choosing:—"They were divided on the question of who was to be prince and duke of the country. Some said, my lord, the bastard of Calabria . . . others, No, we will send for the old king René . . . No, exclaimed others, he is not in the direct line, and can only claim through my lady Isabella, his wife. And then they said, Whom shall we have?" *Chronique de Lorraine*, Preuves de D. Calmet, p. 47.

—the king, whom he solemnly denounced as ingrate, traitor, *poisoner*. By way of reprisal, the king kept Paris busied the whole winter with the trial of a man whom he accused the duke of having paid to poison him.

The duke got the emperor to confirm his strange judgment in the Guelders affair, and to award him the investiture of the duchy; the which cost him, it is said, eighty thousand florins. Next he wanted the emperor, in favor of the approaching marriage, to invest him with four other fiefs of the empire, four bishoprics—Liège, Utrecht, Tournai, and Cambrai. This done, he required him to name him imperial vicar, king of Belgic Gaul, or of Burgundy. . . And though all had been signed, he would none the more have had the daughter.

The emperor saw this. The German princes, supported by the king, showed themselves little inclined to allow of the emperor's being sold in detail. Nevertheless, it was difficult to break openly with him. The Burgundians were in force at Trèves; and it would not have been safe for the poor emperor to refuse him anything. Already had the kingly ornaments*—sceptre, mantle, crown—been displayed to the public in the church of St. Maximin, and all went to see them. The ceremony was to have taken place on the morrow. In the night, or early in the morning, the emperor threw himself into a barque, and descended the Moselle. The duke remained duke as before.

But if he had missed the title of king, it seemed impossible that he should miss the kingdom. In the latter months of 1473, he took two steps which, in conjunction with his conduct towards Guelders, alarmed the whole world. He got himself named, by the elector of Cologne, patron, defender, and protector of the electorate. He had four strongholds on the frontiers of Lorraine made over to him, and, in addition, a free passage through the duchy; that is, the power of seizing upon it whenever he thought fit. Thus the noble lords, who constituted the council, virtually put him in possession of the duchy. They led him to Nancy, and he made his entry riding side by side with the young duke, who could no longer offer him any opposition in anything. (15th Dec.)

Guelders in August; in November, Cologne; Lorraine in December: despite of the winter, during the last-mentioned month, flushed with the triumph of this triple success, he fell upon Alsace.

By the 21st of December his dreaded banner flew in the defiles of the Vosges. He entered as if it were his own home, a land belonging to himself, to do grace and justice; and he had the very individual upon whom every one was calling out for justice to be done, his governor

Hagenbach, as his conductor. He did no bring with him fewer than five thousand cavaliers, strangers, Walloons, who knew not a word of the language of the country, pitiless and as insensible as if deaf, for his companions in this seigneurial progress.

Colmar had only time to close its gates. Bâle armed and watched, and lighted up nightly the bridge over the Rhine. The whole country was offering up prayers for safety. Mulhausen, against which town he had uttered terrible threats, was in despair; its streets were filled with the terror-struck, repeating the prayers for the dying, chanting litanies, all in tears, the children as well, without knowing wherefore.*

To explain why this terrible Hagenbach was, to whom the duke had confided the country. In the first place, he belonged to it, and had gone through many an adventure that redounded little to his credit; and all his subsequent acts as governor, whether just or unjust, seemed prompted by revenge.

His rise was said to have begun in a singular manner.† When the old duke grew bald, and numbers had had their heads shaved to please him, there were some refractory individuals who would not hear of losing their locks. On this Hagenbach posted himself, scissors in hand, at the gates of the palace, and had all callers shaved without mercy.

This was the man for the duke; a man ready for any thing, and who demurred to nothing, and no longer a Comines, who would have been ever pointing out difficulties and impossibilities. Hagenbach, on coming into Alsace, in a badly-regulated territory, where doubtful subjects were constantly arising which it was necessary gradually to decide and determine, hit upon the true method of driving every one to despair: this was, to introduce into all things, and quite suddenly, what he termed order, regularity, and law.

His first measure was to render travelling safe by dint of the halter. The traveller no longer ran the risk of being robbed, but of being hung.‡ He next undertook to regulate the accounts between the free town of Mulhausen and the duke's subjects,—intricate accounts, since the two parties were at once creditors and debtors. To compel Mulhausen to payment, he cut off its supplies of provisions.§

* Schreiber, (*Taschenbuch für Geschichte und Alterthum in Sueddeutschland*, 1840.) p. 24, who takes the town-clerk of Mulhausen as his authority.

† Olivier de la Marche, ii. 227. According to Trithème, "He was of plebeian family and ennobled." According to others, he was of highly noble origin. Probably, he was a bastard; which would reconcile the contradiction.

‡ Berne and Soleure, especially, accused him of murdering their messengers in order to seize their dispatches. See *La Bataille de Morat*, (p. 7;) a pamphlet for which I am indebted to Colonel May de Buren.—Tillot, *Hist. de Berne* ii. 204.

§ He told the men of Mulhausen that their town would never be any thing but a stable for cows so long as it should be the ally of the Swiss, and that if it submitted to the duke it would become the garden of roses and the crown of the

* M. de Gingins boldly affirms, in opposition to all contemporary evidence, that there was no such thing thought of as being crowned, (p. 158.) See what the bishop of Lisieux, who was at Trèves at the time, says on this head. —Amelg. Exc. *Amplissima Collectio*, iv. 767–770.

Then he had an account to settle with the nobles. He summoned them to receive the sums for which the sovereign of the country had formerly impawned castles to them; sums of trifling amount, whilst some of these castles had been in the families of the occupiers for a hundred and fifty years. The mortgagees had no desire to be repaid; but Hagenbach forced them, sword in hand, to receive back the mortgage-money. One of the seigniories under these conditions was the rich town of Bâle,* which held the towns of Stein and Rheinfelden as security for a loan of twenty thousand florins. One morning Hagenbach arrives with the money in hand, and the Bâlois were exceedingly loth to receive it.

He disputed with the nobles their most cherished privilege,—the right of chase. He disputed with the commonalty their very life, their food; imposing on corn, wine, and meat, the *evil penny*, for so the detested tax was named. Thann refused to pay it; but had to pay with its blood, for four of its townsmen were decapitated.

The Swiss, who up to this time had been gradually extending their influence over Alsace, and had granted Mulhausen the right of co-burgership, often interceded with Hagenbach, but were always met with derision. No sooner had he arrived in the country, than he planted the ducal banner in a district dependent upon Berne; and to the complaints of Berne the duke had replied, "I care not whether my governor be or be not agreeable to my subjects or my neighbors; it is enough that he pleases myself." On the instant the Swiss concluded a treaty with Louis XI., and renounced their alliance with Burgundy. (August 13th, 1470.)† The duke restored the district which had been usurped.

The day of reckoning was only deferred; and this was felt. Hagenbach, finding himself so well supported, allowed threatening raileries to escape him. He said of Strasbourg, "They want a burgomaster, and I will give them one; not a tailor or a cordwainer, but a duke of Burgundy." He said of Bâle, "I could have it in three days;" and of Berne, "The bear! we will soon go take its skin for a cloak."

On the 24th of December, Christmas eve, the duke, escorted by Hagenbach, arrives at Brisach, and all the inhabitants, in great alarm, go out to meet him. He draws up in battle array in the market-place, and forces them to take an oath, not like that which they had previously taken, and by which their privileges

were reserved, but without reservation or stipulation. He leaves it, still escorted by Hagenbach, who quickly returns with a thousand Walloons. These scatter themselves over the town, plundering and violating; and the poor inhabitants have great difficulty in procuring an order for their withdrawal from the duke. Nevertheless, Hagenbach's conduct meets his approval: ever since he had missed being crowned king at Trèves, he detested the Germans. "All the better," he said, alluding to the affair of Brisach; "Hagenbach has done well; they deserve it; they must be treated strictly."

The Swiss obtained a respite for Mulhausen; but the duke told their envoys that the decision must rest with Hagenbach and the marshal of Burgundy; that they might follow him to Dijon, and he would think over the matter.

He departed, leaving Hagenbach master, judge, and conqueror; and his brain turned, apparently, with joy and insolence. "I am pope," he cried; "I am bishop, I am emperor and king."

He took a wife to himself on the 24th of January, and chose, of all places in the world, Thann, so recently the scene of bloodshed and violence, as the spot where to celebrate his marriage; which was the occasion of extortions, mad rejoicings, strange Bacchanalian revels, indecent mummeries.*

The impunity with which he perpetrated these things tempted him to try the most serious step of all,—the suppression of the trades' corporations and their banners: in other words, the disorganization and disarming of the towns. All this he said he did in hatred of monopolies: "What a grand thing for all to work and traffic as they choose, without let or obstacle!"†

To make such a change, and, above all, in a country which did not belong to the duke, which was merely pledged, and always redeemable, was a hazardous measure. The town did not wait for him to carry it into execution, but recalled their master, Sigismund; and the bishop of Bâle formed a vast league between Sigismund, the towns on the Rhine, the Swiss, and France.

The king had long been paving the way for all this. Ever since he had had experience of the Swiss, thirty years before, in the rude affair of St. Jacques, he had loved, managed, and caressed them. When in Dauphiny, he had been their neighbor; and his principal agent in all negotiations with Switzerland, was one who belonged to both countries at once, an active insinuating priest,‡ adminis-

country.—Diebold Schilling, p. 82. The term *Ros-Garten* here has always been wrongly understood; it is an allusion to the *Heldezbuch*, and signifies the court of heroes, the rendezvous of nobles, &c.

* The most detailed account of this business extant is in the *Chronicle of Nicolas Gering*, in MS. in the library at Bâle, in two folio volumes, containing a history of occurrences in the years 1473–1479.

† Tschudi, ii. 711.—Ochs, *Geschichte der Stadt Basel*, iv. 136.

* I cannot find M. de Barante's authority for the story of his exposing women with their bodies uncovered, but heads veiled, to see whether their husbands would recognise them.

† Nearly the words put into his mouth by his learned apologist, M. Schreiber, and which he has probably derived from some good source.

‡ All this is explained with much clearness and exactitude, as to facts, in the very learned and very impassioned little work of the baron de Gingins-la-Sarraz. Descended

trator of the diocese of Grenoble, and prior of Munster in Argovia. He allowed himself to be nowise discouraged by the ancient relations of the Swiss with the house of Burgundy, which had had five hundred of them at Montlhéry. The leader of these five hundred, the great friend of the Burgundians at Berne, was a man of ancient family, and highly esteemed, the noble Bubenbergh. The king raised up against him, in Berne itself, an opponent in the person of the rich and brave Diesbach, only recently ennobled, (he was a cloth-merchant.) At the period of the duke's acceptance of the territory of Alsace, and all the quarrels which went along with it, the king gave Diesbach a cordial reception, as envoy from Berne, (July, 1469.) A year afterwards, when Hagenbach planted the banner of Burgundy upon Bernese ground, in the first burst of popular indignation, and before the duke had made reparation, a treaty was hurried on between the king of France and the Swiss, by which they expressly renounced allegiance with Burgundy, (August 13th, 1470.) The year following the king intervened in Savoy, to defend the duchess, his sister, against the Savoyard princes, the counts of Bresse, of Romont, and of Geneva, friends and servants of the duke of Burgundy; but he would undertake nothing except in conjunction with his dear friends the Swiss, and regulated every thing with them, and as they recommended. It was a popular act, and rendered the king highly acceptable to them, to make them masters and lords in this haughty Savoy, which had hitherto looked down upon them.

Thus, at the critical moment that the duke made his terrible visit to Alsace, December, 1473, Diesbach hastened to Paris, and, on the 2d of January, he wrote (no doubt at the king's dictation) a treaty highly to the advantage of Louis XI., which allowed of his launching the Swiss into battle at his pleasure, and of keeping in the background himself. The cantons sold him six thousand men, at the kindly price of four florins and a half per month, and twenty thousand florins a year over and above, kept all ready at Lyons. *If the king could not come to their assistance*, he was quits for an additional payment of twenty thousand florins quarterly. Small sums, in truth, and incredible disinterestedness. It was too visible that there were secret articles besides, to the profit of the undertakers.

Diesbach was at Paris; and the king's tool, the priest of Grenoble, was in Switzerland, scouring the cantons, purse in hand. A great movement breaks out against the duke of Burgundy. The Rhenish towns league and join hands with the Swiss towns; and, greater

wonder still, the Swiss welcome and bring in in triumph their enemy, the Austrian Sigismund, and swear eternal friendship with the eternal enemy of Switzerland. The towns levy contributions on themselves, and get together in a trice the 80,000 florins which were the prescribed ransom of Alsace; and on the 3d of April, Sigismund acquaints the duke of Burgundy that the money is at Bâle, and calls upon him to give up possession of the province.

In this rapidly-rising tide there was one man doomed to perish,—Hagenbach; who took pleasure in exasperating the rage of the people. Fearful things are told of him. He is reported to have said, "While I live I will please myself; when I die the devil may take all, soul and body, and welcome." He was enamored of a young nun; and her parents having removed her from his pursuit, he had the incredible impudence to have it cried by the public crier, that she must be brought back under pain of death. One day, making love to a female in church, with his elbows on the altar, which was laid out for the celebration of mass, on the priest's coming up, he exclaims, "How, priest! seest thou not that I am here? Away with thee!" The priest went through the service at another altar. Hagenbach was not in the least disconcerted; and it was remarked with horror that he turned aside to kiss his leman on the elevation of the host.*

On the 11th of April he orders the men of Brisach to work in the fosses; but none durst quit his house, for fear of leaving his wife and children at the mercy of the governor's attendants. The German soldiers, whose pay was in long arrear, range themselves on the side of the inhabitants. Hagenbach was seized; Sigismund was expected, and was already, indeed, at Bâle. A tribunal is constituted, and the Rhenish towns, and even Bâle and Berne, all send deputies to sit in judgment on Hagenbach. As his fetters hindered him from walking from the prison to the court, he was dragged on a wheelbarrow, amidst fearful cries of "Judas! Judas!" He was degraded by one of the emperor's heralds; and that very evening (9th of May) his head was struck off by torchlight.† His death became him better than his life. He smiled at the insults offered him, denounced no one when under torture, and made a Christian end. Yet the head, which is shown at Colmar, (if it, indeed, be that of Hagenbach,) that red-haired, hideous head, and teeth ground together, expresses the obstinacy of despair, and foretaste of damnation.

The duke avenged his governor by ravaging

from ■ noble house entirely devoted to Savoy and to the duke of Burgundy, he has undertaken the difficult task of rehabilitating Charles the Rash, and making him out to be ■ mild, just, moderate prince.

* Schreier, p. 83. I have also availed myself, as regards Hagenbach's fall, of a *manuscript chronicle* of Strasbourg, ■ copy of which was obligingly furnished me by the learned historian of Alsace, M. Strobel.

† The "Complaint" is in Diebold, p. 120. I have ■ met with poorer poetry.

Alsace, but did not regain it. He succeeded no better in an attempt on Montbelliard, and outraged every one by the means to which he resorted. He had the young count Henri* seized, even in his own court, led before the town, and made to kneel on a black cushion, while the inhabitants were assured, that if they did not surrender, their master should lose his head. This cruel farce led to nothing.

The duke wanted some grand stroke, some fortunate war, to raise him in men's estimation; and he found a pretext in the affair of Cologne, close to his own home, on the frontier of the Low Countries; and apparently a safe war, since he had all his resources at hand. Notwithstanding the loss of Alsace, he felt reassured by a truce which the king had just concluded with him, (1st of March,†) and was additionally so by the pacific tidings which reached him from Switzerland. The count de Romont, James of Savoy, had succeeded in rehabilitating the Burgundian party. The ambassadors of Burgundy and of Savoy had excused Hagenbach by reminding the Swiss that their oxen and cheese had never fetched higher prices in Alsace than under him; and gave them to understand, that if the king paid, the duke could pay better still.

These tidings reached him in May, at Luxembourg. At the same time, he drew a promise from Edward to make a descent upon France;‡ but, from the conditions he offered the Englishman, the treaty would not appear to have been in earnest. He gave him the whole kingdom of France, while he, duke of Burgundy, contented himself with Nevers, Champagne, and the towns on the Somme. On the 25th of July he signed the treaty, and, on the 30th, he repaired to his camp near Cologne, before the small town of Neuss, to which he had laid siege since the 19th.§

Robert of Bavaria, archbishop of Cologne, at war with his noble chapter, had, as we have seen, declined the emperor for his judge, and had named the duke of Burgundy for his patron and defender. The latter, when he sent to Cologne orders to obey, met with outrage only; his summons was torn in pieces, his herald insulted, and the arms of Burgundy flung into the mire. The canons, who were

all lords or knights of the country, elected one of their own body as bishop, Hermann of Hesse, brother of the landgrave.

This Hermann, called afterwards Hermann the *Pacific*, was none the less the defender of Germany against the duke of Burgundy. He threw himself into Neuss, which he held for a whole year, from July to July. There was bruised that great power, composed of so many states, that monster which affrighted Europe, and which the Swiss had the glory of finally breaking up.

The extraordinary vehemence with which the duke pushed on the siege of Neuss, did not arise solely from the importance of this advanced post against Cologne, but undoubtedly from his regret and rage, as well, at having made excessive and even disloyal and discreditable offers to this petty town, and of having undergone the disgrace of refusal. In order to seduce it, he, the defender of the elector and the electorate, had gone so far as to offer to Neuss its enfranchisement, and to render it independent of Cologne, so that it would become a free, imperial city, holding immediately of the empire.* Refused, he rushed madly on to vengeance, forgot every thing for it, consumed immense resources, and exhausted himself in the effort. All, as soon as they saw him nailed to that one spot, grew imboldened against him. He sat down there himself on the 30th of July, and, by the 15th of August, the young René was in treaty with Louis XI. The rumor ran, that René was disinherited by his grandfather, the old king René, who was said to have promised Provence to the duke of Burgundy.† Louis XI. embraced this pretext to seize on Anjou.

The duke received in November, as he lay before Neuss, the solemn defiance of the Swiss, who entered Franche-Comté; and, almost at the same time, he was apprized of their having gained a bloody victory over his troops at Héricourt, (13th of November.) The province, unprepared, had had scarcely any other forces than its militia to oppose to the Swiss; but it so happened by chance, that James of Savoy, count of Romont, came up with a body of Lombards from Italy,—a reinforcement which only rendered the defeat a more serious one; and these Italians, on whom the duke had relied to take Neuss, reached him already beaten.

His check at Beauvais had left him but a poor opinion of his subjects. He sent for two thousand English; and, in order to carry on the war in a scientific manner, he had hired in Lombardy Italian soldiers. They alone understood the art of carrying on sieges; and their valor appeared to be undoubted, ever since the Swiss had received at Arbedo so rude a lesson from the Piedmontese Carmagnola.

* Under pretext that, in order to insult him, he had "passed the duke with his retainers in yellow liveries." Olivier de la Marche, l. ii. c. 6, confesses that he was employed to entrap him. Olivier was often charged by his master with low commissions of the kind.

† "The king was exceedingly anxious to prolong it, and that he should work his pleasure in Germany." Comines, l. iv. c. i. p. 313, éd. Mlle. Dupont.

‡ Rymer, pars. iii. vol. v. p. 40, July 25th. 1474. This treaty was accompanied by an act by which Edward granted to the duchess, his sister, (that is to say, to the Flemings, who used her name as their authority,) permission to export from England wool, woollen stuffs, tin, and lead, and to import into it foreign merchandise. *Ibidem*.

§ Lehrer, Geschichte der Stadt Neuss, 1840; a work of importance, based on original documents. See also *Histoire Manuscrite du Siège de Nuits*, Bibliothèque de Lille, D. ii. 18.

* Chronicon magnum Belgicum, p. 441. Lehrer, p. 143.

† Legrand's objections to this (*Hist. MS. l. xix. p. 50*) do not strike me as well founded. See further on.

Venice had usually the most able Condottieri in her service, first Carmagnola, and then the wise Coglione. But no offer of the duke of Burgundy's could attract this great tactician to take service with him. Venice would have feared Louis XIth's displeasure, if she had lent her general. Coglione, whose prudence was proverbial, replied that he was the duke's servant, and would willingly serve him, "but in Italy." This was full of meaning. The Italians fancied they should see, one day or other, the conqueror beyond the Alps.*

In the course of adventures into which the duke was now entering, setting about violating the churches of the Rhine, without care for either pope or emperor, he did not want prudent men who would abide by their own judgment, and follow him no further than that dictated; but true mercenaries, adventurers who, once purchased, would rush with closed eyes at a word from their master, through possibilities and impossibilities. The Neapolitan captain, Campobasso, struck him as being a man of this sort; an exceedingly suspicious and dangerous character, who vaunted of having been banished for his heroic fidelity to the house of Anjou.

The duke of Burgundy had not one army before Neuss, but, in point of fact, four armies, with little knowledge of or love for one another,—one of Lombards, one of Englishmen, one of Frenchmen, and one of Germans. In the latter was a band—in no degree German—of the unhappy Liegers, compelled to fight for the destroyer of Liège.

The duke began the siege by a formidable procession of six thousand superb cavaliers, who defiled round the city, armed, man and horse, at all points. No modern army can give an idea of such a spectacle. A single one of those armors of steel, highly wrought, gilt, damascened, and forged at great cost at Milan, still strikes us with surprise and awe in our museums,—works of patient art, and the most splendid array which man has ever worn, at once gallant and terrible.

Terrible in the plain; but on the mountain of Neuss, in that strong little nest, the hardy infantry of Hesse only laughed at these cavaliers. They wanted not for beer, or wine, or corn. The brave canon Hermann had stored up abundance of provisions. Evening and morning he had flourishes on the flute played from every tower.

The first thing the duke did was to order the Lombards to seize upon an island that faced the city. These horsemen, in complete steel, who were but ill calculated for any sudden stroke, obeyed the order with great courage, failed, and more than one was drowned. Recourse was

then had to the slower and more rational means of constructing a bridge of boats and empty casks; and they patiently set about filling up an arm of the river. These works were often interrupted by the daring of the besieged, who, undeterred by the vastness of the army or the presence of the duke, made vigorous sallies, one after the other, in September, October, and November.

Meanwhile Cologne and her chapter, and the princes of the Rhine who looked upon these great bishoprics as the appanages of their younger sons, made extraordinary efforts, imploring succor at once from the empire and from France; and on the 31st of December they concluded, in the name of the empire, a league with Louis XI., who, to encourage them to take the field, made them believe that he would join them with thirty thousand men.

Two things had conspired to give Charles the Rash confidence,—the empire had been long dissolved, and the emperor was for him. As respected the last, his confidence was well placed. He held the emperor firmly by his daughter and the great marriage in prospect. But, as regarded Germany, he forgot that, in default of political unity, it preserved an internal strength that might be aroused,—the good old German fraternity, the spirit of family connection so strong in that country. Besides natural ties of affinity, there existed between many of the German houses artificial relationships, founded on treaties, which rendered them each other's heirs in case of extinction. Such was the bond contracted by Hesse on this occasion with the powerful house of Saxony and the valiant margrave Albert of Brandenburg, the Achilles and the Ulysses of Germany, who was said to have been conqueror in seventeen tournaments, and in ten battles,* and who, thirty years before, had defeated and taken prisoner the duke of Bavaria, and who asked no better than again to chase a Bavarian from the siege of Cologne.

Nevertheless, the duke remained before Neuss during this long winter of the Rhine, having built himself there a house, a home, as if he intended living there forever, armed night and day, and sleeping in a chair.† There he gnawed away his heart. He had called for a *levy en masse*‡ from the Flemings, and they had not budged. Before the winter was over, he saw his own Luxemburg invaded by a swarm of Germans. Louis XI., having retaken Perpignan from the Aragonese by the 10th of March, found himself at liberty to carry on operations in the north, and invaded Picardy. The duke received these tidings, and the defiance of the young René, all at once. (May 9th.) In the midst of his rage at being defied

* He himself allows of the supposition: "And intends employing them in fitting time and place." See the instructions to M. de Montjeu, envoy to the Seignior of Venice and the captain Colton. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Baluze*, and the copy in the *Preuves de Legrand, Carton, 1474*.

* "Nine victories over Nuremberg, fatal to its commerce." See Roth, *Geschichte des Nürnbergischen Handels*, i.

† Auf einem Stuhle. *Lehrer*, p. 149.

‡ *Ène generale wapeninghe*. *Documents Gachard*, i. 251, Oct. 26th, 1474.

by so petty an enemy, he learned, to fill up the measure of his annoyances, that his fortress of Pierrefort had just surrendered. Beside himself with passion, he ordered the cowards who had surrendered it to be broken on the wheel.

The English had been about to arrive for a year, and yet had not arrived. They had taken the treaty, and especially the words "*conquest of France*," in good earnest, and had prepared an immense armament, had borrowed money from Florence, bought the friendship of Scotland, and made a league with Sicily.* For a wonder, the English were slow, and the Germans prompt. Notwithstanding the purposed delays of the emperor, the great army of the empire had been assembled on the Rhine ever since the commencement of May, for the defence of the holy city of Cologne, and the safety of Neuss.

The brave little town still retained its heart in March, though the siege had continued so long; and so much so, that the besiegers celebrated the carnival by holding a tournament. However, their provisions were at last exhausted, and famine was present. They made a procession in honor of the Virgin. While it is going on, a ball falls in the midst, they pick it up, and read, "Fear not, Neuss, thou shalt be saved." They looked from the top of their walls, and had soon to return thanks to God. . . The innumerable banners of the empire were already fluttering in the horizon.†

The valiant margrave of Brandenburg, who was in command of the army, displayed great prudence.‡ He managed to get rid of the Rash without wounding his pride. He made him a proposal to refer the matter to the arbitration of the pope's legate, whom he had brought with him. The duke could scarcely refuse; the king was on the advance, and was in Artois. The legate entered Neuss with the imperial and Burgundian counsellors, on the 9th of June. On the 17th the emperor treated for the duke alone, to the exclusion of the Swiss, of the cities of the Rhine, and even of Sigismund. He sacrificed all to the hope of the marriage. It was agreed that the duke and the emperor should withdraw at the same time; the duke on the 26th, the emperor on the 27th.§

In any event, the duke could not have re-

mained. The English, who had been calling upon him to join them for upwards of a month, and who saw the season passing by, had grown tired of waiting, and had just landed at Calais

CHAPTER III.

DESCENT OF THE ENGLISH. A. D. 1475.

For the full comprehension of this complicated affair of the English descent, we must point out, first of all, its distinguishing feature: namely, that there was not one of those who labored to bring it about but who sought to deceive all the rest.

The individual who was most interested in it, and who had given himself most trouble, was indisputably the constable Saint Pol. He knew that ever since the siege of Beauvais the king and the duke entertained a mortal hatred of him, and were not far from coming to an understanding to make away with him. It was incumbent on him, and quickly, to complicate matters with a new element of disturbance, to bring the English into France, and to give them a footing there, if he could, a little establishment, not within his own territories, but on the coast; for instance, at Eu or Saint-Valery. Three masters suited him better than two, by way of having none at all. To determine the English to come, he had persuaded them that they had only to show themselves, and he would open Saint-Quentin to them.

Saint Pol lied; the Burgundian and the Englishman lied too. The Burgundian had promised to wage war on the king three months before the Englishman crossed over, when the latter would have arrived to reap the fruit. It was too visible that, whichever of the two should begin, he would pave the way for the success of the other.

On the other hand, the Englishman seems to have allowed the Burgundian to believe that he would attack by the Seine and Normandy; that is to say, that he would subsist wholly on the king's lands, and keep the war at a distance from those of the duke. He did just the contrary. He threatened the coasts of Normandy with a fleet; but he effected his passage at Calais in the flat-bottomed boats of Holland. On the 30th June there were still only five hundred men at Calais,* but by the 6th July, the whole army had passed over;† fourteen thousand archers on horseback, fifteen hundred men-at-arms, and all the great barons of England,

* On the 30th June Louis XI. writes, "There are four or five hundred English at Calais, but they do not budge." *Preuves de Duclos*, iv. 428.

† My reason for believing this is, that the English king, who certainly must have been one of the last to cross over, crossed over on the 5th, and was visited by his sister, the duchess of Burgundy, on the 6th of July. Comines himself allows that he had five or six hundred flat-bottomed boats. He is probably mistaken when he says that the transporting of the troops across took up three weeks *Ibidem*.

* See Rymer, and the details in Ferrerius, Buchanan, &c. See, also, Pinkerton on the Scotch Louis XI.

† Ten princes, fifteen dukes or margraves, six hundred and twenty-five knights, and the troops of sixty-eight imperial cities. The good bishop of Lisieux (*Amelg. Ampliss. Coll.* iv. 776) cannot restrain his anger against these Germans who come to drive off his master. He calls them bores, lazy handicraftsmen, gluttons, debauchees, tavern-robbers, &c.

‡ A battle took place, and each claimed the victory. The duke wrote a letter for public circulation, in which he asserted that he had defeated the Germans. *Documents Gachard*, i. 247.

§ Meyer would have it believed that the emperor departed the first, (*Annales Flandrie*, p. 365,) which is not only inaccurate, but absurd. Had the emperor done this, he would have left the town at the mercy of the duke of Burgundy.

with Edward in person. Up to this time, it had been doubted whether he would take the command himself.

Landing here, and with such an army, he was close to Flanders, and was already burdensome to it. The duke of Burgundy, in his haste to get him to a distance, set out at last from Neuss, left his troops, exceedingly reduced in numbers, in Lorraine, and returned alone to Bruges to ask the Flemings for money. (12th July.) On the 14th he joined the great English army at Calais, and hurried it into France.

The English had imagined that their friend would lodge them by the way. But no, he closed the gates of all his towns on their line of march, and left them to sleep in the open air; only, he encouraged them by showing them in the distance the good towns of Picardy, in which the constable panted to receive them. Arrived before Saint-Quentin, "they expected to hear the bells ringing, and to be met with the cross and holy water:" they were welcomed with cannon balls, and had several men killed.

A few days before, (June 20th,) the Burgundians had found out, to their cost, how far they could trust in the constable's promises. He asserted that he had secured the duke of Bourbon, at that time the king's general on the Burgundian frontier; that they had only to show themselves, to have the whole country placed in their hands. They did show themselves, and were cut in pieces. (June 21st.)*

Amongst all by whom they had been invited the English had only one sure friend, the duke of Brittany; a stormy and oft-troubled friendship, however. He persisted in refusing to deliver up to them the last pretender of the blood of Lancaster who had sought refuge with him; that is to say, he reserved a weapon against them in his own hands in case of emergency.

Nevertheless, the king had reason for great uneasiness. He had lost the Scotch alliance and the hope of a diversion from any quarter.† Whatever prudence dictated, that he had done. Too weak to keep the sea against the English, the Flemings, and the Bretons, he had secured the land to the best of his power. As early as the month of March, he had guaranteed the pay, privileges, and organization of the free-archers. He had armed Paris, and garrisoned Dieppe

and Eu.* Up to the last moment he was in ignorance whether the expedition would be carried out, and whether the descent would be effected in Picardy or in Normandy. He stationed himself between the two provinces. All he knew was, that the enemy had an excellent understanding with many of his own party. The duke of Bourbon, whom he had prayed to join him, did not budge. The duke of Nemours remained immovable: Louis XI. had reason to dread numerous desertions.

He sagaciously concluded, however, that the English had so little reason to pique themselves on the duke of Burgundy and the constable, having nowhere yet met with a welcome, and holding no more of the soil of France than was covered by their camp, that there would be no such great things to be feared from them. Neither did devastated France seem to them to be an object greatly to be coveted; for the king had laid it waste as they advanced. On the other hand, Edward had seen so much of war as to be satiated with it. He was falling into flesh, and had become heavy and inactive. And ruled as he was by his wife and her family, there was an easy means of securing him an intermarriage with a kingly house, an object so flattering to the queen! Suppose Louis sought the hand of one of his daughters for the little dauphin. As to the great barons of the party in opposition to the queen, they were to be bought over. Still there remained the old English, the men of the commons, who had instigated the war; but their zeal was already considerably cooled. "King Edward had brought with him ten or twelve fat, wealthy men, from other English towns as well as London, who had stretched out the hand to assist him to cross over and to levy this puissant army. He had them lodged in good tents, but this was not the life to which they had been accustomed, and they were soon weary of it. They had expected, once they landed, that battle would be delivered in three days' time at least."

The English saw clearly that there was only one man who had told them the truth, with regard to the little aid they would receive from their friends on this side the strait; and that this was the French king, when he received their herald before they crossed over. Louis had made him a handsome present—thirty ells of velvet, and three hundred crowns, with a promise of a thousand, if matters were arranged. The herald's reply was, that then nothing could be done; but that once Edward had landed in France, he might apply to lords Howard and Stanley.

In fact, these two lords took the opportunity of sending back a prisoner, "to recommend

* The king had made sure of the duke of Bourbon, by marrying his eldest daughter to the duke's brother, Pierre de Beaujeu. Besides, as the duke was ill, it was not he who gained the battle, as is proved by a decree of the parliament, dated 1499, quoted by Baluze, *Hist. de la Maison d'Auvergne*.

† He had not neglected this means. In April, 1473, he kept the earl of Oxford at Dieppe, with twelve vessels, ready to sail to Scotland, and to make another effort in favor of the house of Lancaster from the side of the north; but Scotland, no doubt, had been previously largely wrought upon by English gold; as was evidenced the following year by the marriage of one of Edward's daughters with the heir to the Scottish throne. Paston, ap. Fenn, ii. 133, letter of the 16th April, 1473.

* Eu was to be defended, except Edward crossed over in person, when it was to be dispatched, (*dépêché*), that is to say, burnt. This is proof that the king was perfectly cognizant of the constable's design to establish the English in one or two of the smaller towns on the coast. *Preuves de Duclos*, iv. 426-429; letter from the king, 30th June, 1475.

themselves to the good grace of the king of France." Without loss of time, or bruising the matter abroad by dispatching a herald, he chose for a herald "a varlet,"* whom he had once noticed, of but mean appearance, but gifted with good sense, "and courteous and prepossessing in speech." He got Comines to tutor him; and he left the camp unnoticed, and only put on his herald's coat to enter the English camp, where he was exceedingly well received. Ambassadors were forthwith commissioned to treat of peace, and at their head, lord Howard.

There was little difficulty in coming to an understanding. The proposal of marriage facilitated matters. The dauphin was to marry Edward's daughter, who would one day have *the revenue of Guienne*, and meanwhile, fifty thousand crowns a year. The word, *Guienne*, so agreeable to English ears, was mentioned, but was not written in the treaty. Edward received on the spot, in defrayal of his expenses, a round sum of 75,000 crowns, and 50,000 more as Margaret's ransom; a large bribe from a monarch, who durst not make any exactions upon his subjects after such heavy civil wars. All who were near Edward's person, even the greatest and haughtiest lords, held forth their hands and took pensions. Louis XI. was but too happy to be quits for money. He kept open table for the English at Amiens, made them carouse for many days, and, in short, was as gracious and confiding as their friend, the duke of Burgundy, was boorish.

All this was arranged during the duke of Burgundy's absence, who had quitted the English king for a moment, in order to seek money and troops from the states of Hainault. He returned, (August 19th,) but too late, flew into a violent rage, and abused Edward, (telling him in English, in order that he might be understood,) that his predecessors had not conducted themselves in France after that fashion, but had done fine things, and gained honors: "Was it for myself," he urged, "that I pressed the English to cross over? It was for themselves; to restore to them that which belongs to them. I will prove that I don't want them. I only require a three months' truce, until they have recrossed the strait." More than one Englishman was of his opinion,† and remained

thoughtful, notwithstanding all the king's advances and his good wines—especially the impenetrable Crookback, Gloucester.

There was one who was yet more angered at this arrangement, and this was the constable, who kept sending both to the king and the duke, and who wanted to negotiate the terms of the peace. To the king he sent word that the English would be contented with a petty town or so, simply for winter quarters, "and that they could not be so poor but what they would be satisfied." He alluded to Eu and Saint-Valery. The king, indeed, was alarmed lest the English might ask for them, and he had them burned down.

The honest constable, since he could not settle the English in France, offered to destroy them, and proposed a general union to this effect. On the other hand, Edward told the king, that if he would only defray half the expenses of the expedition, he would recross the seas the following year, and work the downfall of his brother-in-law, the duke of Burgundy.

The king took care to decline this obliging offer: his was quite an opposite game. It was incumbent upon him to reassure the duke of Burgundy, and to guaranty him a long truce, (nine years,) during which he might go in quest of adventures, bury himself in the empire, transfix himself upon the pikes of the Swiss. Meanwhile, the king counted upon securing the happiness which he had been for ten years demanding in his prayers; upon plucking up and rooting out his two troublesome thorns of the North and the South, the Saint-Pols and the Armagnacs.

This latter clearly espied this thought in the king's bosom, and saw that with all his wheedling—*My good cousin, my brother . . .*—he only sought their death. But with whom was he to begin? He had already struck down one Armagnac, (in 1473;) the other (the duke de Nemours) thought that his own turn was come, and wrote to Saint-Pol, who had married his niece, that as he might be snapped up at any moment, he was about to send his children to him by way of ensuring their safety.

It is only just to say, that they had well deserved the king's hatred, and whatever he could do to them. For fifteen years they had pursued one invariable rule of conduct, from which they had never once departed, losing, during that period, not a day, not an hour, in betraying, embroiling, bringing back the English to France, and renewing their fearful wars.

It is a grievous mistake to excuse all this, as some do, by alleging that it sprang from a spirit of resistance to the extension of the kingly power, natural to nobles jealous of their ancient feudal prerogatives. The Nemours and Saint-Pols were only recent families. Saint-Pol had risen by taking two masters, and selling both in turn. Nemours was indebted for the immense domains which he possessed in every direction, (in the Pyrenees, in

* And not a *valet*, as has been constantly said, in order to exalt the fact into something marvellous, though some, indeed, are not contented with this, but degrade him into a lackey. The narrative of Comines, which is worthy of all admiration for the nice elegance, exactitude, and propriety of its terms and expressions, ought to be respected in the least details, (those changes excepted which are imposed by the necessity of abridging.) He was surprised, not at the rank, but the appearance of the envoy. See Comines, p. 349.

(*Varlet*, and, indeed, *valet*, words of such different meanings at the present time, were terms applied in the middle age to denote young men of rank and condition.)—TRANSLATOR.

† And the more so as a larger army had never left England. Edward, on his departure, had made the following bravado:—"He would not wish a greater force to enable him to force his way right through France up to the gates of Rome." Croyland. Continuat. p. 558

Auvergne, near Paris, and even in Hainault)—to whom or to what? To the confidence madly reposed in him by Louis XI., who had to repent of it his whole life long.

The king had just spared Alençon's head for the second time, when he learned that Jean d'Armagnac (he who had two wives, his own sister being one of them) had re-established himself in Lectoure. He had managed to practise on the simplicity of Pierre de Beaujeu, its governor, and had secured town and governor at the same time, (March, 1473.) The king was stung by the trick. Scarcely had he recovered the South, before he seemed on the point of losing it. The Aragonese re-entered Perpignan, (February 1st.)* This time he resolved on taking advantage of Armagnac's having voluntarily thrown himself into this place, to pen him up there and stifle him.

The crisis seemed to him to require a rapid, terrible blow; and his mind, never good, was at the time envenomed to fury against all these Gascons, both by their constant lies and their mockeries.†

He dispatches two of his great officers of justice, the seneschals of Toulouse and of Beaucaire, with the free-archers of Languedoc and of Provence, and to ensure the success of the chase, promises them the quarry: the whole was to be superintended by a safe man, the cardinal d'Alby.‡ Armagnac held out too well; and he was given hopes of an arrangement,§ in order to get out of his hands Beaujeu and the other prisoners. During the conferences which ensued, and when there was only one article left to be settled, the free-archers entered the town and put all indiscriminately to the sword. One of them, on an order from one of the seneschals, poniarded Armagnac before his wife's face, (6th March, 1473.)

Nemours and Saint-Pol could hardly hope for better treatment; they were illustrious examples of ingratitude, if ever there were such. Saint-Pol's only excuse (the same proffered in

Switzerland by the counts of Rémont and of Neufchâtel, of whom we shall presently speak) was, that having domains in the territory of two princes, and holding of two seigniors, he was incessantly embarrassed by contradictory duties. But, then, wherefore complicate this complication? why accept year by year new gifts from the king, only to betray him? why this eagerness to ruin him? Had he accomplished it, he would not have been advanced a step. He would have found a king to undo in the person of the duke of Burgundy, and would have had to begin anew.

Thrice had the king been on the point of destruction through him. First at Monthéry, when he tore from him the sword of constable.—The king loads him with favors, marries him, gives him Picardy as his wife's dower, names him governor of Normandy;* and Saint-Pol chooses this moment to go and ruin the king's allies, Dinant and Liège.—The king bestows on him strongholds in the South, (Ré, Marant;) and he forthwith labors to unite the South and North, Guienne and Burgundy, against the king. In his crisis of 1472, the king, *in extremis*, trusts to him, leaves him to defend the Somme, (the Somme, Beauvais, Paris!) and all would have been lost, had not the king hastily sent Dammartin to join and watch him.—The duke of Burgundy turns from France, and proceeds to make war upon Germany. Saint-Pol hastes to bring him back, secures him the Englishman, pledges himself that the duke of Bourbon will turn traitor as well as he . . . had the latter listened to him, what would have become of France!

One morning, the bubble bursts. This mountain of treasons rebounds right upon his own head. Louis, the duke, and the English king exchange the letters which they have severally received from him. The man is left naked, known for what he is, and resourceless.

The only question now was, who was to profit by the spoil? Saint-Pol could still open his towns to the duke of Burgundy, and, perhaps, obtain grace from him. Remains of hope deceived Saint-Pol only for his ruin. The king took advantage of this delay, and hurried on an arrangement with the duke, in order to be free of him by occupying him in his war of Lorraine; and so abandoned to him Lorraine, the

* Zurita, Anal. de Aragon, t. iv. l. xix. c. 12. See, also, *L'Histoire MS. de Legrand*, which is very minute as to the affairs of the South; the History of Languedoc, &c.

† A letter, addressed by the count de Foix to the king, proves how lightly he treated him. Witty and sarcastic, this letter must have cruelly mortified him, especially by proving to him that his finesse deceived no one. He concludes by giving him to understand that he has no time to write to him. *Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Legrand, carton de 1470, lettre du 27 Septembre.*

‡ Whose zeal prompted him to lend 12,000 livres towards the expedition. *Bibl. Royale, MSS. Gauguier, 2895.*

§ The well-known character of Louis XI. induces the suspicion of treason. Still, the only contemporary authority bearing on this obscure event is the factum against Louis XI. presented by the Armagnacs themselves to the States-General of 1484. See *Histoire du Languedoc*, l. xxxv. p. 47. As regards the atrocious circumstance of the beverage which the countess was forced to take, which brought on a miscarriage, and of which she died two days after, it is not true, at least with respect to the death; since three years afterwards she brought an action to obtain payment of the annuity which the king had assigned her upon the property of her husband. Arrêts du Parlement de Toulouse, du 21 Avril, et 6 Mai, 1476, (quoted by M. de Barante.)

* And it was no vain title. Saint-Pol himself, on his proceeding to Rouen to have his commission acknowledged, speaks "of the great power and charge which the king has conferred on him alone, comprehending the power of taking cognizance of the crimes of high treason and other reserved cases;" a cognizance formally interdicted the Exchequer. In 1469, he causes a letter from the king to be read: "Our very dear and well-beloved brother, the duke of Guienne, has sent us the ring with which he was said to have espoused the duchy of Normandy . . . We will that in the Exchequer . . . you show and have the said ring broken publicly." There were an anvil and hammers in the hall. The ducal ring was publicly broken in two by the ushers of the court, and the two pieces were delivered to the constable. *Registres de l'Echiquier*, 9 Nov. 1469. The ceremony is represented in an ancient engraving. *Portefeuille du Dépôt de MSS. de la Bibliothèque Royale*. Floquet, *Parlement de Normandie*, l. 253.

emperor, Alsace, (the world, if it had been necessary,) to induce him to depart. The arrangement was engrossed on the 2d September, signed on the 13th. On the 14th, the king, with five or six hundred men-at-arms, arrives before Saint-Quentin, which admits him without difficulty: the constable had escaped to Mons. But, if the king took it, it was only to listen to him, to give, to make a present of what he took to the duke, to whom he had promised a large share of Saint-Pol's possessions. "Our fair cousin of Burgundy," he said, "is for treating the constable as one serves the fox; he will keep the skin, like a wise man as he is; for my part, I shall have the flesh, which is good for nothing."*

The duke of Burgundy had kept Saint-Pol at Mons ever since the 26th August. Whatever injuries the latter had done him, he had, nevertheless, trusted to him; and, had not the king anticipated him, would have restored his strongholds to him. Saint-Pol's son had fought bravely for the duke. He was undergoing a severe imprisonment on his account, and the king talked of cutting off his head. The son's services, his imprisonment, his danger, claimed pardon for the father from the duke of Burgundy, and were so many petitioners in his behalf.

Saint-Pol, who was staying with his friend, the bailli of Hainault, at Mons, had no fear. He was only watched by one of the duke's own servants. Meanwhile, the war in Lorraine went on lingeringly, contrary to all expectation; and the king, with reiterated demands to have Saint-Pol given up to him, pushed on troops into Champagne as far as the frontiers of Lorraine. The duke, who had taken Pont-à-Mousson on the 26th of September, could not enter Epinal until the 19th of October, and it was only by the 24th that he sat down before Nancy. Here he made no progress. The town held out with a lightness of heart which tried the besiegers sorely.† The Italian, Campobasso, who directed the siege, and who had sunk in his master's favor ever since his failure at Neuss, prosecuted the siege both badly and slowly. Perchance, he was already bargaining for the duke's death.

This slowness proved fatal to the constable. The duke durst no longer refuse to give him up to the king, who had it in his power to enter Lorraine and seize on every thing. On the 16th of October, a secretary arrived at Mons with orders to the townsmen to have an eye upon Saint-Pol. Almost at the same moment,

the duke received in his camp before Nancy, a letter from the constable, and one from the king, the first in imploring terms from the captive, and setting forth "his dolorous plight," the second almost threatening, being a summons from the king to quit Lorraine, if he would not give up to him Saint-Pol, and Saint-Pol's goods. The duke, eager for the prey, in feigned compliance with the king's wishes, directed that the prisoner should be delivered up on the 24th of November, *except news should arrive of the taking of Nancy*. His captains had promised him possession of the town by the 20th. In this case, he would have broken faith with the king, and would have kept both Nancy and Saint-Pol.

Unhappily, these orders were given to the constable's personal enemies, to Hugonet and Humbercourt,* who, on the 24th, without the delay of a day, or even of an hour, gave him up to the king's officers. Three hours afterwards, an order is said to have arrived for deferring his delivery; it was too late.

His trial was hurried on.† Saint-Pol was privy to many things, and might ruin numbers with a word. They took good care not to put him to the torture, and Louis XI. regretted exceedingly that it had not been done. Delivered up on the 24th November, he was decapitated on the 19th December, on the Place de Grève.‡ However deserving he might have been of this end, it reflected discredit on those who had

* He had once given Humbercourt the lie; a circumstance which he himself had perhaps forgotten, but which met him at this decisive moment. His haughtiness, his princely pretensions, the audacity with which he would seize upon an opportunity to humiliate his masters, the levity with which both the duke and the king were spoken of in his little court, contributed not a little to his death. Louis XI. humbled himself so far towards him as to consent to an interview with him, as of equal with equal, *there being a barrier between them*. See Comines. The king taxes him in a letter with the speeches of his servants: "They say that I am but a child, and that I only speak by the mouth of others." *Preuves de Ducloux*, iv. 420.

† See the *Procès MSS. aux Archives du Royaume, Section Judiciaire, et à la Bibliothèque Royale*. He only cleared himself on one count, the attack on the king's life; an act to which he had ever manifested repugnance. As for the rest, he was the framer of the plan proposed to the duke when the latter was before Neuss, according to which the duke would have been regent and the duke of Bourbon his lieutenant. The king was to have been confined at St. Quentin, but no harm to have befallen his person, and in a place which would have pleased him. The constable had asserted, that "twelve hundred of the lances raised by royal ordinance would join them." *Bibliothèque Royale, fonds Cangé*; MS. 10,334, f. 248-251. According to an eye-witness, the duke of Bourbon replied to these propositions: "I make my vow to God, that were I to be reduced for it to the poverty of Job, I will serve the king with body and goods, and will never desert him, and will have none of their alliance." *Bibliothèque Royale, fonds Harley*, MS. 338, p. 130.

‡ Read the account of his execution in Jean de Troyes, Nov. 1475; and the portrait drawn by Chastellain of this man, whose many admirable natural gifts were spoiled by his ambition, *éd. Buchon*, (1836), *passim*, and the Fragment, edited by M. J. Quicherat, *Bibl. de l'Ecole des Chartes*, (1842), iv. 62. Paris, which had suffered by his plundering habits, (see the Complaint,) loudly applauded his execution. I remember having seen a letter of grace, granting the king's pardon to one of St. Pol's archers who had murdered a priest, in which all the aggravating circumstances are detailed in such a manner as to make one detest the powerful man who could command so undeserved a pardon. *Archives du Royaume, Registre du Trésor des Chartes*.

* Louis XI., who could not curb his tongue, had himself directed a remark to St. Pol, which was only too clear: "I have great things on hand, and shall have much want of a head like yours." An Englishman who was present, not understanding the drift of this, the king took the trouble to explain it to him. Comines, l. iv. c. 2, p. 384.

† "Nicolas des Grande Moulins was within the tower, where he joyously danced and sang good songs. When evening came, the Burgundians would call out to him, 'Hi, singer there, hi, give us a song.' They rained arrows at him in the hopes of hitting him, but never . . ." *Chroniques de Lorraine, Preuves de D. Calmet*, p. 60.

given him up to it, especially on the duke, in whom he had confided, and who had trafficked in his life.*

At last he grasped this Lorraine, so dearly bought, and entered Nancy, (30th November, 1475.) Although it had held out long and obstinately, he granted the city the capitulation which it drew up itself.† He submitted to take the oath taken by the duke of Lorraine, and received that of the Lorrainers; and he rendered justice in person as the dukes were wont to do, listening unweariedly to every one, and accessible at all hours, the doors of his hotel being open day and night.

He did not wish to be the conqueror, but the real duke of Lorraine, accepted by the country which he himself adopted. The beautiful plain of Nancy, with its elegant and warlike city, struck him as being as much the natural centre of the new empire‡ as Dijon, and even more so; and it seemed as if the Low Countries and haughty and intractable Flanders must dwindle into its accessories. Since his check before Neuss, he detested all men of German tongue; § both the Imperialists, who had snatched Neuss and Cologne out of his hands, and the Flemings who had left him succorless, and the Swiss, who, seeing him chained down before that city, had insolently overrun his provinces.

He had stopped at Bruges for a moment, on the 12th July, in his rapid return from Neuss to Calais, to fulminate an angry oration|| against the Flemings, in order to alarm them and squeeze fresh funds out of them. That he was detained so long at this siege, and until the emperor, the empire, and the French king, had put themselves in motion, is the fault of the Flemings, who left him there to perish. . . . "Ah! when I call to mind the fine words which they repeat at every entry of their seignior, that they are good, loyal, obedient subjects, the words seem to me so much smoke out of an alchemist's furnace. What obedience is there in disobeying? what loyalty in abandoning one's prince? what filial goodness in those, who are rather busied in plotting his death? . . . Tell me, are not such plots high treason, nay, the highest of all high treason, being directed against the life of your prince?

* Comines (l. v. c. 6) asserts that the duke had given him a safe-conduct.

† He covenanted to recall those who were banished, to spare the property of René's partisans, to pay his enemies' debts, &c. See in Schütz, (Tableau, &c. p. 82.) the "Petition presented by the states of the duchy of Lorraine to Charles, duke of Burgundy," in which there occurs the following noble sentiment: "And if the said duchy is not of so great an extent as many other countries, it nevertheless claims independent sovereignty, and is subject to none other."

‡ The Chronique de Lorraine makes him say: "By God's aid, I will build up a notable house herein; here do I desire to dwell, and to end my days. 'Tis the land I most longed for . . . I am now in my own country, free to go and to come. Here will I keep my state . . . hither will I summon my officers from all my various dominions to render their account." Preuves de D. Calmet, p. 63.

§ Diebold Schilling, p. 130.

|| The whole speech, truly eloquent, (and so much the more irritating,) is worth reading. It occurs in the Documents Gachard, l. 249-270.

And what should be your punishment—confiscation? No; that is not enough . . . death . . . not decapitation, but to be broken alive on the wheel?

"For whom does your prince labor? Is it for himself, or for you, and in your defence? You sleep, he watches; you are warm, he is cold; you stay at home, while he is exposed to wind and rain; he fasts, and you eat, drink, and are at your ease in your comfortable houses! . . .

"You do not care to be governed, like children by a father. Well, then, sons disinherited for ingratitude,* you shall sink into subjects, ruled by a master . . . I am, and I will be master, in the teeth of those whom it may displease. God has given me the power . . . God, and not my subjects. Read your Bible as to this, in the Book of Kings . . .

"However, were you still to do your duty, in such wise as good subjects are bounden, were you to give me courage to forget and forgive, you would be the gainers . . . I have still the heart and the wish to restore you to that place in my sight, which you used to occupy: *He who loves well, is slow to forget.*

"Yet again, let us not this once more proceed to punishment . . . I will only say wherefore I have summoned you." Then, turning towards the prelates: "Be henceforward diligent in your obedience, and shun excuses that are naught, or your temporalities shall be the forfeit." Next, addressing the nobles: "Obey, or you lose your heads and your fiefs." Lastly, turning to the deputies of the third order: "And you, *devourers of good cities*, if you, too, do not obey my behests every letter which my chancellor shall expedite to you, you shall forfeit goods and lives as well as all your privileges."

The phrase, *devourers of good cities*,† was, precisely, the epithet of reproach which the lower ranks applied to the swollen burgesses who took the lead in public business, and for the prince to fling it into their teeth was a novelty of menacing augury. The use of this epithet alone showed him ready to let loose upon them the vengeance of the populace, and as if already passing the noose around their necks.

In their written answer, which is most cautiously measured, respectful, and firm, they pretended that at the very moment they were summoned by him to Neuss, the report ran that a treaty was on foot between him and the emperor, (a secret treaty of marriage, they shrewdly insinuated.) Instead of arming and of setting out, they had contributed money.‡ Be-

* "Ingrati animi causâ." This passage, and the preceding one, on the crime of high treason, show that he was imbued with the Roman law and the traditions of the Empire. Many of his principal counsellors, as I have already pointed out, were Burgundian legists and lawyers from the Comtat. See the red, round, hard, head of Carondelet in the Pinacotheca of Munich.

† The Flemings often called them "*Jecoris esores*." See above, p. 211, and Meyer, fol. 291.

‡ The sum total of the receipts and disbursements sur-

sides, as Artois was menaced, they had levied two thousand men for six weeks' service, and *had Flanders needed defence*, they would have done more. "Your father, duke Philip, of noble memory, and your noble predecessors, have bequeathed our country this privilege, that there shall no tax be imposed, save and except the four members of Flanders *have previously consented to it in the name of the inhabitants*. . . . As regards your last letters, enacting that within fifteen days every man, capable of bearing arms, should rendezvous at Ath, they were *impracticable*, neither were they profitable for yourself. Your subjects are merchants, craftsmen, laborers, who are unfit for arms. Strangers would quit the country. . . . *Trade and commerce*, which your noble predecessors have for four hundred years maintained in this land with so much pains, *trade and commerce*, most dreaded lord, *are irreconcilable with war*."

He replied sharply, that he would not be the dupe of all their fine words and protestations:—"Am I a child, to be amused with words and an apple? And who is the lord here, you or I? . . . All my states have served me well, save Flanders, which is richest of all. There are towns of yours *which draw from their inhabitants* more than I do from my whole domain, (this was directed against the burgesses who had the charge of municipal affairs, and was a dangerous and murderous insinuation.) You apply to your own uses what is mine. It is I that have a right to these taxes on towns. I can take them (and will do so) to help me in my need; which would be better than *any of the uses to which they are now put* without my country's being the gainer. . . . Rich or poor, nothing can exempt you from aiding your prince. See the French, how poor they are, and how they help their king!" . . .

He concluded with the following threat, at which the deputies trembled, remembering that after the sack of Liège, he had thought of plundering Ghent:—"If I am not satisfied, *I will be so short with you*, that you shall have no time to repent There is your paper; take it, I reck not of it; you may answer yourselves. . . . But, do your duty."

It was a divorce. Master and people parted, to see each other no more. Thenceforward,

nished me by M. Edward le Glay, from the *Archives of Lille*, indicates no considerable increase, because it shows only the ordinary revenue. The extraordinary was overwhelming. In addition to the duties on grain and provisions, which he imposed in 1474, and 30,000 crowns which he levied for the siege of Neuss in the same year, he ordered on the 6th June of that year, that all who held fiefs non-noble, should repair in person to Neuss, or *should pay the sixth of their revenue*. (*Archives de Lille*.) In July, he demanded the *sixth of all revenues* in Flanders and in Brabant. Flanders refused, and he could only obtain by threats 28,000 crowns ready money, and 10,000 ridders per ann., for three years. *Archives Générales de Belgique*.

* "Several personages of esteem . . . who in my time, and in my presence, had assisted to dissuade the said duke Charles, who wished to destroy great part of the said city of Ghent." Comines, l. v. c. 16, vol. ii. p. 109, ed. de Mlle. Dupont.

Flanders hated as much as she had loved. She waited, longed for the ruin of that fatal man. The wealthy burgesses believed that they had every thing to fear from him. He had struck the poor by imposing a tax on corn. He had attempted to tax the clergy. In the midst of his difficulties before Neuss he had asked them for a tenth; and he also claimed from every church and every community the fines on mortmain which had not been paid by the church *for sixty years*. These taxes, eluded or refused, were forcibly levied by the officers of the treasury. The priests began to spread the notion among the people, that he was accursed of God.*

They who suffered the most, while they complained the least, were those who paid with their own bodies, the nobles, henceforward doomed to ride forever behind this man of brass, who knew nor fear, nor fatigue, nor night, nor day, nor summer, nor winter. They returned home to rest no more. Farewell homes and wives, who had time to forget them. . . . The war was no longer limited to their own country, or, at the most, to the region between the Scheldt and the Meuse, but they had now to prick on, new paladins, to distant adventures, to cross the Vosges, Jura, and next, the Alps, to attack at one and the same time the *most Christian* kingdom and the *holy Empire*, the two heads of Christendom and the Christian law: their master was his own law, and would have none other.

Would he ever return to the Low Countries? All bespoke the contrary. He bore off the treasure, which, in the good duke's time, had been always left at Bruges, and took it about with him; diamonds of inestimable value, and easy to be pilfered, shrines, reliquaries, saints of gold, and all kinds of weighty valuables, laden upon wagons, rolled from Neuss to Nancy, and from Nancy to Switzerland. He left his daughter behind in Flanders, but he wrote to the Flemings to send her to him.

Switzerland, with which he was about to begin, was but a mere passage for him. The Swiss were good soldiers; so much the better, he would beat them first, then take them into his pay, and lead them on with him. Savoy and Provence lay open; René, good man, invited him.† The little duke of Savoy and his mother were in his hands, having already been delivered up to him by James of Savoy,‡ the child's uncle, who was marshal of Burgundy. Master of the Alps on this

* Among other things, it was said that Philip the Good had made his health a pretext for not joining the crusade, (staying at home to please his own wife and those of others who had gone out crusaders,) and that the pope, in his wrath, had cursed him and his unto the third generation. Reiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, p. 41, following the *Defensorium Sacerdotum* of Scheurlus.

† "And my lord of Chateau Guyon was sent to take possession of the said country." Comines, l. v. c. 2, t. ii. p. 16.

‡ The Swiss supposed that he had asked the emperor for the duchy of Savoy, on their interview at Trèves. Diebold Schilling, pp. 306, 321, (Bern, 1743.)

side, to descend on the other was easy. Once there, the game was his own, wretchedly dissolved and broken up as Italy was. Ambassadors from its every quarter waited upon him. The son of the king of Naples, of the house of Aragon, one of his sons-in-law expectant, did not stir from his side. On the other hand, he had entertained the Italian servitors of the house of Anjou.* The duke

of Milan, who saw the pope, Naples and Venice, already gained over, took alarm at being left alone, and sent in haste to the duke, courting an alliance.* There was nothing, then, to stop him. He followed the route opened by Hannibal, and, like him, preludized by a petty Alpine war. Beyond, more fortunate than he, he had no Romans to encounter, and Italy herself wooed him to come.

BOOK THE SEVENTEENTH.

CHAPTER I.

WAR WITH THE SWISS; BATTLES OF GRANSON AND MORAT, A. D. 1476.

WHEN the duke of Burgundy, engaged in the siege of Neuss, received the defiance of the Swiss, he remained a moment mute; at last the words, "O Berne, Berne," burst from his lips.

Who was it encouraged all his enemies, even the weakest, as Sigismund and René? or mere towns, such as Mulhausen and Colmar? None but the Swiss. They overran Franche-Comté at their ease, burnt its towns, ravaged the whole country, and took their wine quietly at Pontarlier. They had even laid hand upon Vaud and Neuchâtel, without distinguishing between what was Savoy, what the fief of Burgundy.†

The duke hurried to chastise them, in the heart of winter. There was only one thing which could have delayed him, and, perhaps, have brought him back to the north—he had not yet been put in possession of Saint-Pol's spoils. The king freed him from this care, by placing Saint-Quentin in his hands, (24th January, 1476;)‡ so that there being nothing to stay him, he rushed, eyes shut and head down, against Switzerland. That he might lose no part of the spectacle, Louis XI. took up his quarters at Lyons, (February.)

Which of these two brutal, violent natures, was to gain the day? would the wild boar of the North, or the Alpine bear, throw the other down? No one could guess; no more did any one care to take part in the struggle. The Swiss found their friends of Suabia exceedingly cold at this moment. Their

great friend, the king, had forsaken them in September, but paid them in October to make war; and he waited the result.

The duke seemed to be very powerful: he had just taken Lorraine. Even the siege of Neuss, at which he had for a moment held out alone against the whole empire, exalted him still higher. He who, without drawing the sword, had compelled the king of France to cede him Saint-Quentin, was a formidable prince.

And the Swiss, too, were formidable at that moment.† So great was the terror of their name, that without taking a step towards it, the little came from all sides to sit under their shadow. One after the other, the various subjects of bishops and abbots enfranchised themselves, by claiming alliance with the Swiss; and, gradually, the surrounding free cities felt the weighty yoke of their friendship. A burgess of Constance had betrayed dissimulation on being tendered a Bearnese coin: on the instant, four thousand men start from Berne and Lucerne, and Constance had to pay two thousand florins in expiation of the crime.‡ They struck strong and far; and in order to make their friends of Strasburg sensible of this, and to prove to them that they were close at hand, and within reach to defend them, they took it into their head, at an archery meeting given by that city, to bring a cake, baked in Switzerland, which arrived, still warm, in Strasburg.

Their inclination for the good countries round about, and impulse to roam from home, were, at that day, all-powerful with them. So irresistible was this movement outwards, that it was no more safe to try to oppose them, than it would have been to breast the Reuss at the Devil's

* Such as Campobasso, Galeotto. He had other South-erns in his service—an Italian physician, a Portuguese physician and chronicler, &c.

† A very clear account is given by M. de Gingins, (pp. 39, 40.) of the mode in which fiefs were let into and dovetailed in the various districts of the Romance countries.

‡ D. Plancher, *Histoire de Bourgogne*, Preuves, p. 354. It was not yet clear on what quarter he would direct the attack. The city of Strasburg made formidable preparations for defence. *Chronique MS. de Strasburg*.

* Three weeks at furthest, according to Comines, before the battle of Grançon—p. 16, just quoted above.

† To understand this strong, rude race, see in the library of Berne, the portrait of Magdalena Nageli, with her chamois hood, and large chamois gloves. Her father's enemy, who saw her washing linen at the fountain, made peace at once in order to marry so robust a maid: she bore him, indeed, eighty children and grandchildren.

‡ Mallet, x. p. 50. See, also, Berchtold, *Fribourg*, i. 367.

Bridge. To restrain the rude and hardy youth of Switzerland from quitting every year their glaciers and forests of fir, and close against them the vineyards of the Rhine,* the Vaud, or Italy, was full of peril. Youth is rough and untameable, when, for the first time, it bites the fruit of life.

Young were these Swiss, ignorant of all, desiring all, awkward and unskilful, yet ever successful. Every thing befriended the young. The factions and domestic rivalries, which ruin old prudent states, turned to their advantage. The knights and the artisans of the cities belonged to the same corporations, and rivalled each other in valor; the knight-banneret slain, the banner was reared again as firmly by the hands of a butcher† or of a tanner. The heads of opposing parties were of accord on one thing only—to march straight on; the Diesbach to win others forward, the Bubenbergr, by way of excusing their friendship with the Burgundians, and securing their honor.

The duke started from Besançon on the 8th February. This was very early in the season for carrying war into Switzerland. He was in haste, instigated both by thirst for vengeance and the entreaties of his great officers, many of whom were lords of the Romance countries occupied by the Swiss; one of these was James of Savoy, count of Romont and baron of Vaud, another Rodolph, count of Neuchâtel. The latter had been, the other was, marshal of Burgundy. Enemies of the Swiss, as being the duke's officer,‡ they had arranged for a time to remain on terms of good neighborhood with them. Romont had declared that he wanted no other protector for his good land of Vaud, than his friends of Berne; yet had, nevertheless, commanded the Burgundians against them at Héricourt. Rodolph of Neuchâtel, in order to display greater confidence still, took up his abode in the city of Berne, which did not hinder his son from engaging the Swiss as a follower of the duke of Burgundy; whilst the father had managed before Neuss that treaty between the duke and the emperor, by which the latter abandoned the Swiss, and left them out of the pale of the protection of the empire.§

The duchess of Savoy acted nearly in like manner, thinking to amuse the confederates

with good words, whilst she was constantly supplying the duke with recruits from Lombardy; until she at last went in search of them herself, and turned recruiter for the Burgundian. The Swiss, gross as they seemed, were not to be amused with fair words. They would not be brought to comprehend one tittle of the subtle distinctions of the feudal law, by means of which those who slew them and served the Burgundians, nevertheless called themselves friends, and asserted that the peculiarity of their position required very delicate consideration: so they seized upon Neuchâtel, Vaud, and all the fiefs in Savoy on which they could lay hands.

The army which the duke led against them was already exhausted by two winters' campaigns, and, finding snow in the month of March in this cold Switzerland, betrayed no great eagerness for the expedition, if we may judge by a threat of the duke's in his general order, (February 26,) that all caught deserting should be broken alive on the wheel. This army, somewhat recruited in Franche-Comté, hardly exceeded eighteen thousand men in number, to which are to be added eight thousand Piedmontese or Savoyards, led by James of Savoy. On the 18th of February the duke arrived before Granson, which, contrary to his expectation, detained him until the 28th. A brave garrison first held out the town, and then the castle, against the assaults of the Burgundians.* On this, some courtesans and a man were sent in with an offer that their lives should be spared. They surrendered. But the duke had not authorized the man to treat, and was angered with the Swiss for having delayed a prince like him, who did them the honor to attack them in person; so he suffered the people of the surrounding country, who had more than one grudge to pay off, to wreak their pleasure upon them.† The Swiss were either drowned in the lake, or hung on the battlements.

The army of the confederates was at Neuchâtel.‡ Great were their surprise and indignation at having lost Granson, and, next, Vau-

* Attempts were made to throw in succor: "But it was impossible to hold out hand or foot to the poor besieged . . . so were they constrained to return bewailing." *Hugues de Pierre, chanoine et chroniqueur en titre de Neuchâtel*, p. 27; *Extraits des Chroniques faites par M. de Purry, Neuchâtel, 1839*. See, also, the chronicles cited by Boyve, *Indigénat Helvétique*, and by M. F. du Bois, *Bataille de Granson, Journal de la Société des Antiquaires de Zurich*. Why can I not quote here the ten pages saved by M. de Purry—ten pages, the rest is lost! Nowhere have I read any thing more spirited, more French.

† See, especially, Berchtold, *Fribourg*, i. 573. Gingsins exonerates the duke, and chooses to believe that he was absent, because on that same day he proceeded three leagues beyond the town. The duke's two servants, Olivier and Molinet, display much less concern about their master's glory, and plainly say that he had them all hung.

‡ "They reach Neuchâtel with quick bounds, with songs of joy, and a formidable company, (sixteen thousand, said one, twenty thousand, another,) all men of martial bodies, striking fear, and yet pleasant to see." *La Chanoine Hugues de Pierre*, p. 29. (*Extraits, Neuchâtel, 1839*.) The last touch is exquisite; the brave monk fears his friends. He endeavors to write the terrible names, *Suiz, Thoun*, but soon gives it up: "Whose names one cannot easily call to mind." *Ibidem*, p. 28.

* Berne wrote of Alsace: "Shall we resign this fine country, which has hitherto given us so much wine and corn?" Diebold Schilling, 130.

† In order to become eligible to municipal offices, the nobles used to enter the *abbeyes* of butchers, tanners, &c. See Bluntschli, Tillier, &c. ii. 455, upon these corporations, upon the *ape's chamber*, the fool's chamber, &c., on the *window nobles*, so named from their registering their recent blazon, by its introduction into the stained glass which they presented to the churches, chapels, and chambers of the confraternities. The Diesbach, who had been cloth merchants, obtained the emperor's leave to substitute for their humble *crescent* two *lions* of gold. The Hetzel from butchers became *knights*, &c. Tillier, ii. 484, 486.

‡ The position of these great lords was exceedingly analogous to that of the count St. Pol. James of Savoy had married a grand-daughter of St. Pol's, and found himself, on account of his wife's possessions, a vassal of the duke of Flanders and in Artois. Gingsins, pp. 43, 44.

§ Muller, i. iv. c. 8; Tillier, t. ii. p. 239.

marcus, which surrendered without striking a blow. They advanced, in order to recover it. The duke, who occupied a strong position on the heights, left it, and advanced likewise, in quest of provisions. He descended into a narrow plain, where he was forced to extend his line and march in columns.*

The men of the canton of Schweitz, who were some distance in advance, suddenly found themselves face to face with the Burgundians. They summoned, and were soon joined by, Berne, Soleure, and Fribourg. These cantons, the only ones which had yet arrived on the field of battle, were to bear the shock alone. They knelt a moment in prayer; then rising, and fixing their long lances in the ground, the point towards the enemy, they waited immovable and invincible.

The Burgundians displayed but little skill. They were ignorant how to use their artillery, and pointed their cannon too high. The men-at-arms, according to the old custom, flung themselves upon the lances, where they were dashed to pieces and broken: their own lances were only ten feet long, whilst those of the Swiss were eighteen.† The duke marched bravely to the attack at the head of his infantry against that of the Swiss; whilst the valiant count de Châteauguion charged its flanks with his cavalry, and twice forced his way up to the enemy's standard, touched it, and fancied it won; twice he was repulsed, and at last slain . . . no efforts could divide the impenetrable mass.

With a view to throw it into confusion and draw it lower down into the plain, the duke ordered his first line to fall back, which retrograde movement struck a panic into the second. . . . At this moment, a sudden sunburst displayed on the left a new army—Uri, Underwald, and Lucerne, the men of which cantons had at length come up, having made their way in single file along a snow-track, from which a hundred horsemen could have precipitated them. The trump of Underwald lowed in the valley, with the wild horns of Lucerne and Uri. All uttered a cry of vengeance, "Granson, Granson! . . ." The Burgundians of the second line, who were already falling back on the third, saw with dread these fresh troops deploying on their flank. Even from the camp arose the cry, "*Sauve qui peut*! . . ." From that in-

stant nothing could stop their flight; vain was it for the duke to seize them, or cut them down. They fled without a thought but of flight: never was rout more complete. "The Confederates," says the chronicler with a savage joy, "the Confederates fall upon them like the hail, cutting up these gay popinjays piecemeal; so thoroughly discomfited and put to the rout are these poor Burgundians, that they seem smoke scattered by the northeast wind."

So narrow was the plain, that few had been actually engaged. It had been panic and rout,* rather than actual defeat. Comines, who, as being with the king, would, undoubtedly, have asked no better than to believe the loss had been considerable, says that there were only seven men-at-arms slain: the Swiss said a thousand.†

He had lost little, but infinitely. The charm was dissipated. He was no longer Charles the Terrible. Valiant as he was, he had shown his back . . . His great sword of honor was now hung up at Fribourg or at Berne. Into the famous tent of audience of red velvet, which princes entered trembling, clowns had uncereemoniously forced their way. The chapel, the very saints of the house of Burgundy, which he carried about with him in their shrines and reliquaries, had allowed themselves to be taken: they were now the saints of the enemy. His celebrated diamonds, known by their names all over Christendom, were thrown aside at first as bits of glass, and flung on the highway. The symbolic collar of the Fleece, the ducal seal, that dreaded seal which sealed life or death—to be handled, exposed, defiled, ridiculed! A Swiss had the audacity to take the hat which had shaded the majesty of that terrible brow, (depository of such vast dreams!) he tried it on, laughed, and then cast it on the ground‡ . . .

He felt what he had lost, and every one besides felt it too§ . . . The king, who up to

* The duke was hurried along with the crowd that fled. His jester, Le Glorieux, who was galloping near him, is said to have dared to utter to this terrible man, and at such a moment, "We are well *Hannibaled* now!" The tale is improbable; nevertheless, Charles the Rash, who loved no one, seems to have loved his fool. I find that in 1475, in the midst of his greatest difficulties for money, he chose to make him a present which would cost himself nothing, and invited his barons and the ladies of his court to give Le Glorieux a chain of gold: they preferred presenting him with four rose nobles each. Cibrario, *Economia*, p. 232, *Conto del Tesorier Generale de Savoia*.

† According to the Alsacians, six hundred Burgundians and twenty-five Swiss. *Chronique MS. de Strasbourg*.

‡ *Eat de Ce Qui fut Trouve au camp de Granson, 1790* 4to.; from which M. Peignot has given extracts in his *Amusements Philologiques*. The Fugger alone were rich enough to buy the large diamond, (which had adorned the crown of the Mogul,) and the splendid hat of yellow velvet, of Italian fashion, enriched with jewels. See Jean Jacques Fugger, *Miroir de la Maison d'Autriche*.

§ Our Paris town-clerk feels it marvellously well. A little cry of joy escapes from him when he sees the duke "flying without stopping, and often looking back behind him to the spot where the said distress befell him, as far as Joigné, eight great leagues from the spot, which are equivalent and more than equivalent to sixteen of France the pretty, which may God preserve and keep!" Jean de Troyes, *Petitot*, xiv. 33.

■ Great light has been thrown upon this battle, hitherto little understood, by the useful work of M. Frédéric Dubois, (*Journal des Antiquaires de Zurich*.) who has published and summed up all the chroniclers, Hugues de Pierre, Schilling, Etterlin, Baillet, and the anonymous. The canon Hugues, who was a near spectator, and who was in a fright, displays the most emotion; he leaps with joy at being clear of it. The brave Schilling and Etterlin, who were personally engaged, are firm and calm. The anonymous, who writes at a later period, overlays and ornaments after his own fashion. See the MS. quoted by M. F. Dubois, p. 42.

† An essential fact, for which I am indebted to the learned and venerable M. de Rodt, who will treat the subject with a master's hand in the volume expected from his pen, and who has obliged me with many other details drawn from the relation, still in manuscript, of an eye-witness—the Milanese ambassador, Panicharola.

‡ *Ib.* *ibid.*

this moment had lived at Lyons much neglected, who sent everywhere, and was everywhere badly received, saw the crowd gradually return. The most decided of these repentant deserters was the duke of Milan, who offered to advance the king a hundred thousand ducats in ready money, if he would fall upon the duke and pursue him without allowing him peace or truce. King René, who had only waited for an envoy from the duke to give over Provence into his hands,* came to Lyons to offer his excuses. He was old, and his nephew, his heir, sick;† and as Louis XI. when he saw them concluded they would not last long, he settled upon them a good pension for life, in consideration of which they secured Provence to him after their demise. He flattered himself that he should survive them, although weak and already suffering; and, after all, he had just gayly beaten the duke of Burgundy through the medium of his friends the Swiss. He went to return thanks for this to Our Lady of Puy, and on his return took two mistresses. He promenade the aged René through the shops of Lyons, to amuse him with the goods displayed there,‡ and chose for his own part two of the shopkeepers' wives, Gionne and Passefilon.§

The duchess of Savoy, a sister truly worthy of him, played double. She sent a message to him to Lyons, but set off herself to the duke of Burgundy.

The latter had established himself with her at Lausanne, as being the central point where he could most quickly assemble what troops might come to him from Savoy, from Italy, and from Franche-Comté. These troops arrived slowly, and at their pleasure; he was devoured with impatience. He had himself aided to alarm and disperse those who had fled, and to

prevent them from returning to his banner by threats of condign punishment. What with his compulsory inactivity, his shame at his defeat at Granson, his thirst for vengeance, the impotence which he had to feel for the first time now that he was taught that he was only a mortal, he was suffocated; his heart seemed ready to burst.

He was at Lausanne; not in the city, but in his camp, on the height commanding the lake and the Alps; solitary and ferocious, and suffering his beard to grow, which he had sworn that he would not cut until he had once more seen the Swiss face to face. He would scarcely allow his physician, Angelo Cato, to come near him, who, however, managed to apply cupping-glasses to him, got him to drink a little wine, unmixed, (he was a water-drinker,) and even persuaded him to allow himself to be shaved.* The good duchess of Savoy arrived to console him, and sent home for silk to refit his wardrobe—he had remained in the torn, dishevelled array in which the flight from Granson had left him. Nor did she stop here; she clothed his troops, and had hats and scarfs made for them. Money and equipments of every kind were sent him from Venice, and even from Milan, (which was plotting against him.) He was supplied by the Pope and by Bologna with four thousand Italians, and recruited to its full number his good troop of three thousand English. There came from his own dominions six thousand Walloons; and, finally, from Flanders and from the Low Countries two thousand knights or holders of fiefs, who, with their body attendants, formed a fine body of five or six thousand horse. The prince of Tarentum, who was close to the duke when he reviewed his troops, computed them at twenty-three thousand fighting men, over and above the large number of artillery men and baggage attendants; to which must be added nine thousand men, subsequently reinforced by four thousand more, from the Savoyard army of the count de Romont. The duke, finding himself at the head of this large array, resumed all his pride, and even took upon himself to threaten the king on the pope's account—no longer thinking it enough to have the Swiss upon his hands.

The unheard-of efforts made by the count de Romont, and undertaken through his agency, to crush the allies, and which were ruining Savoy for the sake of the camp of Lausanne, confirmed the prevalent report that the duke had promised his daughter's hand to the young duke of Savoy, that the territory of Berne had been partitioned out by anticipation, and that he had already bestowed its fiefs on the nobles who had taken the field with him. Berne wrote letter upon letter, each more pressing than the last, to the German cities, to the king of France, and

* Philippe de Bresse got possession of a plan written out in the duke's own hand, in which he ordered M. de Châteauguion to levy troops in Piedmont to carry into effect his meditated invasion of Provence, and which de Bresse sent to Louis XI. Villeneuve Bargemont, t. iii. p. 111.

† Mathieu (p. 497) relates that René, not being able to effect a reconciliation between his nephew, Charles du Maine, and his grandson, René II., threw a shoulder of mutton to two dogs, who fought for it, and that then a bull-dog was let loose and bore off the prize in dispute. This emblem was still to be seen in Mathieu's time, carved in relief on a pulpit in René's oratory, at Saint Sauveur's, Aix.

‡ It was his calling the fairs of Lyons into activity which had embroiled him with Savoy. He pointed to this resuscitation of the commerce of that city, as to his own work. The fairs of Geneva were deserted, dealers halted at them no more, but traversed Savoy fraudulently, in order to reach Lyons. Hence acts of violence, and seizures, more or less legal. Hence the famous story of the seizure of fleeces, which Comines is pleased to set down as the cause of the war, in order to deduce from it the false and commonplace philosophy of great effects from trifling causes. M. de Gingins corrects him exceedingly well. As regards the War of the Fairs of Lyons and Geneva, see Ordonnances, t. xv. March 20th and October 8th, 1462, and t. xvii. November, 1467.

§ "On returning from the said Lyons, he sent for two damsels of the said town to come to him to Orleans, one of whom was named La Gionne, and had been formerly married to a merchant of the said Lyons, and the other was named La Passe Fillon, and was also a wife of a merchant of the said Lyons. The king married Gionne to a young man of Paris, and conferred the situation of counsellor in the Chamber of Accounts of Paris upon Passe-Fillon's husband." Jean de Troyes, pp. 40, 41.

* Comines places this sickness too late. It is established by the authority of Schilling and other contemporary writers, that he had it at Lausanne, that is to say, after his first rout.

to the other Swiss cantons. According to his wont, the king promised succor, but sent not a man. It was precisely that period of the year when the confederate mountaineers were in the habit of driving their flocks to the higher mountain pastures; and it was no easy matter to get them to descend and assemble together; they did not well understand how, to defend Switzerland, it was essential to march into Vaud and make that the battle-field.*

Yet it was on the frontier that the war was about to break out. Berne rightly judged that the attack would be made upon Morat, which she considered to be her faubourg, her advanced guard. The troops sent to defend this town were not without uneasiness, remembering Granson, and its unsuccored, hung, drowned garrison. To quiet their fears of being similarly abandoned to fate, out of every family in which there were two brothers, one was chosen for the defence of Morat, the other draughted to the army of Berne. The honest and valiant Bubenbergh undertook the conduct of the defence, and this post of trust was unhesitatingly confided to the leader of the Burgundian party.

There, nevertheless, lay the salvation of Switzerland; all depended on the resistance offered by this town: it was necessary to allow the Confederates time to assemble, since their enemy was ready. He did not push his advantage: he marched from Lausanne on the 27th May, and did not reach Morat until the 10th June, when he invested the town on the land side, and left the lake open, so that the besieged could receive provisions and ammunition at pleasure. Apparently, he deemed himself too strong to be resisted; and thought to carry the town at once.† Repeated assaults, urged for ten days continuously, utterly failed. The country was against him. Friend of the pope's as the duke was, and the legate accompanying him to boot, the whole land was horrified at his Italians, who were looked upon as infamous wretches and heretics.‡ At Laupen, a priest bravely led his parishioners into battle.

Morat held out, and the Swiss had time to assemble. The red§ coats of Alsace came to its relief, despite the emperor; and with them the youthful René, a duke without a duchy, the sight of whom alone recalled to men's

minds all the acts of injustice committed by the Burgundian. This youth of twenty came to fight, but the little duke of Guelders, kept prisoner as he was, could not; nor could the duke de Nevers either, or the numerous others, whose ruin had constituted the greatness of the house of Burgundy.

If the king did not aid the Swiss directly, he did not the less work against the duke by exhibiting this handsome young exile* up and down, and he furnished him, besides, with money and an escort. René's first visit was to his grandmother, who re clothed and equipped him.† Then, with his French escort, he passed through his own country, his poor Lorraine, where every one loved him,‡ and yet where no one durst declare in his favor. At St. Nicolas's, near Nancy, says the chronicler, he heard mass: mass said, the wife of the aged Walther passed close by him, and privily slipped into his hand a purse with more than 400 florins in it; he inclined his head, and thanked her.§

This young man, equally innocent and unfortunate, abandoned by his two natural protectors, the king and the emperor, and who came to fight on the side of the Swiss, arrived at the very moment of the engagement, like a living image of persecuted justice and of the good cause. The troops of Zurich joined at the same time.

The evening before the battle, while the whole population of Berne filled the churches and offered up prayers to God for the event, the Zurichers passed through. The town was at once lighted up, tables spread for them, and a festival prepared; but they were in too great

* The *Chronique de Lorraine* (Preuves de D. Calmet, pp. 66, 67) contains touching details, but a little romantic, perhaps, on the wretchedness of young René, what between his false friend Louis XI. and his furious enemy, upon his destitution, and upon the interest which he inspired, &c. On his entry into Lyons, the German merchants, having previously inquired what livery he wore, (white, red, and gray,) mounted unanimously similar caps with three feathers of those colors.

† "Seeing that her grandson and his people were not clad in silk, she summoned her steward and said, 'Take gold and silver, hie to Rouen and buy largely of velvet and satin, and return quickly!' The steward failed not, but brought an ample supply . . . The said lady, seeing the duke very thoughtful, said to him, 'My grandson, be not cast down if you have lost your duchy: I have here, thanks be to God, enough to maintain you.' The duke replied, 'Madame, and fair grandmother, I yet have hope . . . ' The good lady showed herself to him, how aged and ill she was, saying to him, 'You see, my grandson, in what a state I am; I can bear up no longer; death befits me now: I place all my goods in your hand, and that without a will . . . ' The duke could not refuse since it was her pleasure, and so became her true heir." Ibidem, p. 67.

‡ Tales went round of the goodness of the young prince: A Burgundian prisoner complained of not having broken bread for four and twenty hours: "That thou hadst none yesterday," said René, "was thy own fault, thou shouldst have told me; now it will be mine, if thou lackest for the future." And he gave him what money he had about him. Villeneuve Bargemont, iii. 122.

§ Ibidem, p. 79. Pursuing his journey thence, he enters Germany: all the barons, &c. flock to him, and the chronicler who accompanied him indemnifies himself for his want and his fasts, by detailing at length the abundance of good things that crowded the German tables, the wines, meats, and asks the Germans whether they live thus every day, &c.

* At the beginning of the dispute in 1475, Berne had great difficulty in getting Underwald to join. In 1476, the inhabitants even of the rural districts of Berne could hardly be persuaded to take a share in the expedition to Morat, as it promised little booty. Stettler, *Biographie de Bubenbergh*. Tillier, ii. 289.

† The tradition runs that he said, "I will breakfast at Morat, dine at Fribourg, and sup at Berne." Berchtold, *Hist. de Fribourg*, i. 383.

‡ They had burnt eighteen of them at Bâle for acts of sacrilege, rape, &c., and monstrous heresies: "Which was not only agreeable to God, but very honorable to all Germans, as a proof of their hatred for such heresies." Diebold Schilling, p. 144.

§ Strasbourg and Schélestadt in red, (Strasbourg, according to M. Strobel's MS. red and white.) Colmar red and blue, Waldshut black, Lindau white and green, &c. Song on the Battle of Héricourt in Schilling, p. 146.

haste to stop, in their fears of arriving late ; so embraces were quickly exchanged, and they were wished "God speed" . . . Fine and irreparable moment of sincere fraternity, and which Switzerland has never since enjoyed.*

They left Berne at ten, singing their war-songs, marched the whole night, despite of the rain, and joined the main body of the Confederates at a very early hour. All heard matins ; and then numbers were dubbed knights, whether nobles or burgesses matters not.† The good young René, who had no pride, desired to be made a knight too. There was nothing now to do but to march to battle. Many, through impatience, (or through devotion ?) took neither bread nor wine, but fasted on that sacred day, (22d June, 1476.)

The duke, though warned the evening before, persisted in disbelieving that the army of the Swiss was in a state to attack him. Both parties had nearly the same number of men ; about thirty-four thousand on each side.‡ But the Swiss were in one body, whilst the duke committed the glaring fault of remaining divided, and of leaving at a distance, before the opposite gate of Morat, the count de Romont's nine thousand Savoyards. His artillery was badly stationed, and his fine cavalry was of little use, because he would not give it room to act by changing his position. He staked his honor on disdaining to budge, on not giving way one foot, on never stirring from his place. The battle was lost beforehand. The physician and astrologer, Angelo Cato, had warned the prince of Tarentum, the evening before, that he would do wisely to take his leave. On the duke's march to Dijon it had rained blood ; and Angelo had predicted and written in Italy the rout of Granson ; that of Morat was easier to be foreseen.

In the morning, the duke draws up his army in battle-array under a heavy rain ; but the bows and the powder getting saturated, the troops fall back into the camp. The Swiss seize the moment, scale the mountain's brow from the opposite side, clothed with wood, where they had remained concealed, and when they reach the summit, kneel down in prayer. The sun bursts forth, and at once reveals to their view the lake, the plain, and the enemy. They descend with hasty strides, shouting "Granson ! Granson !" . . . and fall upon the intrenchment, which they had charged whilst the duke was still scouting the idea that they would attack him.

The camp was covered by a numerous train of artillery, but, as was common in those days, badly and slowly served. The Burgundian cavalry charged and broke their opponents, and René had a horse killed under him ; but the infantry, the immoveable spearmen, came to their support. Meanwhile, an old Swiss captain, who had served with Huniades in his campaigns against the Turks, turns the battery, gains possession of it, and directs the guns against the Burgundians. On the other hand, Bubenbergh, sallying out of Morat, gives full occupation to the corps commanded by the bastard of Burgundy. The duke, being thus deprived of the services of the bastard and of the count de Romont, was left but twenty thousand men to oppose to more than thirty thousand.* The rear-guard of the Swiss, which had not yet been engaged, made a movement which placed them in the rear of the Burgundians, so as to cut off their retreat. They thus found themselves hemmed in on both sides, and met on the third by the garrison of Morat. The fourth was the lake. . . . In the plain between, there was resistance, and a fearful resistance—the duke's guard fought till cut to pieces ; so did his personal attendants, so did the English. All the rest of the army, a confused, bewildered mass, was gradually impelled towards the lake. . . . The men-at-arms sunk into the muddy shore ; the foot soldiers were drowned,† or afforded the Swiss the cruel pleasure of riddling them with arrow after arrow. No pity was shown ; they slew as many as eight or ten thousand men, whose heaped-up bones formed for three centuries a hideous monument.‡

CHAPTER II.

NANCY.—DEATH OF CHARLES THE RASH.
A. D. 1476-1477.

THE duke fled to Morges, twelve leagues' distance, without saying a word ; thence repaired to Gex, where the steward of the duke of Savoy lodged him, and got him to attend to his personal wants. The duchess came, as at

* To adopt the medium between two conflicting statements.

† The "Song of Morat" contains the fierce sentiment : "Many leaped into the lake, and yet were not thirsty." Diebold Schilling, p. 349. This naively cruel song of the minstrel soldier, Velt Weber, who acted what he sung, bears little resemblance in the original to the superb poetry (modern in several passages) which Koch, Bodmer, and lastly, Arnim and Brentano, have printed ; Des Knaben Wunderhorn, (1819.) l. 58. MM. Marmier, Loeve, Toussenel, &c., have given translations in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, (1836,) and in other periodicals, of the songs of Sempach, Héricourt, Pontarlier, &c., which occur in different historians, and principally in Tschudi and Diebold.

‡ Which we destroyed as we passed through in 1792. The lake often casts up bones, and often carries them away again. Byron bought and treasured one of these poor shipwrecked memorials, tossed to and fro for three centuries.

* The two valiant town-clerks of Berne and Zurich, who both fought and narrated these fine battles—Diebold and Etterlin, still breathe of the struggle, and display the magnanimous serenity of the brave in the hour of danger.

† The all-powerful deacon of the Butchers bore the banner of Berne. See Tillier, Mallet, &c. Guichenon (*Histoire de Savoie*, i. 527) erroneously makes Jacques de Romont the commander of the Burgundian vanguard at Morat.

‡ This is the common opinion, and that of Comines. The canon of Neufchâtel says that the Swiss had forty thousand men. M. de Rodt, from data on which he relies, reduces this number to twenty-four thousand.

Lausanne, with her children, and addressed him soothingly. Stern and mistrustful, he asked her if she would follow him to Franche-Comté; a step for which there was no pretext. The Savoyards had taken possession of their fortresses in the country of Vaud, even before the battle, and as their army had remained entire, were able to defend them. The duchess gently refused; and when leaving Gex in the evening with her children, Olivier de la Marche carried her off at the gate. One alone of the children escaped, the only one that it was of consequence to seize—the little duke. This attempt, as odious as it was useless, was an additional misfortune for its contriver.*

He assembled at Salins the states of Franche-Comté, where he spoke haughtily, with that indomitable courage of his, of his resources, of his projects, and of the future kingdom of Burgundy. He was about to collect an army of forty thousand men, to tax his subjects to the extent of a quarter of their possessions. . . . The states groaned to hear him, and represented to him that the country was ruined; all they could offer him was three thousand men, and that solely for the defence of the country.

"Well then," exclaimed the duke, "you will soon have to give the enemy more than you refuse your prince. I shall repair to Flanders and take up my abode there, where I have more faithful subjects."

He said the same to the Burgundians and the Flemings, and with no more success. The state of Dijon did not fear declaring that the war was useless, and that the people were not to be trampled down on account of a wrongful quarrel, which could come to no good end.† Flanders was sterner still, and replied, (abiding by the letter of feudal duty, but the letter was an insult,) that if he were surrounded by the Swiss and Germans, and had not troops sufficient to disengage himself, he had only to send them word, and the Flemings would repair to his rescue.

On hearing this he burst into a paroxysm of fury, swearing that the rebels should pay dearly for their insolence, and that he would shortly level their walls and gates with the dust. But reaction came, when he felt his solitary position, and he sunk into deep dejection. Referred by the Flemings to the French, and by the French to the Flemings, what was left him?‡ Which were his people now? which the country that he could confide in? Franche-

Comté itself treated secretly with the French king for peace.* Flanders refused to give up his daughter to him. He had written for the princess of Burgundy after the battle of Granson; but the Flemings did not think fit to lose sight of the heiress of Flanders; and after all, if she had been sent to him, what spot had he to place her in, in safety?

Nevertheless, his subjects were not wholly in the wrong. Independently of that hard rule by which they had been overdriven and worn out, they were sinking through more general and lasting causes still, were tending to decline, and had no longer the same resources. The young empire of the house of Burgundy found itself, under its pompous exterior,† already aged. The arts, which constitute the wealth of a country, and which had long been concentrated in the Low Countries, had now spread to the stranger. Louvain, Ghent, Ypres no longer wove for the whole world, but had England as their imitator. Liège and Dinant were no longer the foundries for France and Germany, whither the exiles they had sent forth had borne their anvils. Bruges was flourishing, or rather a foreign Bruges, the Hanseatic Bruges, and not the ancient commune of Bruges, which perished in 1436, and was soon followed by the commune of Ghent. It was easier to destroy communal life than to raise up in its room national life, the feeling that you are part and parcel of a great country.

As to the duke himself, I incline to believe that the idea of a great empire, and of harmonizing into one orderly whole the chaos of provinces of which he claimed to be master, excused in his eyes the unjust means which a man of noble nature, and such he was, might have felt prick his conscience. This, perchance, is the reason that he did not own to himself that he was guilty, and recur to the true remedy pointed out by the sage Comines:—To turn to God, and confess one's fault. He did not enjoy this salutary humiliation, but was, apparently, so unfortunate as to believe himself to be just, and to blame God.

He had longed for too much, for endless, infinite things—and who is there but loves the infinite? A youth, he loved the sea; a man,

* Barante, Gachard, ii. 530.

† This precocious exhaustion, after Van Eyck, and after the first moment of the Revival, is expressed in Hemling's melancholy pictures; it is a mystic reaction after the first outburst of nature. The latter is as dreamy as the first is young and vigorous. Van Eyck is the true painter of Philip the Good, the painter of the Fleecem, and of the twelve mistresses. Hemling (at least this is the tradition preserved at Bruges) followed in his youth duke Charles in his hapless campaigns of Morat and Granson, and returning an invalid, was nursed in the hospital of Bruges, and left there his Adoration of the Magi, in which the figure wearing the convalescent's cap is supposed to be a likeness of himself. He then painted his apotheosis of Saint Ursula, (true transfiguration of the woman of the North,) in memory of the good *beigüines* who had nursed him: see *Ursula* by Keversberg. Any one who will study, long and attentively, (in the Pinacotheca at Munich, or in engravings,) the series of these pious elegies, will hear in them the voice of the painter, the plaint of the fifteenth century.

* To believe, with M. de Gingins, that this seizure was concerted between the duke of Burgundy and the duchess herself, in order to preserve appearances with regard to the king, one must put the duke's character altogether out of sight.

† Courte-Epée and Barante, Gachard, ii. 526. The revenue, apart from the profit on coinage and the aids, had risen in the only years for which we have the account, (1473-4,) to 81,000 livres.

‡ This is not all. Zealand, in 1472, had risen up against the taxes, and Zurichsee had only been reduced after bloody executions. Documents Gachard, ii. 270. In 1474, the clergy of Holland absolutely refused to pay one farthing the duke demanded. *Archives Générales de Belgique*.

the Alps.* These immense desires seem to us madness; and no doubt his projects exceeded his means. Yet such things had been seen in that age, that the notions of the possible and the impossible had become confounded. It was then that the infant, Don Henry, his own cousin, was penetrating the vague mysterious South, the world of gold, and each day brought some new prodigy to light. Without going so far, and before men's very eyes, the most fantastic dreams had proved to be realities; the unheard-of revolutions of the Roses, those sudden changes wrought in the sight of all, kingdoms lost and won as by a hazard of the die—these were things which extended the possible far indeed into the improbable.

The unfortunate man had time to revolve all this for the two months that he remained near Joux, in a gloomy castle of the Jura. He formed a camp to which no one came, hardly a few recruits. But what did come, coursing each other's heels, was bad news;—this ally had gone over, that servant disobeyed orders, now a town of Lorraine had surrendered, and next day, another. As these reports were brought in he said nothing.† He saw no one, but shut himself up. It would have done him great good, says Comines, "to confide his grief to a bosom friend." A friend! The man's disposition rendered friendship out of the question, and the position in which he was placed rarely admits of it: men of the kind are too much feared to be loved.

Chagrin would most likely have driven him mad, (there had been many madmen in his family,)‡ had not the very excess of his chagrin and wrath roused him. From every quarter he heard of men acting as if he were already dead. The king, who had hitherto displayed such precaution in his dealings with him, had the duchess of Savoy carried off from his territories, from his castle of Rouvre, and was exhorting the Swiss to invade Burgundy, offering to take charge of Flanders himself, whilst he supplied René, who was gradually recovering Lorraine, with money. Now Lorraine lay nearest of all to the duke's heart; it was the link which united all his provinces, and the natural centre of the Burgundian empire, of which he was said to have designed to make Nancy the capital.

Thither he set out, as soon as he had got ■ small band together, and again arrived too late, (22d of October,) three days after René had retaken Nancy; retaken it, but not provisioned,

* Thence, no doubt, that taste for the art which most awakens in us the sense of the infinite, I mean music. This taste, which strikes us as surprising in so rude a man, is attributed to him by all contemporary authorities, by Chastellain, Thomas Basin, &c.

† It would be inexact to say that he did nothing. See the violent letters which he indited, and amongst others, that to the faithful Hugonet, in which he threatens him that he will come upon his private property for the money which he has devoted to the payment of garrisons, the expenses of which should, according to him, have been defrayed by the States.

‡ Charles VI., Henry VI., William the Insensate, &c. &c.

so that the chance was, that before René could raise money, take Swiss into his pay, and form an army, that Nancy would be wrested from him. The pope's legate was intriguing with the Swiss in favor of the duke of Burgundy, and balanced the French king's credit with them.

All René could at first obtain was, that the Confederates should send an embassy to the duke to ascertain his intentions; though it was little worth while to send, since every one knew beforehand that his final determination would be—nothing without Lorraine and the Landgraviate of Alsace.

Happily, René had a powerful, active, irresistible intercessor with the Swiss—the king. After the battle of Morat, the leaders of the Swiss had managed to be sent as ambassadors to Plessis-les-Tours, where these brave men found their Capua, since their good friend, the king, by flattery, presents,* friendship, and confidence, bound them with such sweet chains, that they did all he wished, resigned their conquests in Savoy, and gave up every thing for an inconsiderable sum. The troops, victorious in the late brilliant campaign, discovered that they would be dismissed to the tedium of their mountain-life unless they declared for René; in which case the king guaranteed them their pay. The war, it was true, would take them from home, the service was a hireling one; they were about to begin their sad history as mercenary soldiers. Many still hesitated before embarking in this career.

There was, however, need for dispatch. Nancy was suffering severely. René canvassed Switzerland, solicited, pressed, and got no other answer than that he might possibly have succor in the spring. The deacons of the trades, butchers, tanners,‡ rough folk, but full of heart, (and great friends of the king,) cried shame on their towns for not aiding him who had aided them so well in the great battle. They pointed to the poor young prince in their streets, who went about wandering, weeping like a mendicant . . . a tame bear which followed him delighted the populace by flattering and courting, after its fashion, the bear of Berne;§ and he was at last allowed, without the cantons being pledged by the step, to levy

* The irreproachable Adrien of Bubenbergh received from the king a hundred marks of silver, (the other envoys had twenty each,) and he was none the less, on his return, what he had ever been, the head of the Burgundian party. Der Schweizerische Geschichtsforscher, vii. 195. Bubenbergh's biographer is mistaken in supposing that he received the order of St. Michael.

† "A very good man, a tanner, the sheriff for that year . . . who, at the council, began to say, 'Look, gentlemen, look all of you at the state of this young prince, duke René, who has so loyally served us . . .'" Preuves de D. Calmet, p. 93.

‡ "He had a bear that followed him whenever he went to council, and the said bear, when he came to the door, began scratching as if he wanted to say, *Let us enter*, and the said counsellors admitted him." *Ibid.* A more modern author makes the bear much less courteous, and so spoils the scene: "and struck twice or thrice with his paw such stern blows. . . ." Schweizerische Geschichtsforscher, v. 129, 131.

some troops. The permission was, in fact, obtaining every thing, since the instant it was made publicly known that there were four florins a month to be gained, so many presented themselves that it was found necessary to range them under the respective banners of the cantons, and to limit their number, or all would have left.

The difficulty was to make this long march, in the heart of winter, along with ten thousand Germans, often drunk, who obeyed no one. All the difficulties which beset René,* all the patience, money, and flattery which it required to urge them on, would be long to tell. The duke of Burgundy believed, and not without probability, that Nancy could not wait for such slow relief; and his agents at Neufchâtel assured him that the Swiss would never set out.

The winter, this year, was terrible, a Moscow winter; and the duke experienced (in little) the disasters of the famous retreat. Four hundred men were frozen to death on Christmas night alone; and many lost their hands or feet.† The horses burst; and the few left were sick and weakly. Yet how make up his mind to raise the siege, when a day might place the city in his hands; when a Gascon deserter had brought word that the garrison had eaten all the horses, and were subsisting on dogs and cats?

The city was the duke's, if he could maintain a strict blockade, and prevent any one from entering it. A few gentlemen having contrived to throw themselves in, he flew into a violent rage, and had one of them who was taken, hung; maintaining, (according to the Spanish code),‡ that "the moment a prince has set down before a place, whoever passes his lines merits death." This poor gentleman, when at the gibbet, declared that he had an important disclosure to make to the duke, a secret which affected his personal safety. The duke charged his factotum, Campobasso, to learn what he wanted; now what he wanted was, to reveal all

Campobasso's treasons: the latter had him executed at once.*

This Neapolitan, who only served for gain, and who had for a long time received no pay, was on the lookout for a master to whom he could sell his own, and had offered himself to the duke of Brittany, to whom he pretended to be distantly related, and next, to the king, to whom he boasted that he would rid him of the duke of Burgundy.† The king warned the latter of this, but he utterly refused to credit it. At last Campobasso, who had formerly served the dukes of Lorraine in Italy, and who, in default of money, had received the town and fortress of Commerci, left the duke, and passed over to young René, on the understanding that Commerci should be restored to him, (1st January, 1477.)

René, what with Lorrainers and Frenchmen had collected an army of nearly twenty thousand men, and he had been apprized by Campobasso that the duke had not five thousand fit for service. The Burgundians settled amongst themselves that he ought to be warned of the small force on which he could depend; but none durst address him. He was almost always shut up in his tent, reading, or pretending to read. The lord of Chimai, who took the risk upon himself, and forced his way in, found him lying dressed, on a bed, and could extract but one word from him: "If needs be, I will fight alone." The king of Portugal, who went to see him, left without obtaining more.‡

He was addressed as if he was a living man but he was dead. Franche-Comté opened negotiations independently of him; Flanders detained his daughter as a hostage; Holland, on a report being spread of his death, drove out his tax-gatherers, (end of December.)§ The fatal time had come. The best that was left for him to do, if he would not go and ask his subjects' pardon, was to seek death in the assault, or to endeavor, with the small but long-

* At Bâle, just as they were about to march, having received their pay, they make a demand of a gratuity of 1500 florins over and above. René was much embarrassed; the prudent city of Bâle could not think of lending on the guarantee of hypothetical conquests; but at last, a German baron raised the money for him by leaving his children as a gage. There was still the *trinkgeld* to give, a piece of gold to each company. René found this, too, and set out on foot, at the head of the Swiss, clothed like them, and a halberd on his shoulder. But his troubles did not end here. The majority would go by water, and a scene of disorder ensued, the drunken soldiers and courtesans crowding into wretched boats. The Rhine was full of drift ice, and many were drowned. They turned upon René as if the fault were his, and he was obliged to hide himself: "Had you only heard the clamor of the people, how they cursed my lord and his officer for their ill fortune!" *Dialogue de Joannes et de Ludre*, a contemporary document, invaluable as an authority for this epoch. The precious original (which ought to be printed) is in the Public Library at Nancy. There is a copy in the *Biblioth. Royale*, in the *Cartons Legrand*.

† And, besides, no pay, but hard words, and fearful punishments. An officer having said, "Since he is so fond of war, I should like to put him in a cannon and fire him into Nancy," and it coming to the duke's ears, he had him hung. *Chronique MS. d'Alsace*.

‡ "Which is not the custom in our wars, though more cruel than the wars of Italy or Spain, where this custom prevails." Comines, l. v. c. 6, t. li. p. 48.

* The chronicle of Lorraine, at variance here with all the rest, states that Campobasso wanted to save him: "Said the count of Campobasso, 'My lord, he has acted like a loyal servant. . . .'" And the duke, perceiving the said count speak so haughtily, armed as he was and gauntleted, raised his hand and gave him a buffet." *Preuves de D. Calmet*, p. 93. It must not be forgotten that Campobasso having become by his treason a baron of Lorraine, the chronicler must have referred to him for an account of the matter.

† He offered either to make away with him in the confusion of battle, or to bear him off when visiting his camp, and then dispatch him. Fearful ingratitude, as Comines truly observes. The duke had given him a welcome, though fallen into years, poor, and solitary, and had placed in his hands a hundred thousand ducats a year to pay his troops as he liked. He had, it was true, degraded him after the check before Neuss, but he afterwards placed more confidence in him than ever, and intrusted him with the entire direction of the siege of Nancy. The extraordinary urgency of his offers to kill his master awakened the king's suspicions of his sincerity, and he warned the duke of it. Comines would fain have us believe that this was an act of delicacy on Louis XI.'s part: "The king held the wickedness of this man in great contempt." *Liv. iv. c. 13, t. i. p. 405.*

‡ This good king had fancied that he could easily bring about a reconciliation between the duke and Louis XI., and that the latter would then aid him to recover Castile. V. Comines; and Zurita, xix. 56, xx. 10.

§ Archives Generale de Belgique.

tried band still devoted to him, to cut his way through René's overpowering forces. He had artillery, which René had not, or at least to a very limited extent. His followers were few, but they were truly his, lords and gentlemen, full of honor,* ancient retainers, resigned to perish with him.†

On the Saturday evening he tried a last assault, which was repulsed by the starving garrison of Nancy, strengthened as they were by hope, and by seeing already on the towers of Saint Nicolas the joyous signals of deliverance. On the next day, through a heavy fall of snow, the duke silently quitted his camp, and hastened to meet the enemy, thinking to bar the passage with his artillery. He had not much hope himself; and as he was putting on his helmet, the crest fell to the ground: "*Hoc est signum Dei*," he said, and mounted his large black war-horse.

The Burgundians soon came to a rivulet swollen by the melted snow, which they had to ford, and then, frozen as they were, to take up a position and await the Swiss. The latter, full of hope, and supported by a hearty meal of hot soup, largely watered with wine,‡ arrived from Saint Nicolas. Shortly before the encounter, "a Swiss quickly donned a stole," showed his countrymen the host, and assured them that whatever might be the result, they were all saved. So numerous and dense were their masses, that whilst opposing a front to the Burgundians and occupying their attention at every point, they easily detached a body from the rear to turn their flank as at Morat, and to take possession of the heights which commanded them. One of the victors himself confesses that the duke's cannon had scarcely

time to fire a shot. As soon as they saw themselves attacked on the flank, the infantry gave way, and it was out of the question to stay their flight. They heard high above the lowing horn of Underwald, the shrill cornet of war.* Their hearts were chilled by the sound, "for at Morat they had heard it."

The cavalry left alone in presence of this mass of twenty thousand men, was hardly to be discerned on the snow-covered plain. The snow was slippery, and the horsemen fell. "At this moment," says the eye-witness, who followed in the pursuit, "we only saw horses without riders, and all sorts of property abandoned." The greater number of the fugitives pressed on as far as the bridge of Bussière. Campobasso, suspecting this, had barred the bridge, and awaited them there. The pursuit was checked on his account; his comrades, whom he had just deserted, passed through his hands, and he reserved those who had the means of paying ransom.

The inhabitants of Nancy, who saw the whole from their walls, were so frantic with joy, as to hurry forth without precaution, so that some fell by the hands of their friends the Swiss, who struck without attending. The mass of the routed were impelled by the inclination of the ground to a spot where two rivulets met,‡ near a frozen pond, and the ice, which was weaker over these running waters, broke under the weight of the men-at-arms. Here, the waning fortunes of the house of Burgundy sank forever. The duke stumbled there; and he was followed by men whom Campobasso had left for the purpose.‡ Others believe, that it was a baker of Nancy who struck him first a blow on the head, and that a man-at-arms, who was deaf, and did not hear that he was the duke of Burgundy, dispatched him with thrusts of his lance.

This took place on Sunday, (5th January, 1477,) and, on Monday evening, it was still not known whether he was dead or alive. The chronicler of René naïvely confesses that his master was in great alarm lest he should see him return. In the evening, Campobasso, who perhaps knew more of the matter than any one, brought to him a Roman page, of the house of Colonna, who stated that he had seen his master fall. "The said page and a large company set off . . . they began examining all the dead bodies, which were naked and frozen, and could

* We may name among these the Italian, Galeotto, whom he had recently taken into his service, and who was severely wounded. Galeotto is often confounded, as M. Jules Quicherat has pointed out to me, with Galiot Genouillac, a gentleman from Quercy, who was grand master of the artillery of France, under Louis XII. and François I.

† I must be allowed here briefly to sketch the history of the Beydaels, kings and heralds at arms of Brabant and of Burgundy, all of whom, from sire to son, fell in battle: Henri fell at Florennes, in 1015; Gérard at Grimberge, in 1143, (he had his young master, the duke of Brabant, hung up in his cradle in the view of the soldiers when about to begin the battle;) the second Henri Beydaels was slain at Steppes, in 1237; the third Henri, in 1339, in fighting against Philippe de Valois; Jean at Azincourt, in 1415; and lastly, Adam Beydaels fell at Nancy. A history this to be proud of, which was uniformly heroic, and which shows over what noble hearts these heralds wore the blazon of their masters. See Keiffenberg, *Histoire de la Toison d'Or*, p. 54.

‡ I derive all these details from two eye-witnesses, the amiable and lively author of the *Chronicle of Lorraine*, who seems to have written after the event, and the wise writer who (twenty-three years afterwards) committed his recollection to paper in the *Dialogue de Joannes et de Ludre*. The first (*Preuves de D. Calmet*) is evidently young, and of a rather romantic turn of mind, and is ever parading and returning to his own amusing personality: it is always, "I said this, I did that." He strives to bring in rhyme as often as he can, and his simple verses are at times well worth the rude Swiss songs, preserved by Schilling and Tschudi. M. Schütz has quoted rather a long fragment from the *Dialogue*, in the note to his translation of the "*Nancéide*," which poem of Blarru's is also an authority, although history is overpowered in it by rhetoric; a fervid rhetoric, and animated by a nationality which is often extremely touching.

* The one deep, the other shrill. *Chronique de Lorraine, Preuves de D. Calmet*, p. 106. "The said horn was wound three times, and each time as long as the blower's breath could last, which, it was said, greatly daunted my lord of Burgundy, for at Morat he had heard it." *La Vraie Déclaration de la Bataille*, (by René himself?) Lenglet, iii. 493.

† An inspection of the spot clearly shows the correctness of the above.

‡ "I knew two or three of those who stayed behind to kill the said duke." *Comines*, livre v. c. 8, t. ii. p. 63. He adds a cold, hard remark, with respect to that rifled body, which he had often seen addressed with deepest respect by nobles: "I saw at Milan a signet (a seal) which I had often seen hanging from his pourpoint. . . . *He who took it from him was a bad (awkward) valet de chambre.* . . ."

hardly be recognised. The page, looking here and there, found many powerful personages, and great and little ones, as white as snow. He turned them all over . . . 'Alas!' he said, here is my good lord.'

"When the duke heard that he was found, right joyous was he, notwithstanding that he would rather he had remained in his own country, and had never begun war against him . . . And he said, 'Bear him in with all honor.' He was put within fair linen, and borne into the house of George Marqueiz,* into a back chamber. The said duke was decently washed, he was fair as snow; he was small, but exceedingly well limbed. He was laid out on a table, covered up in white sheets, with a silken pillow, a red canopy above his head, his hands clasped together, and the cross and holy water near him. All who wished to see him, might; none were turned back. Some prayed to God for him, others not . . . Three days and three nights, there he lay."

He had met with rough treatment. His head had been laid open, and he had been stabbed in both thighs, and in the fundament. He had been with some difficulty recognised. In removing his head from the ice, the skin had come off on that side of his face; and the other cheek had been gnawed by the dogs and wolves. However, his attendants, his physician, his body-servant, and his laundress,† recognised him by the wound he had received at Monthéry, by his teeth, his nails, and some private marks.

He was also recognised by Olivier de la Marche, and many of the principal prisoners: "Duke René led them to see the duke of Burgundy, entered the first, and uncovered his head . . . They knelt down: 'Alas!' they said, 'there is our good master and lord' . . . The duke had proclamation made throughout the city of Nancy that each householder should attend, wax-taper in hand, and had the church of St. George hung all round with black cloth, and sent for the three abbots . . . and all the priests for two leagues round. Three high masses were sung." René, in deep mourning mantle, with all his Lorraine and Swiss captains, came to sprinkle him with holy water, "and clasping his right hand in his under the pall," he exclaimed graciously, "Well-a-day, fair cousin, may God have your soul in his holy keeping! You have wrought us great harm and grief."‡

* The spot where the body was laid in the street, before it was removed into the house, continues to this day to be marked out with black paving-stones; and, to judge by the dimensions, eight feet, the body must have been as gigantic as that of Charlemagne.

† See the fragment from the *Dialogue de Ludre* printed by M. Schütz in his notes to the "Nancéide," ii. 313.

‡ René's founded a festival at Nancy in memory of his victory, at which the admirable tapestry (see the engravings in Jubinal) used to be displayed, and the duke used to walk about touching glasses and drinking healths with the citizens, &c. Noël, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Lorraine, Cinquième Mémoire, from the Origine des Cérémonies qui se font à la fête des Rois de Nancy par le père Aubert Rolland, cordelier.*

It was not easy to persuade the people that he who had been the theme of every tongue, was really dead . . . He was concealed, ran the rumor, he was immured in prison, he had turned monk; he had been seen by pilgrims in Germany, at Rome, at Jerusalem; sooner or later he would reappear, like king Arthur or Frederick Barbarossa; it was certain that he would return. There were merchants even who gave goods on credit, to be paid double when the great duke of Burgundy came back.*

It is asserted that the gentleman who had the misfortune to kill him, not knowing who he was, could never be consoled, and died of grief. If he were thus regretted by the enemy, how much more by his servants, by those who had known his noble nature, before he lost his head and was ruined! When the chapter of the Golden Fleece met for the first time at Saint-Sauveur's, Bruges, and the knights, reduced to five, beheld in this vast church, on a cushion of black velvet, the duke's collar which occupied his accustomed place, and read upon his scutcheon, after the list of his titles, "the dolorous word, *Dead*,"† they burst into tears.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION; RUIN OF THE RASH.—MARY
AND MAXIMILIAN. A. D. 1477.

AT the very hour the battle was fought, Angelo Cato (afterwards archbishop of Vienne) was saying mass before the king at St. Martin's, Tours; and as he presented the *pax* to him, he said, "Sire, God gives you peace and rest, they are yours, if you choose; *Consummation est*, your enemy is dead." The king was much surprised, and promised, if it proved to be fact, that the iron trellis which surrounded the shrine should be a silver one.

The day after the morrow, at so early an hour that it was barely dawn, one of his favorite counsellors who was on the watch for the news, knocked at his chamber door, and sent in the tidings.‡

* Molinet, ii. 66. The chronicle of Prailon relates how, in 1482, a man said that the duke was not dead, and that he was not "a hair's breadth bigger or taller than himself." The bishop of Metz had him arrested, but, after conferring with him in private, treated him well; which made every one believe that he was really the duke of Burgundy. Huguénin Jeune, p. 327.

† Molinet, ii. 124. See the portrait, drawn with masterly hand by Chastellain, and which I have quoted above, and compare it with that given by another of his admirers, Thomas Basin, bishop of Lisieux, (the false Amelgard,) quoted by Meyer, *Annales Flandrie*, p. 37.

Two great and delightful historians, John Müller and M. de Barante, have described all this with greater minuteness of detail. They have aimed at completeness, and have at times been over-circumstantial. I have preferred following a small number of contemporary authors, eye-witnesses or actors in the scenes they narrate. Müller occasionally errs as far as to produce, in connection with the gravest authorities, the rumors of the "Scandalous Chronicle," and of others but little conversant with the affairs of Switzerland and of Germany.

‡ Every one is familiar with the fine passage of Comines

In this grave conjuncture, the interest of the kingdom and the duty of the king were exceedingly clear; and this was to reannex to France all the French provinces possessed by the deceased. Whatever interest the duke or his daughter might inspire, France had none the less right to destroy the ungrateful house of Burgundy, which, though it had proceeded out of her was ever opposed to her, and ever savagely bent on killing her mother, (she had killed her in 1420, as far as a people can be killed.) There was no need of seeking this right either in the feudal or the Roman law, for it was, as regarded France, the right of existing.

The idea of a marriage between mademoiselle of Burgundy, who was twenty, and the dauphin, who was eight,* of a marriage which would have transferred to France a quarter of the German empire, might be, and was, an agreeable dream; but it was perilous to dream on that fashion. Such a hope would have necessitated the letting slip the opportunity, abstaining, doing nothing, waiting patiently until the Burgundians had put themselves in a state of defence, and had fortified their towns. Then they would have said to the king what they did at last say: "We want a husband, not a child;" and France would have been left empty-handed, without Artois or Burgundy, and might not even, perhaps, have recovered her barrier on the North, her indispensable condition of existence, the towns on the Somme and of Picardy.

Add that by following out this dream, there was a risk of encountering a very distressing reality, an English war. Edward IV., as we have seen, had only been persuaded to retrace his steps homewards by a treaty of marriage between his daughter and the dauphin. His queen, by whom he was completely ruled, whose sole object of ambition was this high marriage, and who had her daughter styled everywhere, madame the Dauphiness, would never have forgone it; she would have sent her husband into France ten times over sooner.

Louis XI., like all princes of that day, had coveted the great heiress for his son, but he came to more serious ideas† when the succession was first opened to him, and attached himself to the real and possible. He entered Picardy and Burgundy. To keep the English

at home, he gorged them with money,* and, at the same time, offered, as a friend, to give them a share in the spoil. A circumstance which materially served him was the misunderstanding of the women who ruled on either side. Margaret of York, dowager of Burgundy, wished this great inheritance to vest in the house of York, by giving mademoiselle of Burgundy in marriage to a favorite brother, to Edward's brother, the duke of Clarence. The queen of England, too, wished to give her an English husband,—her own brother, lord Rivers,—and so ally a petty gentleman to the richest sovereign in the world. The Rivers' cabal succeeded in destroying Clarence,† but neither had her. Louis XI. profited by this disagreement, and soon had his hands full. He did not allow himself to be misled by the councils of the Fleming, Comines,‡ who (as one always believes what one wishes) was a believer in the Flemish marriage, but followed his own interest and that of his kingdom. He did what was reasonable and politic, only his means were not politic, for he acted in a manner to set the whole world against him. His evil, malignant, and perfidious nature spoiled his justest acts, and so the real question was lost sight of; and men persisted in viewing his proceedings as the result of a cruel disposition, long restrained, and which at last took its revenge, for the fear it had undergone, on a child of whom, in all chivalry, he ought to have been the protector. Great was the pity for the orphan maid. Nature silenced reason. There was pity for the young girl, but none for aged France, beaten for fifty years by her daughter, the parricide house of Burgundy.

Louis XI., swayed much more by the sense of his interest and by his cupidity, than by the sense of his right, advanced in each province which he invaded a different right§—at Abbeville, the *restoration* stipulated for in 1444, at Arras, the *confiscation*. In the Burgundies he presented himself hypocritically as the *feudal guardian* of mademoiselle, and anxious to preserve her possessions to her; so gross a pretext that she easily exposes it in a letter, (written in her name.) "Small need is there for those who deprive me of my kingdom on the one side, to undertake to guard it on the other."

* Paid "in golden sols, for money was never given to foreign lords in any other coin." Comines, l. vi. c. 1. Since the treaty of Pecquigni he had these "crowns of the sun" struck on purpose. Molinet, i. 147.

† He perished a year after. 17th February, 1478. Croyland continuat. p. 361.

‡ Naturally suspected in this business by Louis, as being the relative of the lady of Comines, principal gouvernante to mademoiselle, and much opposed to the king. *Généalogie MS. des Maisons de Comines et d'Hallewin*, quoted by M. Le Glay in his Notice appended to the *Lettres de Maximilien et Marguerite*, t. ii. p. 387.

§ See a species of special pleading in favor of female succession, under the title of *Chronique de la Duché de Bourgogne*: "In obedience to those in power over me, I have collected, &c. And I must be pardoned if I press any points too sharply in the opinion of the king's officers, or too weakly in that of the counsellors of my said lord and lady, for swimming between the two, I have labored" &c. *Biblioth. de Lille. MS. E. G. 33.*

relative to these matters, and with the penetrating glance bent by the cool and subtle Fleming on his master, and on all, at this moment of overflowing joy and banished reserve, (Montaigne would have seen the whole in the same light, and described it similarly:) "They scarcely knew what looks to put on. . . . I and others watched them at dinner . . . not one ate half he could, yet were they not shamed at eating with the king, &c." Comines livre v. c. 10, l. ii. pp. 71-73, éd. Dupont.

* A marriage even more impossible than that with England, which in Louis XIth's judgment was impossible. (Comines, liv. vi. c. 1.) Elizabeth was four years older than the dauphin, Mary twelve.

† Even a week before he was still dreaming of it, or else thinking of mademoiselle for my lord of Angoulême. This would have been in a manner renewing the house of Burgundy.

This was not all. He laid his hand on provinces alien to the kingdom, on countries belonging to the empire, as the Comté and Hainault. He even sought to have Flanders, (Flanders so opposed to France in language and in manners, Flanders whom her natural lords could hardly govern;) that is to say, that what would have been difficult to effect with the marriage, he tried to carry without. The clearest sights are obscured by the vertigo of desire.

But let us see him at work.

He had a fine subject to embroil in the two Flanders. Even while the duke lived, they had ceased to pay or to obey; all respired revolution. First sign of this, no one attended the churches when the funeral service was performed in honor of his memory, just as if he had been excommunicated.

Mademoiselle was at Ghent, in the very centre of the storm; and there was no possibility of attempting to snatch her thence. The people loved her too well, were bent upon guarding her, had refused her to her father. The few counsellors who formed her council-board had not the least authority, all being foreigners—her mother-in-law, an Englishwoman; the lord of Ravenstein, brother of the duke of Clèves, one of her German kinsmen; and lastly, Hugonet and Humbercourt, both Frenchmen. Thus her council was composed of three nations, which constituted three intrigues, three prospective marriages; so that all her counsellors were held in suspicion, and with reason.

They thought to quiet the people by giving them what they resumed without asking, their ancient liberties, (20th January.) The first of these liberties was that of being their own judges; and the first use which the Ghenters made of it was to sit in judgment on their magistrates, the more substantial of the burgesses, who, in the last crisis, (1469,) had saved the city by humbling and enslaving it; and these burgesses, who had ever since filled the chief offices, sometimes yielding to, sometimes withstanding the duke, were those too faithful servants whom he taunted with the name given them by the people—*Devourers of good cities*. Ill-treated both by prince and by people, and the more envied as belonging to the latter, (one was a currier,)* they had, perhaps, kept their own hands clean, but then they had allowed of robbery; being too lowly and weak to resist those nobles who did the city the honor to dip into its coffers. So they were arrested as being citizens, and, consequently, amenable to the jurisdiction of the *échevins*, and one of them, who was not a citizen, was merely ex-

pelled the town. There was a touch of moderation in these first proceedings of theirs.

On the 3d of February, the states of Flanders and of Brabant, of Artois, of Hainault, and of Namur, assembled at Ghent. They did not stand out bargaining, as was their wont, but were generous, and voted a hundred thousand men! However, it was the provinces which were to levy them; the sovereign had no voice in the matter. In return for this army on paper, they were given privileges on paper quite as seriously. They were henceforward to convene themselves, no war was to be undertaken without their consent, &c.

The defence of Flanders, so difficult to be accomplished with such means, depended most of all on two men, who stood in great need of defence themselves, being objects of public hate, and who were left to expiate the faults of the late duke. I allude to the chancellor, Hugonet, and to the lord of Humbercourt. Their means were not calculated to inspire much confidence, being limited to two things alone—an army on paper and the moderation of Louis XI. They were worthy men, but detested, and so much the less able to take any effective steps. Their master had destroyed them beforehand by delegating to them his two tyrannies,* Flanders and Liège. Hugonet paid for the one, Humbercourt for the other. The very day on which the duke's death was known at Liège,† the Wild Boar of the Ardennes set off on the track of Humbercourt, and led his bishop to Ghent for this good work. The count de Saint-Pol was already there to avenge his father. Every one was agreed; only the Ghenters, as admirers of legality, wished to kill according to judicial forms alone.

Humbercourt and Hugonet leaving all this behind them, and their ruin being certain, repaired to Péronne as ambassadors to the king, to ask a delay. He received them most graciously, supposing that they came to sell themselves; for there he held a great market for consciences, bought men, bargained for cities. His servants traded by retail, and would ask such or such a town what it would give if they would use their great credit with the king to persuade him to take possession of it.

Most unexpected things, but well calculated to show the character of the chivalry of the epoch, were brought to light by these bargains.

* Besides his functions as chancellor, Hugonet seems to have taken the principal share in the management of the affairs of the Low Countries. This little judge of Beaujolais had carved out a fine fortune for himself, especially in Flanders, where he got himself made viscount of Xpres. The duke, (even while treating him sternly, as shown by his letter of the 13th July, 1476,) was bestowing upon him, at the very moment of his death, the lordship of Middlebourg. Gachard, *Ibidem*, p. 54.

† There was a strong reaction at Liège. Raes returned there, and, no doubt, many other exiles: he died on the 8th December, 1477. *Recueil Héraldique des Bourgmeistres de la noble cité de Liège, avec leurs épitaphes, arms, et blasons*, 1720, (folio,) p. 170. To this *Recueil* is prefixed an invaluable list of the *bures des mahais* of Liège; in other words, of the miners, or subterranean Liège.

* "Another, a carpenter." *Journal du Tumulte, (Archives de Belgique)* published by M. Gachard, (Preuves, p. 17.) *Académie de Bruxelles, Bulletins*, t. vi. No. 9. We find from this journal that these notables had accepted in 1469, in the name of the city, the most odious powers—confiscation, proscription of the children of those found guilty, denunciation made a point of duty, &c.

There were two nobles on whom the duke had believed that he could rely—Crèveœur in Picardy, in Burgundy the prince of Orange. The latter, despoiled of his principality by Louis XI., had been employed by the duke in affairs of great confidence, and posted in the vanguard of his expected conquests, in the affairs of Italy and of Provence. Crèveœur, the younger son of the lord of that name, was charged with the defence of the most vulnerable point of the states of the house of Burgundy, that on which they confined at once with France and England, (the England of Calais.) He was governor of Picardy and of the towns on the Somme, seneschal of Ponthieu, captain of Boulogne; not to speak of the order of the Golden Fleece, and of numerous other honors heaped upon him. He had met with favor in all this, but then he had merit, great sense and courage, and honesty; so long as it did not decidedly contradict his interest. The change was difficult, and more delicate for him than for any other. His mother had brought up mademoiselle, who had lost her own when only eight years of age, and she had acted as a mother to her; so that his mistress and sovereign was in a manner his sister. "She confirmed him in his offices, appointed him captain of Hesdin, and named him her own knight of honor." He took the oaths of her. . . . A man so pledged, and hitherto standing very high in the public esteem, must, apparently, have required a great effort to enable him to forget all this in a day's space, to open his strongholds to the king, and busy himself in getting others opened to him.

What the king wanted of him, what he coveted most, the dearest object of his desires, was Arras. This city, independently of its size and importance, was a double barrier, a barrier against both Calais and Flanders. The Flemings, who held every other French province cheap, were very tenacious and very proud of this city, averring that it was the ancient patrimony of their count. Their battle-cry was, "*Arras! Arras!*"*

To deliver up this important city, which was devotedly Burgundian, (because it paid little, and did as it liked,) to place it in the king's talons, despite of its cries, was to hazard a notoriety, which might give a sad celebrity to the name of Crèveœur. He would have wished to have been able to say that he thought himself authorized to yield it up; he required, at the least, some word to justify him, which might bear a double interpretation, and here the chancellor Hugonet stepped in opportunely with his seal and full powers.

Hugonet and Humbercourt were bearers of mere sounds to the king—the offer of homage, and of appeal to the parliament, the restitution of the ceded provinces. But he had either seized, or was about to seize, these provinces, and others besides, without their being given

up to him; and he had just received news of the voluntary submission of the Comté, (19th February.) All he asked of the ambassadors was one little word which would open Arras.

And wherefore should they distrust him? Was he not the near kinsman of mademoiselle, and her godfather? By the "Custom" of France, he was her feudal guardian; and, as such, ought to guard her states for her . . . only, it was essential to reannex what belonged to the crown . . . There was one means which would render all easy—the marriage. Then, far from taking, he would have given of his own!

As regarded Arras, it was not the town which he sought, for that belonged to the counts of Artois; he only wanted the city, the ancient quarter of the bishop, which had no longer walls, but which "has always held of the king." This city, too, he left in the good and loyal hands of my lord of Crèveœur.

He was pressing and he was tender,* and kept asking Hugonet and Humbercourt wherefore they would not stay with him, for they were Frenchmen? They were born in Picardy and in Burgundy, and had estates, as he reminded them, within his dominions. All this was not without its influence, at last; and they considered that since he was bent on having this city, and had the power to take it, it was as well to pleasure him. Crèveœur received a formal authority to hold the city of Arras for the king, and the chancellor added to it, by way of a quietus to his own conscience, "Without prejudice to the right." With or without prejudice, the king entered it on the 4th March.

It may be supposed that the storm which went on swelling at Ghent from hour to hour, was not lulled by the news. For a month or more since the Ghenters had thrown their magistrates into prison, they were loaded with privileges and parchments of all sorts, which, however, were ineffectual to deceive them:—on the 11th of February, the general privileges of Flanders; on the 15th, the treaty of Ghent, which despoiled Ghent of her rights, is annulled; on the 16th the same rights are expressly restored to her, and, specifically, her sovereign jurisdiction over the neighboring towns; on the 18th her magistrature is renewed, according to the form of her ancient liberties.† But

* "The king's converse being then so sweet and virtuous, that, like the nightingale, it lulled all who listened to it." Molinet, t. ii. p. 61.

† As regards all this, we are much indebted to the controversy between M. St. Genois and M. Gachard: the first, a native of Ghent, preoccupied with the ancient law and looking from the local point of view; the second, keeper of the Archives, and swayed by the spirit of centralization. M. Gachard has collected texts, given dates, &c., and his Memoir is highly instructive. Nevertheless, he admits that the ancient constitution of Ghent had been restored, that all rights clashing with it had been annulled, hence that the *woepinghe*, the judgment and condemnation of Sersanders and the others were *legal*, but, as regards Hugonet and Humbercourt, the law was violated, inasmuch as *they were not burgesses of Ghent*, and the Ghenters had just acknowledged that they had no jurisdiction except over citizens. Hugonet and Humbercourt, though accompanied by others,

all was in vain ; the Ghenters were none the better disposed to relax their hold of their prisoners. The news of the surrender of Arras wofully aggravated matters. The people, in arms, fill the streets and squares. They demand justice. On the 13th of March one head is given up to them, one on the 14th, one on the 15th ; then two days are allowed to pass without an execution ; by way, however, of indemnifying the multitude, three executions take place on the 18th.

Meanwhile the king was advancing. The States deputed a new embassy to him ; in this the burgesses were dominant. They simply told the king, that he would do wrong to de-spoil mademoiselle :—"There is no harm in her, that we can answer for, since we have seen her swear that she was resolved to be guided in all things by the council of the States."

"You are wrongly informed," said the king, "of the intentions of your mistress. It is certain that she means to be guided by the advice of certain persons who do not desire peace." This greatly troubled them ; and, like men unused to treat of such great affairs, they grow warm, reply that they are sure of what they say, and that in case of need they will show their instructions. "Yes ; but you can be shown such a letter, and from such a hand that you must believe." . . . And, as they still maintained that they were sure of the contrary, the king showed and gave them a letter which Hugonet and Humbercourt had brought him ; and in this letter were the respective handwritings of the dowager-duchess, of the brother of the duke of Clèves, and of mademoiselle, which latter assured the king that she would conduct her affairs solely by the advice of those two personages, and of the two (Hugonet and Humbercourt) whom she had deputed to him, praying him to say nothing of this to the others.

Mortified and irritated, the deputies returned hastily to Ghent. Mademoiselle received them in a solemn audience, "on her seat," surrounded by her mother-in-law, the bishop of Liège, and all her servants. The deputies set forth to her how the king had assured them that she has no intention of governing by the advice of the States, and that he has a letter to prove it. On this, she stops them, with much emotion, asseverating that it is false, and that no letter of the kind can be produced. "Here it is," rudely exclaimed master Godevaert, the pensioner of Ghent, drawing it forth, and showing it. She was covered with confusion, and could not say a word.

Hugonet and Humbercourt, who were present, threw themselves into a monastery, where they were seized that same evening, (March 19.) The king had destroyed them ; but he

might be sure that he had destroyed along with them all hope of a French marriage or alliance. No doubt he had aimed at no more than subduing them, at overcoming their probity by fear, at forcing them to give up both their mistress and themselves into his power. The contrary happened. He found that he had been laboring to forward the English or German marriage. He had been doing the work of the dowager, Margaret of York, and of the duke of Clèves. The king of France had ridden them of three French counsellors.

Mademoiselle, who was French too, and who would willingly have married a Frenchman, (provided he was more than eight years old,) was the only person moved by this event, and who interested herself in the fate of these two unfortunate men. Their misfortune, too, was shared by her—death for them ; for her, shame. To have been detected in a falsehood was a great humiliation for so young a female, and she just come to the throne. Who would henceforward believe her ?

They had been arrested in the name of the States, though by the Ghenters ; who took the business in hand, kept them prisoners, and sat in judgment on them. A report was spread on the 27th of March, that it was intended to allow them to escape ; a report which either originated with their enemies in order to hurry on their trial, or, perhaps, in the fact that mademoiselle had found some one bold enough to make the attempt. What is certain is, that the people flew to arms at this report, and that constituting themselves into a permanent assembly, in pursuance of their ancient right,* in Friday market-place, remained encamped there night and day, until they witnessed the execution of the devoted two.

It would have been useless, perhaps dangerous, to have claimed them, as having been the late duke's officers, in the name of the Grand Council : judges so suspected by the people might have run a risk of bringing down judgment on themselves. Mademoiselle nominated a commission on the 28th, but, although out of thirty-six commissioners, thirty were Ghenters, yet the city decided that the city alone should be the judge : its principal grief had been the violation of its privileges, and it would intrust the decision to no one. All mademoiselle could obtain, was permission to send eight nobles to sit along with the échevins and deacons. This was of little use. She felt it to be so ; and, like a true daughter of Charles the Bold, resolved on a step which honors her memory—she repaired to the trial in person, (March 31st, 1477.)

Poor young lady, exclaims the counsellor of

* Primitive right of trial under arms, *woapeninghe*, which existed before there was either count or bailli of the count, or even of the city. See my *Symbolique du Droit*, p. 312, &c. Compare the trials of the Gau and of La Marche. Even in the times of the Wielants and Meyers, &c., all this had become no longer understood : how much less so by the moderns !

had in reality been the *only authorized* ambassadors ; the surrender of Arras, far from being, as has been stated, an *opportune act*, must have induced that of many other towns, in fact, of the whole of Artois.

Louis XI., (who, though hardened by a long life spent in the tortuous wiles of policy, is nevertheless moved by her position,) poor, not for having lost so many towns which, once in the hands of the king, would never be recovered, but rather for finding herself in the power of the people . . . a maiden who had never seen the crowd save from the gilded balcony, who had never gone forth but surrounded by a cavalcade of knights and ladies . . . she took upon her to descend, and, unaccompanied even by her mother-in-law, to cross the paternal threshold, and, in the lowliest attire, in mourning, and on her head the little Flemish cap, to plunge into the midst of the crowd . . . There was, it is true, no memory of the Flemings ever having touched their seignior, a point specially insured by the letter of the feudal law; still, she had one reason for fear: she had been an accomplice, a proven accomplice, of the very individuals whose death was sought.

She forced her way to the Town-hall, where she found the very judges with whom she had come to intercede, any thing but easy themselves. The deacon of the trades pointed to the crowd, to the dense masses which filled the street, and said to her, "We must satisfy the people."

Still, she did not lose her courage, but had recourse to the people themselves. Tears in her eyes, and with dishevelled hair, she repaired to Friday market-place, and addressed first one, then another, weeping, and with clasped hands.* They were much touched at seeing their lady in this state, so deserted, so young, in the midst of rough armed handicraftsmen. Many cried, "Let her have her wish, they shall not die;" but others, "Die they shall." They even came to loud dispute, and angrily ranged themselves in opposite lines, pikes against pikes. But all who were at a distance, and did not see mademoiselle, and they were the larger number, were for death.

A renewal of the scene was not to be risked, and so matters were precipitated. The prisoners were hastily put to the torture, without, however, more being elicited from them than was previously known:—They had delivered up the city of Arras, *but had been authorized so to do; they had taken money in one case, not to bias their decision, but as \blacksquare present, after they had given judgment; they had violated the privileges of the city, but only those which the city had renounced after its defeat at Gavre and submission in 1469; according to the Ghenters, a compulsory and illegal renunciation, since they were imprescriptible privileges, and every man who touched the rights of Ghent deserved to die. Neither Hugonet nor Humbercourt was a burgess, or amenable to the jurisdiction of the city; they were put to death as enemies.*

Hugonet attempted to make good a claim to some privilege of clergy. Humbercourt appealed to the Order of the Fleece, which pretended to the right of trying its members. He is said, too, to have appealed to the parliament of Paris,* the supremacy of which the Flemings themselves had appeared to recognise by suppressing that of Malines, as well as by their embassy to the king; but all this was already much changed. The crime of the prisoners was having endeavored to maintain the French domination; and an appeal to the parliament of Paris was not likely to cause this crime to be forgiven. Besides, there was no way for appeal left open; in Flanders, execution at once followed the sentence.

The people had been encamped in the market-place for a week, had been all that time away from work, and had earned nothing; so that they began to grow weary. The judges hurried on the trial as fast as they could, and it was got through by the 3d of April; Holy Thursday, the day of charity and of compassion, on which Jesus himself washes the feet of the poor: sentence was, nevertheless, pronounced. But, before it could be carried into execution, the law decreed that the confessions of the prisoners should be laid before the sovereign. So the judges repaired in a body to the countess of Flanders, and, as she still protested, they observed sternly to her: "Madam, you have sworn to do justice not only on the poor, but on the rich."

They were borne to the place of execution in a cart, but could not stand, so dislocated had their limbs been by the torture, Humbercourt's in particular. He was seated, and in a chair with a back to it, in honor of his rank† and of his Golden Fleece; and this attention was carried even to hanging the scaffold with black. This wise and calm man wrought himself up into a passion, and his harangue was violent and indignant. He was decapitated, seated in the same chair. A hundred men, clad in mourning, bore off the body in a litter, (the chancellor had only fifty.) He was taken to Arras, and honorably buried in the cathedral there.

The very day after the execution, Good Friday, mademoiselle, despite her tears and her anger, was forced to admit the judges again to her presence, and to sign the documents which they tendered to her; and which were letters written in her name, in which she was made to say that out of reverence for that holy day, and the Passion of our Lord, she had taken pity on the poor men of Ghent, and pardoned them whatever they might have done against her seigniority, and that, besides, she had been a *consenting party* to it. In their hands, and alone as she was in her hotel, for she had been deprived of her mother-in-law and her kins-

* Met aller herten . . . met weenenden hogen. *Chronique MS. d'Ypres.* (Preuves de M. Gachard, p. 10.) See M. Lambin's note on this manuscript. *Ibidem.*

* Lettres Royales du 25 Avril, 1477, publiées par Mlle. Dupont, Comines, t. iii. and t. ii. p. 124.

† "For that he was a great master and lord." *Journal du Tumulte*, Preuves de M. Gachard, p. 20.

man, she could not refuse to sign. Had she not the good city of Ghent for kinsmen and family? The Ghenters meant to take great care of her, and to marry her well.

Only the husband was difficult to be met with; he was not to be French, or English, or German. Henceforward, mademoiselle had a horror of the king and his dauphin. The king had betrayed her and her servitors; while the house of Clèves had offered no obstruction, perhaps had been participators. Her mother-in-law was no longer there to make her accept Clarence; whom, besides, king Edward would not give to her.* In reality she could not be supposed to care for either a French boy, eight years old, or an Englishman of about forty, a sot and of evil fame. As to drinking,† the German would not have yielded to any one, nor, indeed, in certain other respects; he has remained celebrated for his hundred bastards. Putting these aspirants aside, the Flemings be thought themselves of a brave man, at least of a man who could defend them—of the brigand, Adolphus of Guelders, who was in prison at Courtrai as a parricide.

Mademoiselle feared such a husband most of all, and confided her fears to the only persons whom she had near her, two kind dames who consoled, caressed, and watched her. The one, of the house of Luxembourg, wrote every thing to Louis XI.; the other, madame de Comines, a crafty Fleming, labored for Austria; as did the dowager, at a distance, in order to exclude the Frenchman. Of the three or four princes whom the duke had encouraged to hope for, nay, had even promised his daughter, the emperor's son was the most prepossessing. Mademoiselle was assured both personally and by letter that he was a fair young German,‡ of fine deportment and stature, easy, adroit, a bold Tyrolese hunter. Being only eighteen, he was younger than she. This was to choose a very youthful defender, and the empire was not sufficiently fond of his father to give him much assistance. He was ignorant of French.§ she of German; and he was quite unversed in the affairs and manners of the country, and unfitted to manage the people. Moreover, as he brought with him neither lands nor money, his

enemies thought to injure him by naming him *Prince Lackland*. Very probably he was only the more pleasing to the young heiress, who thought it sweeter to give.

Madame de Comines was so skilful as to teach her young mistress to carry on the deceit to the last day. The duke of Clèves, who had come expressly in person to Ghent, felt certain of closing the gate against the emperor's ambassadors. They were already at Brussels, and he had them told to stay there. The dowager, on the contrary, wrote to them to pay no attention to this, but to go forward. The duke of Clèves, though exceedingly chafed, could not hinder their being received. He was led to believe that mademoiselle would merely grant them an audience, and there an end; and that their proposals would then be submitted to the council. Mademoiselle gave him her assurance to this effect, and he remained content.

The ambassadors, having presented their credentials at a public and solemn audience, set forth that the marriage had been concluded between the emperor and the late duke, with the concurrence of mademoiselle, as appeared from a letter written with her own hand, which they produced; and they displayed, too, a diamond which had been "sent in token of marriage." They require her, in the name of their master, to be pleased to fulfil the promise pledged by her father, and call upon her to declare whether or not she had written that letter. On this, without demanding a reference to her council, mademoiselle of Burgundy quietly replied: "I wrote that letter by the wish and command of my lord and father, and sent that diamond; I own to the contents."¶

The marriage was concluded and made public on the 27th April, 1477. That very day the city of Ghent gave the ambassadors of the Empire a banquet, at which mademoiselle was present.† Many were of opinion that the duke of Guelders would defend Flanders better than this young German; but to all appearance, the people were weary and dispirited, as is the case after great efforts. Four weeks had barely elapsed since Humbercourt's death.

* Louis XI. had set him against the project, and, besides, "he could not away with an ungrateful brother's attaining such prosperity." Croyland, Continuât. p. 301.

† "After drinking," said the king, "he would break his glass on his head." Molinet, ii. 34. He was surnamed the *Child-maker*.

‡ "The hairs of his honorable head are, after the German fashion, golden, lustrous, curiously adorned, and of decent length. His port is lordly. . . . Albeit the lady be not of such conspicuous beauty, yet is she proper, graceful, gentle, and delicate, of sweet deportment and lovely shape." Molinet, ii. 94-97. Fugger (Miroir de la Maison d'Autriche) hints that the reports about his appearance were contradictory. We can form our own judgment, however, as to his being good-looking, or the reverse, from the portrait which represents him armed, as well as from that in which he is pictured as a hunter pursuing the chamois on the brink of a precipice. See, above all, his history in Albert Durer's engravings, at once so simple and so grand.

§ Avertissement de M. Le Glay, p. 12; and Barante-Gachard, ii. 577.

CHAPTER IV.

OBSTACLES.—MISTRUSTS.—TRIAL OF THE DUKE DE NEMOURS. A. D. 1477-1479.

THE king had entered upon his Burgundian conquests heartily, full of hope, and with the

* Comines, l. vi. c. 2, t. ii. p. 179. Olivier de la Marche, with his ordinary tact, makes the young damsel say boldly: "I understand that my father (whom God assaillzie) consented to and arranged my marriage with the emperor's son, and I have entertained no idea of having any other." Olivier de la Marche, ii. 423.

† *Registre de la Collace de Gand*, Barante-Gachard, ii. 576.

impulsiveness of a young man. His life long, maltreated by fate as dauphin, as king humiliated at Monthéry, at Péronne, at Pecquigny, "as much as and more than any king for these hundred years," he saw himself one morning suddenly elevated, and fortune forced to do homage to his calculations. In the universal prostration of the strong and violent, the man of craft was left the only strong man; the rest had grown old, and he found himself young through their being aged. He wrote to Dammartin, (laughingly, yet still thinking so,) "We young fellows* . . . ;" and he acted as if he were so, no longer entertaining a doubt, but sallying out of the trenches, and advancing up to the walls of the towns which he was besieging. Twice was he recognised, aimed at, missed; though the second time he was slightly hit. Tannequi-Duchâtel, on whom he happened to be leaning at the moment, paid for him and was killed.

His ideas became vast. He was no more for conquering only; he wanted to found. The thought of Saint Charlemagne often recurred to him. Early, indeed, in his reign he had affected to imitate him, visiting his provinces constantly, and inquiring personally into every thing. To resemble him still more, he would have asked no better than to have, besides France, good part of Germany. He had the statue of Charlemagne taken down from the pillars of the Palais, and placed, with that of St. Louis, at the extremity of the great hall, near the Sainte-Chapelle.†

It was a great thing, both as regarded the present and the future time, to have recovered not only Péronne and Abbeville, but, through Arras and Boulogne, to have confined the English to Calais. Boulogne, that opposite to the Downs, which looks out upon England and already invades it, Boulogne, (says Chastellain, with a profound feeling of the interests of the time,) "the most precious angel of Christendom," was that thing in the world which Louis XI., having once taken, would have the least given up. It is known that Our Lady of Boulogne was a place of pilgrimage, filled with offerings, consecrated standards and arms,

* His letters at this period are altogether lively, gay, and warlike: "My lords counts," he wrote to his generals who were pillaging Burgundy, "you do me the honor to share with me, and I thank you, but I pray you set by something to repair the towns with." Again: "We have taken Hesdin, Boulogne, and a castle which the king of England besieged for three months without taking it. We took it by fair assault, and put all to the sword." Again, speaking of an engagement: "Our men received them so heartily that above six hundred remained on the field, and full six hundred more were carried into the city . . . all were hung, or had their heads struck off." But his grand triumph is Arras: "My lord, grand master, thanks to God and Our Lady, I have taken Arras, and am going to Our Lady of Victory; on my return, I shall repair to your quarter. Thenceforth your sole care must be to guide me well, for up to this I have done all. As regards my wound, that I got it is the duke of Brittany's doing, for he is ever calling me the coward king. But you have long known my way of doing things; you have seen me in former days. Adieu." See, *passim*, Lenglet, Duclos, Louandre, &c.

† Jean de Troyes, ann. 1477, éd. Petitot, xiv. 67.

memorable *ex votos*, hung from the walls and altars. The king bethought to make an offering of the town itself, of placing it in the hands of the Virgin. He declared his intention of indemnifying the house of Auvergne, which had a right to it; but that henceforward Boulogne should never belong save to our Lady of Boulogne. He first named her countess of Boulogne, and then received the city from her as her liegeman. Nothing was omitted from the ceremony. Ungirt, barelegged, without spurs, and the church being sufficiently thronged with witnesses, priests, and people, he did homage to Our Lady, tendered her in sign of vassalage a large heart of gold, and swore to her that he would guard her city well for her.*

Arras he thought to secure by the privileges and favors which he granted to her, confirming all her ancient franchises—as exemption from quartering soldiers, right of conferring nobility on her burgesses, the power to hold fiefs without being amenable to the ban or arrière-ban, remission of what was owing on the imposts, and lastly, (to win the lower classes,) such a reduction of the gabelle as to secure the cheapness of wine. One mark of high confidence was his giving "a seigniorship in parliament" to a notable burgess of Arras, master Oudart, at the very moment that parliament was sitting in judgment on a prince of the blood, the duke of Nemours.

The king's violent greed, not only for taking but keeping, had led him to promulgate at the beginning of the war, a remarkable ordinance to protect the civilian against the soldier. The debts left at his lodging by the latter were to be paid by the king himself, and he guaranteed the execution of this ordinance by the most binding oath which he had ever taken: "If I contravene this, I pray that the blessed cross, here present, may punish me with death before the year is over."

He would not have taken such an oath, except his intentions had been sincere. But it weighed little with such plundering generals as la Trémouille, Du Lude, &c., or, on the other hand, with militia like the free-archers, who received little pay, and principally depended upon booty; and the frightful pillage committed, set against him in a very short time the county of Burgundy and a large part of the duchy. Even Artois would have slipped through his fingers, had he not been there in person.

What, too, made him lose many things, was his fear of losing, his mistrust. He no longer trusted in any one; and, for this very reason, was betrayed. True, it was difficult for him to confide blindly in the prince of Orange, who

* Molinet, ii. 23. A remarkable contrast to the pride of feudal times. In 1185, Philippe Auguste claims to be disappointed by the church of Amiens from doing her homage, declaring that the king can do homage to no one. Brussel, 150-152.

had changed sides so often.* He made the province subordinate to La Trémouille, and the prince left him, (28th March.) In Artois, this and that person was pointed out to him as being a partisan of mademoiselle, and as intriguing for her restoration. He got rid of them, and so the panic spread. They who thought themselves menaced were so much the more active against him.

His natural distrust was largely increased by the sinister light which the revelations of the duke de Nemours had just thrown upon his friends and servants. He discovered with terror that not only had the duke of Bourbon been privy to all Saint-Pol's plans of putting him in confinement, but that even his old general, Dammartin, in whom he had implicitly reposed, had known all, and had been prepared to profit by it if it took place.

In the beginning of January the king had learned the assassination of the duke of Milan, slain in mid-day at Saint-Ambroise, and almost at the same moment, the death of the duke of Burgundy, assassinated, according to all appearance, by Campobasso's retainers. These two tidings, the one following hard upon the other, set him thinking; and thenceforward his mind knew no rest. The assassination of the Medici, a year afterwards, was not calculated to reassure him. He knew himself to be quite as much hated as all these dead men had been, and that he had no means of guarding himself better. The touching letter addressed to him on the 31st of January, by the poor Nemours, "from his cage in the bastille," praying for his life, found this cruel man more cruel than ever, at the savage moment of hate scared into fear.

He felt fear of death, of judgment, of being sent to his reckoning below; fear, also, of life. Many of his enemies, far from making away with him, would have kept him to show in a cage and to be jeered at, like that wretched brother of the duke of Brittany's who was fed or starved at the caprice of his jailers, and whom the passers-by saw for whole months howling at his bars. Louis XI. was knowing here. He had seen himself in the tower of Péronne, he had had personal experience how low the fox crawls when caught in the snare, and the vengeance he revolves as he crawls. The duke of Nemours, having failed to imprison him, and being himself imprisoned, might pray; he spoke to the deaf.

Louis wrote to La Trémouille of the prince of Orange: "If you can take him, he must be burnt alive." (May 8.) Arras had revolted; and that same master Oudart, whom he had made a counsellor to the parliament, was one of a deputation sent to mademoiselle. Being taken on the road,† he was decapitated along

with the other deputies, and buried on the spot. The king, not thinking this enough, had him exhumed and exposed. He writes: "That there may be no difficulty in recognising his head, I have had him decked out in a fine furred cape; and so he *presides* over the market-place of Hesdin."

If he did still trust any one, it was a Fleming, (not Comines, too much connected with the Flemish nobility,) but a simple Flemish surgeon who used to shave him; a delicate operation and of extreme trust in this time of assassinations and conspiracies. This most faithful man was able as well. The king, who trusted his neck to him, did not hesitate to trust him with his affairs; and found him possessed of remarkable address and shrewdness. He was called Oliver the Bad.* Louis made him his first valet-de-chambre, ennobled him, conferred a title upon him, and gave him a post which he would have given to no lord, a post between France and Normandy, upon which Paris depended as regarded the Lower Seine, (as she did on Melun with regard to the Upper,) the bridge of Meulan.

Having retaken Arras, in person, (May 4th,) and seeing the reaction, extinct in Ghent, extend to Ypres, to Mons, and Brussels, the king sent his Fleming into Flanders to feel whether the Ghenters, always misgiving under a reverse, might not be instigated to some new movement.† Oliver was to convey letters to mademoiselle, and to remonstrate with her. As the king's vassal, she could not, according to the terms of the feudal law, marry without the consent of her suzerain: this was the pretext, the ostensible motive for the embassy.

There was nothing surprising in the selection of a valet-de-chambre for envoy, and the dukes of Burgundy had set the example; nor was he lowered by being a surgeon, at the period when surgery had winged so bold a flight. They who in Louis XIth's day were the first to hazard the operation for the stone and to cut the living subject, were no longer mere barbers.

What might injure him more and deprive him of all influence over the people was that, though a Fleming, he was not of Ghent, nor of any of the large cities, but of Thielt, a small town dependent on Courtrai, which, in its turn, depended, as concerned appeals, upon Ghent. My masters of Ghent looked upon a man of

24. Oudart was one of the malecontents of the Public Weal. He was at that time a lawyer of the Châtelet, and he left his wife to carry on the correspondence whilst he betook himself to the count of Saint-Pol. After Monthéry, she was expelled. Jean de Troyes, 1465, end of July.

* Every thing conspires to induce the belief that he was a bad man; yet it is difficult to rely blindly (as all historians have hitherto done) on the testimony of those who tried and hung Oliver in the feudal reaction of 1484. One might as well consult the men of 1816 on the members of the Convention. Comines, his enemy, whom he supplanted in the management of the affairs of Flanders, laughs a little at the figure he cut on his embassy, but owns that he had great sense and merit.

† On the 28th of May again, a magistrate was beheaded at Mons. Notice de M. Gachard sur Hugonet, &c., p. 66.

* See De la Pise, Histoire des Princes d'Orange, Jean II. ann. 1477.

† "Some say that they had a safe-conduct from the king, but that the French would not recognise it." Molinet, ii.

Thielt as a nobody, as a subject of their subjects.

Oliver, splendidly dressed, and styling himself the count of Meulan, exceedingly disgusted the Ghenters, who thought it very insolent in him to appear in that fashion in their city. The court laughed at him, and the people talked of throwing him into the water. He was received at a solemn audience, in presence of all the great lords of the Low Countries, who made merry with the sorry figure cut by the ravestied barber. He stated that he could only speak to mademoiselle in private, and was gravely assured of the impossibility of being allowed to converse alone with a young lady not yet married. On this, he would not say a word; though threatened that they would find way to make him speak.

However, he had not lost his time at Ghent. He had noticed the commotion that prevailed amongst the citizens, who were on the point of arming. Their first step before passing the frontier, it was easy to foresee, would be to seize upon Tournai, a royal city, which stood amongst themselves, in the midst of their own Flanders, and which had as yet conducted itself as if it had been a neutral republic. Oliver gave notice to the nearest troops, and, under pretext of delivering to the town a letter from the king, entered it with two hundred lances; and this garrison, constantly reinforced, barred the road against merchants, and kept Flanders and Hainault in unceasing uneasiness. Henceforth, the Flemings would never enter France without knowing that they left an army behind them in Tournai.

They were not fond of such a neighborhood, and sought to get rid of it at any price; so choose their prisoner, Adolphus of Guelders, as their captain, and sally forth in bodies of twenty or thirty thousand men, burning and plundering up to the walls of Tournai. There, the men of Bruges thought was quite enough, and were for returning. The Ghenters persisted, and burnt down during the night the faubourgs of the city. In the morning, the French, perceiving that they were on the retreat, fell roughly on their rear. Adolphus of Guelders wheeled round, fought stoutly, was slain, and the Flemings took to flight; but their heavy wagons could not fly, and were found laden with beer, bread, meat, and provisions of all kinds, without which this prudent people never set out on a march. The whole was brought, together with the body of the duke, and the captured banners, into Tournai, which was mad with joy, and its lively and valiant population made a villonade upon the adventure as gay as, and nobler than, Villon. In this, Tournai complains of Ghent, her daughter, who had hitherto sent yearly to her Notre-Dame, a fine robe and an offering: "This year the robe is the banner of Ghent, and the offering, her captain."*

* "La Vierge peut demeurer nue,
Cet an n'aura robe Gantoise. . . .

The king, having secured Artois, passed into Hainault, where he encountered difficulties which he had himself increased by his hesitation. At first, he did not make up his mind whether or not he would meddle with this country, which held of the empire, and he had given a cold reception to the overtures made him. Now, he declared that he would not *take* Hainault, but only *occupy* it. Besides, was not the dauphin about to marry mademoiselle? The king came as a friend, a father-in-law.* Cambrai apart, which admitted him, he met with resistance everywhere, and had to lay siege to every town, to Bouchain, to Quesnoy, to Avesnes—which was taken by assault, burnt, and the inhabitants put to the sword, (11th June.) Galeotto, who was at Valenciennes, burnt down the faubourgs of that city himself, and assumed such a posture of defence as induced the king to abstain from attack, and to try to starve him out. With this view, he sent for hundreds of reapers from Brie and Picardy to cut down and destroy all the fruits of the earth; the harvest was still green, (June.)

On all sides his affairs were going on badly, and they threatened to be worse still. The dowager duchess of Burgundy and the duke of Brittany were soliciting the English to cross. The king, indeed, had the Breton's letters, which the duke's own messenger sold to him, one by one. In the Comté he got on no better: Dôle repulsed his general, La Trémouille, who had laid siege to it, and who was surprised in his camp. Burgundy seemed on the point of escaping him. . . . His wrath was extreme, and he hastily dispatched the roughest of his servants, M. de Saint-Pierre, armed with terrible powers, and even with that of depopulating, if needs be, and repopling Dijon.

The war waged by the king in Hainault and the Comté upon ground holding of the empire had this effect, that Germany, without loving or esteeming the emperor, grew favorable to his son. Louis XI. made overtures to the princes on the Rhine, and found them all against him. His envoy, Gaguin, the chronicler monk, tells us that he was even in danger.† The

Son corps fut d'enterrer permis
En mon église la plus grande.
Ce joyel des Flamens transmis
A Notre-Dame en lieu d'offrande;
En lieu de robe accoustumée
La Vierge a les pennons de soye
Et les étendards de l'armée. . . ."

Poutrain, Hist. de Tournai, l. 293.

(The Virgin may remain naked this year, for she is to have no robe from Ghent. . . . The duke's body was allowed to be buried in my largest church. This jewel is transmitted by the Flemings instead of an offering; instead of the usual robe, the Virgin has the silken pennons and the standards of the army. . . .)

* See the biting good humor with which he derides the proposed bridegrooms, and proves to the Wallons that their mistress must marry a Frenchman. Molinet, ii. 34. He was, indeed, treating for the marriage even on the 20th June. (Lenglet, iii. 516.) whether the better to gain over Hainault, or that he really hoped to break off the Austrian marriage, which had been concluded two months before.

† He was warned of his peril by the duke of Clèves: Non tūc diu his in locis diversari posse. Gaguinus, 153, (fol. 1500.)

electors of Mentz and of Trèves, the margraves of Brandenburg and of Baden, and the dukes of Saxony and Bavaria, (houses so hostile to Austria,) wished to get up an escort for the young Austrian. Money was the only obstacle; and his father, far from giving him any, made mademoiselle of Burgundy defray the expenses of his own journey as far as Francfort and Cologne, and she had to pay, besides, to bring her husband to Ghent. But at length he arrived.* The king, full of spite, could do nothing. His garrison of Tournai, assisted by the inhabitants, gained him, on the 13th August, another little battle,† routed and chased the Flemish militia, burnt Cassel, and all within four leagues of Ghent. The marriage took place none the less by the light of the flames, and with the bride still in mourning, (18th August, 1477.)

By way of revenge, the king gave himself a pleasure long wished for and after his own heart, the death of the duke of Nemours, (4th August.) He hated no man more; and, in particular, because he had loved him. He was a friend of his childhood, they had been brought up together, and Louis had done both foolish and unjust things for him, (for instance, he had forced the judges to an iniquitous decision, which won him a lawsuit.) This friend betrayed him to the league of the Public Good, and delivered him up as much as in him lay. He quickly turned, swore fidelity to the king on the relics of the Sainte-Chapelle, and obtained from him, over and above numerous other things, the government of Paris and of the Isle of France. The next day he betrayed him.

When the king struck Armagnac, Nemours's cousin, and was nigh striking him too, the sword being already uplifted, he again contented himself with an oath. Nemours took it, a solemn and a terrible one,‡ in presence of a crowd of witnesses, invoking every malediction on his head, if he were not hereafter faithful, and "did not warn the king of all that should be plotted against him;" in which case he renounced the right to be tried by his peers, and consented beforehand to the confiscation of his property, (A. D. 1470.)

The fear past, he continued to act as an enemy.§ He kept himself cantoned in his

strongholds, and did not send one of his gentlemen to serve the king. Whoever ventured to appeal to the parliament was beaten and injured. The consuls of Aurillac could not go forth to collect the taxes without being rifled by the followers of Nemours. He corresponded with Saint-Pol, and sought to effect a marriage between his daughter and the constable's son; and promised to aid the grand conspiracy of 1475, by seizing on the treasury of Languedoc. A month before the descent of the English, he put himself in a state of defence, kept prepared to act, and fortified his strongholds of Murat and Carlat.

The king, as we have seen, hurried on his bargain with Edward, humbled himself, and got him to return home sooner than was anticipated; when he fell upon his two traitors. All who had kept up an understanding with them were in great alarm, and Saint-Pol was executed while the king was absent, in the hope of burying these dangerous secrets with him. The king still had Nemours; and upon him he exhausted the rage which he felt at knowing and sounding the depths of his danger.

When Nemours was seized, his wife foresaw all, and died of fear. He was first thrown into a tower of Pierre-Scise; so horrid a dungeon that his hair turned white in a few days. The king, who was at Lyons at the time, and who saw himself at liberty as it were by the defeat of the duke of Burgundy, had his prisoner transferred to the Bastille. There is a fearful letter extant, in which he complains "of his having been allowed to quit his cage, and of the gyves having been taken off his limbs." He says, and he repeats the injunction, that he must "be put to strict torture, *must be made to speak clearly* See you make him speak out."

Nemours did not stand alone. He had the greatest of the kingdom for his friends and accomplices, and they read their own fate in his. The king's whole fear was, they should manage to stifle or obscure whatever he might reveal. Most of all, he suspected the chancellor, the crafty Doriote, who had shifted round so quickly to the league of the Public Good, and who had since, while serving him, propitiated his enemies, and who had done them the signal service of dispatching Saint-Pol, before the latter could out with the whole. So the king sent for Doriote, and kept him near him, appointing a commission, with whom he divided the property of the prisoner beforehand, to conduct the trial. Believing, however, that as all the

* Fugger, Spiegel des erzhauses Oesterreich, p. 858. What Pontus Heuterus and the Registre de la Collace say of the rich cortège must be understood of the princes who accompanied Maximilian, and in no wise contradicts our remarks on his poverty.

† The king writes to Abbeville the triumphant bulletin: "For that we desired above all things to find them in the open plain, we came . . . to assail them in the said New Fosse which they had been fortifying more than half a year, but they abandoned it. . . . Our men met them in fair pitched battle . . . and slew more than four thousand. . . (13 August.) Lettres et bulletins de Louis XI., publiés par M. Louandre, p. 25, (Abbeville, 1837.)

‡ The 8th July, 1470. Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Le grand carton, 1470.

§ If MM. de Barante and Sismondi had been acquainted with the *Procès du duc de Nemours*, (Bibliothèque Royale, fonds Harley et fonds Cangé,) they would not affirm "that the duke had done nothing since 1470, and that all his crime

was the *having known* St. Pol's projects," or compare him to Auguste de Thou, put to death for *having known* the treaty of Cinq-Mars with the foreigner. The ordinance of 22d December, 1477, (imitated from the ancient imperial laws,) by which the king declares the non-revelation of conspiracy to be high treason, was not designed against the duke de Nemours, and, as the date proves, was only passed after his death. Ordonnances, xviii. 315.

preliminary proceedings were over, a solemn judgment would afford a more striking warning, he referred the matter to the parliament, and invited the towns to be present by deputies. Sentence was passed at Noyon, to which city the parliament had been purposely transferred.* The king mistrusted Paris, and feared the getting up of a popular movement to intimidate the judges and incline them to mercy. Paris had suffered at St. Pol's hands, and had rejoiced to witness his death, but had sustained no injury from Nemours, who abode at too great a distance to give cause of umbrage; and besides, the Paris of the day had had time to forget the Armagnacs. Therefore tears were shed when the tortured frame of the sufferer was seen led to death, on a horse with black housings, from the Bastille to the market-place, where Nemours was decapitated. Some modern writers assert that his children were stationed under the scaffold, that they might be sprinkled with the blood of their father.†

What is more certain, and not less odious, is, that one of the judges, the Lombard Bofalo del Giudice,‡ who received a share of the property of the man he had condemned, could not think himself sure of the inheritance without he had the heir, and solicited the guardianship of the victim's eldest son. The king had the barbarity to hand him the child, who did not live long.

Louis expelled from the parliament three judges who had not voted for death, and when the rest protested, he wrote, "They have lost their offices for wishing to reduce the crime of high treason to a merely civil offence, and to let go unpunished the duke of Nemours, who sought my life, and the ruin of the sacred crown of France; and I never could have supposed that you, the subjects of that crown, and who owe it your loyalty, could have approved of *my skin being held so cheap*."

These low and violent words escape him as if an involuntary cry, a confession of the state of his mind. The tortures undergone by Nemours inflicted corresponding tortures on himself, by the state of fear and distrust into which the duke's revelations threw him. By his cruel efforts he had wrung from the prisoner a fatal secret, terrible to the possessor—that there was not one, of those who surrounded him, on whom he could depend. And what made this worse was, that on their

side, knowing that they were known, they were conscious that he watched them, and stayed but for his opportunity, and they were uncertain whether they should wait. In this position of mutual fear, both parties redoubled their flatteries and protestations. The letters of Louis to Dammartin are friendly notes, written with a winning, unreserved gayety. He plays the courtier to his aged general, flatters him indirectly, adroitly, by abusing his other generals to him—such a one allowed himself to be surprised, &c.

Great need had he to propitiate a man of such weight and experience, for two of the most distressing events that could happen had befallen him—the Swiss were growing estranged from him, and the English were at hand.

Louis XI. had bought Edward, but not England. The Flemings settled in London could not fail to impress upon the people that to leave Flanders unsuccessful was betraying the English themselves; and so thoroughly were they impressed with the truth of this, that in their rage they attacked and plundered the French ambassadors. Edward long turned a deaf ear to the popular voice, too happy in quiet, and in dividing his time between the pleasures of the table and three mistresses; besides, he was enamored of French coin, of the beautiful *golden crowns of the sun*, which Louis XI. had had struck on purpose; he thought it pleasant to obtain as the price of each year's nap, fifty thousand crowns paid in hard cash at the Tower. As regarded his queen, Louis held her through her daughter and her passion for the dauphin; she was ever inquiring when she should send the dauphiness to France. Among them all, so well did they manage Edward, that he sacrificed his brother Clarence* to them. There was yet another individual who was obnoxious to them as not belonging to their cabal, lord Hastings, one of Edward's boon companions, who drank with him, and who held by him, (having the same mistresses.) They sent him into honorable exile as governor of Calais.

For a year Edward's sister, the dowager duchess of Burgundy, had been imploring succor; and but recently, just as they put to death her best beloved Clarence, whom she sought to make count of Flanders, she had written a piteous letter,‡ complaining that the king of France was taking from her her towns, her dowry, and asking her brother Edward whether he wanted to see her begging her bread. Such a letter, and at such a moment, when Edward was no doubt regretting his cruel weakness, had its effect; and he dispatched Hastings, who drafted archers from

* "The last day of this month (May) all the fittings up of the chambers of the parliament were removed, and the carpet of the Fleurs-de-lis, and the bed of justice, which was in a coffer." Archives, Registres du Parlement, Conseil, xxiv. 196 verso. In the Records of Pleadings and Criminal Processes, a funeral silence. In the Afternoon-Sittings, the Register presents a blank.

† Contemporary authorities, even the most hostile, make no mention of this, nor is there any allusion to it in Massey, *Diarium Statuum Generalium*, (4to, Bernier.) p. 236.

‡ He left Naples in 1461, after the reverses of John of Calabria, with Campobasso and Galeotto. Costanzo, i. 20; Gianone, l. xxvii. c. 1.

* The manner of his death is doubtful: "quelcunque genus supplicii." Croyland, Continuat. p. 552. The story of his being drowned in a butt of sack is first met with in Fabian, (fol. 510.) a chronicler who records all the rumors that were circulated in London.

† Preuves de l'Histoire de Bourgogne, t. liv. p. 105.

Calais to garrison those towns the dowager wished to defend. Louis XI. attacked Oudenarde, and was repulsed.

This was the limit of his advance in the North. He stopped, fearing lest the English, and, perhaps, the empire, might at last declare themselves. In Switzerland, the Burgundian party had gained the ascendancy. Up to this moment they had fluctuated, serving at once for and against. Hence, all the obstacles which the king encountered in the Burgundies: notwithstanding his complaints and the efforts of the French party, notwithstanding prohibitions and punishments, the mountaineer would none the less sell himself indifferently to any paymaster. Swiss attacked, besieged: Swiss defended. There was but one means of putting a stop to this fratricidal war, which was to enforce peace, stop the French king, and tell him that he should advance no further. The leader of the Burgundian party, Bubenbergh, undertook to bear him this haughty message. The king affected not to understand it, and procrastinated by way of gaining time. The Swiss seized the opportunity to play him a trick, and, absconding from France, returns to Berne disguised as a minstrel, stating that it was his only way to escape, for that the king, failing to bribe him, would have compassed his death.* The sight of this grave and knightly personage, in such ignoble attire, was a dramatic accusation of Louis XI. It was impossible to labor better for Maximilian, who profited by it at the diet of Zurich, and outbid the king; promising the more readily as he was the less able to give, and he obtained a treaty of perpetual peace.

The king felt that it was essential to give way in time. He promised to withdraw from the lands of the empire. He signed a truce, abandoned Hainault and Cambrai.† He feared the Swiss, the Germans, and the English; but he feared his own subjects still more, and he considered the truce necessary to enable him to perform a dangerous operation at home—to purge his army. His imagination was full of plots and treasons, of the understanding which his captains might keep up with the enemy. He disbanded ten companies of men-at-arms, brought many individuals among them to trial, and discovered nothing more than that a Gascon, in his rage at being disbanded, had spoken of taking service with Maximilian; for which burst of anger, his head was chopped off. The crime which they all shared was that, perhaps, of having served long under Dam-

martin, and of being devoted to him. The king addressed to him an honorable letter, “relieving him” of his command,* and declaring, moreover, that he would never reduce his dignity, but rather increase it; in fact, he subsequently made him his lieutenant for Paris and the Isle of France.

The removal of this man, who exercised too great an influence over the army, was, perhaps, a politic step, but it was by no means a happy one as regarded the war. The king could not replace this firm and prudent general, as was visible from the beginning of the campaign. It was concerted to surprise Douai with soldiers disguised as peasants, and the whole plan was prepared openly at Arras; that is to say, in the presence of our enemies, who gave Douai warning. The king, in the excess of his wrath, swore that Arras should cease to be, that all its inhabitants should be driven forth, and that it should be repopled by families and workmen brought from other provinces, even from as far as Languedoc, and should henceforward be called Franchise.† This cruel sentence was executed to the letter; the town was left a desert, and for many days there was not a priest to say mass.

Maximilian had more trouble still. The Flemings would neither have peace, nor pay for war; all he could manage was by piquing their choleric pride to put their militia in motion. Maximilian led them to recover Théroutenne, together with three thousand German hackbut men, and five hundred English archers, Romont and his Savoyards, and the whole nobility of Flanders and Hainault, making in all twenty-seven thousand men. Finding himself at the head of so large an army, got together with extreme difficulty and by the rarest good fortune, the young duke hastened to deliver battle. My lord of Crèvecœur, Louis the XIth's new general, was hastening to relieve Théroutenne, when, as he was descending the hill of Guinegate, he encountered Maximilian. The year before, Louis XI. had declined battle, and, by persisting in this course, the militia of Flanders were certain to slip back to their houses in a very few days. Apparently, Crèvecœur did not consult the old captains, who, since the reform of the army, were in disfavor, and he met the enemy's wishes by giving battle, (7th August, 1479.)‡

Up to this time he had been accounted a prudent man; and, perhaps, in order to explain what is to follow, we must take for granted that he recognised opposite to him, among the enemy's chivalry, the great barons of the Low Countries, who proclaimed him traitor, and who

* Der Schweizerische Geschichtsforscher, vii. 200. The king must have been mad to have entertained any thought of the kind. An absurd report was also spread that La Trémouille had put Swiss envoys to the torture. Tillier, ii. 324.

† On his departure from Cambrai he jests about the attachment of the Imperialists to the most holy eagle, and gives them leave to take down the lilies: “You will remove them some evening, and bring back your bird, and say that he had been absent roving awhile, but has returned to his nest, like swallows which come back with the spring.” Molinet, ii. 155.

* To Dammartin's great despair. See his fine letter to the king, Lenglet, ii. 261. The *Chronique Martiane*, (Vérard, folio,) so full as to the life of Dammartin at other periods, is silent here, contenting itself prudently, as it says itself, with translating Gaguin.

† Ordonnances, xviii. 642.

‡ See, *passim*, Comines, liv. vi. c. 6; Molinet, t. ii. p. 199; Gaguinus, fol. 159.

were for degrading him in a Chapter of the Golden Fleece. His strength lay in his cavalry; he had only 14,000 infantry, but then he had 1800 men-at-arms, against Maximilian's 850. With such a mass of gendarmerie, more than double that opposed to him, it was in his power to ride down these nobles; he fell upon them, cut them off from the rest of the army, saw in his rage nothing before him but these eight hundred well-mounted men, in chase of whom he hurried on, leaving behind the main body of the enemy. He had committed the fault of giving battle; to which he added the fault of forgetting that he had done so.

Our free-archers, left without general and without cavalry, and very roughly handled by the three thousand hackbut men, wheeled upon the pikes of the Flemings. The latter kept their ground, encouraged by a number of gentlemen who alighted and joined their ranks, by Romont, and by the young duke. The latter did wonders, (this was his maiden battle,) and slew many men with his own hand. The French garrison of Théroutenne had sallied forth to attack him in the rear, but meeting the camp in their way, fell to plunder. The free-archers, fearing that nothing would be left for them, followed the example, desisted from fighting, and threw themselves, excited with the struggle, into the camp, where they slew all, priests and women. After the baggage-wagons, they seized upon the artillery and turned it against the Flemings; until Romont, seeing that all would be lost, made a last effort, retook it, and profited by the confusion into which the French were thrown to convert the disorder into a complete rout. Crèvecœur and his gendarmerie, returning wearied from the pursuit, had to put their horses to their speed again, for all was lost, and nothing was left but to fly. The battle was well named that of the *Spurs*.

The field remained Maximilian's, and the glory, nothing more. His loss was enormous; greater than ours. He could not even retake Théroutenne, and he returned to Flanders more embarrassed than ever.

This same year, a tax of a few liards on small-beer had given rise to a fearful war in Ghent. It was begun by the weavers of tickings, and all plunge into it, weavers, clothiers, cordwainers, millers, beaters of iron, and *beaters of oil*; and a pitched battle was fought on the Grass bridge.* For a whole year, from January to January, trials were going on and heads chopped off. Advantage was taken of this ferment; and since they were so fond of war, they were led to Guinegate, where they enjoyed a real, a great battle, and whence they returned sickened of war, but ever murmuring and grumbling.

Maximilian, already in difficulties enough,

received a summons from Guelders to return that hapless child whom the late duke had so unjustly detained for the crimes of his father, but who, on that father's death, had the right to enter upon his inheritance. Nimeguen expelled the Burgundians, and, until the child should be restored, made his aunt regent. The lady did not lack knights to defend her. The Germans of the North cheerfully espoused her cause against the Austrian; and first, the duke of Brunswick, who hoped to marry her; and then, as she would none of him, the bishop of Munster, a valiant bishop, who had fought at Neuss against Charles the Rash.

These men of Guelders, not thinking this war on land a sufficient occupation, attacked the Hollanders, their rivals in the fisheries, by sea; and more than one naval battle was fought on the Zuydersee. But the Hollanders fought still more amongst themselves. The factions of the Hooks and Cods had broken out again more furiously than ever, and their fury was sharpened by famine; for the king had pounced upon and seized their whole herring-fleet, and, to crown the whole, on the rye which was being brought to them from Prussia.

All agreed that the guilty cause of all this was Maximilian; and that whatever misfortunes happened came through him. Why had this German been fetched? Nothing had gone well since. All the provinces opened at once in full cry after him.

Scared by this hungry pack, and hearing its bay all around, this poor chamois-hunter, whose head had never turned giddy till now, lost his self-possession, and knew not what to do. He had used his last resources, even to the pledging of his wife's jewels. Both mind and body failed. He fell dangerously ill, and his wife might momentarily expect to be a widow.

On the contrary, all prospered with the king. His trade in men thrived; he bought both English and Swiss; that is, the inaction of the one, the active succor of the other. The fierce Hastings, who had been posted at Calais to watch him, grew humane and became his pensioner.* The Swiss cantons had been in treaty with Maximilian, but the Swiss preferred a king with ready money, so gave themselves to him as he himself to them, for he condescended to become a burgher of Berne. Henceforth, there was no obstacle in his way in the Comté, which was entirely reduced, and he could send his unemployed army to pillage Luxembourg. He reassured, caressed, comforted the duchy of Burgundy, gave it a parliament, visited his good city of Dijon, swore in St. Benignus' church, to respect all the old privileges and customs that could be sworn to, and bound his successors to do the same on their accession. Burgundy was a land of nobles; and the king raised a bridge of gold for all the great lords to come

* Barante-Gachard, li. 623, after the *Registre de la Collace de Gand*, and the unpublished *Memoirs of Dadizeele*, extracted by M. Voisin in the *Messenger des Sciences et des Arts*, 1827-1830.

* See in Comines the scruples of Hastings, who will not give an acknowledgment for the money: "Put it in my sleeve," &c.

over to him : whilst to win favor in the eyes of the Burgundians at large, and to become one of themselves, he took a mistress from among them, not a little shopwoman as at Lyons, but a high-born dame, the widow of a gentleman.*

In the midst of this shower of fortune's favors, he himself was sinking. Comines, returning from an embassy, found him quite altered. He had ardently desired this Burgundy ; but the business, apparently so easy, dragged slowly on, and the result looked extremely doubtful. He felt these obstacles and broke down under them. This is plain from a secret letter to his general, in which he lets slip this avowal of insatiate passion, (fearful in so bigoted a king :) " My imagination admits *no other paradise . . .* I am more hungered to speak to you and devise some remedy for all this, than I ever was to see *any confessor for the safety of my soul.*"†

CHAPTER V.

LOUIS XI. TRIUMPHS, GOVERNS, AND DIES. A. D. 1480-1483.

THE king of France, with his fifty-seven years, already breaking, and pallor in his face, was none the less, as we have said, in the general enfeeblement of all, the only young, the only strong man. All drooped around him, or died, to his profit.

In this eclipse of the ancient powers, of the pope and of the emperor, there was a king—the king of France. He took two provinces from the empire and kept them, the Comté and Provence. He all but sat in judgment on the pope. The violent Sixtus IV., having slain Julian de Medicis by the hand of the Pazzi,‡ directed an army on Florence to punish Laurentius for having survived. The king, without budging, dispatched Comines, armed Milan, and restored confidence to the Florentines in the hour of their first surprise.§ He threatened the pope with a Pragmatic act and a council which should depose him.

Hungary, Bohemia, and Castile, courted his alliance. The Venetians, at his first word, broke with the house of Burgundy. Genoa

offered herself to him and he refused her, wishing to preserve the friendship of Milan.

The aged king of Aragon, Juan II., had persevered for fifteen years in attempting to recover from him Roussillon which he held in pledge, and he died in the attempt, having the grief as well of seeing Navarre (the other gate of the Pyrenees) fall into the same hands, together with his grandson, whom Louis XI. held through the regent his mother, Madeleine of France.

In every direction there labored for him a faithful, active, indefatigable ally, Death, which had so zealously wrought in his behalf, that there remained no princes in the world but what were minors, and these, too, not long for life, so that the king of France found himself the universal protector, guardian, and tutor. Perhaps it was at this period that he had his innocent *Rosier des Guerres*,* the anti-Machiavel of that day, (though before Machiavel,) drawn up for the use of the dauphin and all these little princes.

In Savoy he had lost his sister, (for which he thanked God,) and gained over or expelled the uncles of the little duke ; whilst, as his uncle and guardian, he had established himself at Montmélian, and removed his nephew to France.

At Florence he protected, as we have seen, the young Laurentius, whom he had saved. At Milan, the weak widow, Bona, one of those daughters of Savoy whom he had paternally married and dowered, was regent only through him ; and, through him, she felt confident both for herself and child against invading Venice, against the uncle of the child, Ludovic the Moor.

In Guelders, just as in Navarre, in Savoy, and at Milan, the sovereign was a child, a woman, and the protector, Louis XI.

In England, Edward lived and reigned, surrounded by a fine family of seven children ; and yet the queen trembled, these children were so young, and her husband at forty years of age an old man, liable to be carried off by a sudden debauch, in which event how could she protect the little king against such an uncle, (who became Richard III.,) except by a marriage with France, by the protection of the king of France, who was the universal detester of uncles and protectors of children ?

All around France being sick and trembling to this degree, those within could count upon no succor. The best thing they could do was to be wise and keep quiet. All who had trusted in external aid had been its dupe. The Burgundian had called in Italian troops, and we have seen with what success. The Low Countries had believed in Germany and summoned Maximilian, who could restore them no part of what they had lost. For fifteen years Brittany had been invoking England, but in vain.

* Paris, 1528, folio. Bordeaux, 1616. See the two manuscripts in the *Bibl. Royale*.

* Purely political gallantries, as we may conclude from a remark of Comines, l. vi. c. 13.

† Lenglet, ii. 256.

‡ He affects no concealment as to this in his answer to Louis XI. Raynaldi Annales, 1478, § 18-19. The Medici had the lower classes with the aristocracy against them ; a fact not sufficiently felt by M. de Sismondi.

§ The Medici were the bankers of the kings of France and England, and appear as sureties in all great money transactions, especially at the treaty of Pecquigny. However, the Florentines had always held our kings " for their singular protectors ; in sign whereof, whenever they renew the governors of their seignory, they swear to be good and loyal to the house of France." Lettre de Louis XI., 1478, 17 Août, Lenglet, iii. 552.

Of the great fiefs, the only one which still had life was Brittany, which drew its vitality from its insular obstinacy, and its fear of becoming France, ever summoning the Englishman, and yet hearkened to but twice. The king, while carrying on the great drama of the North, of Flanders, and of Burgundy, did not for that, however, lose sight of Brittany, which lay near his heart. Once, (when he thought that he had settled his brother in Guienne,) he essayed to take the Breton by throwing his collar of St. Michael round his neck, as one takes a wild horse; but he was not to be caught.

Louis displayed more than Breton obstinacy in this affair of Brittany, besieging, and, little by little, hemming it in. From time to time, some one or other would quit it and go over to him; as did Tannegui Duchâtel and his ward, Pierre de Rohane, afterwards marshal de Gié. Patiently, slowly, for ten years did the king make his approaches. His brother's death having restored him Rochelle to the south of Nantes, he seized Alençon on the other side, while in face he took, as we shall see, Anjou, and, lastly, inherited Maine. Towards the close of this period he purchased a pretext for attack, the rights of the house of Blois,* rights out of date and lapsed, but in such hands formidable. The duke had only a daughter, and if the dauphin did not marry her, he would be his heir as representing the house of Blois. The only choice left Brittany was annexation to the crown, either by marriage or by succession; annexed it would be.

While attracting the Rohans to him, he had secured their rivals, the Laval, enfranchising them from the duchy, placing them in his armies and at his council, and confiding to them one of the keys of Paris, Melun. Gui de Laval, whose son and widow were subsequently more instrumental than any one in marrying Brittany to France, rendered him through his daughter another service less known, but not less important.

In the year 1447, king René held a splendid and famous tournament at Saumur; to which Gui de Laval brought his young son, aged twelve, to make his first trial in arms, and his daughter, aged thirteen, as well. René, more simple than young, was caught in the net. His wife, the valiant Lorrainer, who had fought for him, and to whom he was much attached, discovered, nevertheless, that day that she was old. The little Breton maid played, with the innocent freedom of a child, the prettiest part in the tournament, that of the Pucelle who rode in front of the knights, placed the combatants in the lists, and kissed the victors. All present perceived, and René himself did not too well conceal, the thought newly awakened in his bosom. He charged his shield with a bouquet of pansies.†

At last Isabella died, and René was a widower. His tears were many, and he appeared inconsolable; until his servants, who could not see him pine away thus, demanded (this was as it were the vassal's right) that their lord should marry. They undertook to look out for a wife for him, and they looked so well that they discovered one* in this little girl, Jeanne de Laval, who had grown a tall, fine girl of twenty. René was forty-seven; his nobles wished it, and he resigned himself.

This marriage was agreeable to the king, who made Jeanne's little brother, Pierre de Laval, archbishop of Rheims. René, in the midst of this amiable French family, was enveloped by France as it were, and forgot the world. He had thenceforward quite enough to do to amuse his young wife, and a sister younger still, who had accompanied her. He led a pastoral life in Anjou and Provence, at least, as far as writing went, rhyming the loves of shepherds, and giving himself up to the innocent amusements of fishing and gardening, having a vivid enjoyment of rural life as "the furthest from all earthly ambition." He had another pleasure,‡ that of chanting at churches, dressed as a canon, on a Gothic throne, made, painted, and sculptured with his own hand. His nephew, Louis XI., helped to relieve him of the cares of government, by taking Anjou from him. They feared to apprise him of it.‡ He was at the time at the castle of Beaugé, busied in painting a fine gray partridge; and he learned the news without quitting his occupation.

There were still a few old servants who would still persist in wishing him to be a king, and would treat privately with Brittany, or with Burgundy; but they never succeeded. Louis XI. was always forewarned and took the initiative. We have seen that at the moment they were offering Provence to the duke of Burgundy, Louis instantly seized upon Orange and the Comtat; and René could only draw himself out of the affair by giving him a written promise, that after his own death and that of his nephew Charles, Provence should be his. René wrote the deed with his own hand, and illuminated it, adorning it with beautiful miniatures. This was dying with a good grace; and, besides, he had been a dead man ever since the fatal year in which he lost his

* "It seemed to the barons of Anjou as if she had been pointed out to them of God, in order to save them the trouble of long search." *Histoire Agrégative des Annales et Croniques d'Anjou, Recueilles et Mises en Forme par Noble et Discret Messire Jehan de Bourdigue, Prestre, Docteur-es-Droit, Angiers, 1529, fol. 152 verso.*

† Another was, "to warn himself of winters in the chimney corner of good king René," that is, in the sun; a Provençal proverb. Villeneuve Bargemont, t. iii. p. 59.

‡ "Hearing that the king his nephew was at Angiers, he mounted his horse to give him welcome, being ignorant of what he had done to his prejudice. And inasmuch as his servants were thoroughly informed of it, &c. The noble king, hearing tell of the loss and damage of his country of Anjou, which he so well loved, was none deal troubled thereat. But when he had recovered his spirits, after the example of good father Job. . . ." Bourdigue, fol. 168.

* D. Morice, lii. 343. Daru, 54. *Archives de Nantes, arm. A. Cassette P. Compare D'Argentré.*

† *Pensée* signifies "thought" and "pansy."

children—John of Calabria, who died at Barcelona, and Margaret, taken prisoner at Tewkesbury. He had a grandson left, René II., a son of one of his daughters; but his counsellors assured him that Provence (although a female fief and holding of the empire) must, the male heir failing, revert to France.* On this he sighed, and painted himself in his miniatures under the emblem of an old, branchless trunk, with one poor offshoot.

His nephew and heir, the king, was in a hurry to inherit, and could not wait; "he was again becoming sickly." He took little care of himself; for lack of war, he followed the chase, prey was essential to him. He lived alone at Plessis-les-Tours, kept his son at Amboise, where he never saw him, and sent his wife further off still, to Dauphiny. He would often set out early and hunt all the day long, wind or rain, dining where he could, and chatting with the lower classes, with peasants and the charcoal burners in the woods. Sometimes, in his restlessness, and feverish desire to see and know every thing, he would be up the first and pry all over the castle. One morning, going down into the kitchen, he found no one there but a child, who was turning the spit:—"How much do you earn?" The child, who had never seen him, replied, "As much as the king."—"And what does the king earn?"—"His living, and I do mine."

The turnspit had spoken proudly, taking this ill-clad prowler no doubt for some poor man; nor was he mistaken. Never was there deeper poverty, or more hungry, or more greedy. All his words, at times violent and biting, at others flattering, lying, humbly caressing and fawning, express either the savage eagerness of the hunter, or the hunger of the mendicant—such were his wants;† to-day, the want of this province, to-morrow, of that city. Born greedy, but more greedy still as king and kingdom, he is in agony, we can clearly see, about every fief not as yet his. Royalty had an insatiable abyss within it, which was to absorb them all.

We have seen the avidity of his earlier years before the League of the Public Good, and how this hunger was whetted by obstacles. All at once every thing becomes easy; states and provinces rain upon him; the prey voluntarily offers itself; the game seeks the hunter. The eagerness for taking would, one would think, abate. Just the contrary. A violent, unjust passion, which flies against God, sees God's judgment declare in its favor; and then it feels itself to be profoundly just, while whatever is

not yet its own appears to it to be profoundly unjust. The perception, indistinct as it was, of the necessity for the unity of the kingdom justifies him in the use of all means. Henceforth, strong enough to dispense with force, able to adjudge himself what he wants, and to conquer by decrees, he ceases to be a hunter, and sits as a judge. His passion now is justice. He is forever judging, and will have no holy days—Saint Louis administered justice even of a Good Friday.

A justice, in his case, blended with war; and, occasionally, the execution would precede the trial: that of Armagnac was cut short by the poniard, and we have seen what the trials of Alençon, of Saint-Pol, and of Nemours were. The poor old René, king as he was, was threatened with personal confinement. The prince of Orange was brought to trial, condemned, and hung, in effigy, by the feet. The formidable duke of Burgundy does not escape. Hardly was he dead before the parliament seized his body. The lawyers prove to him, to this knight who died full knightly, that underneath his fine armor lay a lawyer's honor, and display to him his note of Péronne, his famous safe-conduct written with his own hand; and establish against him, by a notarial report, that he took an oath, and that he lyingly broke it.*

The parliament did not proceed quickly enough with these royal needs. No doubt, it considered that the king was mortal, that the great families would endure after him, and would know how to meet with the judges again; so it proceeded carefully and cautiously. Whether the king were displeased or not, he could not wreak his displeasure upon it; a large corporation cannot be beheaded.

An odious practice was the result. Trials were conducted by commissioners, who were gifted with the property of the accused beforehand, and so were interested in finding him guilty.

And of this odious practice was born a new and fearful traffic. These commissioners, who were called into being by tyranny for a passing necessity, sought to perpetuate themselves and their office; and having once acquired a relish for the quarry, they no longer hunted only at the voice of the master, but quested prey for themselves, and for lack of enemies pursued friends.

There were two princes of the blood, whom the other princes and nobles of the kingdom regarded with detestation, as friends of the king and traitors to them.† One was the duke of Bourbon, to whose brother the king had

* The able Palamède de Forbin found this clause in the marriage settlement between the heiress of Provence and the brother of Saint Louis. See Papon, Du Puy, Droits du Roy, &c.

† Read his humble letter to Hastings, and his tender note to one of his servants, my lord of Dunois, to hasten him on with the affairs of Savoy: "My brother! My friend! . . ." Nowhere else, perhaps, do we see matters of business handled with such fervor. These two truly characteristic letters have been published for the first time by Mlle. Dupont. Comines, li. 219, 221.

* If we reject the testimony of Crèvecœur, we can hardly suspect that of one so honorable as the Great Bastard, the duke's brother, or that of William of Cluny, who only quitted the service of Burgundy against his will, and to escape the fate of Hugonet. See Lenglet, t. iv. p. 409.

† The expression used by the duke de Nemours, (see his *Procès MS.* :) "That bad man, my lord of Bourbon, has betrayed us all."

married his daughter. The other was the count of the Perche, son of the duke of Alençon, but brought up by the king, and who, in 1468, had betrayed to him the Bretons and his father.

These two princes were the new prey upon whose traces the commissioners set the king, and, owing to the wretched state of his mind, with but too much ease. He felt himself failing, and made so much the greater efforts to prove to himself and to others, by a thousand violent and fantastic acts, that he was in full vigor. He had hounds, horses, curious animals, purchased in all parts. He made great and angry changes in the palace, dismissing one set of servants to take others. Some he deprived of their offices, punishing severely, and striking far and heavily. Among other individuals calculated to do or to counsel violent things there was a hard Auvergnat named Doyat, born a subject of the duke of Bourbon, but exiled by him, and who found a day for vengeance. A monk, from the Bourbonnais, had caused great excitement in Paris by his preaching against abuses, and boldly declaring that the king was ill-advised.* Louis was easily persuaded that the duke of Bourbon, cantoned as he was in his fiefs, had deputed this man to sound the people,† and he was assured that the duke was fortifying his towns, forbidding appeals to the king, and acting as king in his dukedom.‡ Louis XI. had another charge against him—he would not die. Gouty and childless, his possessions would go to his brother, the king's son-in-law, and then if this brother had no sons, would lapse to the king himself—but then he would not die. Doyat undertook to look to this, and got himself nominated by the parliament, in conjunction with another commissioner, to go and try his ancient lord. He arrives with great parade in this country, where for so many years no master had been known but the duke of Bourbon, opens a public inquiry, invites charges, encourages all to accuse him without fear. In the king's name he issues a proclamation forbidding the nobles of the Bourbonnais to *make alliance* with the duke of Bourbon: he thus pent him up alone in his castles. Yet even there he was not left undisturbed. His officers were taken away from him; and there only remained to take himself. His brother, Louis of Bourbon, bishop of Liège, was shortly after

slain by the Wild Boar, who, with a band recruited in France,* seized for a moment the bishopric for his son.

Violences and outrages of this kind, and that this Auvergnat, born in the territories of the duke of Bourbon, should have trampled him down under his hob-nailed shoes, were things not to be done without risk. The feudal religion was not so utterly extinct, but that there should be found among those who eat the bread of the seignior, some one to avenge him. Commines, so well informed, says positively that the good will was not wanting, and that many were anxious "to enter this Plessis and *finish matters*, for in their opinion nothing was finished." Thence a necessity for great precautions. Plessis bristled with bars, grates, watch-towers of iron, so that there was hardly entrance left. Few even approached it, and those only after careful scrutiny; that is to say, the king no longer seeing any save such and such individuals, finds himself, absolute as he may seem, in their hands. An accident increased this miserable state of isolation.

One day, dining near Chinon, he is suddenly paralyzed, and loses the use of his speech. He tries to approach the window, but they hinder him until his physician, Angelo Cato, arrives, and orders it to be thrown open. As soon as he recovered a little, his first care was to dismiss those who had held and hindered him from getting to the window.

Between this attack and a second, which he had shortly after, he treated himself, in his weakness, to a sight of his power. He assembled at Pont-de-l'Arche the new army which he was organizing, and which encamped there on the Seine was ready to march either on Brittany or against Calais. This display broke off the Breton's plan for marrying his daughter to the prince of Wales. The king had already seized upon Chantocé, and the duke hurried to sue for pardon.

This army, strong and light, behind its rampart of wood which it could pitch and remove at pleasure, was a fine and terrible machine. The pale dying figure smiled, and took pleasure in this image of force. Here it felt itself in safety; these were men to be depended on, either Swiss,† or armed in Swiss fashion. There was nothing in the arms, or in the dress, which recalled France; jackets (*hoquetons*) of

* Jean de Troyes, éd. Pétitot, xiv. 72. As regards the preachers of this epoch, see Gêruzez, *Histoire de l'Eloquence*, p. 77.

† He was ever in fear of movements on the part of Paris, the University, &c. I can consider the famous Ordonnance imposing silence on the Nominalists in no other light. See the exceedingly specious articles which they laid before him, though at the least favorable moment—the crisis of 1473. Baluze, *Miscellanea*, (éd. Mansi.) ii. 293.

‡ The duke, who had long been the king's tool for the ruin of the nobles, exercised his feudal royalty with the greater sense of security; he was accused of excluding certain deputies from the provincial assemblies, &c. As regards his marriage and that of his brother, see the documents given in *L'Ancien Bourbonnais*, par MM. Allier, Michel, et Batissier.

* And even in Paris. Jean de Troyes, xix. 105; Molinet, ii. 311; Oseray, *Histoire de Bouillon*, p. 131. Another brother of the duke of Bourbon, the archbishop of Lyons, a very tractable servant of the king's, was, nevertheless, deposed of his authority over Clermont, which thenceforward elected its own consuls. On the enfranchisement of this town, read Savaron, and the curious extracts which M. Gonod has given from the *Registres du Consulat* at the time of Doyat's visit, under the title of *Trois Mois de l'Histoire de Clermont en 1481*.

† This trade in men, so costly to France, was still more fatal to Switzerland. Fearful quarrels broke out between the towns and the rural districts, on questions of money, booty, &c. Tillier, ii. 339. Stettler says that in 1480 there were 1500 robbers hung, as the only means of rendering the roads secure.

all colors, halberds, broad-bladed lances, (*lances à rouelles*,) such as had never been seen before; a mute army which knew only two words, *geld* and *trinkgeld*, nor movement save at the sound of the horn. The king no more wanted men, but soldiers, no more those plundering free-archers who had quitted their ranks at Guinegate, and still less gentlemen, whom he told to pay instead of serving and to stay at home; no more Frenchmen, neither commons nor nobles. The brilliant spectacle of these bands was little calculated to enliven our old captains who had done so much to create a national militia, and who had at last formed and disciplined it. They felt that one day or other these Germans might chance to be too strong for their paymaster, that there might be no ordering them, and that the people would then curse a king who had disarmed France.

France was no longer to be depended upon to guard him. In whom, then, did he trust? In a Doyat, an Oliver the Devil, in master Jacques Coctier, physician and president of the accounts, a bold, brutal man, who even made him, himself, tremble. There were two more, besides, near him, though little calculated to inspire confidence, Messieurs Du Lude and De Saint-Pierre; the one, a joyous robber who made the king laugh, the other, his seneschal, an ominous-looking judge, who might have been an executioner. And mixed up with all these, was the mild and cautious Comines, whom he loved and used to make his bedfellow—but he trusted the others.

On returning from his camp, he had another stroke, “and for two hours was thought to be dead; he was in a gallery, laid on a mattress M. du Bouchage and I (says Comines) made vows for him to my lord Saint-Claude, and the others who were present made vows for him as well. Incontinently, his speech returned, and he at once walked through the house, but very feebly” When a little recovered, he would see the letters which had come, and which were coming in every moment:—“The principal ones were brought, and I read them to him. He pretended to listen to them, and took them in his hand, and pretended to read them, although utterly unconscious of their contents, and said a word or two, or made a sign as to what answers he would have returned.”

Du Lude and some others lodged under his chamber, “in two small rooms,” and formed the little council which regulated in the interim all pressing affairs. “We issued few dispatches, for he was a master with whom one had always to look out for one’s self.”

In the interval between his two attacks, he was induced to do two things, to set free cardinal Balue, who was claimed by the legate, and to put the count du Perche in prison. The process of the count, a mysterious work and one of the least known of that day, deserves explanation.

On the 14th August, 1481, he is arrested, and thrown into the narrowest iron cage which had ever been made, being no more than a pace and a half long. And on what charge? One of the least serious kind, the having wished to leave France.

This terrible rigor is the more surprising, when we know that a few years before, when the question of arresting him was mooted in council, two of its members were favorable to him, and that one of these was Louis XI.* For a full understanding of the case, we must bear in mind that several of the counsellors held property of the count’s, and were interested in his death.

This hapless man was one of those children who had been brought up by the king, as the prince of Navarre and others, and whom he had formed and trained to betray their fathers. In 1468, the count du Perche sided against his father, the duke of Alençon, and his kinsman, the duke of Brittany, so that being detested by the king’s enemies he forever barred himself all hope of return and became the king’s alone. Louis XI., with whom he had always resided, knew him to be a light, insignificant man, who after “the girls,” cared only for his falcons. He held him cheap, paid him his pension irregularly, had long occupied his fortresses, and disposed and gave away his lands as if they were his own. His patience, largely tried by the king, was much more so by those, who, holding his property, and wishing to keep it, sought his life. To this end, every outrage and provocation was put into play in order to make this inoffensive being a conspirator; a hard matter, for he feared the king as God. A servant of his hazarding one day in his bedroom some reflection upon the king, he took fright and rated him soundly.

To overcome this fear, it was necessary to instil a stronger fear into him. He was sent anonymous letters, in which friends informed him that the king was about to compel him to receive the tonsure and turn monk. This alarmed him exceedingly. Other letters came—The king intends to hang him; then others—He is to be made away with. The poor devil was horribly afraid of death, as is evident from his trial. No thought inimical to the king entered his mind, either of defence or vengeance, only he began to cast about in all directions whither he should fly. Brittany was nearest; but it was a hostile country, where there was no assured safety for him. “If I

* The count du Perche stated that before the king’s journey to Lyons—“Out of twelve persons in the king’s council all gave it as their opinion that he, the deponent, should be attached, except the king and my lord of Dammartin; and that the said Dammartin told the king that there was a man but, when informed that the king sought to imprison or put him to death, would try to escape. . . . Deponent had none for him save the king and the said Dammartin. . . . Deponent was bounden to the king, for he had no friend but him and the said lord of Dammartin.” *Procès MS. du Comte du Perche, (copie du temps,) f. vi. verso; Archives du Royaume, Trésor des Chartes.*

could get on board a vessel," he said, "I would go to England, or else to Venice; I would marry some Venetian citizen's daughter, and I should be rich."

While playing on his fears, they sought to terrify Louis XI. as well. The count's officers, even his sister, (a bastard of Alençon's,) reported or invented speeches for him, which were made to bear a sinister interpretation. For instance, it was asserted that he had said to one of his servants, "Are not you man enough to strike a blow of a dagger for me?"

Although the duke of Nemours, who denounced so many individuals, had not breathed a syllable against the count du Perche, Louis XI., growing more and more distrustful, and no doubt constantly besieged by interested parties, gave credence at last to all they desired, and signed a letter avowing whatever Du Lude might think proper to do. What he did was to arrest his man on the spot, and throw him into that narrow cage; through the bars of which he was fed with a fork.* Du Lude surrounded him with creatures of his own, and, shocking to relate, even placed at this trade of jailer or of spy, under pretext of *amusing the count*, a child whose father he was.

Du Lude got himself named commissioner with Saint-Pierre and some others, but he could not hinder the inquiry from being conducted by the chancellor, the prudent Doriote. The accused, having mentioned the anonymous letters which had been written to him, became accuser, and probably embarrassed some of his judges. But he was weak, prevaricating, easily intimidated, and being told that *nothing could help him so much as to speak the truth and denounce no one*, he contradicted himself, and consented that it should be believed, "that he himself had written them."

Yet he showed, clearly enough, that it was dangerous for him to go to Brittany, and that he was hated there, adding, which was strongly in his favor, "There is no man in France who had so much to dread the king's death as I. The king failing, there would be no one left to do me grace.† My lord the dauphin would be too young to hinder any thing, and I should be killed."

The more he proved that he dared not have gone into Brittany, the more the king thought that he had wished to cross over to England, which was a graver offence still. Still, there was no proof of either. Here the timorous nature of the prisoner came to the help of his judges. A man whom Du Lude had appointed about him, who had won his confidence, and

whom he made share his bed, awakens him suddenly one night, and tells him, "By God's body you are a dead man if you look not to it;"* going on to say that a brother of his had overheard Du Lude and de Saint-Pierre agree while walking together to take advantage of a short absence of the king to put him to death. The prisoner, beside himself, prays and conjures the man to help him to fly. Yes; but he must first ascertain whether he will be received in Brittany, whether the duke is better disposed towards him, he must *write to the duke*. Here are pen and ink.—He writes, and he is lost.

At least, he would have been lost, had not Du Lude fortunately died meanwhile. The king, no longer doubtless reposing full confidence in the commission, placed the matter in the hands of his son-in-law, Beaujeu, and of his tool, the Lombard, Boffalo, who was to be president of a new commission selected from the parliament, (19th March, 1482.) But Boffalo saw that the king was failing, and being aware that on his demise he would himself have enough to do with the parliament touching the spoils of the duke of Nemours, he gave in to the studied delays of the lawyers, and allowed the affair to languish until the end of the reign. The count du Perche, who had made unlucky confessions enough to ruin him, nevertheless escaped with imprisonment and asking pardon of the king, (22d March, 1483.)†

Fortune seemed to take a malicious pleasure in these his last days, to load the dying man with unexpected favors, which he could not profit by. Scarcely had he learned the death of Charles of Maine, nephew to René, (12th December, 1482),—scarcely had he entered upon the enjoyment of Maine, of Provence, of those fine ports, of the sea of Italy, when news is brought him, charming, ravishing news—it is confirmed; the house of Burgundy is extinct, as well as that of Anjou, the young Mary is dead, as well as the aged René. Her horse had thrown her, and with her all Maximilian's hopes. She died in a few days, of injury received from her fall; and, if we credit the tale, whether through modesty or pride, the sovereign lady of Flanders preferred to die rather than to allow of examination by her medical attendants; the daughter, like the father, perished through a point of honor, (27th March, 1483.)‡

She left two children by Maximilian; but it was not likely that the Flemings, who in her life and before her eyes had slain her ser-

* "He was thrown at Chinon into an iron cage, a pace and a half long, and was kept in it six days without being let out, and was fed with a fork; and, after the said six days, was taken out at meal-time and then put back; and he was kept in the cage for twelve weeks that winter; and lost the use of one arm and leg therewith, besides contracting a complaint in his head, of which he is in great danger of dying." *Archives, Ibidem*, fol. 170.

† *Archives, Ibidem*, fol. 57.

* "He was falling to sleep. He plucked him two or three times by the shirt, so that he turned and asked what was the matter." *Ibidem*, fol. 70, and fol. 195.

† And not 1482, as is wrongly stated in *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*.

‡ Pontus Heuterus asserts that Maximilian could never hear Mary mentioned without weeping. Lorcheimer relates that Trithemius, to console him, evoked Mary, and made her appear to him, but that the sight caused him such anguish that he prohibited the magician, under pain of death, from summoning the dead from the tomb. *Le Glav*, t. i. p. 390.

vants, would ever suffer a foreigner to be their guardian. Besides, he had little weight or credit. Whilst the dowager of Burgundy was negotiating for him at London, he kept writing to Louis XI., who did not fail to show his letters to the English. Hence they had no confidence in Maximilian, and would only promise him aid on condition of his paying them in advance. All the payment he could offer them was glory, the chance of gaining more Crecys, and of conquering their kingdom of France. Louis XI. talked less, but did more, offering palpable things, bags of money, of new crowns, presents of all kinds, silver plate of Paris workmanship.

He had long foreseen that the moment would come for sowing divisions in Flanders, and had been quietly working at it, among the lower classes by his Flemish barber, among the upper by the lord of Crèvecœur. He had exceeding good friends, pensioners of his, at Ghent, one Wilhelm Rim among the rest, first counsellor of the city, "a wise and cunning man;" and a certain John Coppenole, shoemaker, and the syndic of his craft, who, being able to read, got himself appointed clerk to the *échevins*, and finally became grand deacon of the trades; he was a most useful man.

The first thing they did was to lay hand on the two children, on the little Philip and Margaret, (the latter still at the nurse's bosom,) and to assert that, according to their Custom, the children of Flanders could have no nurse save Flanders herself. Brabant and other provinces protesting, the Flemings promised to keep them four months only; and then each province in turn was to have them for the same period. But when the time came, they declared that they would not part with them, that it was too opposed to their privilege.*

A council of guardianship was named, in which Maximilian figured for form's sake, though he was more guarded than guardian. Flanders and Brabant kept him under, treated him as if he were a minor or under interdict. His German friends, as young as he, and who had seen nothing similar in their own country, gave him the Gothic advice to seize on a few refractory burghesses, and make an example of them—it was what lost him.

From that moment the Flemings gave themselves heart and soul to the king, and conceived a singular tenderness for him. Not a messenger or trumpet arrived at Ghent, but he was surrounded and questioned as to the health of the king and the dauphin. This king whom they had so hated, they esteemed. They saw that he had long hands, when with one of them he took from them the town of Aire, and with the other launched on Liège the accursed Wild Boar.

Rim and Coppenole aiding, they compre-

hended that they never would find a more honorable match for their little Margaret than the young dauphin, who must shortly be king of France. It was a good opportunity of getting rid of those French provinces which, in the late duke's time, had only served to torment Flanders. Was not their country rich enough with Holland and Brabant? What was Artois? Nothing but a bridle to curb in Flanders. When the count should no longer be able to bring in against Ghent and Bruges his noble cavalcades from Artois and Burgundy, he must perforce listen to reason.

To believe Comines, Louis XI. would have been content to get from them a valid cession of Artois or of Burgundy. They obliged him to keep them both. Could they have given him into the bargain Hainault, Namur, all the Walloon countries, they would have done it willingly; and all with the notion of keeping their future counts peaceable and reasonable.

Happy king! spoiled, stormed by fortune, "asking little and receiving too much." His friends, Rim and Coppenole, brought him this splendid treaty, the crown of his reign; and much were they astonished at finding the great king in this petty donjon-keep, behind grates of iron, bastions of iron, and this fearful watch, in short, in a prison, so well guarded that none entered. Here was the king confined; so meager and pallid was he that he durst not show himself. Yet he was still active, in mind at least; and the passion that remained most vital in him was the eagerness of the hunter, the want of prey. Only, being no longer able to go out, he crept from room to room with little dogs trained on purpose, hunting mice.

The Flemings had audience in the evening, in a small room, dimly lighted. The king, who was in a corner, and who could hardly be discovered buried in his rich furred robe, (he was costly in his habiliments towards the close of his career,) told them, speaking with difficulty, that he was grieved he could not rise, or be more visible. He talked for a moment with them, and then had the Gospels brought on which he was to swear: "Excuse me," he said, "if I swear with my left hand, my right is rather weak." Indeed, it hung in a scarf, and was already without life.*

This Flemish match broke off the English one; this peace raised a war. But, as it was willed that at this moment every thing should succeed with the dying man beyond his wishes, England did nothing, though her rage was extreme. She was repudiated both by France and Scotland. Two matches broken off at

* See, *passim*, the very instructive notes appended by Gachard to his edition of Barante, and drawn from the Acts.

* Yet remembering, no doubt, that the treaty might one day be annulled under pretext of its having been sworn to with the left hand, he touched the Gospels with his right elbow, which provoked a smile from the Flemings: *Cubito etiam dextro multum ridiculé. . . . Bibl. Royale, (fonds Colbert, 5962.) Pseudo-Amelgard, lib. xi. c. 12, fol. 514.* He was even then unable to articulate the letter R. *Ibidem*, fol. 13, *verso*.

once, two daughters of Edward disdained! He consoled himself with the joys of the table; and so thoroughly that he died of the excess. Louis XI. survived him; and the tragedies which were enacted after him, gave France rest.*

All was going on well with Louis; his fortune was at its height; only he was dying. He knew it, and seems to have been disquieted about judgment and the future. He sent for the chronicles of the abbey of St. Denys,† would read them, and no doubt found little there. The monkish chronicler could still less than the king discriminate among such numerous events the results of the reign, its abiding consequences.

And the first of these was a most evil one. Louis XI., without being worse than the majority of the kings of this sad epoch,‡ had given a greater shock to the morality of the period. Why? *He succeeded.* His long humiliations were forgotten, his crowning successes remembered; craft and wisdom were confounded in men's minds. The long-abiding consequence was admiration of cunning, and the worship of success.§

Another serious evil, and one which falsified history, was that feudality, perishing by such a hand, seemed to perish the victim of an ambush.|| The last of each house remained the good duke, the good count. Feudality, that old worn-out tyrant, gained much by dying at the hand of a tyrant.

In this reign, it must be owned, the kingdom, hitherto exposed, acquired its indispensa-

* Richard III. wrote and besought his friendship, (that is, pension;) but, according to Comines, "He would not reply to his letters, or receive his messenger, and held him as most cruel and wicked." Comines, ii. 244.

† The first idea this suggests is, that he may have feared the monks converting history into a satire. He seems, however, to have been fond of history for its own sake. In the Act by which he confirms the Chamber of Accounts of Angers, he speaks with a kind of enthusiasm of this rich storehouse of documents. See Du Puy, *Inventaire du Trésor des Chartes*, ii. 61; and *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, (Anjou, 1482.)

‡ A very just observation of M. de Sismondi's. The learned Legrand, in his occasional simplicity, speaks in several places of the goodness of Louis XI. This is a strong word. Nevertheless, Comines asserts that he detested the treachery of Campobasso, and the cruelty of Richard III. The Scandalous Chronicle, which is not always favorable to him, remarks (ann. 1475) that he sought to avoid bloodshed even in war; a fact confirmed by his enemy, Molinet, (ii. 147.) "He would rather lose ten thousand crowns than the least archer of his troop." His cruelty, however, is not the less certain, particularly in his expelling and replacing the whole population of Perpignan and of Arras. The following fact is atrocious: "April, 1477, Jean Bon having been condemned to death for certain offences against the king's majesty . . . this punishment, through the king's charity and mercy, was afterwards commuted into the loss of his eyes; but it being reported that he could still see with one eye, the provost of the royal household, Guinot de Lozière, by the king's order, commissioned two archers to repair to Jean Bon, and if they found that he retained his sight, to finish the poking out and destroying of his eyes." *Titres Scellés de Clairambault à la Bibl. Royale*, vol. 171.

§ The false and hard maxim with which Comines buries his ancient master—"He who succeeds wins honor."

|| Read the touching lamentations of Olivier de la Marche over the house of Burgundy, and of Jean et Ludre over the house of Anjou, (*MS. de la Bibliothèque de Nancy*.) &c. &c. I shall return to the subject when I have to speak of the feudal reaction in the reign of Charles VIII.

ble barriers, its girdle* of Picardy, Burgundy, Provence and Roussillon, Maine and Anjou. It was walled in for the first time, and the foundation laid of perpetual peace for the provinces of the centre.

"Let me live a short time longer," said Louis XI. to Comines, "and there shall be but one Custom, one weight, and one measure throughout the kingdom. All the Customs shall be set forth in French, in a fair book,‡ which will cut short the tricks and plundering of the lawyers, and abridge lawsuits. . . . I will curb, as is fitting, these long robes of the parliament . . . will establish a powerful police in my kingdom." Comines adds that he had a strong desire to relieve his people, that he recognised the oppression under which they labored, and that he "felt his soul burdened" thereby.

If he entertained these good impulses, he was no longer able to follow them up, for life was passing away from him. So dreaded was he that he already saw the ill-will which was engendered; resistance and reaction had begun.

The parliament had already refused to register several edicts, when a vexatious interference with the sale of corn afforded it a popular occasion of displaying greater boldness still. The harvest had been unfavorable, and there were apprehensions of famine. A bishop, an ancient servant of René's, whom the king had made his lieutenant at Paris, assembled the citizens, and got them to vote remonstrances; and the parliament ordered proclamation to be made in the streets that the trade should go on as before, without regard to the edict of the king. To believe some modern writers,‡ La Vacquerie, the first president, who brought up the remonstrances at the head of the parliament, stood his ground against the king, was undismayed by his threats, and offered his own resignation and that of his colleagues; and the king, suddenly relenting, expressed his thanks for such good advice, and quietly revoked the edict.

This hardihood of the parliament is not so sure; but what is so is that its officers, and the whole tribe of lawyers, renewed in Paris the malignant petty war, which they had made upon him in the days of the League of the Public Good.§ Their imaginations were constantly dwelling on that gloomy Plessis, which none were now allowed to enter, and the aged inva-

* The first girdle of the kingdom, more important from its vitality and duration than the second—the fine accessories of Flanders, Alsace, &c.

‡ In a letter to Du Bouchage he expresses the same ideas, and requires a comparative search to be instituted into the customs of Florence and Venice. *Preuves de Duclos*, iv. 449.

§ The most ancient authority, Bodin, (*Republique*, l. iii. c. 4.) is not very imposing one. There is no record of the circumstance in the *Registres du Parlement*.

§ Here, I believe, is the origin of the numerous tales about Louis XI. and his servant, more especially about Tristan l'Hermitte, who was advanced in years in the reign of Louis, and was probably much less employed than others. The traditions respecting the little images he used to wear in his hat, &c., are not improbable, though first recorded by an enemy, Seyssel, the creature of the house of Orleans, and by a Gascon romancer, Brantôme, &c.

lid who hid himself there from view; and they circulated (in whispers) a thousand fearful and silly stories about him. It was said that he was a prey to a constant lethargy, and that he had had shepherds fetched from Poitou to play on their instruments, without seeing him, in order to keep him awake. It was said that his physicians prepared "terrible and marvellous medicaments" to cure him; and if you had persisted in inquiring what kind of medicines, you would at last have been told with bated breath, that to reinvigorate his exhausted veins he drank the blood of infants.*

It is curious to observe how bold and hostile the scribe who writes the "Scandalous Chronicle" becomes, in proportion as the king's health declines. After having mentioned the musical shepherds, he goes on to say, "he sent for numbers of bigots and devout persons of both sexes, such as hermits and holy beings, to pray to God incessantly that he might not die."

He clung to life; and at his request the king of Naples sent him "the good and holy man," Francisco Paulo, whom he received as he would have done the pope, "going down on his knees to him to lengthen his life."

These sick fancies apart, he preserved his good sense. He went to visit the dauphin, and exacted an oath from him that he would not change the great officers of the crown,† as he had himself done, to his own detriment, on his accession; and he recommended him to confide in the princes of his blood, (he meant Beauvieu,) and to rely upon Du Bouchage, Guy Pot, and Crèveœur, Doyat and master Oliver. On returning to Plessis he took his resolution and ordered all his servants to go and pay their respects "to the king;" so he designated the dauphin.

Superstitious though he might be, he did not lay himself open to the priests,‡ who asked no

better than to take advantage of his weakness. His bishop, he of Tours, near whom he lived, and whose prayers he had asked, seized the opportunity to exhort him to lighten the taxes, and, above all, to correct his numerous offences against the bishops. He had, it is true, kept three or four in prison, Baluc among the rest, and had arrested the legate at Lyons besides. The king replied that such advice betrayed great ignorance of business and of the necessities of government, or rather, was that of an enemy to the king, and who wished to ruin the monarchy. He dictated a strong, severe letter to the chancellor, charged him to reprimand the archbishop roundly, and "to do justice."* The chancellor administered a rebuke, and reminded the prelate that the king was consecrated as well as the bishops, and consecrated with the holy ampulla which had come from heaven.

The holy ampulla was the last remedy to which Louis had recourse. He sent for it to Rheims, and on the refusal of the abbot of Saint-Remi, obtained the pope's authority for its being brought to him.† His idea was to be anointed anew, and to repeat his consecration, thinking, seemingly, that a king would last the longer for being consecrated twice.

He had desired that he might be warned, but cautiously and gently, when he was in danger. Those around him paid no attention to this, but announced to him roughly and suddenly that death was at hand. He expired on the 24th August, 1483, invoking our Lady of Embrun. In his last moments he had given much sage advice, and had regulated the manner of his burial. He desired to be interred in the church of Notre-Dame, at Cléry, not in the abbey of Saint-Denis with his ancestors, and requested to be represented on his tomb, not advanced in years, but in the prime of life, with his dog and hunting-horn, and in his hunter's dress.

* It has been said of pope Innocent VIII., and of many other sovereigns, that they sought to prolong their life by transfusion of blood. *Humano sanguine, quem ex aliquot infantibus sumptum hausit, salutem comparare vehementer sperabat.* Gaguinus, f. 160 verso. As regards the pope, see the *Diario di Infessura*, p. 1241, ann. 1392.

† For instance, Jean de Troyes makes him tell the dauphin "that he would have been nothing at all without Olivier le Daim." Ed. Pétitot, xiv. 107.

‡ Nor astrologers, nor physicians, though he availed himself of both. As regards the first, notwithstanding the tradition recorded by Naudé, (*Lenglet*, iv. 291.), other anecdotes (that of the ass that knows more than the astrologer, &c.)

induce the belief that he laughed at them. With respect to medical men, "he was inclined," says Comines, "not to have faith in them." *Liv. vi. c. 6.* The ten thousand crowns monthly paid to Coctier, may be explained by the cost of the *potable gold*, and other expensive medicines; and perhaps he did not receive the whole as physician, but as president of the accounts, and for secret service money.

* Duclos, *Preuves de l'Histoire de Louis XI.*

† He was at the time on the best terms with the pope, and had bought over his nephew, who had come as legate, to impose peace on Maximilian. Another favor—the pope gives Louis XI. permission to choose a confessor, in order to commute the vows which he may have made. *Archives, Trésor des Chartes*, i. 463.

APPENDIX.

ON THE IBERIANS OR BASQUES. (See vol. i. p. 34.)

IN his work entitled *Prüfung der Untersuchungen über die Urbewohner Hispaniens, vermittelt der Waskischen Sprache*, (Berlin, 1821,) W. von Humboldt attempts to establish, by a comparison of the remains of the ancient Iberian language with the actual Basque tongue, the identity of the Basques and Iberians. These remains are nothing more than proper names of places and of men, preserved in the writings of the ancients, and which, moreover, have come down to us greatly disfigured. Pliny states that he only gives such names as can be expressed in Latin:—"Ex his digna memoratu aut Latiali sermone dictu facilia," &c. Mela and Strabo also are deterred by the difficulty of conveying the sound of the barbarian or vernacular pronunciation of many words through the medium of their own tongue. So, in fact, the ancients must for this very reason have omitted the most original names of all. A few words, which have been transmitted, *litteratim*, on coins, are of the greatest importance.

After laying down his etymological principles, M. von Humboldt applies them as follows: 1st, he inquires whether there are any ancient Iberian names which agree, or partly agree, in sound and signification with Basque words in present use; 2d, throughout such inquiry, before entering upon the specific examination, he compares the impression produced on the ear by these ancient names with the harmonic character of the Basque tongue; 3d, he examines whether these ancient names agree with any local names in the provinces where Basque is now spoken, an agreement which would show, even though the meaning of the name remained undiscovered, that analogous circumstances have drawn from an identical language the same name for different places.

This led him to the following results:—

"1. The comparison of the ancient names of places in the Iberian peninsula with the Basque tongue, shows this tongue to have been that of the Iberians; and as this people seems to have had only one tongue, Iberian nations and nations speaking Basque are synonymous expressions.

"2. The names of Basque places are found over the whole peninsula without an exception;

and, consequently, the Iberians were spread over every part of this country.

"3. But, in the geography of ancient Spain, there are other names of places which, compared with those of countries inhabited by the Celts, seem to be of Celtic origin; and, in default of historical testimony, we may consider such names as proofs that in those places Celts and Iberians were intermingled.

"4. Iberians, free from all admixture with Celts, inhabited only the regions adjoining the Pyrenees, and the southern coast; the two races being intermingled in the interior, in Lusitania, and on the greater portion of the northern coasts.

"5. The Iberian Celts were affined, as regarded language, with those Celts from whom proceeded the ancient local names of Gaul and Brittany, as well as the tongues still preserved in France; but it is probable that they were not of pure Gallic stock, branches detached from a trunk which remained behind them—the difference in their character and institutions, indeed, clearly shows this could not have been the case. Perhaps, they were settled in Gaul at an anti-historic epoch, or at least before. (Before the Gauls?) However, when they came to mingle with the Iberians, it was the Iberian character which predominated, and not the Gaulish; at least not the Gaulish such as we find it depicted by the Romans.

"6. Beyond Spain, northwards, we meet with no trace of the Iberians except in Iberian Aquitaine, and along a portion of the Mediterranean coast. The Caledonians belonged specially to the Celtic, not the Iberian race.

"7. Southwards, the Iberians were settled in the three large islands of the Mediterranean; as is proved by the agreement of historical testimony, and the Basque origin of the names of places. However, they did not come thither, at least exclusively, from Iberia or from Gaul. They occupied these settlements from the remotest period, or else came thither from the East.

"8. Were the Iberians amongst the primitive people of continental Italy? This is uncertain; but as many names of places occur there of Basque origin, the conjecture is feasible.

"9. The Basques differ from the Celts, such as the latter are represented to us by the Greeks

and Romans, and according to the evidence of what remains of their languages. But there is no ground for denying all affinity between the two nations; there is rather reason for believing that the Iberians are a dependency of the Celts, early severed from them."

I shall only extract from this work such portions as relate directly to Gaul and Iberia, beginning with the etymology of the names, Basques, Biscay, Spain, Iberia, (p. 54.)

Basoa; forest, grove, bush. *Basi, basti, bastetani, basitani, bastitani*, (bas-*eta*, forest country, bas-*contum*—like baso-coa, belonging to forests.) This etymology is that given by Astallos, but is incorrect. The Basques do not call themselves Basocoac, but *Euscaldu-nac*; their country *Euscalerria, Eusquererria*; and their language *euscara, eusquera, escuara*. (The termination *ara* indicates the relation of continuity or consequence between one thing and another, as, *ara-uz*, conformably; *ara-ua*, rule, relation. *Eusk-ara*, then, means "after the Basque manner.") *Aldunac* comes from *Aldea*, coast, part; *duna* is the adjective termination, and *c* the sign of the plural.* *Erria*, *ara*, *era*, are only auxiliaries. The root is *EUSKEN, ESKEN*;† whence the towns *Vesci, Vescelia*, and the *Vescitania*, (where was the town of *Osc*;) two other *Osc*, one among the *Turduli*, the other in *Bæturia* and *Ileosca, Etosca, (Etrusca?) Menosca, (Mendia*, mountain,) *Virovesca*; the *Auscii* of Aquitaine with their capital *Elimberrum*, (*Illiberis*, new town;) *Osquidates*? The word *Osc* must be understood as well to include the whole nation of the Iberians; for the enormous sums of *Oscan money, (argentum Oscense)*, mentioned by *Livy*, can hardly have been coined in one of the small towns so named. *Florez* supposes that the name may have arisen from the similarity of the ancient Iberian alphabet to that of the Italian *Osci*.‡

BASQUE NAMES FOUND IN GAUL, (p. 91.)

AQUITAINE. *Calagorris, Casères* in *Comminges*.—*Vasates* and *Basabocates* from *Basoa*, forest; and so the diocese of *Basas*, between the *Garonne* and the *Dordogne*.—*Iluro*, as the town of the *Cosetans*, (*Oléron*.)—*Bigorra*, from *bi*, two, *gora*, high.—*Oscara, Ousche*.—*Garites*, country of *Gavre*, from *gora*, high.—*Garoceli*

* Thus the terminations *ac, oc*, of the south of France, would connect the names of men and of places with a plural, conformably with the genius of the Pelasgic gentes, clearly expressed by the modern Italian, in which the names of men are plural, as *Alighieri, Fieschi*, &c.

† *Vusco, Wasco*, in Basque, signifies *man*, says *Laramandi's* dictionary, (edition of 1743, with this pompous title, *El Impossibile Vincito, Arte della Lingua Bascongada*, printed at *Salamanca*.) See, also, *Laboulinière, Voyage dans les Pyrénées Françaises*, i. 235.

‡ *Osc*, from *eusi*, to buy, to speak? from *otsa*, noise? Each barbarous people considered that it alone spoke true human language. In opposition to *eusc-aldunac*, they say *er-d-al-dun-ac*, from *arra, erria*, land; hence *erdaldunac*, one who speaks the language of the country. The French Basques give this name to the French, the Biscayans, to the Castilians.

. . . . (*Cæsar, de Bell. Gall. i. 10*, and not *Graioceli*.)—*Auscii*, from *eusken, esken, vesci*, (*osci*?) name of the Basques, (their town is *Elimberrum* like *Illiberi*.)—*Osquidates*, same root, the valley of *Ossau*, which extends from the foot of the *Pyrenees* to *Oléron*. *Curianum*, (cape *Buch*, close to which promontory the basin of the *Arcachon* dips into the land,) from *gur*, curved.—(The shore *Corense* in *Betica*.)—*Bercorates*, same root; *Biscarosse*, a burgh of the district of *Born*, frontiers of *Buch*.—The Celtic terminations are *dunum*,* *magus*, *vices*, and *briga*, (p. 96.) *Segodunum* apud *Rutenos*, belongs rather to the *Narbonnese* than to *Aquitaine*. *Lugdunum* apud *Convenas* is mixed, as shown by *Convenæ, Comminges*. They are not found, any more than *briga*, among the true *Aquitani*ans. The termination in *riges* seems to be common to Celts and Basques. What is very remarkable is, that the name of the only people whom *Strabo* particularizes as being strangers in *Aquitaine*, the *Bituriges*, is purely Basque, as is that of the *Caturiges*, the Celts of the upper Alps—both were primitively Iberian settlements.

On the southern coast of Gaul, we find *Illiberis* *Behryciorum*, *Vasio Vocontiorum* (*Vaison*) in the *Narbonnese*. *Bebyrces* suggests *briges*, and perhaps *Allo-Broges*, (*Stephen* of *Byzantium* writes *Allo-bryges*, and, according to him, this is the common Greek form.) Still the *Scholias*t on *Juvenal* (*Sat. viii. v. 234*) calls it a Celtic word, and says it signifies land, country.

In the remainder of Gaul, with the exception of *Bituriges*,† we find few names analogous to the Basque. Yet there occur *Gelduba*, like *Corduba, Salduba, Arverni, Arvii, Gadurci, Caracates, Carasa, Carcaso*, (and *Arduyes* in the *Valais*), *Carnutes, Carocotinum, (Crotoy)*, *Carpentoracte, (Carpentras)*, *Corsisi, Carsis* or *Cassis, Corbilo, (Coiron, on the Loire)*, (*Turones*?) These analogies with the Basque are probably fortuitous. May not the word *Britannia* itself be derived from this fruitful root—*prydain, Brigantes*?

Brigantium in Spain among the *Gallaici*, *Brigatium* in *Asturia*. Just so, in Gaul, *Brigantium* and the port *Brivates*.—In Britain, the *Brigantes* and their town *Isubrigantium*; the same name occurs as that of a tribe in Ireland.—*Brigantium* on the lake of *Constance*; *Bregetium*, in Hungary, on the *Danube*. In Gaul, on the southern coast, the *Segobriges*; in *Aquitaine* Proper, the *Nitiobriges, (Agen)*;

* However, *dun* (*duna*, with the article) is a common termination of the Basque adjective. From *arra*, worm; *arduna*, full of worms. From *erstura*, anguish; *erstura-dun-a*, full of anguish. *Eusc-al-dur-ac*, the Basques. *Caladunum* may signify, in Basque, a country abounding in rushes.

† We may, however, cite *Mauléon* in *Gascony*, and in *Poitou, (Maulin, in Basque)*. In *Brittany, Rennes, Batz, Alet, Morlaix*. (We find in the *Pyrenees, Rusez, Ræde, pagus Redensis* or *Radensis*, like *Redon, Redonas, Morlaas*, &c. We also find in *Brittany* an *Auvergnac, a Montauban*, towards *Rennes*.)—The words *Auch, Occitanie, Gard, Gers, Garonne, Gironde*, seem also of Basque origin.—*Montesquieu, Montesquieu*, from *Eusken*?

Samarobriva, (Amiens;) *Eburobriva*, between Auxerre and Troyes; *Baudobrica*, above Coblenz; *Bontobrice* and *Magetobria* between the Rhine and the Moselle; in Switzerland, the *Latobrigi* and *Latobrigi*; in Brittany, *Durobrivæ* and *Ourobrivæ*; *Artobriga* (Ratisbon) in Celtic Germany.

Traces of Celtic names in Iberian names of places, (p. 100.) *Ebura* or *Ebora* in Betica, and among the *Turduli*, *Edetani*, *Carpetani*, *Lusitani*, and *Ripepora* in Betica, *Eburobritum* among the *Lusitani*; in Gaul, *Eburoborica*, *Eburodunum*; on the southern coast, the *Eburones* on the left bank of the Rhine, *Aulerici Ebuovices* in Normandy; in Britain, *Eboracum*, *Eburacum*; in Austria, *Eburodunum*; in Hungary, *Eburum*; in Lucania, the *Eburini*? The Gaul, *Eporedorix*, in Cæsar?

CELTIC NAMES IN SPAIN.

EBORA, *Ebura*, *Segobrigii*? (p. 102.) The *Segobriges* on the southern coast of Gaul. *Segobriga*, Spanish towns of the *Celtiberians*; *Segontia*, *Segedunum* in Brittany, *Segodunum*, in Gaul. *Segestica*, in Pannonia.—In Spain, *Nemetobriga*, *Nemetates*.—*Augustonemetum*, in Auvergne. *Nemetacum*, *Nemetocenna*, and the *Nemetes* in Upper Germany. *Nemausus*, Nîmes; from the Irish *Naomhtha*, (V. Lloyd,) sacred, holy?

(P. 106.) Traces of *Basque* names in Celtic names of places. In Brittany:—the river *Ilas*; *Isca*; *Isurum*; *Verurium*. The promontory *Ocelum*, or *Ocellum*. On the Danube, between *Noricum* and *Pannonia*, *Astura* and the river *Carpis*; *Urbate* and the river *Urganus*.—In Spain:—*Ula*; *Osca*; *Esurir*. Mount *Solorius*. *Ocelum* among the *Callaici*.

BASQUE NAMES IN ITALY.

Iria apud *Taurinos*, like *Iria Flavia Callaïcorum*, (*iria*, town.)—*Ilienses*, in Sardinia, *Trojans*? Yet, according to *Pausanias*, *Libyans* in dress and manners.—*Uria*, in *Apulia*, like *Urium Turdulorum*.—*D'ra*, water: *Urba Salovia Picenorum*, *Urbium*, *Urcinium* in *Corsica*, like *Urce Bastetanorum*.—*Urgo*, an island between *Corsica* and *Etruria*, like *Urgao* in *Betica*.—*Usentini* in *Lucania*, like *Urso*, *Ursao* in *Betica*.—*Agurium* in *Sicily*, *Argiria* in *Spain*.—*Astura*, a river and island near *Antium*.—*D'asta*, rock, *Asta* in *Liguria*, and *Asta Turdetanorum*, &c. &c., in *Spain*.—*Osci* is not related to *osca*, but is contracted from *opici*, *opci*, (yet why may not *opici* be an extension of *osci*?)—*Ausones*, analogous to the Spanish *Ausa* and *Ausetani*; connected, however, with *Aurunci*.—*Arsia*, in *Istria*; *Arsa*, in *Beturia*. *Basta* in *Calabria*, *Basti* apud *Bastetanos*.—*Basterbini* *Salentinorum*, from *basoa*, mountain, and *erbestatu*, to emigrate, to change country, (*erria*).—*Biturgia*, in *Etruria*, *Bituris* among the *Basques*.—*Hispellum*, in *Umbria*.—The

Lambrus, an affluent of the *Po*, *Lambriaca* and *Flavia Lambris Callaïcorum*.—*Murgantia*, a barbarian town in *Sicily*, *Murgis* in *Spain*, *Suessa* and *Suessula*, like the *Suessetani* of the *Ilergetes*.—*Curenses Sabinorum*, *Gurulis* in *Sardinia*, like *littus Coreense* in *Betica*, and the promontory *Curianum* in *Aquitaine*.—*Curia*, same root as *urbs*; *urvus*, *curvus*, *urvare*, *urvum aratri*, ὄρος, ἄρῳ, κυρτός; in *German*, *aëren*, to till; in *Basque*, *ara-tu*, to till, (ἄρῳ, to till;) *gur*, curve; *uria*, *iria*, town.—The *German ort* too is of this family. The *Basques* and the *Romans* would seem to have been connected through the *Etruscans*; “but I do not say for all this that the *Etruscans* were the fathers of the *Iberians*, or their sons.”*

(Page 122.) Both *French* and *Spaniards* are in the wrong to confound the *Cantabrians* with the *Basques*, (*Oihenart* distinguishes between them.) The *Cantabrians* were separated from them by the *Autrigons* and the unwarlike tribes of the *Caristii* and *Varduli*; and it is among the *Cantabrians* that there begins that mixture of the names of places which I do not meet with among the *Basques*. The *Cantabrians* were eminently warlike, (as were the *Basques*;) and they even made a boast of not wearing helmets, (*Sil. It. iii. 358*; *v. 197*; *ix. 232*.) This proves, however, that war was rarer with them. Shut up in their mountains, they had no war with the *Romans* except the desperate one of *Calagurris*, (*Juven. xv. 93, 110*.)

(Page 127.) *Basque* names are of most frequent occurrence among the *Turduli* and *Turdetani* of *Betica*. Thus, there was no country of the *Peninsula* but in which the names of places prove there to have lived a people who spoke and pronounced like the *Basques* of the present day. The infinitely varied forms of the *Basque* language would be inexplicable, had not that nation consisted of a very large number of tribes who were once scattered over a vast region.—*Atzean* signifies behind, in the rear, and *Atzea*, the stranger or foreigner; hence, the primitive notion of this people was that foreign nations could be nowhere but behind it,—warranting the belief that from time immemorial they have been settled in the extremity of *Europe*.

(Page 149.) The *Celts* and the *Iberians* are two distinct races, (*Strabo, IV. i. p. 176*; *c. II. i. p. 189*.) *Niebuhr* is of the same opinion, in opposition to *Bullet*, *Vallancey*, &c. The *Iberians* were more pacific; in fact, the *Turduli* and *Turdetani*, far from undertaking expeditions, were driven from the *Rhone* to the *West*. Out of self-reliance, they made no league with others, (*Strabo, III. iv. p. 138*.) but still undertook no great enterprises, (*Florus, II. xvii. 3*.) only petty raids; obstinate against the *Romans*,

* The aruspicine and the flute of the *Vascons* were celebrated, like that of the *Etruscans* and *Lydians*. *Lamprid Alex. Sever.*—*Vasca tibia* in *Solinus, c. 5*; *Servius, XI. Æneid.*, et apud auctorem *Veteris Glossarii Latino-Græci*. To this day it is their only instrument, (like the bagpipes with the *Scotch Highlanders*.) *Strabo, l. iii.*

the *Celtiberians* especially; pushed by the tyranny of the prætors, by the famines common to a mountainous country, and with an increasing population; obliged to expatriate annually a portion of the males of age to bear arms; goaded by the constant warfare carried on in Spain under the Roman domination.

The Iberian world is anterior to the Celtic. We are acquainted with its decline only. The *Vacceans* (Diod. v. 34) made a division of their lands annually, and the produce was the common property; a proof of a very ancient state of society.

We do not find among the Iberians the institution of Druids and Bards. Hence they had no political bond of union, (the Druids were under one sole head;) and hence there was less regularity in the Basque language, less connection between the derivatives and roots.

The Gauls, not the Iberians, are charged with pederasty, (Athen. xiii. 79; Diod. v. 32;) the Iberians, on the contrary, preferred honor and chastity to life, (Strab. II. iv. p. 464.) The Gauls, not the Iberians, are noisy, vain, &c., (Diod. V. xxxi. p. 157.) The Iberians despise death, but with less levity than the Gauls, who would kill themselves for a trifle of money or a few glasses of wine, (Athen. iv. 40.)

Diodorus likens the *Celtiberians* to the *Lusitanians*. Both seem to have displayed the craft, the agility, and peculiar character of the Iberians in war, (Strab. III.) But the *Celtiberians* had less fear of pitched battles. They had preserved the Gallic buckler, whilst that of the *Lusitanians* was shorter, (*Scutatæ ceterioris provinciæ, et cetratæ ulterioris Hispaniæ cohortes*, Cæs. de Bell. Civ. i. 39. See, however, *ibid.* i. 48.)

The *Celtiberians* wore (no doubt copying the Iberians) boots of woven horse-hair, (Diod. *Τριχίνας εἰδοῦσι κνημίδας*.) The *Biscayans* of the present day swathe their limbs in bands of woollen cloth, which join on to the *abarca*, a kind of sandal.

For two-thirds of the year, the mountaineers lived on a bread made of acorns, (the food of the *Pelasgi*, *Dodona*, &c., "*glandem ructante marito*," Juv. vi. 10;) the *Celtiberians* ate largely of animal food; the Iberians drank a liquor made of fermented barley; the *Celtiberians* drank mead.

The points of resemblance between the Iberians and *Celtiberians* are numerous; for instance, all household cares are left to the women; the strength and endurance of the latter are conspicuous in Biscay and the adjoining provinces, (and in many parts of Brittany, as at Ushant.)

Among the Iberians and the Celts, (*Aquitaine*!) men also devote their lives to one man, (Plut. Sertor. iv. Val. Max. vii. 6. Ext. 3; Cæs. de Bell. Gall. Val. Max. (ii. 6, 11,) expressly says that this species of devotion was peculiar to the Iberians.

(Page 158.) The Gauls were fond of variegated and gaudy dresses. The Iberians, even the *Celtiberians*, wore black, of coarse shaggy wool, and their women black veils. In war, as at Cannæ for instance, (Polyb. iii. 144; Livy, xxii. 46,) they wore vestments of white linen, and over them habits striped with purple, (a mean betwixt the pied raiment of the Gauls and Iberian plainness.)

What we know of the religion of the Iberians holds good, with one exception, of that of the Gauls: "*Some*," says Strabo, (III. iv. p. 164,) "*deny that the Gallicians believe in the gods, and say that on the full of the moon, the Celtiberians and their neighbors of the north, dance and make holiday before their doors, together with their families, in honor of a god without a name.*" Several writers (whose opinion Humboldt seems to adopt) detect a crescent and stars on the coins of ancient Spain. Florez (Medallas, I.) remarks, that in the medals of *Betica*, (and not of the other provinces,) the bull is always accompanied by a crescent, (the crescent is Phenician and Druidical, the cow is in the arms of the Basques, of the Welsh, &c.) In those of the other provinces we find the bull but not the crescent.

There is no mention of a temple, except as regards the provinces in relation with the southern people, (yet there are some Celtic names; for instance, *Nemetobriga*.)—Strabo, (III. i. p. 138,) in an obscure passage in which he states the conflicting opinions of Artemidorus and of Ephorus upon the pretended temple of Hercules on the promontory of Cuneus, speaks of certain stones which are found in many places three or four together, and which are connected with religious usages. An English traveller in Spain says that large heaps of stones are met with on the frontiers of Galicia, it being the custom for every Gallician who emigrates in search of work, to place a stone there on his departure and on his return.—Aristotle says, (Polit. vii. 2, 6,) "There are as many javelins (*δρελλίκους*) laid on the tomb of the Iberian warrior as he has killed enemies."

We do not find among the Iberians, as among the Gauls, the practice of throwing gold into the lakes, or of depositing it in sacred spots, with no other guard than the sanctity of the place. In the temple of Hercules at Cadiz were offerings which Cæsar, after the defeat of Pompey's sons, insisted on being respected, (Dio, c. xliii. 39;) but the worship in this temple continued to be Phenician, even to Appian's time, (VI. ii. 35.)—Justin (xlv. 3) says, "The soil in the country of the Gallicians is so rich that gold often turns up under the plough. They have a sacred mountain which it is forbidden to violate with pick or plough; but if a thunderbolt falls and lays bare any gold, it is allowed to take it as a present from the gods." Here we have gold recognised as the property of the gods.

(Page 163.) As regards the names of places,

there is no trace of the Iberians in Gaul, out of Aquitaine, or Brittany, (see, however, *supra*;) although Tacitus (*Agric. ii.*) thinks that he recognises them in the complexion of the Silures, in their curled locks, and their geographical position. (Mannert thinks that he detects them in Caledonia.) We must wait until the Basque shall have been compared with the Celtic tongues. Let us hope, says M. Humboldt, that Ahlwardt will publish the result of his labors on this subject.

(Page 166.) The ancient Celtic language cannot have differed from the actual Breton and Welsh; as is proved by the names of places and of persons, by many other words, and by the impossibility of supposing a third language which should have been utterly lost.

(Page 173.) We may say of the *Iberians* what Mannert, with much sagacity, says of the *Ligurians*, that they do not proceed from the Celts such as we know them in Gaul; but that, nevertheless, they may be a sister branch from a still more ancient oriental stock.

(Page 175.) The relationship between the Basque and the American tongues is very doubtful.

ON THE RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS OF IRELAND AND OF WALES, (see vol. i. pp. 35 and 70.)

WE have rigidly abstained in the text from all details on the religions of the Celts, not drawn from ancient sources and from the Greek and Roman writers. Still, the Irish and Welsh traditions which have reached us under a less pure form, may throw an indirect light on the ancient religions of Gaul. Besides several characteristics, so preserved, are profoundly indigenous, and bear the stamp of a high antiquity; as the worship of fire, the myth of the beaver and of the great lake, &c. &c.

SECTION I. The little which we know of the old religions of Ireland has come down to us adulterated, no doubt, by the most impure mixture of rabbinical fables and Alexandrian interpolations, and disfigured, perhaps, as well, by the chimerical interpretations of modern critics. Still, however distrustful we ought to be, it is impossible to reject the astonishing analogy which the names of the gods of Ireland (Axire, Axcearas, Coismaol, Cabur) bear to those of the Cabiri of Phenicia and Samothrace, (Axieros, Axiokersos, Casmilos, Cabeiros.) Baal occurs as the supreme divinity equally in Phenicia and in Ireland. The analogy with many of the Egyptian and Etruscan gods is no less striking. Æsar, in Etruscan god, (whence Cæsar,) is, in Irish, the god who lights the fire.* The lighted fire is Moloch.

The Irish Axire, water, land, night, moon, takes likewise the names of Ith, (pronounce it Iz, like Isis,) Anu Mathar, Ops, and Sibhol, (like Magna Mater, Ops, and Cybele.) Thus far she is potential nature, nature not fecundated. After a series of transformations she becomes, as in Egypt, Neith-Nath, god-goddess of war, of wisdom, and of intelligence, &c.

M. Adolphe Pictet lays down, as the basis of the primitive religion of Ireland, the worship of the Cabiri, primitive powers, the commencement of an ascending series or progression which rises up to the supreme god, Beal. It is, therefore, the direct opposite of a system of emanation.

"From a primitive duality, constituting the fundamental force of the universe, there arises a double progression of cosmical powers, which, after having crossed each other by a mutual transition, at last proceed to blend in one supreme unity, as in their essential principle. Such, in few words, is the distinctive character of the mythological doctrine of the ancient Irish, such the sum of all my labors." This conclusion is almost identical with that arrived at by Schelling as the result of his researches into the Cabiri of Samothrace. "The doctrine of the Cabiri," he says, "was a system which rose from the inferior divinities, representing the powers of nature, up to a supra-mundane god who ruled them all;" and, in another place: "The doctrine of the Cabiri, in its profoundest sense, was the exposition of the ascending march by which life is developed in a successive progression, the exposition of the universal magic, of the permanent theurgy which is ever manifesting what of its nature is superior to the real world, and making apparent what is invisible."

This all but identity is so much the more striking as the results have been obtained by two different processes. I have depended throughout on the Irish language and traditions, and have only adduced the etymologies and facts offered by Schelling, as curious analogies, not as proofs. The names—AXIRE, AXCEARAS, COISMAOL, and CABUR are as susceptible of explanation through the medium of Irish, as the names AXIEROS, AXIOKERSOS, CASMILOS, and KABEIROS are through that of Hebrew. Who does not here see an evident connection?

"Besides, Strabo expressly mentions the analogy of the worship of Samothrace with that of Ireland. He says, following Artemidorus, who wrote a century before our era:—*ὅτι φασὶν εἰς νῆσον πρὸς τῇ Βρετανίᾳ, καθ' ἣν ὁμοία τοῖς ἐν Σαμοθράκῃ περὶ τὴν Διμήθραν καὶ τὴν Κόρην ἱεροποιεῖται*, (Ed. Casaubon, ii. p. 157.) Another passage is cited, from Dionysius Periegetes, but it is vaguer and inconclusive, (v. 365.)

"He in whom this system finds its unity is SAMHAN, the evil spirit, (Satan,) the image of the sun, (literally, Sam-han,) the judge of souls, who punishes them by sending them back upon

* According to Bullet, *Lar*, in Celtic, signifies fire. In the ancient Irish, it signifies the floor of the house, the earth, or else a family?—*Iere*, all-powerful.—*Joun iauna*, in Basque, "God," (Janus, Diana.) In Irish, *Ann*, *Ana*, (whence *Jona*?) mother of the gods, &c. &c.

earth, or dismissing them to hell. He is the master of death, (Bal-Sab.) It was on the eve of the 1st of November that he sat in judgment on the souls of those who died during the year, and even to this day, it is called Samhan's night, (Beaufort and Vallancey, *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, t. iv. p. 83.)—He is the Cadmilos or Kasmilos of Samothrace, or Camillus of the Etruscans, the *servant*, (coismaol, cadmaol, signifies servant, in Irish.) Samhan, then, is the centre of association of the Cabiri, (sam, sum, cum, indicate union in numerous languages.) We read in an ancient Irish Glossarist '*Samhandraoic, eadhon Cabur*, the magic of Samhan, that is, of Cabur,' and he adds in explanation, '*Mutual Association*.' Cabur, associated, as in Hebrew, *Chaberim*; the Etruscan *Consentes*, (in like manner, again, *Kibir, Kbir* signifies Devil in Maltese, which is a remains of the Punic tongue. Creuzer, *Symbolique*, II. 286, 8.) The Irish Cabiric system found another symbol in the harmony of the celestial revolutions. The stars were called *Cabara*. According to Bullet, the Basques called the seven planets *Capirioa*, (!) The name of the constellations signified both intelligence and music, melody. *Rimmim, runmin* meant sun, moon, stars; *rimham* is 'to count'; *rimh*, 'numbers,' (in Greek *ῥιθμός*, in French and English, *rime*, rhyme,) &c.

"The Druidical hierarchy itself appears to have been a true Cabiric Association, the image of their religious system.

"The chief Druid was called *Coibhi*.* This name, too, which is preserved in some proverbial expressions of the Scotch Gaël, affines with that of *Cabir*."

Among the Welsh, the Druids were called *Cewydd*, "associates."† The neophyte who was undergoing initiation took the title of *Caw*, associate, cabir, and a bard who had graduated in the Druidical school was styled *Bardd Caw*, (Davies, *Myth*. 165; Owen, *Welsh Dict.*) Trescaw, one of the Scilly isles, was anciently *Inis Caw*, the island of confederacy, and some huge remains of monuments which are deemed Druidical are found there, (Davies, *ibid.*) In Samothrace, too, the initiated was likewise received as *Cabir* into the association of the superior gods, and became himself a ring in the magic chain, (Schelling, *Samothr. Gottsed.*, p. 40.)

The mystic dance of the Druids bore, beyond a doubt, some reference to the Cabiric doctrine and the system of numbers. A cu-

rious passage of a Welsh bard, Cynddelw, quoted by Davies, (*Myth*. p. 16,) from the *Welsh Archaeology*, (vol. i.,) presents us with a curious glimpse of the mystic dance of the Druids:—"Rapidly moving, in the course of the sky, in circles, in uneven numbers, *Druids and Bards* unite, in celebrating the leader." The expression, "uneven numbers," proves that the Druidical dances, like the circular temple, were a symbol of the fundamental doctrine, and that the same system of numbers was observed in them. In fact, the Welsh bard, in another passage, gives the Druidical monument the name of "the Sanctuary of the uneven number." (Davies, *Myth*. 17.)

"Perhaps, amongst the Druids, each divinity of the Cabiric chain had his priest and his representative. We have already seen that, amongst the Irish, the priest took the name of the god whom he served; and that amongst the Welsh, the chief Druid appears to have been considered the chief representative of the supreme god, (Jamieson, *Hist. of the Culdees*, p. 29.) Thus, the Druidical hierarchy would be a microcosmic image of the hierarchy of the universe, as in the mysteries of Samothrace and Eleusis.

"We know that the Caburs were adored in caves and in darkness, while the fires in honor of Beal were lighted on the tops of mountains; a custom explained by the abstract doctrine:—

"In fine the Cabiric world, in its isolation from the grand principle of light, becomes the power of darkness, the obscure matter of all reality, constituting as it were the base or root of the universe, in opposition to the supreme intelligence, which is its summit. It was, no doubt, through an analogous mode of seeing things, that the ceremonies of the Cabiric worship at Samothrace were celebrated only by night."

To these inductions of M. Pictet's we may add that, according to a tradition of the Scotch Highlanders, the Druids worked by night and rested by day, (Logan, ii. 351.)

The worship of Beal, on the contrary, was celebrated by fires lighted on the mountains, and has left profound traces in the popular traditions. (Tolland, *Letter* xi. p. 101.) The Druids kindled fires upon the *cairns*, on May-day eve, in honor of *Beal, Bealan*, (the sun;) and the day still retains in Ireland the name of *Beallain*, that is, Beal's fire day. There is a cairn in Londonderry, which faces another, and which is called *Bealltain*, (Logan, ii. 326.) It was no earlier than 1220 that the archbishop of Dublin extinguished the perpetual fire which was maintained in a small cell near the church of Kildare; but it was soon rekindled, and actually kept burning until the suppression of monasteries. (Archdall's *Mon. Hib.* apud *Anth. Hib.* iii. 240.) This fire was kept up by virgins, often of high rank, called *daughters of the fire*, (inghean an dagha,) or *fire-keepers*, (breo-

* *Bed. Hist. Eccl.* ii. c. 13. Cui primus pontificum ipsius Coifi continuo respondit, (chief priest of Edwin, king of Northumbria, converted by Paulinus, in the beginning of the seventh century. Macpherson, *Dissert. on Celtic Antiquities*.)—*Coibhi draoi* (Druid) is a current expression in Scotland to signify a person of great merit, (vid. MacIntosh's *Gaelic Proverbs*, p. 34.—Haddleton, *Notes on Tolland*, p. 279.) A Gaelic proverb says, The stone does not lie closer to the earth than the assistance of Coibhi, (beneficence, an attribute of the chief of the Druids?)

† Davies' *Mythol.* pp. 271, 277. Ammian. Marcell. l. xv. *Sodalitatis astricti consortiis*, &c.

chuidh,) which has led to their being confounded with the nuns of St. Bridget.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1795, says, "Happening to be in Ireland the day before Midsummer, I was told that I should see *fires* lighted at midnight in honor of the sun;" and Riche describes the preparation for the festival in the following terms:—"What watching, what rattling, what tinkling upon pannes and candlesticks, what strewing of hearthes, what clamors, and other ceremonies are used."

Spenser says that an Irishman always says a prayer when lighting a fire: At Newcastle, the cooks light bonfires on Midsummer-day. At London, and elsewhere, the sweeps parade the streets, and dance, grotesquely dressed. The Scotch Highlanders used to pass through the fire in honor of Beal, and thought it a religious duty to walk round their flocks and fields, carrying fire. (Logan, ii. 364.) Even at this day, it is a practice with them to pass a child over the fire, sometimes in a kind of pocket, in which they have put bread and cheese. (It is said that they used sometimes, in the mountains, to baptize a child on a broadsword. In like manner, in Ireland, the mother would make her new-born child kiss the point of a sword. Logan, i. 122.)—Id. i. 213. The Caledonians used to burn criminals between two fires, whence the proverb:—"He is between the two flames of Bheil."—Ibid. 140. The practice of sending round the *fiery cross*, was in existence as late as 1745; it ran through one district thirty-six miles in three hours. The chief killed a goat with his own sword, dipped in the blood the ends of a wooden cross that had been half burned, and naming the muster-place, gave it to a clansman, who ran and transmitted it to another. This symbol threatened fire and sword to those who should fail at the rendezvous.—Caumont, i. 154. There is a tradition that fires used formerly to be lighted under certain circumstances, on the *tumuli* near Jobourg, (Depart. de la Manche.)

"To defeat the sorceries, certain persons who have the power to do so are sent for to raise the Needfire. Upon any small river, lake, or island, a circular booth of stone or turf is erected, on which a couple, or rafter of birch-tree, is placed, and the roof covered over. In the centre is set a perpendicular post, fixed by a wooden pin to the couple, the lower end being placed in an oblong groove on the floor; and another pole is placed horizontally between the upright post and the leg of the couple, into both which the ends, being tapered, are inserted. This horizontal timber is called the auger, being provided with four short arms, or spokes, by which it can be turned round. As many men as can be collected are then set to work, having first divested themselves of all kinds of metal, and two at a time continue to turn the pole by means of levers, while others keep driving wedges under the upright post so as to press it against the auger, which by the friction

soon becomes ignited. From this the Needfire is instantly procured; and all other fires being immediately quenched, those that are rekindled both in dwelling-house and offices are accounted sacred, and the cattle are successively made to smell them."—Logan, ii. 64.

SECTION II. In the Welsh religion (vide Davies, *The Myth. and Rites of the British Druids*, and *Idem*, *Celtic Researches*) the Supreme God is the unknown God, *Diana*, (*dian-af*, in Breton, "unknown;" in Léonais, *diana*; *dianan*, in the dialect of Vannes.) His representative on earth is Hu the Great, or *Ar-bras*, otherwise CADWALCADER, the chief of the Druids.

The black beaver pierces the dike which supports the great lake; the world is deluged; all perish except DOUYMAN, and DOUYMECH, (*man, mec'h*, man, girl,) saved in a vessel without sails, which carried in it a male and female of every animal species. Hu yokes two oxen to the earth to drag it out of the abyss. Both perish in the effort. The eyes of one start from their sockets, the other rejects its food and dies.

However, Hu gives laws and teaches agriculture. His car is composed of rays of the sun, and guided by five genii; he has the rainbow for his girdle. He is the god of war, the vanquisher of giants and of darkness, the protector of the ploughman, the king of bards, the regulator of waters. He is everywhere attended by a sacred cow.

Hu has to wife an enchantress, Ked or Ceridwen, in his domain of Penlym, at the end of the lake where he dwells.

Ked has three children:—Morvram, (raven of the sea, guide of navigators,) the beautiful Crieryw, (the middle or token of the egg, the symbol of life,) and the hideous Avagddu, or Avauk-du, (the black beaver, utter darkness.)

She (Ceridwen) determined, agreeably to the mystery of the books of *Pheryllt*, to prepare for this son a caldron of *Awen a Gwybodeu*, *water of inspiration and sciences*, that he might be more readily admitted into honorable society, upon account of his knowledge, and his skill in regard to futurity.

The caldron began to boil, and it was requisite that the boiling should be continued, without interruption, for the period of a year and a day; and till three blessed drops of the endowment of the spirit could be obtained.

She had stationed *Gwion the Little*, the son of *Gwreang*, the *Herald of Llanvair*, the *fane of the lady*, in *Caer Einiawn*, the *city of the just*, in *Powys*, the *land of rest*, to superintend the preparation of the caldron: and she had appointed a blind man, *μωρῆς*, named *Morda*, *ruler of the sea*, to kindle the fire under the caldron, with a strict injunction that he should not suffer the boiling to be interrupted, before the completion of the year and the day.

In the mean time Ceridwen, with due atten-

tion to the books of astronomy, and to the hours of the planets, employed herself daily in botanizing and in collecting plants of every species, which possessed any rare virtues.

On a certain day, about the completion of the year, whilst she was botanizing and muttering to herself, three drops of the efficacious water happened to fly out of the caldron, and alight upon the finger of *Gwion the Little*. The heat of the water occasioned his putting his finger into his mouth.

As soon as these precious drops had touched his lips every event of futurity was opened to his view! and he clearly perceived, that his greatest concern was to beware of the stratagems of Ceridwen, whose knowledge was very great. With extreme terror he fled towards his native country.

As for the caldron, it divided into two halves; for the whole of the water which it contained, excepting the three efficacious drops, was poisonous; so that it poisoned the horses of Gwyddno Garanbir, which drank out of the channel into which the caldron had emptied itself. Hence that channel was afterwards called, *The poison of Gwyddno's horses*.

Ceridwen entering just at this moment, and perceiving that her whole year's labor was entirely lost, seized an *oar*, and struck the blind Morda upon his head, so that one of his eyes dropped upon his cheek.

Thou hast disfigured me wrongfully, exclaimed Morda, seeing I am innocent; thy loss has not been occasioned by any fault of mine.

True, replied Ceridwen, it was Gwion the Little who robbed me. Having pronounced these words, she began to run in pursuit of him.

Gwion perceiving her at a distance, transformed himself into a *hare*, and doubled his speed: but Ceridwen instantly becoming a *greyhound bitch*, turned him, and chased him towards a river.

Leaping into the stream, he assumed the form of a *fish*: but his resentful enemy, who was now become an *otter bitch*, traced him through the stream; so that he was obliged to take the form of a *bird*, and mount into the air.

That element afforded him no refuge; for the lady, in the form of a *sparrow hawk*, was gaining upon him—she was just in the act of pouncing him.

Shuddering with the dread of death, he perceived a heap of *clean wheat* upon a floor, dropped into the midst of it, and assumed the form of a single grain.

Ceridwen took the form of a *black high-crested hen*, descended into the wheat, scratched him out, distinguished and swallowed him. And, as the history relates, she was pregnant of him nine months, and when delivered of him, she found him so lovely a babe, that she had not resolution to put him to death.

She placed him, however, in a coracle, covered with a skin, and, by the instigation of her

husband, cast him into the sea on the *twenty-ninth of April*.

In those times Gwyddno's wear stood out in the beach, between Dyvi and Aberystwyth, near his own castle. And in that wear, it was usual to take fish, to the value of a hundred pounds, every year, upon the eve of the first of May.

Gwyddno had an only son, named Elphin, who had been a most unfortunate and necessitous young man. This was a great affliction to his father, who began to think that he had been born in an evil hour.

His counsellors, however, persuaded the father to let this son have the drawing of the wear on that year, by way of experiment; in order to prove whether any good fortune would ever attend him, and that he might have something to begin the world.

The next day, being *May-eve*, Elphin examined the wear, and found nothing; but as he was going away, he perceived the coracle, covered with a skin, resting upon the *pole* of the dam.

Then one of the wear-men said to him, *Thou hast never been completely unfortunate before this night; for now thou hast destroyed the virtue of the wear, in which the value of a hundred pounds was always taken upon the eve of May-day.*

How so? replied Elphin—that coracle may possibly contain the value of a hundred pounds.

The skin was opened, and the opener perceiving the forehead of an infant, said to Elphin—*Behold Taliesin—radiant front!*

Radiant Front be his name, replied the prince, who now lifted the infant in his arms, commiserating his own misfortune, and placed him behind him upon his own horse, as if it had been in the most easy chair.

Immediately after this, the babe composed for Elphin a song of consolation and praise; at the same time, he prophesied of his future renown. The consolation was the first hymn which Taliesin sung, in order to comfort Elphin, who was grieved for his disappointment in the draught of the wear; and still more so, at the thought that the world would impute the fault and misfortune wholly to himself.

Elphin carries the new-born babe to the castle, and presents him to his father, who demands whether he was a human being or a spirit; and is answered in a mystical song, in which he professes himself a *general primary Bard*, who had existed in all ages, and identifies his own character with that of the sun.

Gwyddno, astonished at his proficiency, demands another song, and is answered as follows:

Ar y dwr mae cyflwr, &c.*

“Water has the property of conferring a blessing. It is meet to think rightly of God.

It is meet to pray earnestly to God; because the benefits which proceed from Him, cannot be impeded.

"*Thrice have I been born.* I know how to meditate. It is woful that men will not come to seek all the sciences of the world, which are treasured in my bosom; for I know all that has been, and all that will be hereafter," &c.

This allegory had reference to the sun, whose name, *Thaliessin*, (*radiant front*), was transferred to his high-priest. The first initiation, the studies, the instruction lasted a year; when the bard drank of the water of inspiration, and received the sacred lessons, (of *Ceridwen*.) He was then subjected to a series of trials, and his morals, constancy, activity, and knowledge were carefully tried and tested. After this he was received and swallowed up by the goddess, and remained some time in her womb; that is, was subjected to a course of discipline in the mystic cell, and was at length born again and sent into the world adorned with every acquisition which could make him the wonder and the veneration of the people.

The lakes of the Adoration, of the Consecration, and of the grove of Jor, (a surname of *Diana*), are still pointed out.

Near Landélorn, (*Landerneau*), on the first of May, a door in a rock opened upon a lake, over which no bird flew. Fairies sang in an island there along with the mermaids. Whoever entered was well received, but nothing was to be carried away. A visiter bears off a flower, which had the property of preserving one young; the flower vanished. Henceforward, the passage is barred. An adventurous person attempts it; but a terrific form arose, and threatened that he would drown the country.

According to Davies (*Mythol. and Rites of the Druids*, p. 146) there is a similar tradition with respect to *Llyn Savaddan*, a lake in Brecknockshire:—"The site of the present lake was formerly occupied by a large city; but the inhabitants were reported to be very wicked. The king of the country sent his servant to examine into the truth of this rumor Not one offered him the rites of hospitality. He enters a deserted house, where he finds an infant who lay weeping in a cradle While diverting the child he accidentally dropped his glove Next day the city had disappeared, the whole plain was covered with a lake. While he was gazing at this novel and terrific scene, he remarked a little spot in the middle of the water: the wind gently wafted it towards the bank where he stood; as it drew near he recognised the identical cradle, with the child in it, alive and unhurt, in which he had dropped his glove."

ON THE CELTIC STONES. (See vol. i. p. 73, and p. 153.)

THE stone was beyond doubt at once the altar and the symbol of the Divinity. The very name

Cromleach (or dolmen) signifies *Stone of Crom*, the supreme god. (Pictet, p. 129.) The cromleach was often ornamented with plates of gold, silver, or copper; for instance, *Crom-cruach* in Ireland, county Cavan. (Tolland's Letters, p. 133.)—The number of stones of which Druidical enclosures consist is always a mysterious and sacred number; never fewer than twelve, and sometimes nineteen, thirty, sixty. These numbers coincide with those of the gods. In the centre of the circle, sometimes external to it, is reared a larger stone, which may have been intended to represent the supreme god. (Pictet, p. 134.)—Finally, magic virtues were ascribed to these stones, as is shown by the famous passage of Geoffrey of Monmouth. (L. v.) Aurelius consults Merlin on the monument to be reared in memory of those who have perished by the treason of Hengist . . . "Thou wilt command the company of giants to be brought from Ireland. . . . Provoke not derisive laughter, lord king. The stones are mystic, and endowed with various healing virtues. Giants of old brought them from the furthest bounds of Africa. . . . There was a reason for their making baths among them when overtaken by sickness. For they washed the stones, and filled the baths with the water, and the sick were cured. They steeped herbs, also, therein, for the cure of wounds. Not a stone there without its virtue." After a battle, the stones are borne off by Merlin; and when he is sought for in all directions, he is found "*at the fountain Galabas*, which he was in the habit of frequenting." He himself seems to have been one of these giant physicians.

Traces of letters or of magic signs have been supposed to be discernible on the Celtic monuments. On one of the supports of the table of a dolmen at Saint Sulpice-sur-Rille, are carved three small crescents, disposed in a triangle. There is a dolmen near Lok-Maria-Ker, the under part of the table of which is covered with round holes, symmetrically disposed in circles. Another stone has three signs very like spirals. The symbolic characters, with their explanation in Ogham, are found in the cavern of New Grange, Drogheda, county of Meath, (see the Collect. de Rebus Hibern. ii. p. 161, &c. ;) the symbol being a spiral line, repeated three times. The inscription in Ogham is translated by A E, that is *the He*, or the nameless god, the ineffable being (!). In this cavern there are three altars. (Pictet, p. 132.) A considerable number of stones, with a variety of devices chiselled upon them, are met with in Scotland. Finally, there are some traditions which ought to invite attention to these rude and almost unintelligible hieroglyphics. The Triads say that on the stones of Gwiddon-Ganhebon, "there could be read the arts and sciences of the world." Gwydion ap Don, the astronomer, was buried at Caernarvon, "under a stone of enigmas." Some

of the representations on stones in Wales seem at one time intended for a small image of an animal, at others, for interlaced trees. This last circumstance would seem to connect the worship of stones with that of trees. Moreover, "the *Ogham* or *Oghum* characters, (the secret alphabet of the Druids,) were represented by twigs of various trees, and the figures resembled those called Runic In the sister island, as well as in Britain, inscriptions on stones have been discovered in these characters, which Vallancey was able to decipher, particularly on one monument, which he says is mentioned in Scottish Chronicles, as 'the grove of Aongus,' on a stone at a place called the *Vicar's Cairn*, in Armagh on the walls of caves in the isle of Arran, and in different parts of Scotland." (Logan, ii. 388.)—We have seen above that stones were sometimes used for divination. There is an important passage of Talliesin which bears upon this:—"I know the intent of the trees; I know which was decreed praise or disgrace," he exclaims, "by the intention of the memorial trees of the sages," and he celebrates "the engagement of the sprigs of the trees, or of devices, and their battle with the learned." He could, he says, "delineate the elementary trees and reeds," and tells us when the sprigs "were marked in the small tablet of devices, they uttered their voice." (Logan, ii. 393.)

"Trees are used to this day symbolically by the Welsh and Gaël, as, for instance, *coll*, the hazel wood, being indicative of loss and misfortune, is presented to a forsaken lover, &c., whence appears to have arisen the saying that 'painful is the smoke of the hazel!' Merddyn or Merlin, the Caledonian, not less devoted to his religion than the Cambrian bard, laments that 'the authority of the sprigs' was beginning to be disregarded." (Id. *ibid.*) The Irish word *aos*, which at first signified a tree, was applied to a learned person; *feadha*, wood or trees, becomes the designation of the prophets or wise men. In like manner, in Sanscrit, *bódhi* signifies the Indian fig-tree, and the budhist, the sage.

The Celtic monuments do not appear to have been exclusively consecrated to worship. When the chief of a clan was elected, he stood on a stone. That circular enclosures of stone were used as courts of justice, and places for trial by combat, is well known. Remains of them are found in Scotland, in Ireland, in the northern isles, (King, i. 147; Martin's Description of the Western Isles,) and, especially, in Sweden and Norway. Indeed, the ancient Erse poems teach us that Druidical rites existed among the Scandinavians, and that they succored the British Druids when in danger. (Ossian's Cathlin. ii.; Warton, t. i.)

"The most astonishing temple, in point of magnitude, in Britain, is that of *ABURY*, or *Avebury*, in Wiltshire. The area of this astonishing work contained upwards of 28 acres, and

was surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, and rampart measuring about 70 feet in height from the bottom. One hundred stones of amazing size formed an outer circle, within which were two others not concentric, formed of double rows of stones. Of these the outer contained thirty, and the inner twelve. In the centre of one were three stones, and in the other was a single obelisk which measured twenty-one feet in length, and eight feet nine inches in breadth. Besides the circles, which we thus see contained the number of 188 stones, there were two extended avenues which are supposed to have contained 462 more, making a total of 650!

"STONEHENGE, in the same county, must yield in magnificence to *Abury*, but if much less in size, it is greatly superior in the architectural science which it displays.

"The restoration of this wonderful pile is according to Waltire, an enthusiastic old philosopher, who actually encamped and remained on the ground beside this temple for several months, to satisfy his curiosity and complete his investigations concerning its appropriation. It is much to be regretted that the papers of this deep-thinking and veracious antiquary were lost after his death. Some account of his opinions concerning it may be seen in Mr. Higgins' work; it need only be here observed, that the view gives an idea of this work which could not be done in words. According to Waltire's plan the outer range of uprights consists of thirty. The inner trilithons, according to all, were five, to which he adds six smaller stones, as a continuation towards the entrance. The intermediate circle consists of thirty-eight, and the semicircular range inside he makes nineteen. Thus with the altar, and reckoning the imposts, the whole number is one hundred and thirty-nine. The height of the outward stones is in the highest about thirteen feet, and six or seven in breadth, and, contrary to what we find in similar erections, the stones have been formed by the tool, the imposts being secured by tenons, and one stone is found formed with a rib or moulding.

"The remarkable temple at *Classerness*, in the Isle of Lewis, consists of an avenue five hundred and fifty-eight feet long, eight feet wide, and composed of thirty-nine stones, generally six or seven feet high, with one at the entrance, no less than thirteen. At the south end of this walk is a circle of sixty-three feet in diameter, that appears to have been composed of either thirteen or fifteen stones, six to eight feet in height, the centre being occupied by an obelisk thirteen feet high, and shaped somewhat like a chair. Beyond the circle several stones are carried in right lines, producing a cruciform appearance. The length of this cross part is two hundred and four feet, and the total of stones appears to have been sixty-eight or seventy. The magnitude and singularity of this work has led several anti-

quaries to believe that it is the very Hyperborean temple spoken of by the ancients. It is remarkable that Eratosthenes says, Apollo hid his arrow where there was a winged temple. The cross parts, resembling the transepts of a cathedral, are, I believe, peculiar to Classeriness, and may very well bear the appellation of wings." (Logan, II. 319, 323.)

I have noticed the stupendous lines of Carnac and of Lok-Maria-Ker in the first volume, p. 153.

Numerous traces of the worship of stones have remained in France, either in the names of places or in popular traditions:—

1. It is known that those rude masses which we find planted as boundary stones are called *pierres fichées* or *fichées*, (in Celtic, *menhir*, long stone, *peulvan*, stone pillar.) Many of our French villages bear this name:—*Pierre Fichée*, five leagues N. E. of Mendes, in Gévaudan. *Pierre-Fiches*, in Normandy, one league from the sea, three from Montivilliers.—*Pierrefitte*, near Pont l'Evêque.—*Pierrefitte*, two leagues N. W. of Argentan.—*Pierrefitte*, three leagues from Falaise.—*Pierrefitte*, in Perche, diocese of Chartres, six leagues from Mortagne. Villages with this name (*Pierrefitte*) are also found in Beauvoisis, in Lorraine, Sologne, Berry, Languedoc, la Marche, Limousin, &c., &c. There is a *Pierrefitte* near Paris, half a league N. of St. Denis.

2. At Colombiers, young girls who wish to get married must get upon the top of the stone, deposite a piece of money there, and jump down to the ground. At Guérande they place in the chinks of the stone, for the same purpose, locks of red wool, tied with foil. At Croisic, women have long been used to dance round a Druidical stone. In Anjou, it is the furies who, coming from the mountains, spinning, have brought down these rocks in their aprons. In Ireland, many dolmen are still called lovers' beds—a king's daughter has fled with her lover; pursued by her father, she wanders from village to village, and every evening her hosts have prepared a couch for her on a rock, &c., &c.

TRIADS OF THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN,

That is to say, triads of memorial and record, and the information of remarkable men or things which have been in the island of Great Britain, and of the events which befell the race of the Cymry from the age of ages.

1. There were three names imposed on the Isle of Britain from the beginning. Before it was inhabited its denomination was the Seagirt Green Space; after being inhabited it was called the Honey Island, and after it was formed into a commonwealth by Prydian, the son of Aedd Mawr, it was called the Isle of Prydian. And none have any title therein but the nation of the Cymry. For they first settled upon it; and before that time no men lived therein, but it was full of bears, wolves, beavers, (or crocodiles,) and bisons.

The three primary divisions of the Isle of Britain: Cymry, Lloegr, and Alban; or, Wales, England, and Scotland; and to each of the three appertained the privilege of royalty. They are governed under a monarchy and voice of country, according to the regulation of Prydian, the son of Aedd Mawr; and to the nation of the Cymry belongs the establishing of the monarchy, by the voice of country and people, according to privilege and original right. And under the protection of such regulation ought royalty to be in every nation in the Isle of Britain, and every royalty under the protection of the voice of country. Therefore, it is said, as a proverb, "A country is mightier than a prince."

The three National Pillars of the Isle of Britain: First—Hu Gadarn, (Hu the Mighty,) who originally conducted the nation of the Cymry into the Isle of Britain. They came from the Summer-Country which is called Deffrobani, (that is, the place where Constantinople now stands,) and it was over the Hazy Sea (the German Ocean) that they came to the Isle of Britain and to Llydaw, (Armorica,) where they continued. The second—Prydian, son of Aedd the Great, who first established government and royalty over the Isle of Britain. And before that time there was no justice but what was done through favor; nor any law save that of might. Third—Dyfnwal Moelmud, who reduced to a system the laws, customs, maxims, and privileges appertaining to a country and nation. And for these reasons were they called the three pillars of the nation of the Cymry.

The three Social Tribes of the Isle of Britain. The first was the nation of the Cymry, that came with Hu the Mighty into the Isle of Britain, because he would not possess lands and dominions by fighting and *pursuit*, but through justice and in peace. The second was the tribe of the Lloegrwys, (Loegrains,) that came from the land of Gwasgwyn, (Gascony,) being descended from the primitive nation of the Cymry. The third were the Brython, who came from the land of Armorica, having their descent from the same stock with the Cymry. These were called the three tribes of peace, on account of their coming, with mutual consent, in peace and tranquillity; and these three tribes were descended from the original nation of the Cymry, and were of the same language and speech.

The three refuge-seeking tribes, Caledonians, Irish, and the men of Galedin, who came in naked vessels to the Isle of Wight, when their country was drowned; it was stipulated that they were not to possess the privilege of native Cymry until the end of the third generation.

The three invading tribes that came into the Isle of Britain, and never departed from it. The Coranians, the Irish Picts, the Saxons.

The three invading tribes that came into the Isle of Britain and departed from it. The men

of Llychlyn, (Scandinavia ?), the hosts of Ganel, the Irishman, who were there twenty-nine years, and the Cæsarians.

The three treacherous invasions of the Isle of Britain. The red Irishmen who came into Alban, the men of Denmark, and the Saxons.

The three losses, by disappearance, of the Isle of Britain. Gavran, son of Aeddan, with his men, who went to sea in search of the Green Islands of the Floods, and nothing more was heard of them. Second—Meriddin, the bard of Ambrosius, with his nine scientific bards, who went to sea in the house of glass, and there have been no tidings whither they went. Third—Madawg, son of Owain Gwynedd, who, accompanied by three hundred men, went to sea in ten ships, and it is not known to what place they went.

The three awful events of the Isle of Britain. First—the rupture of the Lake of Floods, and the going of an inundation over the face of all the lands, so that all the people were drowned, except Dwyvan and Dwyvach, who escaped in a bare ship, and from them the Isle of Britain was repeopled. The second was the trembling of the Torrent Fire, when the earth was rent unto the abyss, and the greatest part of all life was destroyed. The third was the Summer, when the trees and plants took fire with the vehemency of the heat of the sun, so that many men, and animals, and species of birds, and vermin, and plants, were irretrievably lost.

The three combined expeditions, that went from the Isle of Britain. The first was that which went with Ur, son of Erin, the Armipotent, of Scandinavia. He came into this island in the time of Cadial, the son of Erin, to solicit assistance, under the stipulation that he should obtain from every principal town no more than the number he should be able to bring into it. And there came only to the first town, besides himself, Mathatta Vawr, his servant. Thus he procured two from that, four from the next town, and from the third town the number became eight, and from the next sixteen, and thus in like proportion from every other town; so that from the last town the number could not be procured throughout the island. And with him departed threescore and one thousand; and with more than that number of able men he could not be supplied in the whole island, as there remained behind only children and old people. Thus Ur, the son of Erin, the Armipotent, was the most complete levier of a host that ever lived, and it was through inadvertence that the nation of the Cymry granted him his demand under an irrevocable stipulation. For in consequence thereof the Coranians found an opportunity to make an invasion of the island. Of these men there returned none, nor of their line or progeny. They went on an invading expedition as far as the sea of Green, and, there remaining, in the land of Galas and Afena (Galitia ?) to this day, they have become Greeks.

The second combined expedition was conducted by Caswallon, son of Beli, the son of Manogan, and Gwenwynwyn and Gwanar, the son of Lliaws, son of Nwyfre, with Arianrod, the daughter of Beli, their mother. Their origin was from the border declivity of Galedin and Eroyllwg, (Siluria,) and of the combined tribes of the Bylwennwys, (Boulognese;) and their number was threescore and one thousand. They went with Caswallon, their uncle, after the Cæsarians, (Romans,) over the sea to the land of the Geli Llydaw, (Gauls of Armorica,) that were descended from the original stock of the Cymry. And none of them or of their progeny returned to this island, but remained among the Romans in the country of Gwasgwyn, (Gascony,) where they are at this time. And it was in revenge for this expedition that the Romans first came into this island.

The third combined expedition was conducted out of this island by Elen, the Armipotent, and Cyhan, his brother, lord of Meiriadog, into Armorica, where they obtained land and dominion, and royalty, from Macsen Wledig, (the emperor Maximus,) for supporting him against the Romans. These people were originally from the land of Meiriadog, and from the land of Seisyllwg, and from the land of Gwyr and Gorwennydd; and none of them returned, but settled in Armorica and in Ystre Gyvaelwg, by forming a commonwealth there. By reason of this combined expedition, the nation of the Cymry was so weakened and deficient in armed men, that they fell under the oppression of the Irish Picts; and therefore Gwrtheyrn Gwrtheman (Vortigern) was compelled to procure the Saxons to expel that oppression. And the Saxons, observing the weakness of the Cymry, formed an oppression of treachery by combining with the Irish Picts, and with traitors, and thus took from the Cymry their land, and also their privileges and their crown.

The three combined expeditions are called the three mighty arrogances of the nation of the Cymry; also the three Silver Hosts, because of their taking away out of this island the gold and the silver, as far as they could obtain it by deceit, and artifice, and injustice, as well as by right and consent. And they are called the three Unwise Armaments, for weakening thereby this island so much, as to give place in consequence to the three Mighty Oppressions, that is, those of the Coranians, the Romans, the Saxons.

The three treacherous meetings of the Isle of Britain: The meeting of Avarwy, (Mandubratius of Cæsar,) the son of Lludd, with the disloyal men who gave space for landing to the men of Rome, in the narrow green point, and not more, and the consequence of which was, the gaining of the Isle of Britain by the men of Rome. Second, the meeting of the principal men of the Cymry and the Saxon claimants on the mountain of Caer Caradawg, where the plot of the Long Knives took place, through

the treachery of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenan; that is, through his counsels in league with the Saxons, the nobility of the Cymry were nearly all slain there. Then the meeting of Medrawd and Iddawg Corn Prydian, with their men in Nanhwynain, where they plotted treachery against Arthur, and consequently strength to the Saxons in the Isle of Britain.

The three arrant traitors of the Isle of Britain: Avarwy, the son of Lludd, the son of Beli the Great, who invited Jwl Caisar and the men of Rome into this island, and caused the oppressions of the Romans; that is, he and his men gave themselves as conductors to the men of Rome, receiving treasure of gold and silver from them every year. And in consequence it became a compulsion on the men of this island to pay three thousand of silver yearly as a tribute to the men of Rome, until the time of Owain, the son of Macsen Wledig, when he refused that tribute, and under pretence of being contented therewith, the men of Rome drew the best men of the Isle of Britain, capable of being made men of war, to the country of Aravia (Arabia) and other far countries, and they returned not back. And the men of Rome, that were in the Isle of Britain, went into Italy, so that there were of them only women and little children left behind; and in that way the Britons were weakened, so that they were unable to resist oppression and conquest, for want of men and strength. The second was Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenan, who after killing Constantine the Blessed, and seizing the crown of the island, through treason and lawlessness, first invited the Saxons into this island as his defenders, and married Alis Ronween, the daughter of Hengist, and gave the crown of the island to the son he had by her, whose name was Gotta, and on that account it is that the kings of London are called children of Alis. Thus by the conduct of Gwrtheyrn the Cymry lost their lands, and their privilege, and their crown in Lloegr. The third was Medrawd, the son of Llew, the son of Gynwarch; for when Arthur left the crown of the Isle of Britain in his custody, whilst he went against the emperor in Rome, then Medrawd took the crown from Arthur through treason and seduction; and so that he might preserve it, he confederated with the Saxons, and by reason thereof the Cymry lost the crown of Lloegr, and the sovereignty of the Isle of Britain.

The three arrant traitors, who were the cause by means whereof the Saxons took the crown of the Isle of Britain from the Cymry. The first was Gwigi Garwlwyd, who, after getting a taste for the flesh of man in the court of Edel-fled, king of the Saxons, liked it so much, that he would eat nothing but human flesh ever after; and therefore he and his men united themselves with Edel-fled, king of the Saxons, so that he used to make secret incursions upon the nation of the Cymry and took male and female of the young so many as he ate daily. And all

the lawless men of the nation of the Cymry gathered to him and the Saxons, where they might obtain their full of prey and spoil, taken from the natives of this isle. The second was Medrawd, who gave himself and his men to be one with the Saxons, for securing to himself the kingdom against Arthur; and by reason of his treachery, great multitudes of the Loegrians became as Saxons. The third was Aeddan, the traitor of the north, who gave himself and his men within the limits of his dominion to the Saxons, so as to be enabled to maintain themselves by confusion and anarchy, under the protection of the Saxons. And because of these three arrant traitors, the Cymry lost their land and their crown in Loegria; and had it not been for such treason, the Saxons could not have gained the island from the Cymry.

The three men, who were bards, that achieved the three good assassinations of the Isle of Britain. The first was Gall, the son of Dysgyvedawg, who killed the two brown birds (sons) of Gwenddolan, the son of Ceidw, that had a yoke of gold about them, and they devoured daily two bodies of the Cymry at their dinner, and two at their supper. The second was Ysgav-nalh, the son of Dysgyvedawg, who killed Edel-fled, king of Loegria, who required every night two noble maidens of the nation of the Cymry, and violated them, and the following morning slew and devoured them. The third was Difedel, the son of Dysgyvedawg, who slew Gwrgi Garwlwyd, that was married to the sister of Edel-fled, and committed treason and murder, conjointly with Edel-fled, upon the nation of the Cymry. And that Gwrgi killed a male and female of the Cymry daily, and devoured them; and on the Saturday he killed two, that he might not kill on the Sunday. And these good men, who achieved these three good assassinations, were bards.

The three frivolous battles of the Isle of Britain; the first was the battle of Godden, and which was on account of a bitch, a hound, and a lapwing, and in that battle 71,000 men were slain; the second was the action of Arderwydd, and a lark's nest was the cause of it, when 80,000 men were slain of the nation of the Cymry; the third was the battle of Cambria, between Arthur and Medrawd, where Arthur was slain, and with him 100,000 of the choice men of the nation of the Cymry. And by reason of the three frivolous battles it was that the Saxons gained the country of Lloegria from the nation of the Cymry, because there was not of men of war a force that could withstand the Saxons, with the treason of Cwrgi Carwlwyd, and the illusion of Eiddilig the Dwarf.

The three closures and disclosures of the Isle of Britain: first the head of Bran the Blessed the son of Llyr, which was hidden by Owain, the son of Maxen Wledig, in the White Hill, in London: and whilst it remained in that state, no molestation would come to this island. The second was the bones of Gwyrthwyr the

Blessed, which were buried in the principal parts of the island; and whilst they remained in their concealment, no molestation would come to this island. The third was the dragon, which was concealed by Lludd, the son of Beli, in the fortress of Pharaon, in the rocks of Eryri. And these three concealments were placed under the protection of God and his attributes, so that disgrace should befall the home and the person that should disclose them. Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenan revealed the dragon, in revenge for the displeasure of the Cymry towards him, and he invited the Saxons, under the semblance of auxiliaries, to fight against the Gwyddelian Fichli; and, after that, he revealed the bones of Gwrthwyr the Blessed, out of love for Rhawen, the daughter of Hengist the Saxon; and Arthur revealed the head of Bran the Blessed, the son of Llyr, as he scorned to keep the island except by his own might. And, after the three disclosures, molestation got the better of the nation of the Cymry.

The three overruling counter-energies of the Isle of Britain: Hu the Mighty, leading the nation of the Cymry from the Summer Country, which is called Defrobani, into the Isle of Britain; and Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great, establishing society and law over the Isle of Britain; and Rhutta Gawr, who made for himself a robe of the beards of kings, of whom he made slaves, because of their oppression and lawlessness.

The three vigorous ones of the Isle of Britain: Gwrnerth Ergydlyn, (sharp-shot,) who killed the greatest bear that was ever seen with a straw arrow; and Gwgawn Lawgwdarr, (mighty hand,) who rolled the stone of Macnarch from the valley to the top of the mountain, and which no fewer than sixty oxen could have drawn; and Eidiol Gwdarn, (the mighty,) who, in the plot of Caer Sallawg, slew of the Saxons 660 men, with a billet of the service tree, between sunset and dark.

Three things that were the cause of the subduing of Llogr, (England,) and wresting it from the Cymry: the harboring of strangers; the liberation of prisoners; and the presence of the bald man. (Cæsar or St. Augustin? The latter instigated the Saxons to massacre the monks, and to carry war into the country of the Welsh.)

The three primary great achievements of the Isle of Britain: the ship of Nwydd Nav Neivion, which carried in it the male and female of all living, when the Lake of Floods was broken. The prominent oxen of Hu the Mighty drawing the crocodile of the lake to land, and the lake broke out no more; and the stones of Gwyddon Carhebon, whereon might be read all the arts and sciences of the world.

The three amorous gallants of the Isle of Britain: first, Caswallawn ab Beli, for Flur, the daughter of Mygnach the Dwarf, who, to obtain her, went as far as the land of Gascony, against the men of Rome, brought her away,

and slew 6000 men of the Cæsarians, and to avenge which insult it was that the men of Rome came to the Isle of Britain: the second was Trystan, the son of Tallweh, for Essylt, the daughter of March ab Meirchion, his uncle; third, Cynon, for Morvydd, the daughter of Urien Reged.

The three chief mistresses of Arthur: Garwen, the daughter of Henyn, Prince of Gwyr, and of Ystrad Tywy; and Gwyl, the daughter of Enddawd, of Caerworgon; and Indeg, the daughter of Avarwy Flir, of Mæhanydd.

The three chief courts of Arthur: Caerlleon on the Usk, in Wales; Celliwig in Cornwall; and Penryn Rhionydd, in the north; and in these three were kept the three principal festivals—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

The three knights of the court of Arthur that guarded the Greal: Cadawg, the son of Gwynliw; and Holy Illtud, the Knight; and Peredwr, the son of Evrawg.

The three gold shoewearers of the Isle of Britain: first, Caswallawn ab Beli, when he went as far as Gascony to obtain Flur, the daughter of Mygnach Gor, who had been seduced and carried thither to Caisar the Emperor, by one called Mwrcan the Thief, king of that country, and friend of Jwl Caisar; and Caswallawn brought her back to the Isle of Britain; second, Manawydan ab Llyr Llediath, when he went as far as Dyved, laying restrictions; third, Llew Llaw Gyfes, when he went along with Gwydion, the son of Don, obtaining the name and arms from Arianrod, his mother.

Three royal domains that were established by Rodri Mawr, in Wales: first, Dinevwr; second, Aberfraw; third, Matthraual. There was a prince wearing a royal diadem in each of the three domains; and the oldest of the three princes, whichever of them it might be, was to be the sovereign—that is to say, King of Wales; and the other two obedient to his word, and his word imperative upon each of them; and he was chief of law and chief elder in every conventional session, and in every movement of country and nation. (Continual maledictions against Vortigern, Rowena, and the Saxons, the traitors to the nation.)*

ON THE BARDS.—(See vol. i. pp. 73 & 74.)

The bards spent sixteen or twenty years at their education. "I have seen them," says Campion, "where they kept school, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon couches of straw, their books at their noses, themselves lying flat prostrate." Brompton says the Irish bards were instructed in secret, their lessons

* A king of Ireland, named Cormac, wrote in 260 *de Triadibus*, and some triads have been preserved in Irish tradition under the name of Fingal. The Irish marched to battle by threes; the Scotch Highlanders marched three deep. We have already spoken of the *trimarkisia*. At supper, says Giraldus Cambrensis, the Welsh set a panier of vegetables before each triad of guests; they never sit down to table two and two. (Logan, 'the Scottish Gael.')

being committed to memory. (Logan, vol. ii. p. 254.)—Buchanan is adduced as testifying that the harpers in Scotland were all Irish. However, Giraldus Cambrensis states that Scotland far surpassed Ireland in musical science, and that it was resorted to as the finishing school of the art. When Neville Abbey, in France, was founded, the queen of Pepin sent for Scots musicians and choristers to serve in it. (Id. *ibid.* 251.)—Cambrensis contrasts the slow modulation in Britain with the rapid notes of the Irish. He says the Welsh did not sing in unison, but had as many parts as there were performers, and that they all terminated in B. flat . . . and, speaking of the natives of Cumberland, he says, they sung in parts, in unisons, and octaves. Although the Welsh were not previously ignorant of music, it is related that Gryffith ap Cynan, or Conan, being educated in Ireland, brought its music, musicians, and instruments to his own country about 1100, and having summoned a congress of the harpers of both countries to revise the music, the twenty-four canons were established. (Powel, History of Cambria.)

A respect for the bards continued after the introduction of Christianity, and the early missionaries appear to have held them in considerable esteem, and to have acquired their passion for music. The clergy did not confine their talents to the voice. Bede (iv. c. 24) says that at entertainments the harp was handed from one to another. The bishops continued to carry this instrument along with them in the time of Cambrensis. Gunn, in his "Enquiry," says: "I have been favored with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former lustre? The harp replies, that it had belonged to a king of Ireland, and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterwards been successively in the possession of Dargo, son of the Druid of Baal, of Gaul, of Fillan, of Oscar, of O'Duine, of Diarmid, of a physician, of a bard, and lastly of a priest, 'who, in a secluded corner, was meditating on a white book.'" (Logan, ii. 268.)

The bards, although personally attendant on the chiefs, were themselves held in high respect. Sir Richard Cristeed, who was appointed by Richard II. to introduce the four kings of Ireland to English customs, relates that they refused to eat because he had placed their bards at a table below them. (Id. *ibid.*) The piper, as well as the harper, held his office by hereditary right in the establishment of his chief. He had lands for his support, and a "gilli," or servant, who carried his pipes.

Mac Donnel, the famous Irish piper, lived in great style, keeping servants, horses, &c. In the "Recollections" of O'Keefe, the following anecdote is given:—"One day that I and a very large party dined with Mr. Thomas Grant,

at Cork, Mac Donnel was sent for, to play for the company during dinner. A table and chair were placed for him on the landing outside the room, a bottle of claret and glass on the table, and a servant waiting behind the chair designed for him, the door being left wide open. He made his appearance, took a rapid survey of the preparation for him, filled his glass, stepped to the dancing-room door, looked full into the room, said, 'Mr. Grant, your health, and company!' drank it off, threw half-a-crown on his little table, saying to the servant, 'There, my lad, is two shillings for my bottle of wine, and sixpence for yourself.' He ran out of the house, mounted his hunter, and galloped off, followed by his groom!" (Id. *ibid.* p. 279.) The last Bardic, or Filean school, was kept in Tipperary, in the time of Charles I., by Boethius Mac Eagan. (Id. p. 215.) One of the last of the bards accompanied Montrose in all his wars. He celebrated in verse the battle of Iverlochy; and composed this last poem on the top of the castle of Iverlochy, to which he had retired to view the battle. Being reproached by Montrose for not taking the field, he asked the hero who would have commemorated his valor had the bard been in the fight? (Id. 217.) The piper, or black chanter of Clan Chattan, which Sir Walter Scott mentions as having fallen from the clouds during the conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, was borrowed by a defeated clan in the hopes of its reviving their valor, and was not finally restored until 1822. (Id. p. 298.) During the battle of Falkirk in 1745, a piper composed a pibroch, which is still very popular. It is related of a piper at the battle of Waterloo, that having received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning, it so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds.

LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN.—(Vol. i. p. 63.)

I GIVE the legend of this, the most popular saint of France, almost entire, thinking it well worthy of attention on account of its antiquity, (it has served as a model for a multitude of others,) and its being written by a contemporary of the saint's, Sulpicius Severus.

"Saint Martin was born at Sabaria in Pannonia, but was brought up in Italy, near Ticino. His parents were not of the lowest class, speaking worldlily, but were pagans. His father first bore arms in the ranks, and was then made tribune. He himself, in his youth, followed the career of arms, against his will, it is true, for as early as ten years of age he sought refuge in the church, and was admitted a catechumen; and when but twelve he sought to live the life of a hermit in the desert, and would have done so had the weakness of his tender years allowed. . . . An imperial edict

ordained a levy of the sons of veteran soldiers. His father gave him up. He was borne off in chains and compelled to take the military oath. He restricted himself to a single slave for all attendance; and it was often the master who waited, for he would unlace his boots and wash him with his own hands; their table was in common. . . . Such was his temperance, that he was already looked upon, not as a soldier, but as a monk.

"During a severer winter than ordinary, and which killed numbers, he meets at the gate of Axiens a poor creature, stark-naked, who solicited charity of the passers-by, and all turned a deaf ear to him. Martin had given away every thing but his cloak; this he cuts in two with his sword, and gives half to the beggar. Some of the bystanders began laughing when they saw him left half-naked and docked. . . . But the following night, Jesus Christ manifested himself to him in the half of the cloak which he had given away.

"When the barbarians invaded Gaul, the emperor Julian collected his army and distributed the *donativum*. . . . When it came to Martin's turn: 'Hitherto,' he says to Cæsar, 'I have served thee, suffer me to serve God; I am the soldier of Christ and must not fight. . . . If any one thinks I act not from belief but cowardice, I will station myself to-morrow, unarmed, in the front rank, and in the name of Jesus, my Lord, protected by the sign of the Cross, I will advance fearlessly into the ranks of the enemy.' On the next day, the barbarians sent to sue for peace, delivering themselves up, with their goods and chattels. Who can doubt that this was a victory of the saint's, who was thus dispensed from fighting unarmed?

"Quitting the service, he sought St. Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, who wished to make him deacon . . . but Martin refused, declaring himself to be unworthy of the office; and the bishop perceiving that he would only be contented with duties of an apparently humiliating nature, made him exorcist. . . . Shortly afterwards, he was warned in a dream to visit, out of religious charity, his country and parents, still plunged in idolatry; and St. Hilary gave him permission, though imploring him with tears to return. So he departed, but, they say, depressed in spirits, and after predicting to his brethren that he should have to suffer many crosses. While wending his way by unfrequented paths across the Alps, he was stopped by robbers . . . one of them forced him along with his arms bound behind his back . . . but he preached the word of God to him, and the robber believed. Ever since, this man has led a religious life, and I heard the story from his own lips. Martin continued his journey, and, as he passed through Milan, the devil presented himself to him under a human form, and asked him where he was going. When Martin replied that he was going where the Lord called him, he said to him: 'Whith-

ersoever thou shalt go, and whatever thou shalt undertake, the devil will throw himself in thy way to thwart thee.' Martin rejoined in these prophetic words; 'God is my support; I have no fear of what men may do.' The enemy immediately vanished from his presence. He persuaded his mother to abjure the errors of paganism; but his father persevered in the evil way. Afterwards, the Arian heresy having spread over the whole world, and especially in Illyria, he courageously and alone proclaimed the perfidy of the priests, and endured innumerable persecutions, (he was scourged with rods and thrust out of the city.) . . . He at length withdrew to Milan, where he built a monastery. Being expelled by Auxentius, the head of the Arian party, he took refuge in the island of Gallinaria, where he subsisted a long time on roots.

"When St. Hilary returned from exile, he followed him, and built himself a monastery near the city. Here he was joined by a catechumen. . . . During an absence of the saint's, (St. Martin,) the catechumen died, and so suddenly, that he departed life without being baptized. . . . St. Martin hastens weeping and groaning. He sends all present out of the room, and stretches himself on the inanimate limbs of his brother. . . . Having prayed for a time, before two hours were over, the limbs began gradually to move, and the eyelids to quiver, as the corpse, returning to life, became conscious of the light. The catechumen lived for many years.

"The city of Tours wanted him for its archbishop; but as they could not tear him away from his monastery, one of the townsmen came and threw himself at the feet of the saint, saying, that his wife was ill, and so prevailed upon him to quit his cell. He was escorted to Tours by a crowd of citizens who lined the road. However, a small number, and even some of the bishops, persisted with impious obstinacy in rejecting Martin. 'He was a low-born fellow, unworthy of the archiepiscopal see, with his mean figure, wretched garments, and ragged locks.' . . . But one of the assistants taking up the Psalter in the absence of the reader, is struck by the first verse at which he opens: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise, that thou mayest destroy the enemy and the defender.' Now Martin's chief adversary was called *Defender*. Straightway, a great cry is raised by the people, and the enemies of the saint are confounded.

"Not far from the city there was a spot held holy from a false belief that a martyr had been buried there, and his predecessor had even raised an altar over it. . . . Martin, standing near the tomb, prayed to God to reveal to him who the martyr was, and his merits. A frightful and terrible spectre appears on his left hand. He commands it to speak; and it confesses that it is the ghost of a robber who had been executed for his crimes, and had nothing

in common with a martyr. Martin had the altar destroyed.

"One day he met the funeral of a gentile, who was being borne to the grave with all the superstitious observances of the heathen. He was about five hundred paces off, and could not clearly distinguish what was before him. However, perceiving that it was a troop of country folk, and that the linen with which the corpse was covered fluttered in the wind, he thought they were about some profane sacrificial ceremony; it being the habit of the Gaulish peasants, in their pitiable folly, to parade about the country the images of demons covered with white veils.* He elevates his hands, makes the sign of the cross, and commands them to stop and lay down their burden. A prodigy! you might have seen these poor people first remain stiff, as if turned to stone. Then, as they strove to move forward, but were unable to advance a step, they whirled fantastically round, until tired out with the weight of the corpse, they lay down their burden, and look at each other in consternation and wonder at what is happening to them. But the holy man, perceiving that they were engaged with a funeral and not a sacrifice, again raised his hand, and suffered them to move on and bear away their dead.

"Having destroyed, in a certain village, a very ancient temple, and being about to cut down a fir-tree which was close to it, he was resisted by the priests of the place and the peasants. . . . 'If,' they said to him, 'thou hast any trust in thy God, we will ourselves fell this tree; do thou stand on the side on which it will fall, and if, as thou sayest, thy God is with thee, thou wilt not be harmed.' . . . The tree already inclining so that there could be no doubt in which direction it would fall, they placed the saint on that side with his legs tied. . . . The fir was already tottering and threatening ruin. The monks gazed on from a distance, and turned pale. But, the tree already creaking, Martin stood without a fear; and just as it was falling, about to crush him, he meets it with the sign of salvation, when it draws itself back, upright, and topples down on the opposite side, so that the crowd there, who thought themselves out of harm's way, had a narrow escape.

"Being desirous to pull down a temple in the village of Leprosium, (Loroux,) which was defiled with every kind of pagan superstition, a crowd of gentiles opposed him, and drove him away with insults. So he withdrew into an adjoining spot, and there remained for three days, in sackcloth and ashes, fasting and praying, in supplication to the Lord that, as man's hand was not to destroy the temple, it might

be levelled to the ground by divine power. Then two angels appeared to him, armed with lance and buckler, as soldiers of the heavenly host, saying they were sent of God to disperse the rebellious peasants, to defend Martin, and to prevent all opposition to the destruction of the temple. He returns, and before the eyes of the passive peasants reduces altars and idols to dust. . . . Almost all were converted to belief in Christ Jesus.

"Many bishops had been assembled from divers places by the emperor Maximus, a man of violent character. He frequently invited Martin to his table, who refused, alleging that he would not be the guest of one who had despoiled two emperors, one of his throne, the other of his life. At length, yielding to the reasons advanced by Maximus and his reiterated entreaties, he repaired to the palace. In the midst of the feast, a slave, according to custom, presents the cup to the emperor, who ordered him to offer it to the holy bishop, in order to have the happiness of receiving it from his hands. But Martin, after he had drunk, passes the cup to his chaplain, no doubt from a conviction that no one better deserved to drink after him. This preference excited the admiration of the emperor and his guests to such a degree, that they witnessed with pleasure the very act by which the saint appeared to disdain them. Long before this, Martin had foretold Maximus, that if he should follow out the wish he had to enter Italy and attack Valentinian, he would gain the first battle but perish soon after: and this we have ourselves witnessed.

"It is known that angels often visited the saint, and held converse with him. The devil was so frequently before him, that he saw him under every form; and as the latter was convinced that the saint could not escape him, he would load him with insults when he missed entangling him in his snares. One day he rushed with a loud clamor to his cell, and showing him his arm dripping with blood, and holding forth the horn of a bull covered with gore, he boasted of a crime which he had just committed, exclaiming, 'Martin, has thy virtue gone out of thee? I have just slain one of thy flock.' The saint assembles his brethren, relates what the devil told him, and orders search for the victim to be made in all the cells. Word is brought him that none of the monks are missing, but that a poor hireling, employed in carting wood, had been discovered lying half dead in the forest near the monastery. He expired soon after. A bull had gored him in the groin.

"The devil often appeared to him under the most different forms; sometimes assuming the likeness of Jupiter, at others that of Mercury, or Venus, or Minerva. Martin, ever firm, armed himself with the sign of the cross and the aid of prayer. One day the demon presented himself, preceded and surrounded by ■

* In Gregory of Tours, (ap. Scr. R. Fr. ii. 467.) St. Simplicius sees from a distance, paraded through the fields, on a car drawn by oxen, a statue of Cybele. The Germanic Cybele, Ertha, was drawn about in the same manner. Their German.

brilliant halo, in order to deceive him the more easily by this borrowed splendor: he was arrayed in the regal cloak, a gold diadem studded with jewels on his head, his buskins embroidered with gold, and his face beaming with a serene joy. In this attire, which indicated nothing less than the devil, he sought the saint's cell and found him at prayer. At first, Martin was troubled. Both preserved silence for a long time. The devil broke it first: 'Martin,' he said, 'acknowledge him who is before thee. I am the Christ. Before descending upon earth, I have been pleased to manifest myself to thee.' Martin held his peace, and made no reply. The devil impudently continued: 'Martin, why dost thou hesitate to believe when thou seest? I am the Christ.' 'Our Lord Jesus Christ has nowhere foretold,' said Martin, 'that he would come in purple and with the diadem. I shall not believe in the coming of Christ until I see him as he was in the Passion, and bearing on his body the marks of the cross.' At these words, the devil suddenly vanishes like smoke, leaving the cell filled with a frightful stench.—I had this anecdote from Martin's own mouth, so let no one take it for a fable.

"For, from the fame of his sanctity, burning with a desire to see him, and also to write his history, we have undertaken a journey which has been a source of pleasure to us. All his talk has been of the necessity of renouncing the seductions of this world, and the burden of worldly cares, to follow with free and light steps our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! what gravity, what dignity in his words and conversation! What power, what marvellous readiness in resolving questions touching Holy Scripture! No language can paint his rigorous perseverance in fasting and abstinence, his ability to watch and pray, his nights spent as his days, his constancy in refusing rest or respite from business, and in allowing no moment of his life to be unemployed in God's work, scarcely giving to food and sleep the time demanded by nature. O truly blessed man, so simple of heart, judging no one, condemning no one, rendering to no one evil for evil! In truth, he had so armed himself with patience against all injuries, that although he occupied the highest rank in the hierarchy, he allowed himself to be insulted by the inferior clergy, without depriving them of their offices or excluding them from his charity. No one ever saw him irritated, or troubled, or give way to grief, or indulge in laughter. He was ever the same; his countenance illumined with a heavenly joy, and in a measure, superior to humanity. Christ's name was always in his mouth; piety, peace, and pity in his heart. Often would he weep over the sins of those who calumniated him, and who followed him into his lonely retreat with their poison and viper's tongues.

"For me, I have my conscience to witness that I have been guided in this history by my

belief, and by the love of Jesus Christ, and can bear testimony to myself that I have related facts known of all, and have written the truth."

Ex Sulpicii Severi Historia Sacra, lib. ii.—"One, Mark of Memphis, brought out of Egypt into Spain the pernicious heresy of the Gnostics. A woman of high rank, named Agape, and the rhetorician Helpidus, were his disciples. Priscilian was one of their hearers. . . . By degrees, the poison of this error spread over the greater part of Spain. Many bishops were tainted by it, and, amongst the rest, Instantius and Salvianus. . . . The bishop of Cordova denounced them to Idacius, bishop of Merida. . . . A synod was assembled at Saragossa, when sentence of condemnation was passed against those two bishops, although not present, and against Helpidus and Priscilian, laymen. Ithacius was charged with its promulgation. . . . After long and wearisome debates, Idacius obtains a rescript from the emperor Gratian, banishing heretics in all quarters. When Maximus assumed the purple and entered Trèves as conqueror, he besieged him with prayers and denunciations against Priscilian and his accomplices, until the emperor ordered that all infected with heresy should be brought before the synod of Bordeaux. Here were brought Instantius and Priscilian, (Salvianus was dead.) The accusers were Idacius and Ithacius. I confess that the accusers were more odious to me through their violence than the guilty themselves. This Ithacius was a brazen-fronted, vain-spoken man, impudent, haughty, and addicted to the pleasures of the table. . . . The wretch presumed to charge with the crime of heresy bishop Martin, another apostle. For Martin, being at the time at Trèves, did not cease to importune Ithacius to throw up his task as accuser, and to implore Maximus not to shed the blood of these unfortunate men; thinking the episcopal sentence which banished them from their sees enough, and that it would be a strange and an unheard-of crime for a church question to be tried by a secular judge. In fine, so long as Martin was at Trèves, the trial was adjourned; and when he was about to leave, he wrung a promise from Maximus that no sanguinary measure should be taken against the men accused."

Ex Sulpicii Severi Dialogo III. "By the advice of the bishops assembled at Trèves, the emperor Maximus had decreed that tribunes should be sent with troops into Spain, with full power to seek out heretics and deprive them of life and goods. No doubt this tempest would have fallen on a number of pious men as well; for the distinction between the two was not easy to make, and they trusted to the eyes, judging a man to be a heretic by his paleness or his dress rather than by his faith. The bishops felt that this step would be displeasing to Martin; and, on learning that he was coming, they obtained an order from the emperor forbidding him to enter the town except he

promised to keep in peace with the bishops. He adroitly eluded this demand, and promised to come in peace with Jesus Christ. He entered by night, and repaired to the church to pray; on the morrow he proceeds to the palace. . . . The bishops throw themselves at the emperor's feet, beseeching him with tears not to allow himself to be carried away by the influence of one man only. . . . The emperor drove Martin from his presence; and soon after dispatched assassins to slay those for whom the holy man had interceded. When Martin heard this, it was night. He hastens to the palace, and promises that if a pardon be issued, he will communicate with the bishops; provided always that the tribunes already sent for the destruction of the churches of Spain be recalled. Maximus at once granted every thing. On the next day. . . . Martin presented himself at the communion table, preferring to give way at that crisis to exposing those for whom the sword was already unsheathed. Still, the bishops could not prevail upon him by any effort to sign this communion. Next day, he quitted the city, and pursued his way with bitter regrets that he had partaken of a guilty communion. Not far from a burgh called Andethanna, where vast forests offer in their solitude unknown retreats, he let his companions go on before him, and sat down to reflect, justifying and blaming by turns the cause of his sorrow. All at once, an angel appeared before him. 'Thou art in the right, Martin,' exclaimed the heavenly visitant, 'to afflict thyself, and beat thy breast, but thou couldst not have effected thy object otherwise. Take courage, strengthen thy heart, and do not further risk not only thy glory, but thy salvation.' From that day he bewared of communicating with the partisans of Ithacius. But, as he healed those who were possessed with less power than he had before displayed, he complained to us with tears, that through being sullied by this communion, in which he had participated but for a moment, of necessity and not of choice, he felt his virtue diminish. He lived sixteen years longer, attended no more synods, and took a resolution never to be present at any assembly of bishops."

Ex Sulpicii Severi Dialogo II. "As we were putting some questions to him touching the end of the world, he said to us, 'Nero and Antichrist are to come; Nero will reign in the West over ten conquered kings, and will carry on persecution until he compels to the worship of the idols of the Gentiles. But Antichrist will seize the empire of the East; he will make Jerusalem the seat of his kingdom and his capital, and will regain the city and the temple. The persecution which he will institute will be to compel the denial of Jesus Christ our Lord, giving himself out for the Christ, and forcing all men to be circumcised according to the law. I myself shall be put to death by Antichrist, and he will reduce under his power the whole

world and all nations, until Christ shall come and crush the impious impostor. There can be no doubt,' he added, 'that Antichrist, conceived of the evil spirit, is now a child, and that as soon as he grows up, he will seize the empire.'"

EXTRACTS FROM "AN ESSAY ON THE PHYSIOGNOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE PRESENT INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN, WITH REFERENCE TO THEIR ORIGIN AS GOTHs AND CELTs, BY THE REV. T. PRICE." (See vol. i. p. 65.)

"The system which Pinkerton and his disciples have adopted, is the following.

"*That the Gothic and Celtic races were originally and generically different: that this difference has ever been clear and distinct, in their physiognomical, physiological, and moral character; neither time nor accident having had power to change it; so that the Gothic breed or race is as distinct, and as distinguishable from the Celtic, at this day, as it was two thousand years ago.* The respective characteristics of the two races they assert to be as follows. The Gothic tribes, it is said, were and still are red, or yellow-haired, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, large of limb, and tall of stature. The Celtic, on the other hand, dark-haired, dark-eyed, of swarthy complexion, and small in stature. Now the existence of these characteristics, as *generic distinctions*, I mean most positively to deny, whether as between the Goths and Celts of antiquity, or their descendants at the present day. It is true that the Greek and Roman writers do describe the various barbarous tribes of Europe as differing widely from each other in their national character: representing some to be of the *fair*, or, as it has been styled, *Xanthous* complexion; others of the *dark*, or *Melanic*: but they give not the slightest sanction to the supposition, that these characters were the peculiar relative distinctions of Goths and Celts. For instance, Tacitus, in describing the Germans, says, that the physical character, although in so great a number of men, was the same in all; i. e. fierce and blue eyes, red hair, large and powerful bodies. Juvenal also speaks of the blue eyes and yellow hair of the Germans, and adds, that it is their universal character. Horace mentions the blue-eyed youth of Germany. Ausonius also calls the Germans yellow-haired and blue-eyed. And Lucan mentions the yellow-haired Suevi—"flavos Suevos." Lastly, Silius Italicus has 'auricomus Batavo'—the golden-haired Batavian."

"These extracts are sufficient to prove that the ancient inhabitants of Germany were of the Xanthous complexion; but there is not the slightest authority for applying this character, exclusively, to the Goths; for it is said to be universal in that country. And it will be shown that it was likewise that of some Celtic tribes: and that the term *German* comprised

both the Celtic and Gothic inhabitants of the north of Europe; for Pliny, in describing the five divisions of the Germans, includes among them the *Cimbri*, who are allowed, even by Pinkerton, to have been a Celtic people. Pliny, speaking of the North Sea, or the Baltic, and quoting from Philemon, says, that it was called *Morimarusa*, by the *Cimbri*, that is, *the dead sea*: '*Morimarusam* ■ *Cimbris* vocari, hoc est *Mortuum Mare*.' The word *Morimarusa* would be, in the Welsh language, *Môrmarw*; and as the Welsh, at the present day, call themselves *Cymry*, it is probable that they are of the same stock with the *Cimbri* of Pliny, and consequently, that the *Cimbri* were Celts.

"The ancient Caledonians are also described as having red hair and large limbs; from which their German origin was inferred. '*Namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem asseverant.*' Now I should be glad to know in what corner of Caledonia any remains of this grand Gothic feature may be found.

"We are also informed, in the old Gaelic Duan, which was recited by the court bard of Malcolm the Third, A. D. 1057, that the Highlanders of that period were yellow-haired:

'A eolcha Alban ule
A shluagh feta foltbhuidle.'

O ye learned Albanians all, ye learned yellow-haired hosts.'

"But the yellow hair of the Albanians has vanished as a national feature, and given place to the *black* and *brown*. And to say nothing of the Caledonians of Tacitus, or their disputed origin, it appears that, among the undoubted Gaelic Highlanders, what was yellow hair in the eleventh century, was red in the third: for in the ancient British Triads, a Gaelic colony from Ireland, which seems to correspond with these Dalriads, or at least with their precursors, of the Scoto-Irish race, is called that of the '*Gwyddyl coch o'r Ywerddon*,' the '*Red Gael from Ireland*:' thus distinctly marking the gradual change from the red hair of the first settlers, in the third century, to the yellow of the middle ages, and the brown of the present day; which seems more congenial with the habits of the present people of Britain, whether Goths or Celts.

"So much for the *unchangeableness* of nature, and the fixed character of breeds and races.

"Dr. Macculloch, even, has implicitly followed Pinkerton in another fancy respecting Highland origins. 'It is necessary to remark,' says the doctor, 'that the Gothic blood predominates among the Magnates, or Duine Was-sels, as the Celtic does among the common people.' And he quotes to this purpose the Gartmore MS., in which it is stated, that 'the principal people of the Highlands are of a different race from the commons; being larger bodied than the inferior sort: they are, in fact, taller and stouter.'

"Now the existence of this difference, betwixt the chiefs and the clans, I do by no means intend to deny: but I do most strenuously protest against its being attributed to any difference of *origin*; for there can be no manner of doubt that this variety of complexion and stature is altogether the result of the difference of habit in the two classes of society. The chiefs and their families being, from their infancy, well fed, would naturally exhibit a more florid complexion and robust frame than the common people; who are known to exist upon a more scanty supply of food, and that too not of the most nutritious quality. This fact has been observed among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, particularly those of Sandwich, where the chiefs are generally taller and better looking than the common people. The same has been remarked among the Japanese. And Pallas, speaking of the Circassians, says, 'The men, especially among the higher classes, are mostly of a tall stature.'

"Having therefore exposed the fallacy of this system of the unchangeableness of nature, it may be asked, How then are we to account for the variety of character, which we continually observe? I answer, that the difference of physiological character in the human race is altogether the result of external and accidental causes, and not of any original generic variety: and these causes I consider to be comprised in climate and habit.

"We may likewise add, that the change, effected by climate and habit, upon the physiognomy, is not limited to the complexion alone. Even the more solid parts of the face are subject to it. For Professor Camper, speaking of the difference of formation between the skulls of Americans and Europeans, says, that it is perceptible even in those of Anglo-Americans. Their face is long and narrow; and the socket of the eye surrounds the ball in so close ■ manner, that no space is allowed for a large upper eyelid, which is so graceful to the countenance of most Europeans. We might add to this, the remark so often made upon the national physiognomy of the Anglo-Americans, that the florid and blooming complexion of Europe soon disappears, and gives place to one more sallow: the features also assuming a peculiar cast, which enables travellers, at a glance, to distinguish between Americans and English.

"Having seen how the physiognomy of nations is effected by change of climate, it may next be asked how we are to account for the difference which exists in the same climate; in the island of Britain, for instance, between the xanthous and melanic temperaments, or between the blue-eyed and dark-eyed races, which has been the subject of so much discussion and unfounded statement.

"The actual cause of this physiological distinction has been overlooked by physiologists, though lying, all the while, close ■

them,—nay, even under their very feet. For it is a remarkable fact, and no less so as having remained so long unnoticed, that in Britain *the dark-colored eye is always found to prevail in the neighborhood of COAL MINES; and where COAL is used as the general fuel: while, on the other hand, the light or blue eye belongs to those districts in which that mineral is not used.*"

Cæsar refers the continental Belgæ to a Germanic stock:—"Plerosque a Germania ortos." But Strabo tells us, that they "differed but little in language from the Gauls." The Saxons made no distinction between the Belgæ and the Welsh, calling them all *Waelsh*, or Gaulish. The Saxon chronicle speaks of Hengist engaging the Welsh of Kent and Sussex; which, according to Pinkerton, were of the Belgic stock. The name of the towns of the English Belgæ are Breton.

There are no traces of Danish blood in England.—The Norman conquerors were a mixed people, consisting of Gauls, Franks, Bretons, Flemings, and Scandinavians, &c. Although these *Northmans* conquered that part of Neustria to which they gave the name of Normandy, they did not exterminate the original inhabitants, or even materially diminish their numbers; since in the period of only one hundred and sixty years, they had entirely lost their ancient Scandinavian tongue, and adopted that of the French. It would be ridiculous to seek for traces in England of so motley a population as composed the army of the Conqueror. Red-hair, supposed to have been their original characteristic, had grown scarce among them, since we find it giving a surname to its possessor—William Rufus.*

"It has already been remarked that the natives of England, when arrived at maturity, are generally brown-haired; but that the color of the eye has no uniform correspondence with that of the hair.

"In Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the influence of manufacturing habits has not reached, the natives are of a taller stature than in the south; but, at the same time, of an awkward make, and apparently less capable of action. In Lancashire, the blue eye prevails, with the dark rim around the iris, contributing greatly to expression. The females have often been celebrated for their beauty. The people of Cumberland, beyond the influence of the coal, have nothing to distinguish them from those of some of the southern counties.

"The natives of the southern parts of Scotland differ but little from those of Cumberland: and indeed it would be difficult, from mere external aspect, to distinguish there between a

Scotchman and an Englishman. Though I have heard of the peculiarities of Scottish physiognomy, I have never been able so to class them, as to define them in words. We have been told, it is true, of high cheek-bones, and harsh features: but these are not peculiar to Scotland. It must however be allowed, that, taking the nation in the aggregate, one is led to believe that he perceives a shade of difference, however difficult to define, between the Scottish and English physiognomy. But here, as in every other country, there are local varieties.

"The Highlanders of Scotland are a middle-sized race, rarely tall; but well formed, and apparently of an active make. They are generally brown-haired: in some districts rather sandy. The Highlanders speak the same language with the Irish, and were originally the same people; but certainly do not evince that lively and humorous disposition which their Hibernian relatives possess.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said about the descendants of the Norwegians in the Highlands and Western Islands, I have not been able to discover the existence of any characteristic which could induce me to suppose that there is at present any difference whatever between the inhabitants; and indeed, if the prevalence of the Gaelic language be allowed as an argument, we may conclude that the people, who speak that language, were at all times by far the most numerous.

"In the principality of Wales, the Celtic race and language have always predominated. Yet in no country have I seen so great a variety of feature as among the Welsh; and that, not so much in the character of particular districts, as of individuals. The people of Wales are not usually above the middle stature; but generally strongly built, and in some places remarkably so. It has been affirmed, that the militia of Caermarthenshire require more ground to form their line upon than that of any other county. In some parts of North Wales the inhabitants are more tall and slender. Their eye is blue, and their features rather small, and below the classic standard; but, at the same time, very far from unpleasing.

"From the annals of Ireland it appears, that the inhabitants of that island are composed of as great a variety of nations as Britain itself. But, whatever the elements may have been, which entered into their composition, the people of Ireland, at this day, may be divided into two great classes—the *well-fed*, and the *ill-fed*.

"Among the Irish peasantry the hair is generally dark, and in some districts particularly black, especially about Roscrea and its vicinity; and this character may be observed to prevail throughout a great portion of the south of Ireland; but, with this excessive blackness of hair, the eye is uniformly gray or

* In the work of St. Gall we find a poor man ashamed of being red-haired: "*Pauperculo valde rufo, galliœula sua quia pileum non habet, et de colore suo nimium erubuit, caput induto.* . . ." Lib. i. ap. Scr. R. Fr. v.

bluish.* Turf fuel does not appear to darken the iris as coal does. But their distinguishing trait is the lower eyelash; which is remarkably dark and thick; more so than in any other people I have ever seen, except the natives of Savoy; and this, combined with the light eye, forms a very marked feature among the Irish.

"Among the lower orders the face is longish, but the nose small, and inclined to turn up, and rarely rises to the form styled *Roman*. Nor can we fail to remark the contrast between the coarse and ordinary cast of countenance, so general among them, and their straight grown limbs, and symmetry of person. But though the Irish are generally well grown, yet this procerity is not altogether universal, there being several extensive districts in which the people are by no means tall, nor even above the middle size. It is said that a change for the worse has taken place within the last generation in the appearance of the Irish peasantry. The peasants, in many parts of Ireland, especially in the south, have a habit of keeping the mouth almost wide open, which gives the chin a receding character, and the lower part of the face an appearance of uncomely lengthiness, and produces something of a look of stupidity. But, should the physiognomist decide upon this trait, never would he be more mistaken. When a stranger lands in Ireland, he will see crowds of able-bodied men willing to accept the most trifling donation, as alms, with such fervor, and volubility of gratitude, as might lead him to suppose they were utterly incapacitated by mental and corporeal infirmity, from doing any thing to help themselves; and yet every one of these is a wit, an orator, and a philosopher.

"I shall not attempt to discover the remains of the Danes, Ostmen, or Saxons, or any other colony which may have settled in Ireland. Even the Palatins, who came over but a century ago from the banks of the Rhine, though they have rarely intermixed with the original Irish, and are still known by the name of Germans, yet are scarcely distinguishable from the genuine Milesians. It is asserted, that the remains of the Spanish settlement, made in the south of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, may still be recognised in the neighborhood of Dingle: and that the Spanish style of countenance is yet retained.

"It is not merely in the hue of the complexion that the natives of FRANCE differ from those of ENGLAND, there is also a marked difference in the contour of the visage; that of the Frenchman being *round*, while the Englishman's is *oval*. The eyes also, in the continental countenance, are further apart, and more prominent than in the English.

* "Moi, je veuil l'œil et brun le teint,
Bien que l'œil *vert* toute la France adore."

RONSARD.

(Give me the dark eye and cheek, albeit all France worships the blue [literally *green*] eye.)

Ode to Jacques Lepeletier.

"In Normandy not a trace remains of the red hair, supposed by some to belong to the early Norman colony. In Burgundy, the light brown hair and gray eye have succeeded to the asserted *rutinous* character of its ancient conquerors.

"The SAVOYARDS are generally small. The face has the square continental jaw to a greater extent than among any other people I ever saw. The eye is gray or hazel, and the hair dark; but that which chiefly distinguishes them is the lower eyelash, being so exceedingly dark, and strongly marked, that they always reminded me of colliers who had not washed the coal-dust out of their eyelashes.

"The SWISS are better grown and better looking, though still marked by the angular jaw. The eye is also very different, being neither gray nor hazel, but sky-blue, accompanied with an extraordinary glare, not always pleasant. They have not the dark under-eyelash of the Savoyards. Their hair is brown.

"The GERMAN peasantry are a fair-complexioned, gray-eyed race, with hair of some shade of brown; in some districts flaxen or yellowish, but very seldom red. The form of the face is square, the jaw angular, the nose rarely aquiline, but low at the root, and rather 'currish,' if I may use such an expression. The great width between the eyes is one of their strongest traits; and though this character is very perceptible among the French, yet I have seen in Germany eyes such a monstrous distance apart, that, had I not been assured of the total expulsion of that horde of savages, I might have thought myself gazing upon the descendants of the ancient Huns of Attila.

"The BELGIC is of a deep blue color—perfect Prussian blue, the iris bordered by a darker circle on the outer rim, and forming a gratifying and advantageous change, after the monotonous gray eye of the Rhenish provinces of Germany. But, somehow or other, from its intense blue tint and its perpetual occurrence, we are glad to see it exchanged for one of a softer shade, whether of blue or black. The Belgian visage is longer than the German, and the nose more frequently approaching to the classic form, though real classic features are rare in every country. Where coal fires are used the eye is decidedly dark."

Thierry and Edwards maintain the hypothesis of the unchangeableness of races, Mr. Price, as we have seen, their mutability. He ought, however, to have spiritualized his theory, and to have explained the modifications which races undergo through the action of liberty upon matter. Still, I give the above extracts as presenting much to interest; although inclining to think that both the hair and eyes of the descendants of the Celts and Goths may have become darker through the influence of time and of civilization; that is, may have acquired the character of an intenser life.

ON AUVERGNE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY. (See vol. i. p. 81.)

AUVERGNE found itself placed in the fifth century betwixt the tide of invasion, whether flowing from the North or the South, betwixt the Goths, the Burgundians, and the Franks; and its history at this period acquires a lively interest as being that of the last Roman province.

Its riches and fertility were a potent attraction to the barbarians. Sidonius Apollin. l. iv. ep. 24, (ap. Scr. Rer. Franc. t. i. p. 793.) "Taceo territorii (he is speaking of Limagne) peculiarem jocunditatem; taceo illud æquor agrorum, in quo sine periculo quæstuosæ fluctuant in segetibus undæ; quod industrius quisque quò plus frequentat, hoc minùs naufragat; viatoribus molle, fructuosum aratoribus, venatoribus voluptuosum: quod montium cingunt dorsa pascuis, latera vinetis, terrena villis, saxosa castellis, opaca lustris, aperta culturis, concava fontibus, abrupta fluminibus: quod denique hujusmodi est, ut semel visum advenis, multis patriæ obliuionem sæpè persuadeat."—Carinen vii. p. 804:

"..... Fecundus ab urbe
Pollet ager, primo qui vix proscissus aratro
Semina tarda sitit, vel luxuriante iuvenco,
Arcanam exponit piceâ pinguedine glebam."

Childebert exclaimed, (in the year 531:—
"When shall I see that fair Limagne!"

"Velim Arverniam Lamanem, quæ tantæ jocunditatis gratiâ refulgere dicitur, oculis cernere!"

Teuderic said to his followers:—

"Ad Avernos me sequimini, et ego vos inducam in patriam ubi aurum et argentum accipiat quantum vestra potest desiderare cupiditas; de quâ pecora, de quâ mancipia, de quâ vestimenta in abundantiam adsumatis." (Greg. Tur. l. iii. c. 9, 11.)

The barbarian allies of Rome did not spare Auvergne the more on their passage through it. The Huns, auxiliaries of Litorius, traversed it in 437 to attack the Visigoths, and wasted it with fire and sword, (Sidon. Panegy. Aviti, p. 805; Paulin. l. vi. vers. 116.) The accession of an Auvergnat emperor in 455, left it a few years' respite. Avitus made peace with the Visigoths; Theodoric II. declared himself the friend and soldier of Rome, (Ibid. p. 810.... "Romæ sum, te duce, amicus, Principe te, miles.")—But, on the death of Majorian, (A. D. 461,) he broke the treaty and took Narbonne. From that time, Auvergne saw the tide of barbarian conquest rapidly set in, and shortly afterwards (A. D. 474) the city of the Arverni, (Clermont,) the ancient Gergovia, was all that remained above the waters, isolated on its lofty mountain. Γεργούβαν, ἐφ' ὑψηλοῦ ὄρους κειμένην. Strabon. l. iv.—Quæ posita in altissimo monte omnes aditus difficiles habebat, (Cæsar, l. vi. c. 36; Dio Cass. l. xl.)

Sidon. Apollin. l. iii. ep. 4, (ann. 474:) "Oppidum nostrum, quasi quendam sui limitis oppositi obicem, circumfusarum nobis gentium arma terrificant. Sic æmulorum sibi in medio positi lacrymabilis præda populorum, suspecti Burgundionibus, proximi Gothis, nec impugnantum irâ nec propugnantum caremus invidia."—L. vii. ad Mamert.: "Rumor est Gothos in Romanum solum castra movisse. Huic semper irruptioni nos miseri Arverni janua sumus. Namque odiis inimicorum hinc peculiaria fomenta subministramus, quia, quodd necdum terminos suos ab Oceano in Rhodanum Ligeris alveo limitaverunt, solam sub ope Christi moram de nostro tantum obice patiuntur. Circumjectarum verò spatium tractumque regionum jampridem regni minacis importuna devoravit impressio."

Thus left to itself, and deserted by the feeble successors of Majorian, Auvergne made an heroic defence, under the patronage of a powerful aristocracy—the house of Avitus with its two allies, the families of the Apollinarii and the Ferreols. All three sought to save their country by strictly uniting their own cause with that of the empire.

So the Apollinarii long filled the highest magisterial offices in Gaul, (l. i. ep. 3:) "Pater, socer, avus, proavus præfecturis urbanis prætorianisque, magisteriis palatinis militaribusque micuerunt." Sidonius himself married, as did Tonantius Ferreol, a daughter of the emperor Avitus, and was prefect of Rome under Anthemius, (Scr. Fr. i. 783.) They all exerted their influence to relieve this country, overwhelmed by taxes and the tyranny of governors.—In 469, Tonantius Ferreol procured the condemnation of the prefect Arvandus, who maintained an understanding with the Goths:—(l. i. ep. vii.) "Legati provinciæ Galliæ Tonantius Ferreolus prætorius, Afranii Syagrii consulis è filia nepos. Thaumastus quoque et Petronius, verborumque scientiâ præditi, et inter principalia patriæ nostræ decora ponendi, prævium Arvendum publico nomine accusaturi cum gestis decretalibus insequuntur. Qui inter cætera quæ sibi provinciales agenda mandaverant, interceptas litteras deferebant.... Hæc ad regem Gothorum charta videbatur emitti, pacem cum Græco imperatore (Anthemio) dissuadens, Britannos super Ligerim sitos oppugnari oportere demonstrans, cum Burgundionibus jure gentium Gallias dividi debere confirmans."

Ferreol himself had administered the government of Gaul, and diminished the imposts. Sid. l. vii. ep. xii. "... Prætermisit stylus noster Gallias tibi administratas tunc quùm maximè incolumes erant.... propterque prudentiam tantam providentiamque, curram tuum provinciales cum plausuum maximo accentu spontaneis subiisse cervicibus; quia sic habenas Galliarum moderabere, ut possessor exhaustus tributario jugo relevaretur."

Avitus had in his youth been deputed by Au-

vergne to repair to Honorius, and supplicate a reduction of taxes. (Panegyr. Aviti, vers. 207.) Sidonius denounced and procured the punishment of Seronatus, (A. D. 471.) who oppressed Auvergne and betrayed it like Arvandus. L. ii. ep. i. "Ipse Catilina sæculi nostri... implet quotidie sylvas fugientibus, villas hospitibus, altaria reis, carceres clericis: exultans Gothis, insultansque Romanis, illudens præfectis, colludensque numerariis: leges Theodosianas calcans, Theodoricianasque proponens veteresque culpas, nova tributa perquirat. — Proinde moras tuas citus explica, et quicquid illud est quod te retentat, incide."....

These last words are addressed to the son of Avitus, the powerful Ecdicius....

"Te expectat palpitantium civium extrema libertas. Quicquid sperandum, quicquid desperandum est fieri te medio, te præsule placet. Si nullæ à republicâ vires, nulla præsidia, si nullæ, quantum rumor est, Anthemii principis opes; statuit te auctore nobilitas seu patriam dimittere, seu capillos."

Indeed, Ecdicius was the hero of Auvergne. He fed it during a famine, levied an army at his own expense, and fought against the Goths with almost fabulous valor, opposing them with the Burgundians, and attaching the Auvernian nobles to the cause of the empire by encouraging them to cultivate Latin literature.

Gregor. Turon. l. ii. c. 24. "Tempore Sidonii episcopi magna Burgundiam fames oppressit. Cumque populi per diversas regiones dispergerentur.... Ecdicius quidam ex senatoribus,.... misit pueros suos cum equis et plaustris per vicinas sibi civitates, ut eos qui hac inopiâ vexabantur, sibi adducerent. At illi euntes, cunctos pauperes quotquot invenire potuerunt, adduxere ad domum ejus. Ibi eos per omne tempus sterilitatis pascens, ab interitu famis exemit. Fuereque, ut multi aiunt, amplius quam quatuor millia.... Post quorum discessum, vox ad eum è cœlis lapsa pervenit: 'Ecdici, Ecdici, quia fecisti rem hanc, tibi et semini tuo panis non deerit in sempiternum.'"

—Sidon. l. iii. epist. iii. "Si quandò, nunc maxime, Arvernus meis desideraris, quibus dilectio tuâ immanè dominatur, et quidem multiplicibus ex causis.... Mitto istic ob gratiam pueritiæ tuæ undique gentium confluisse studia litterarum, tuæque personæ debitum, quod sermonis Celtici squamam depositura nobilitas, nunc oratorio stylo, nunc etiam Camœnâlibus modis imbuebatur. Illud in te affectum principaliter universitatis accendit, quod quos olim Latinos fieri exegeras, barbaros deinceps esse vetuisti.... Hinc jam per otium in urbem reduci, quid tibi obviâ procresserit officiorum, plausum, fletum, gaudiorum, magis tentant vota conjicere, quam verba reserare.... Dùm alii oculis pulverem tuum rapiunt, alii sanguine ac spumis pingua lupata suscipiunt;.... hic licet multi complexibus tuorum tripudiantes adherescerent, in te maximus tamen lætitiæ popularis impetus congregabatur, etc..... Taceo

deinceps collegisse te privatis viribus publici exercitus speciem....te aliquot supervenientibus cuneos mactâsse turmales, è numero tuorum vix binis ternisve post prælium desideratis."

By 472, Euric, king of the Goths, had conquered all Aquitaine, with the exception of the cities of Bourges and Clermont. (Sidon. l. vii. ep. 5.) Ecdicius kept up for some time a guerilla warfare in the mountains and gorges of Auvergne, (Scr. Rer. Fr. xii. 53.... Arvernorum difficiles aditus et obviantia castella.) According to the tradition, Rinaldo durst not enter Auvergne, but was content to go round it. No doubt, as at a later day in the time of Louis-le-gros, the Auvergnats left their castles, and took refuge in their small but impregnable city, (loc. cit.: Præsidio civitatis, quia peroptimè erat munita, relictis montanis acutissimis castellis, se commiserunt.) Sidonius was its bishop at this time, and he instituted public prayers for the repulse of these Arians: "Non nos aut ambustam murorum faciem, aut putrem sudium cratem, aut propugnacula vigilum trita pectoribus confidimus opitulaturum: solo tamen invectarum te (Mamerte) auctore, Rogationum palpamur auxilio; quibus inchoandis instituentisque populus Arvernus, et si non effectu pari, affectu certè non impari, cæpit initiari, et ob hoc circumfusus necdum dat terga terroribus." (L. vii. ep. ad Mamert.)

We have seen that Ecdicius repulsed the Goths; the winter forced them to raise the siege. (Sidon. l. iii. ep. 7.) But, in 475, the emperor Nepos concluded a peace with Euric, and ceded Clermont to him. Sidonius complains bitterly of this, (l. vii. ep. 7:) "Nostri hic nunc est infelicis anguli status, cujus, ut fama confirmat, melior fuit sub bello quam sub pace conditio. Facta est servitus nostra pretium securitatis alienæ. Arvernorum, prohi dolor! servitus, qui, si prisca replicarentur, audebant se quondam fratres Latio dicere, et sanguine ab Iliaco populos computare, (and, elsewhere.... Tellus.... quæ Latio se sanguine tollit altissimam. Panegyr. Avit. v. 139.).... Hoccine meruerunt inopia, flamma, ferrum, pestilentia, pingues cædibus gladii, et macri jejuniis præliatores!"

Ecdicius, seeing all hope gone, retired near the emperor's person with the title of Patrician, (Sidon. l. v. ep. 16; l. viii. ep. 7; Jornandes, c. 45.) Euric banished Sidonius to the castle of Livia, twelve miles from Carcassonne, but he recovered his liberty in 478 on the intercession of a Roman, the secretary of the king of the Goths, and was re-established in the see of Clermont. (Sidon. l. viii. ep. 8.) When he died, (A. D. 484,) there was a public mourning: "Factum est post hæc, ut accedente febre ægrotare cœpisset; qui rogat suos ut eum in ecclesiam ferrent. Cumque illuc inlatus fuisset, conveniebat ad eum multitudo virorum ac mulierum, simulque etiam et infantum plangentium atque dicentium: 'Cur nos deseris, pastor

bone, vel cui nos quasi orphanos derelinquis ? Numquid erit nobis post transitum tuum vita ? ... Hæc et his similia populis cum magno fletu dicentibus...." Greg. Tur. l. ii. c. 23.

Notwithstanding Euric's conquest, the Arverni must have enjoyed a certain independence. Alaric, it is true, enrols them among his militia and leads them to fight at Vouglé, (A. D. 507;) but we find them, nevertheless, electing in succession as their bishops two friends of the Franks, two victims of the suspicions of the Burgundians and Gothic Arians; in 484, Aprunculus, whose coming Sidonius had foretold on his deathbed, (Greg. Tur. l. ii. c. 23,) and St. Quintian in 507, the very year of the battle of Vouglé.

Thus, there can be no doubt that the great families of Clermont preserved a portion of their influence. We find among the bishops of Clermont an Avitus, "non infimis nobilium natalibus ortus." (Scr. Rer. Fr. ii. 220, note,) who was elected by "the assembly of all the Arverni," (Greg. Tur. l. iv. c. 35,) and was very popular. (Fortunat. l. iii. carm. 26.) Another Avitus is bishop of Vienne. An Apollinarius was bishop of Rheims. The son of Sidonius was bishop of Clermont after St. Quintian; he had commanded the Arverni at Vouglé: "Ibi tunc Arvernorum populus, qui cum Apollinare venerat, et primi qui erant ex senatoribus, conruerunt." (Greg. Tur. l. iii. c. 37.)

From this passage and a few more others, we may infer that this family had originally been at the head of the Arvernian clans; Greg. Tur. l. iii. c. 2: "Cum populus (Arvernorum) sanctum Quintianum, qui de Rutheno ejectus fuerat, elegisset, Alchima et Placidina, uxor sororque Apollinaris, ad sanctum Quintianum venientes, dicunt: 'Sufficiat, domine, senectuti tuæ quoddam es episcopus ordinatus. Permittat, inquit, pietas tua servo tuo Apollinari locum hujus honoris adipisci'. . . . Quibus ille: 'Quid ego, inquit, præstabo, cujus potestati nihil est subditum? sufficit enim ut orationi vacans, quotidianum mihi victum præstet ecclesia.'"

The Avituses seem to have been no less powerful. They gave their name to the district in which their possessions lay. (*Avitacum*. Sidonius gives a long and pompous description of it, *Carmen* xviii.) Eledicius, the son of Avitus, appears surrounded with devotees, (*devoti*.) Sidonius writes to him: L. iii. ep. 3: "... Vix duodeviginti equitum sodalitate comitatus, aliquot millia Gothorum.... transisti.... Cum tibi non daret tot pugna socios, quot solet mensa convivas."

The name of Apollinarius would seem of itself an indication of descent from a family originally sacerdotal. The grandson of Sidonius, the senator Arcadius, invited Childebert into Auvergne to the prejudice of Theodoric, (A. D. 530,) no doubt preferring his rule to that of the friend of St. Quintian, the barbarian king of Metz. (Greg. Tur. l. iii. c. 9, sqq.)

A Ferreol was bishop of Limoges in the year 585. (Scr. Rer. Fr. ii. 296.) A Ferreol filled the see of Autun before St. Leger. We know that the genealogy of the Carolingians connects them with the Ferreols. A capitulary of Charlemagne (ap. Scr. Rer. Fr. v. 744) contains dispositions favorable to an Apollinarius, bishop of Riez, (Riez itself was called *Reii Apollinares*.) The Arverni, perhaps, may have had much to do with the influence which the Aquitanians exercised over the Carolingians. Raoul Glaber ascribes the same dress, manners, and ideas to the Aquitanians and the Arverni, (l. iii. ap. Scr. Rer. Fr. x. 42.)

ON THE CAPTIVITY OF LOUIS II. (See vol. i. pp. 129, 130.)

Audite omnes fines terre orrore cum tristitia,
Quale scelus fuit factum Benevento civitas
Lhuduicum comprehenderit, sancto pio Augusto
Beneventani se adunârunt ad unum consilium,
Adalferio loquebatur et dicebant principi:
Si nos eum vivum dimittemus, certe nos peribimus.
Celus magnum preparavit in istam provinciam,
Regnum nostrum nobis tollit, nos habet pro nihilum,
Plures mala nobis fecit, rectum est moriar.
Deposuerunt sancto pio de suo palatio;
Adalferio illum ducebat usque ad pretorium,
Ille vero gaude visum tanquam ad martyrium.
Exierunt Sado et Saducto, invocabant imperio;
Et ipse sancte pius incipiebat dicere:
Tanquam ad latronem venistis cum gladiis et fustibus;
Fuit jam namque tempus vos allevavit in omnibus,
Modo vero surrexistis adversus me consilium,
Nescio pro quid causam vultis me occidere.
Generatio crudelis veni interficere,
Ecclesieque sanctis Dei venio diligere,
Sanguine veni vindicare quod super terram fusus est.
Kalidus ille tentador, ratum atque nomine
Coronam imperii sibi in caput pronet et dicebat populo:
Ecce sumus imperator, possum vobis regere.
Leto animo habebat de illo quo fecerat;
A demonio vexatur, ad terram ceciderat,
Exierunt multæ turmæ videre mirabilia.
Magnus Dominus Jesus Christus judicavit judicium:
Multa gens paganorum exit in Calabria,
Super Salerno pervenerunt, possidere civitas
Juratum est ad Surete Dei reliquie
Ipse regnum defendendum, et alium requirere.

"Hear, ye furthest bounds of the earth, hear with horror and sorrow, what crime has been committed in the city of Beneventum. They have arrested Louis, the holy, the pious Augustus. The Beneventines met in council; Adalferi spoke, and they said to the prince: 'If we send him back alive, beyond a doubt we shall all perish. He has prepared a cruel crime against this province; he is taking our kingdom from us, he holds us as naught, he has overwhelmed us with evils, most just is it that he should perish.' And this holy, this pious monarch, they have brought him out of his palace; Adalferi has led him to the prætorium, and he, he appears to rejoice in his persecution like a saint in martyrdom. Sado and Saducto have gone forth, appealing to the empire. He himself said to the people:—'You come to me as to a thief with swords and staves; time was when I succored you, but now you have plotted against me and wish to slay me, I know not why: I am come to destroy the race of infidels; I am come to restore worship to the

church and to God's saints; I am come to avenge the blood shed upon the earth.' The crafty tempter has dared to place on his head the crown of the empire; he has said to the people, Lo, we are emperor, I can govern you, and he has rejoiced in his work. But the demon torments him, and has thrown him prostrate, and the multitude has gone forth to be a witness of the miracle. The Great Lord, Jesus Christ, has pronounced judgment: the host of pagans has invaded Calabria, and has advanced to Salernum, to possess that city; but we swear upon God's holy relics, to defend this kingdom, and to conquer another."

ON THE COLLIBERTS, CAGOTS, CAGUEUX, GESTAINS, &c. (See vol. i. p. 157.)

THERE are found in the west and south of France some remnants of an oppressed race, frequently mentioned in our ancient monuments, and still regarded with a traditional horror and disgust. The learned who have endeavored to discover its origin, have to this day arrived at nothing more than contradictory conjectures, more or less plausible, but little decisive.

Ducange derives the word Collibert from *cum* and *libertus*:—"The Colliberts," he says, "appear to have been neither altogether slaves, nor altogether free. Their master, it is true, could sell them, or give them away, or confiscate their land."—"Being highly incensed with him, I told him that he was my Collibert, and that I could sell him or give both him and his land to whomsoever I chose, just like the land of my Collibert." (*Charta juëlli de Meduana*, ap. *Carpentier*, *Supplem. Gloss.*) They were enfranchised in the same way as slaves, (see *Tabul. Burgul.*, *Tabul. S. Albini Andegav.*, *Chart. Lud. VI. ann. 1103*, ap. *Ducange*.) Finally, one author says,

*Libertate carens Collibertus dicitur esse;
De servo factus liber, Libertus, &c.*

(He who is without liberty is said to be a *Collibertus*; he who from a slave is made a free-man, is called *Libertus*;) *Ebrardus Betum*, *ibid.* *Vide Acta Pontific. Cenoman.*, ap. *Ser. R. Fr. x. 385*.—But, on the other hand, in the laws of the Lombards, the Colliberts are ranked among freemen, (*l. i. tit. 29, l. ii. t. 21, 27, 55.*) They were no doubt, in general, *serfs under conditions*, and in a position differing but little from that of the *homines de capite*. In *Doomsday Book* they are styled *Colons*. We often find them subject to ground-rents:—"Of the Coliberts of St. Cyricus, who are held to pay yearly three denarii each." (*Liber Chart. S. Cyrici Nivern.*, No. 83, ap. *Ducange*.)

We meet with the word, Colliberts, more particularly in Poitou, Maine, Anjou, and Aunis. The author of a history of the island of Maillesais represents them as a colony of fishermen settled upon the Seine, and gives them a singular etymology, supposing them to be called Colliberts, "a *cultu imbrium*," (from the wor-

ship of showers;) he adds that the Normans slew a multitude of them, and that the event still formed the subject of song:—"Deleta cantatur maxima multitudo."

In Brittany they were *Caqueux*, *Caevas*, *Cacous*,* *Caquins*. We read in an ancient register that they were only allowed to travel in the duchy dressed in red, (*D. Lobineau*, ii. 1350; *Marten. Anecd.* iv. 1142.) The parliament of Rennes was obliged to interfere in order to preserve them the right of burial. They were forbidden to cultivate any other land than their gardens. But this enactment, which reduced such as had no land to die of hunger, was modified by Duke Francis in 1477.

In Guyenne, they were the *Cahets*; among the Basques and the Bearnese, and in Gascony and the Bigorre, the *Cagots*, *Agots*, *Agotas*, *Capots*, *Caffos*, *Crétins*; in Auvergne, the *Marrons*.

By the ancient *for* of Béarn, the testimony of seven Cagots or Crétins was required to constitute a sufficient witness. (*Marca, Béarn*, p. 73.) A door and holy-water vessel were set apart for them in the church; and by a decree of the parliament of Bordeaux, they were prohibited, under pain of whipping, from appearing in public in any other shoes and garments than red, (as in Brittany.) In 1460, the states of Béarn demanded of Gaston that they should be prohibited from walking barefoot in the streets, under pain of having their foot bored with an iron rod; and that they should wear upon their dress their ancient mark of a goose's or duck's foot. The duke made no reply to this demand. In 1616, the states of Soule interdict them from following the trade of millers. (*Marca*, p. 74.)

Marca derives the word Cagots from *caas goths*, "Goth dogs." According to this, they would be Goths. However, the name of Cagots only occurs in the new Custom of Béarn, reformed in 1551; while the ancient manuscript *fors* style them *Chrestiaas* or Christians; the name of Christians is in more frequent use than that of Cagots. Their place of residence is called the Christians' quarter.

Oihenart conjectures that the Cagots were formerly called Christians, *Chrétians* (*Crétins*) by the Basques, while the latter were still pagans. They were also called *pellati* and *comati*; yet the Aquitanians equally cherished long hair.

One cause for considering them a remnant of a Germanic nation, is the fact that the *Agot* families among the Basques are generally fair and handsome. According to *M. Barraut*, a physician, the Cagots of his town are fine fair men. (*Laboulinière*, i. 89.)

Marca thinks that they are the descendants of those Saracens who remained after the expulsion of the infidels, and that they were per-

* The leader of the Truands was called in their language *Côreac*, and his chief officers *cagoux*, or arch-supporters.

haps nicknamed *Caas-Goths* ironically, as if hunters of the Goths. Then they might be called Christians in their capacity of new converts. The state of isolation in which they live calls to mind the retirement of the Catechumens. We find in the Acts of the Council of Mentz, c. v. :—"Catechumens must not eat with the baptized, or kiss them ; still less the heathen." And, on the other hand, a letter addressed by Benedict XII. to Peter IV. of Aragon, in January, 1340, proves that the dwellings of the Saracens, like those of the Cagots, were situated in places apart :—"We are informed," says the pope, "on the credit of several faithful families in your dominions, that the Saracens, who are numerous there, were wont to have in the towns and other spots where they dwelt, separate abodes, enclosed with walls, in order to be removed from too great commerce with the Christians, and to keep them from a dangerous familiarity ; but now these unbelievers extend their quarter, or leave it altogether, and live promiscuously with Christians, and sometimes in the same houses, cooking at the same fires, using the same benches, and maintaining a communication with them at once scandalous and dangerous." (See Laboulinière, i. 82.)

The word *Crétin*, according to Fodéré, (ap. Dralet, t. i.) comes from Chrétien, good Christian, Christian pre-eminently ; a title given to these idiots, because they are said to be incapable of committing any sin. They are still called the Blessed ; and, after their death, their crutches and clothes are carefully preserved.

In a requisition which they addressed in 1514 to Leo X., on account of the refusal of the priests to confess them, they themselves say that their ancestors were Albigese. However, as early as the year 1000, the Cagots are called Christians in the Chartulary of the abbey of Luc and the ancient *for* of Navarre. But their own assertion is supported by the fact, that in Dauphiny and the Alps, the descendants of the Albigese are still called *Caignards*, a corruption of *canards*, (ducks,) because they were compelled to wear on their dress the duck's foot spoken of in the account of the Cagots of Béarn. For the same reason, Rabelais calls the Savoyard Vaudois, *Canards of Savoy*.*

* Bullet thinks that he detects a relation between this fact and the story of Bertha, the *goose-footed queen*. (See

The descendants of the Saracens, continues Marca, were also named *Gesitains*, as being leprous, from the name of the Syrian, Gehazi, who was smitten with leprosy for his avarice. The Jews and the Agarenians or Saracens believed, according to the writers of the middle age, that they could get rid of the odor inherent in their race by submitting to Christian baptism, or by drinking the blood of Christian infants.—Father Grégoire de Rostrenen (Dictionnaire Celt.) says that *caccod* in Celtic signifies leprous. In Spanish : *gafo*, leprous ; *gafi*, leper. The ancient *for* of Navarre, compiled about the year 1074, in the time of king Sancho Ramirez, speaks of the *Gaffos* and treats of them as lepers. However, the *for* of Béarn distinguishes the Cagots from the lepers ; the latter are allowed to carry arms, which the Cagots are not.

De Bosquet, lieutenant-general at the siege of Narbonne, in his notes upon the letters of Innocent III., thinks that he recognises the Capots in certain Jew merchants, designated in the Capitularies of Charles the Bald by the name of *Capi*, (Capit. ann. 877, p. 31.)

Dralet thinks that these races sprang from those afflicted with goitre. The first settlers, he argues, must have been more subject to goitre, from the greater coldness and humidity of the climate. And, indeed, the disease is uncommon upon the Spanish side of the mountain range, the nights being warmer, there being fewer glaciers and less snow, and the south wind tempering the climate. According to M. Boussingault, the disease is occasioned by drinking the water which comes from lofty mountains, as it is subjected to very slight atmospheric pressure, and cannot be impregnated with the air. (In like manner, goitre is frequent at Chantilly, from the water drunk there, being drawn from subterranean reservoirs, where the air has little power. *Annales de Chimie* ; Fevrier, 1832.)

However, these various opinions ought, perhaps, to be received in a body ; since no doubt all elements entered in succession into these accursed races, who seem the Pariahs of the West.

ante, vol. i. p. 189.) A passage in Rabelais proves that an image of this queen was to be seen in Toulouse. We learn from the Contes d'Eutrapel, that they swore at Toulouse by the distaff of the *goose-footed queen*. This phrase recalls the proverb :—"In the days queen Bertha spun." (Bullet, *Mythologie Française*.)

